

To Hell and Back

Chapter 1

"Lily, it's him! Take the kids and run!"

Lily Potter grabbed her twins, Harry and Heather, and made for the stairs just as the front door to their quiet home was blasted in. She was halfway up when she heard the sound of something heavy hit the floor, followed by cold, cruel laughter. She choked back a sob as she entered the nursery and placed her children in their crib.

"It'll be alright," she assured them.

She spun around to face the door, taking a deep breath to steel herself. The floorboards creaked a moment before Lord Voldemort appeared in the doorway.

"Stand aside, foolish girl."

"Please," Lily begged. "Please, kill me, but let my children go."

"Stand aside!"

"Please, take me," Lily begged as tears streamed from her eyes. "Just let my children live."

"Avada Kedavra!"

A flash of green light struck the redheaded woman in the chest, and she crumpled to the ground. Stepping carelessly over her lifeless body, Lord Voldemort approached the crib and grinned. The boy gripped the edge, glaring up at him, while the girl wailed in the corner.

“Bad!” Harry shouted, swinging a pudgy fist.

Lord Voldemort chuckled.

“My, aren’t you a brave one?”

Reaching into his black cloak, he pulled out a silver, jewel-encrusted scabbard.

“You should be honored,” he said. “Your death will ensure the immortality of the greatest wizard ever known.”

He brandished his wand with a cruel smirk.

“Avada Kedavra!”

A flash of green light struck the boy in the chest. He screamed, and the entire room was enveloped in bright white light. The Dark Lord raised his hand to shield his eyes; then his scream joined the boy’s as he felt his body being burned away. When the light died, the boy and the man were gone. All that remained in their place were two clouds, one dark grey where the Dark Lord had been, the other white, floating just above the crib.

The dark cloud fled. It sailed through the shattered window and disappeared into the night. But a small piece of it remained. The tiny fragment, no bigger than a fist and operating on instinct alone, moved to latch onto the only living thing in the room. The girl continued to cry in the corner of the crib, completely unaware as it approached.

Suddenly, the white cloud darted in front of it. It enveloped the dark fragment a moment before they were both dragged away by an intangible, inexorable force.

Heather wailed miserably as the room fell silent.

~

Jezebel sighed as she sensed an incoming soul. She was a demon in every sense of the word. Her skin was bright red, a pair of curved horns protruded between the strands of her long, dark hair, and a spade-tipped tail swayed behind her as she walked. With not a stitch of clothes covering her voluptuous body, she walked barefoot across the jagged basalt covering the ground toward the arrival point and came across a curious sight.

A small boy sat next to the mutilated remains of a soul.

“Bad!” the boy yelled, smacking the disfigured soul on the head.

“Hello,” Jezebel said, tilting her head curiously. “You’re not supposed to be here.”

The boy turned to her and, without an ounce of fear, raised his hands above his head. Smiling, Jezebel bent down and picked him up. She took a moment to settle him on her hip and waved her hand through the air.

“Show me the boy’s parents.”

The air in front of her rippled like water. Slowly, it resolved itself into an image of a dark-haired man and a redheaded woman. They looked distraught as they watched an image of Jezebel with their son. She frowned. Clearly, they were in heaven, so why wasn’t the boy with them? No child, no matter how heinous the crime, had ever been sent to hell.

“Something is very wrong here.”

Jezebel was distracted when the boy leaned down and latched onto her dark red nipple. She glanced down at him with a bemused smile.

“Suck as hard as you like, but I’m afraid you won’t find any milk,” she chuckled. “Now, let’s see if we can reunite you with your parents.”

~

Lucifer was a massive demon who stood eight feet tall. His body rippled with bulging muscles, and his red skin was covered in jagged scars. One of the horns on his head was broken, barely able to peak out from his wild black hair.

“The boy has to stay,” he said, his voice deep and gravelly.

Jezebel frowned and adjusted the boy on her hip.

“What do you mean he has to stay?” she asked. “Surely, he hasn’t done anything to warrant punishment.”

“Of course not,” Lucifer growled. “The boy, Harry, saved his sister from becoming a Horcrux. Dragged the soul piece straight to hell to protect her.”

“Then why won’t heaven take him?” she asked angrily.

“Because the rules are clear,” Lucifer grumbled. “He entered willingly, so he cannot leave.”

“But surely-”

“No exceptions,” Lucifer growled. “Don’t glare at me, Jezebel. This wasn’t my decision.”

Jezebel sighed, looked down at the boy still nursing futilely on her breast, and frowned thoughtfully.

“What about a soul exchange?” she asked.

“What do you mean?” Lucifer asked, furrowing his bushy brow.

“Well, if he’s not here for punishment, then he’s a trapped soul, is he not? Trapped souls can return to the land of the living in exchange for a corrupted soul.”

Lucifer frowned, then looked up suddenly. Dark grey clouds rapidly gathered overhead, and there was a loud rumble of thunder. With a derisive snort, he sneered at the clouds.

“Apparently, the *angels* agree,” he said, snarling the word. “Fine. Take the boy to the edge of the punishment fields, where the manual labor is done. Raise him as best you can. Teach him the rules of the lost souls. If he’s able to make an exchange, he’s allowed to leave.”

“Very well,” Jezebel said, bowing her head. “Thank you, my lord.”

“Oh, and Jezebel,” Lucifer called with a smirk as she turned to leave. “Let him grow before you sink your claws into him. I know how you enjoy the company of human men.”

Jezebel sneered and spun on the spot. Her muscles flexed, and black, leathery wings sprouted from her back. Tightening her grip on the boy, she flapped her wings and took to the air gracefully. She flew for several minutes before she reached an expanse of rolling green hills. Below her, human souls tended the fields by hand in the blistering heat. They looked up briefly as she passed but quickly returned to their work lest they be punished further.

Eventually, Jezebel landed at the edge of the field on the edge of a great forest, where the heat was less oppressive.

"Lilith, are you here?" Jezebel called.

A stunningly beautiful woman with long, wavy blonde hair emerged from the tree line. Her skin, pale and flawless, glistened in the sun.

"Hello, Jezebel," she said, quirking an eyebrow. "What's this?"

"Another lost soul," Jezebel said. "Lucifer has tasked me with raising him and teaching him the rules. I'll need your assistance."

"Of course," Lillith smiled. "But he's so young."

"It's a long story," Jezebel sighed. "He dragged a piece of a dark wizard's soul to hell to protect his sister. Lucifer attempted to send him to heaven to be with his parents, but they refused to make an exception. The only way he can return to the land of the living is by exchanging a soul."

"Oh, the poor dear," Lillith said, stepping closer to examine the boy as he eyed her curiously. "What's his name?"

"Harry. Harry Potter."

"Hello there, Harry," she smiled. "Do you mind if I hold him?"

"Not at all," Jezebel replied. "I'll warn you, though, he might try to breastfeed."

"Oh, that's alright."

Lillith waved her hand over her chest. Her large breasts swelled, and a drop of milk leaked from her nipple. The moment she took Harry in her arms, he latched on and closed his eyes as she suckled.

“He might not need to eat, but it’s probably comforting,” she said. “Come. I’ll show you to the house, and we can build him a room.”

~

Thirteen-year-old Harry excitedly ran out of his small, cozy cottage in the woods. Bursting through the trees onto a grassy hill that overlooked the punishment fields, he startled a group of resting Imps. They were small—about four feet tall—with dull green skin. Their bodies looked relatively human, but their faces and wings resembled a bat’s. As they shrieked and took to the air, their massive, foot-long cocks swung between their legs. Giving the boy a menacing glare, they flew out over the fields toward the dark horizon, where they worked to punish the most guilty souls.

“Slow down, Harry!” Lillith yelled.

She sighed as she stepped out of the woods and shook her head with a smile.

“But she’ll be getting on the train soon,” Harry said.

Sitting cross-legged on the ground, he waved his hand through the air in front of him. As it rippled and resolved into the image of a young, red-haired girl walking nervously through a train station, Lillith sat behind him and pulled him back until he rested against her soft bosom.

“I think you’re more excited than she is,” she teased.

Harry smiled and shrugged. After years of watching his sister be bullied and belittled by their relatives, she was finally going to escape. Heather would finally learn about the world of magic.

They watched as she was guided onto the platform by a kind, redheaded woman and her family. She stared at everything with a mixture of apprehension and awe. Climbing aboard the train, she met a girl with bushy hair and buck teeth who became her first real friend, Hermione Granger. Eventually, the excitement died down, and the two girls settled in for the long ride to Hogwarts.

“Come along, Harry,” Lillith said, ticking his side to get him to sit up. “Jezebel will be here soon. You’ll need to finish your studies quickly if you don’t want to miss the sorting.”

“Okay,” Harry said.

For years, Harry—along with a number of demons, succubi, and incubi who had grown curious about the tales of mortals—watched Heather grow. They witnessed her trials and tribulations. They celebrated her triumphs and lamented her failures.

It all culminated on one late night as two dozen denizens of hell watched the Third Task of the Triwizard Tournament. Even Lucifer showed up for the occasion. He sat on a throne of particularly guilty human souls that struggled to support his massive bulk. Four sat on their hands and knees to form a seat, while four more stood behind him, using their hands to support his back and shoulders.

They all gasped, groaned, and cheered as the task progressed and then fell silent when Heather and Cedric disappeared with the cup. Harry watched with mounting dread as his sister fought for her life. He nearly wept when she spoke to the echoes of him and their parents expelled from Voldemort’s wand.

A massive cheer reverberated through the hills when she escaped, taking Cedric’s body with her, but Harry remained silent as he turned to Jezebel.

“I want to try and go back,” he said. “She needs my help.”

"I'm not sure if you're ready," she replied.

"He's ready," Lucifer said.

The humans under him groaned as he leaned forward and pushed himself to his feet.

"That abomination has avoided us for too long," he growled, turning his eyes to Harry. "Bring me his soul, every last piece."

Harry grinned and gave him a cheeky salute.

"Yes, sir."

~

Hermione stepped out of the hotel room she shared with her parents and onto the sandy beach in southern France. The sun shone brightly as she slipped her sunglasses over her eyes and sat on the lounge chair and blanket that had already been set up. Nameless, faceless men and women wandered up and down the beach, their voices melding into an indistinct murmur.

Seeing so many women walking around topless, she decided to join the crowd and shucked off her bikini top. She applied tanning lotion to her modest breasts, and only when she was finished did she realize the constant murmur of voice had suddenly ceased. Looking up, she gazed around curiously. The beach was empty. Not a soul was in sight.

Hermione shrugged and leaned back, closing her eyes to enjoy the silence.

"Hello."

She opened her eyes to find a young man with wild black hair and bright green eyes standing above her. He was quite attractive, and his toned muscles glistened in the sunlight.

“Hello,” Hermione said, fighting the urge to cover her chest.

The man smiled charmingly.

“I’ve been waiting a long time to meet you, Hermione.”

She frowned thoughtfully.

“Have we met?” she asked.

“Not yet,” the man grinned, extending his hand. “I’m Harry, Harry Potter.”

Hermione ripped her hand from his and glared as she felt a swell of indignation.

“That’s not funny,” she said.

“It wasn’t meant to be,” he smiled.

“Harry Potter is dead,” she hissed coldly.

“Oh yes, very much so,” he said pleasantly. “Why do you think I had to meet you here?”

“What are you—”

Hermione's words died as she looked closer at her surroundings. Everything felt familiar but slightly out of place. The harder she looked, the more everything just looked wrong. She tried to remember how she got there and suddenly realized where she was.

"Am I... dreaming?" she asked.

Harry grinned widely.

"I knew you'd figure it out."

Without waiting for an invitation, he stepped closer and sat on the sand next to her.

"Beautiful place," he remarked. "You came here last year with your parents, right?"

"Yes," Hermione said, eyeing him suspiciously. "If this is a dream, why can't I make you go away?"

"Oh, I'm Dream Walking," Harry smiled. "It's a trick I learned from a Succubus. You can wake up if you'd like. You just have to think hard enough about it. But I'll just come back another night until you listen."

Hermione stared at him incredulously and shook her head.

"Wait, a Succubus?" she asked.

"Yeah, I ended up in hell," he shrugged.

"Okay, now I know you're lying," she said definitively. "There's no way Harry Potter would get sent to hell."

"I didn't," Harry smiled. "I sent myself."

"What?" Hermione asked incredulously, her face a mask of confusion.

"Do you remember what Heather told you about the Dementors?" he asked. "About what they made her remember?"

"Yes," she answered slowly. "She said the Killing Curse hit Harry, there was a bright white light, and then he was gone."

"Yep," Harry grinned. "His spirit tried to attack Heather, so I grabbed on and dragged him straight to hell."

"But he's not dead," Hermione huffed.

"I wasn't entirely successful," he admitted with a self-deprecating smile. "And before you ask, I can't explain any more than that. It's against the rules."

Hermione snapped her half-open mouth closed and stared at him incredulously.

"Rules? What rules?"

"The rules for the dead," Harry shrugged. "I can't tell you something about the mortal world you don't already know. Trust me, I want to, but I can't. It would help Heather a lot if she knew some of the things I did."

"Why are you talking to me, anyway?" she asked. "Why not talk to Heather?"

“Because I need your help,” he told her. “I’m considered a lost soul – I’m trapped in hell, but I don’t belong there – like Incubi and Succubae, which means I get to play by a slightly different set of rules. I can return to the mortal world if I trade another soul for mine, but in order to do that, I need you to summon me first.”

“How do I do that?” Hermione asked, her brow furrowed.

“You need to make a sacrifice.”

Her eyes narrowed dangerously.

“I am not killing someone!” she shouted.

“No. Nothing like that,” Harry chuckled. “Something like your virginity would work.”

Hermione’s cheeks reddened, and her glare intensified.

“And that counts as a soul?”

“No, no,” he said, waving his hand. “Summoning me just gets my foot in the door, so to speak. I’ll be able to interact with the mortal world again. It’s not permanent. I’m going to help her kill Voldemort and then drag his soul straight to hell, where it belongs.”

“How?” Hermione asked, her glare lessening as she leaned forward with interest.

“I can’t tell you until you summon me. It’s one of the rules. I think they deliberately made it difficult. Otherwise, demons would be summoned all the time.”

“And how do I know you’re not some demon lying to trick me into summoning you?” she asked suspiciously.

“You don’t,” Harry shrugged.

Suddenly, a pulsating buzz sounded all around them, growing steadily louder.

“Looks like it’s time to go,” he said, getting to his feet. “Just remember, if you ever need me, call my name.”

Smiling, he lowered a pair of sunglasses over his eyes. Hermione blinked and found herself in her bed. She sat up, turned off her blaring alarm clock, and sat up on the edge of the mattress.

Her dream had felt so real, but it couldn’t have been, could it?

~

Harry opened his eyes, gazed at the hills overlooking the punishment fields, and folded his arms behind his head.

“You did well.”

He smiled as Lillith appeared above him, held out her hand, and helped him to his feet.

“Thanks,” Harry said. “I just hope she trusts me before it’s too late.”

“I might be able to help with that,” Lilith smirked. “Come. It’s time for you to learn the fine art of seduction.”

She turned and walked back to the house, and Harry followed, eyes glued to her hypnotically swaying backside.

Chapter 2

Hermione danced as the band played an unfamiliar but upbeat tune. The Yule Ball was in full swing. Next to the stage, Heather and Neville held each other close and spun in slow circles, looking entirely at odds with the fast-paced music. In the corner, Professor Dumbledore and Professor Flitwick were having a break-dancing competition while the rest of the staff cheered them on.

Viktor disappeared into the crowd in search of a drink, but Hermione stayed on the dance floor. She was having entirely too much fun to leave. Suddenly, a body pressed against her back, and a masculine arm wrapped around her waist. At first, she thought Viktor had returned, but the man behind her was too tall.

She and her partner gyrated to the music, and all thoughts of her date were driven from her mind when he leaned down and kissed the side of her neck. She tilted her head to the side to give him better access, her eyes falling closed. His excitement pressed against her bum, and she ground against it without thought. The man's hands began to wander over her body. They caressed her stomach and trailed up over her breasts before making their way back down.

Hermione had never felt hot and flushed. Excitement coursed through her body. A spike of curiosity forced her to spin around to identify her partner. She looked up from his broad chest, took in his wild, dark hair and green eyes, and gasped.

"Harry?"

He flashed a lopsided grin and nudged her back against a wall that hadn't been there a moment ago. His firm, muscular body pinned her against the rough stone. One of his legs slipped between hers, and his thigh ground against her mound. Hermione gasped and involuntarily bucked her hips from the sudden stimulation as Harry bent down and claimed her lips in a

searing kiss. She felt light-headed and breathless, even as her hands clawed at his robe, pulling him closer, her body demanding more.

His fingers hooked the straps of her purple dress robes and pulled them down over her shoulders. The front of her robes fell to her waist, and his hands sought out her bare breasts. Hermione threw her head back and moaned as his thumbs rubbed her swollen nipples. Her hips bucked, humping his thigh like an animal in heat.

“Don’t you wish you’d gone to the ball with me, Hermione?” Harry asked with a smirk.
“Hermione? Hermione, wake up.”

She blinked her eyes. The Great Hall became her dorm room, and Harry’s face turned into Heather’s.

“Are you alright?” Heather asked. “You were moaning in your sleep. It sounded like you were having a nightmare.”

“Oh, really?” Hermione asked, her cheeks heating up as she flushed.

“Yeah,” Heather said, glancing at Lavender’s bed as the girl stirred. “I’m going to take a shower before Lavender takes over the bathroom.”

As she turned to leave, Hermione rubbed her face and sighed. She’d been having dreams about Harry almost every night, each of them leaving her hot and bothered. She didn’t know if it was his doing or her own mind playing games. Part of her didn’t want to believe what he’d told her over the summer, but her research showed that there was at least some truth to it.

The worst part was the growing guilt she felt. She still hadn’t told Heather about meeting Harry in her dreams. She feared that Heather would throw caution to the wind for a chance to meet her brother, no matter the consequences. And how would she react if it all turned out to be a lie?

Sighing again, she climbed out of bed and grimaced at the feeling of her damp knickers clinging to her skin. Quickly, she opened her trunk and grabbed a change of clothes.

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Harry came out of his trance with a smile and folded his arms behind his head. He was back on his favorite hill overlooking the Fields of Punishment.

“Very well done,” Lilith said.

She appeared above him, blocking out the bright sun for a moment. Her large, jutting breasts bounced as she straddled his body, knelt over his waist, and impaled herself on his prominent erection with a moan. Harry reached up and cupped her breasts as she began to ride him slowly. She bit her lip and moaned sensually, a sultry look in her bright blue eyes.

“You might need to shrink this when you finally bed her,” she said, tightening her muscles around his shaft and drawing a groan from his lips. “You might be a bit much for a virgin to enjoy.”

“Should I do it now?” Harry asked, sliding his hands down to her thick, round bum to help her move faster.

Lilith glared, “Don’t you dare.”

He smirked and sat up to wrap his lips around one of her bright pink nipples. A rumbling moan, almost like a purr, reverberated through her chest.

“It’s a pity we couldn’t think of a way to use Fleur,” Lillith said. “One of my kind would love you.”

Harry released her nipple and lay back with a smile.

"I doubt she holds a candle to the original," he said, raking his eyes over her perfect figure.

Lillith flashed a dazzling, genuine smile and rode him in earnest. Her breasts bounced hypnotically, and her ass clapped loudly against his thighs. Suddenly, a window appeared over her shoulder. James and Lily had chosen an awful time to check in on him. Their eyes widened in surprise, and Lily wiped away the window. It reappeared a moment later, and this time, only James was present. Grinning proudly, he gave Harry two thumbs up. A hand smacked him across the back of the head, and then it disappeared again.

~

Harry sat among a crowd of demons and other lost souls amidst the craggy, volcanic Field of Anguish. This was where the worst mortal souls were sent for punishment, a place he rarely visited. The sky was perpetually dark, it was uncomfortably hot and humid, and the air stunk of sulfur. But today was a special occasion. In the middle of the cheering crowd, six Imps played a simplified version of Quidditch.

There were only three players to a side, and whoever scored the most goals through the floating hoops at the end of time won. It was played with what appeared to be a tattered black ball at first glance, but on closer inspection, you could tell it was the mangled remains of Voldemort's soul shard. Harry wasn't sure if it was the one he'd brought when he died or if it was the one from the diary his sister had destroyed, but he didn't really care either way. Each time the mutilated soul sailed through the air and smacked into the hard, jagged ground with a dull thud, he smirked all the same.

"Who's winning?" Jezebel asked as she landed in the seat next to him and retracted her wings into her body.

"The Ravagers," Harry said. "They're up by two."

Voldemort's soul slammed headfirst against a large basalt boulder as another goal was scored. Harry smiled.

"Make that three."

"I see," she said, eyeing the soul squirming on the ground with a smirk. "I wondered what brought you here."

Harry grinned and wrapped an arm around Jezebel's shoulders.

"I had to come visit my favorite demon," he said, tugging her close. "I haven't seen you in weeks."

Jezebel rolled her eyes, even as she cuddled up to his side.

"I've been busy," she said. "The war's sent quite a few souls our way. How are things going with your little mortal?"

"Hermione?" Harry asked. "I think it's going well. The seduction seems to be working. We're just waiting for her to call for me."

"How long do you think that will take?" she asked.

"Not long," he replied. "The Ministry sent a woman to Hogwarts named Umbridge. She's a real sadistic bitch. It's only a matter of time until she tries something against Heather. I hope I get to send her soul to hell. I might stick around to see her get the pineapple treatment."

Jezebel smirked and dropped her hand to his thigh.

"I've never seen you so... wrathful," she said as the backs of her fingers brushed his rapidly hardening shaft.

~

Hermione sighed as she watched Heather climb the stairs to the girls' dorm. Her eyes lingered on the Murtlap-soaked bandage wrapped around her right hand.

Umbridge had gone too far, and Heather was too stubborn to tell the professors. As much as she hated to admit it, Hermione knew she had a point. If McGonagall or Dumbledore were removed from the school, there would be no one left to protect them. That was the only thing that kept her from going behind her best friend's back and telling them anyway.

Besides, Hermione had another option, although this one was arguably even more risky.

She'd deeply researched summonings, and after months of trolling through the restricted section, she felt she had a good grasp on them. She just needed to make sure the terms of their deal were precise, leaving Harry with little wiggle room if he wasn't who he said he was. Quite honestly, she couldn't believe she was even considering it, but Umbridge had to be stopped.

Taking a deep breath, she spoke his name.

"Harry Potter."

~

Harry pulled his lips away from Jezebel's dark red, puckered nipple. It glistened with his saliva as he straightened up and stared blankly over her shoulder.

"Why'd you stop?" she asked softly, tracing her long, dark nails along the length of his erection.
"Is someone coming?"

Turning her head, she glanced around the boulder they'd hidden behind just a few dozen yards from the rowdy crowd of demons and lost souls watching the game.

"She's calling me," Harry said with a smirk.

"Now?" Jezebel asked, visibly irritated.

Harry shrugged helplessly. A scowl marred her pretty face, and she sighed.

"Go," she said. "I'll see you tomorrow. I need more than a quicky behind a rock anyways."

Smiling, he leaned in and gave her a brief but passionate kiss. As they separated, Harry took a step back, closed his eyes, and focused on the voice calling his name. It rapidly grew closer. Louder. When he opened his eyes, he was standing in the middle of the Gryffindor common room.

Hermione's eyes widened at the sight of him, still naked and erect. Her face rapidly flushed from the roots of her hair to the collar of her shirt.

"Harry!" she hissed incredulously, averting her eyes.

"Sorry, but there's no need for clothes in hell, and you called at a rather inopportune time," he smiled.

Sitting on the couch, he spread his arms along the backrest and unashamedly spread his legs.

"Keep your voice down," Hermione hissed, glancing at the stairs cautiously.

"No need," he told her. "Time's frozen while I'm here."

He gestured toward the fireplace. Hermione glanced over and gasped. The flames were frozen, and the hands on the clock above the mantle stood still.

"I think it's so we can't interfere before a deal is made," he shrugged. "Speaking of which, I don't have much time. What did you call me for?"

"It's about Heather," she said, licking her lips nervously.

Hermione sat in a chair, glanced at his erection, blushed, and then stared resolutely at the far wall.

"There's this new professor, Umbridge."

"I know all about Umbridge and the quill," Harry interjected. "I've been watching."

"Oh... good," Hermione said. "I want you to make her stop."

Harry grinned wolfishly.

"Without killing her."

His smile fell.

"Pity," he sighed. "There's a special place reserved in hell for that woman."

"Yes, well, I just want her stopped," Hermione said, turning to face him but keeping her eyes on his face. "I want you to stop her from torturing Heather or any other students without causing any collateral damage or drawing attention from the Ministry."

Harry smiled, "You've studied well."

Hermione looked down bashfully, took one look at his erection, and snapped her eyes back to his face.

"What, um, what will that cost me?" she asked nervously.

"Well, I could ask for your virginity," Harry said, pausing to let the words linger, "but that seems a bit excessive for what you're asking. I'd say a blowjob sounds fair."

"Can't I give you gold or something with sentimental value?" Hermione asked. "I have a necklace from my grandmother—"

"That won't work," he said, shaking his head. "We have no need for gold or worldly possessions. The only things we're allowed to deal in are sex and souls."

"But why?" she asked. "What do you get out of it?"

"Demons get a kick out of corrupting humans and stealing souls from heaven. It's their way of getting one over on the angels that rejected them, and it gives them more soldiers if they ever go to war again. As for why it's allowed," Harry shrugged. "I have no idea."

Hermione bit her lip and glanced nervously at his erection. He watched as she visibly steeled herself, squared her shoulders, and nodded.

"Fine, I'll do it."

Harry smiled, grabbed a throw pillow from the couch, and dropped it between his feet. Climbing to her feet, Hermione took two shaky steps toward him and knelt on the pillow. For a long

moment, she sat there and stared at his throbbing length with trepidation. He waited for her to make the first move, but she didn't.

Slowly, he leaned forward, reached down to grab her hand, and then carefully placed it on his shaft. She ran her thumb tentatively along the underside, and he pulsed excitedly.

"Oh!" she gasped softly.

She let go for a moment, then gripped him again more firmly and glanced up at his face.

"Relax, Hermione," Harry smiled. "You'll do fine."

A small smile flickered across her face before she turned back to his cock. She started with gentle caresses, gradually becoming short, tentative strokes. Harry groaned as her movements grew more confident and pleasurable. He let her take her time to explore, but eventually, it became clear that he would need to nudge her into taking the next step.

Slowly reaching forward, he cupped the back of her head and pulled her closer. She looked up at him, her eyes dancing with a mixture of nervousness and excitement. He paused when her lips were just an inch away and pulsed excitedly when her warm breath washed over his swollen head.

"Kiss it," he said softly.

Hermione went nearly cross-eyed as she stared at his tip. She licked her lips and then leaned in the last little bit to brush them softly against the head of his cock. Harry hissed pleurably and throbbed in her hand. He'd had better, certainly, but there was just something incredibly exciting about being her first.

Hermione kissed it again, more firmly this time. His hand gently caressed her scalp as she worked around the tip and then down the side until she reached her hand. Once again, she took

her time, slowly growing more confident with each passing moment. By the time his patience waned, and he guided her back to the tip, she opened her mouth unprompted and wrapped her lips around him.

“Fuck,” Harry barked.

His fingers curled in her hair, and he had to restrain himself from forcing her to take him deeper. Hermione wasn’t Jezebel or one of the Succubae he was used to. He groaned as she looked up at him through her eyelashes and bobbed her head little by little. His cock throbbed against her tongue when she swirled it around him. With one last bob of her head, she pulled back. A thin strand of saliva stretched between his head and her bottom lip until she wiped it away.

“Am I doing alright?” Hermione asked self-consciously.

“You’re doing fantastic,” Harry said.

Smiling brightly, she caressed the underside of his cock with her thumb. It pulsed in her grip, and she giggled. Leaning forward, she wrapped her lips around him. She took him deeper this time. Her glistening lips reached halfway down his shaft before she stopped with the head of his pressed against the roof of her mouth. She pulled back up slowly, her cheeks hollowed. Blood flooded his sensitive tip as her tongue swirled around it. Harry groaned and urged her back down.

Hermione allowed his hands to guide her, and her movements became more confident and rapid than before. Harry managed to stop himself from bucking his hips, but he couldn’t prevent his muscles from flexing, driving him just that little bit deeper into the wet heat of her mouth. His hands tightened in her hair as he rapidly neared his peak.

“I’m cumming,” he warned.

Hermione looked up at him, startled. Her movements completely stopped, like she wasn't sure what to do. Harry didn't even try to restrain himself from bucking his hips. He was too close to stop. With only a few pumps of his hips, he erupted.

Hermione's eyes widened as her mouth was rapidly filled. His release leaked from the corner of her lips as he continued to buck his hips, and she cupped a hand under her chin to catch it. Harry sagged back against the couch as his climax came to an end and gently untangled his hands from her hair. As she pulled off of him, the rest of his release nearly spilled down her chin. She threw her head back to keep it inside and seemed to swallow reflexively.

"Oh!" she muttered, licking her lips. "That wasn't as unpleasant as I thought it would be."

Harry laughed. With a wave of his hand, he vanished the rest of his mess and offered her his hand. Hermione took it, and he pulled her onto the couch next to him.

"You did great," he said.

She smiled, shy but pleased.

"So, when will you be able to stop Umbridge?" she asked.

"Heather has detention again tomorrow night," Harry said. "I'll do it then."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know yet, but I have a few ideas," he replied. "I'll let you know when it's done."

Hermione nodded and fidgeted with her shirt.

“Well, I suppose I should get to bed. I still have class in the morning,” she said, climbing to her feet.

“Good night, Hermione,” Harry grinned.

She blushed and flashed him a smile before quickly climbing the stairs and heading straight to bed. She’d barely fallen asleep when Harry appeared in the room without a sound. He glanced at her briefly, then turned to the next bed over. Treading softly, he walked closer and sat down on the edge of the mattress. The redhead under the covers sighed and snuggled into her pillow. Harry smiled and gently caressed the top of her head.

“Don’t worry, sis,” he whispered. “I’ve still got your back.”

~

In Hell, Lillith had watched everything with a critical eye and a disappointed frown. Lying back on her bed, she closed her eyes and stepped into the world of dreams. Specifically, the dreams of Hermione Granger. With a thought, she outfitted herself in an appropriate black robe and watched. They were in Hogwarts, and the girl was going to the library. Lillith stepped into her path, nearly causing Hermione to run into her.

“Ms. Granger, come with me,” Lillith said sharply.

“Oh! Um, yes, professor,” she replied.

Lillith marched down the hall and stepped into the first classroom she could find.

“Close the door behind you,” she said.

Hermione did as she was asked while Lillith leaned back against the desk and folded her arms over her ample chest.

“You’re behind in my class.”

Hermione looked stricken.

“I’m really sorry, professor,” she said. “I’ve just been under a lot of stress lately, and-”

“That is not an excuse,” Lillith interrupted sharply. “However, I know how important your grades are to you. So, if you’re willing, I’ll let you make it up.”

“Thank you, professor,” Hermione said with relief. “I promise I won’t let you down again.”

“See that you don’t.”

Lillith unclasped her robe and shrugged it from her shoulders. It pooled on the floor, revealing the leather dominatrix outfit she wore underneath. It consisted of shiny, black, thigh-high leather heels, a pair of tiny black knickers, and a web of black leather straps crisscrossing her torso that enhanced her perfect breasts rather than covering them. Hermione’s eyes widened, and her jaw dropped.

“Mr. Potter, you can come out now,” Lillith said.

The door behind her opened, and Harry stepped into the room. Or, at least, a dream version of Harry that Lillith had created.

“Now, sexual education is very important, Ms. Granger,” she continued. “We’ll begin with an oral exam. Kneel in front of Mr. Potter and show me what you can do.”

The girl rushed over and dropped to her knees. Lillith watched her closely, hoping that even half of what she taught her would make its way into her conscious mind.

~

Harry was invisible to the rest of the world as he followed Heather to her detention with Umbridge. Many ideas of how to deal with the bitch floated around in his head. Unfortunately, Hermione's instructions were clear and limited him severely.

"Have a seat, Ms. Potter," Umbridge simpered when they entered the room. "You know what to do."

Heather stoically took her seat and picked up the quill. Before she could write a single line, Harry manipulated the enchantment with a wave of his hand. The moment the quill touched the page, Umbridge gasped, and her beady eyes narrowed. Heather seemed puzzled by the lack of pain but thankfully kept silent as she began to write.

Harry smirked as he watched Umbridge squirm. She reached up and rubbed her chest just under her collarbone with a wince. Catching the detestable woman's eyes, he felt her emotions and manipulated them, increasing her paranoia and fear of being caught while suppressing her faith in Fudge and the Ministry.

"Stop!" she yelled. "That's enough!"

Heather froze and looked up at her curiously.

"Er, what?" she asked.

"I said that's enough," Umbridge said, regaining some of her composure. "I have better things to do than watch unruly students. You may go."

Heather looked completely baffled but quickly gathered her bag and fled the room. Harry grinned viciously as he watched Umbridge unbutton her cardigan and pull it to the side with a gasp. Carved into the skin of her chest, just under her right collarbone, were the words, *I must not torture children*. The words were cut more deeply than a normal Blood Quill would allow and, Harry knew, much more permanent. Not even Essence of Dittany would fully heal those wounds.

“Don’t you dare touch my sister again, bitch,” Harry growled.

Umbridge shivered and glanced wildly around the room, but no one was there.

Chapter 3

Hermione woke, covered in a light sweat, her limbs tangled in the sheets. She freed herself and collapsed back on the mattress with a frustrated sigh. For weeks now, she’d been having erotic dreams about Harry and a mysterious blonde professor, and the worst part was, she didn’t know if it was Harry creating the dreams or her own mind.

“Hermione, are you awake?” Heather called.

“Yeah,” she replied.

“I’m heading down to breakfast. Are you coming?”

Hermione lifted her head, glanced at the clock, and groaned when she read the time.

“Why did you let me sleep so late?” she asked.

“It’s Saturday,” Heather said.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

"You go ahead," Hermione told her. "I'm going to get a shower, and I'll be down in a little bit."

"Alright."

Hermione sat up and stretched as she heard Heather leave the dorm and close the door. Swinging her legs over the edge of the bed, she grimaced from the feeling of her damp knickers rubbing against her skin. She threw up the curtains around her bed and found herself alone in the dorm. Even Lavender and Parvati had woken up and left before her. Heaving another sigh, she stood up, grabbed a change of clothes from her trunk and a towel, and headed for the bathroom.

As annoyed as she was at herself for waking up so late, it was nice to have a moment to herself. Stripping out of her dirty clothes, she turned on the shower and stepped under the spray. She felt rejuvenated under the cascade of hot water. It reawakened her mind and, unfortunately, also reignited the throbbing need from her dreams.

Spinning around, she leaned back against the tiled wall and closed her eyes as her mind traveled back to her nighttime fantasies. Hermione ran her hands over her breasts, scraping her palms over her sensitive nipples. She hissed pleurably as she ran one hand back up to grasp her breast firmly while the other traveled down between her legs. Her fingers ran through the strip of curly brown hair, pausing to tug it lightly, and then continued down until they slipped between her folds.

"Oh, Harry," she moaned.

Hermione pictured herself back in the classroom near the library.

"You've done well, Ms. Granger," the professor said, seated behind her desk while Hermione stood in front of it. "I think you're ready for something a little more advanced."

Harry suddenly appeared behind her. He put one hand on her shoulder, the other on her hip, and bent her over the desk. Hermione's breath stuttered as he grabbed the back of her skirt and lifted it over her bum.

"Well, this is unexpected."

Hermione screamed. Her hands scrambled to cover her chest, and she crossed her legs as her eyes snapped open.

"Harry!" she yelled. "What are you doing here!?"

"You called," He shrugged.

Hermione blushed as Harry stood before her in the shower, completely naked and unashamed. Uncontrollably, her eyes traveled down his body, and her blush deepened when she saw his member swell noticeably.

"I, I didn't mean to," she stammered. "I was just, uh..."

"Thinking about me?" Harry smirked.

He stepped forward into the shower, and Hermione pushed herself harder against the wall behind her. Her breath hitched when he stepped under the spray and stopped just short of touching her. Even in the hot shower, she could feel the heat from his body.

"You know, there's no reason to cover up," he said, eyeing her openly and appreciatively. "I've already seen you topless on the beach, remember?"

"That was a dream," Hermione said weakly. "That's – that's different."

“Do they look different in real life?” Harry asked.

“Well... no, but...”

He reached up, grabbed her hands, and gently but firmly pulled them down to her sides. Hermione bit her lip as he stared down at her modest bust. She’d always felt a bit self-conscious about her size compared to girls like Lavender, but seeing the naked arousal in his eyes did wonders for her self-esteem, even if it did nothing to quell the awkwardness she felt being naked in front of a man for the first time.

Suddenly, his hands were on her breasts, gripping them firmly and trapping her pebbled, sensitive nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Hermione gasped, and then his lips were on hers, and his tongue invaded her mouth. She brought her hands up to his shoulders. Her first instinct was to push him away, but her body reacted differently. She gripped his shoulders tightly and held on. And then, while her brain was still trying to process what was happening, she started pulling him closer, and her lips and tongue moved with his.

Hermione felt like she was lost in a fog until she felt his hardened length press against her thigh, and she pulled back with a gasp. She opened her mouth to speak, unsure of what she was going to say, but the words turned into a moan when he squeezed her nipples more harshly than she ever thought she’d find enjoyable.

“It’s a pity I don’t have more time,” Harry said. “I’m going to have to make this quick.”

Hermione’s eyes widened as he dropped to his knees. She moved her hands down to cover herself but instead grabbed his head to keep her balance when he lifted her left leg and draped it over her thigh. She only had a moment to feel embarrassed at being fully exposed to his gaze before his lips were on her folds.

“Oh! Oh my!” Hermione gasped. “That’s-”

She broke off with a hiss as Harry lavished attention on her throbbing clit. The feeling was intense, almost overwhelmingly so. White stars burst in her vision, her breath hitched and stuttered, and her legs trembled. Harry grabbed two handfuls of her bum to steady her as he voraciously attacked her dripping folds. Without conscious thought, Hermione threaded her fingers through his hair and tugged him closer. She felt completely out of control as she rolled her hips roughly against his face and moaned so lewdly she was shocked by her own capacity to make that kind of noise.

She sounded like a porn star.

Her vision went white as her orgasm crashed over her. It was abrupt and staggeringly intense. The biggest she'd ever experienced. For a moment, she thought she'd pass out. Hermione didn't even realize she was screaming until she stopped to gasp for breath. With a low, guttural moan, her leg quivered and gave out.

Before she could collapse, Harry stood up, his hands supporting her weight. He kneaded her bum, pressed her back against the wall, and kissed her passionately. Hermione didn't care that his raging erection was throbbing against her stomach or that she could taste herself on his lips. It just felt so good to hold him, to kiss him, to touch him.

Too soon, she had to pull back to catch her breath. Thankfully, her legs were steady enough by then to support her. Harry leaned back, smiled, and caressed her cheek.

"Good?" he asked.

Hermione nodded dumbly and blushed at how foolish. Glancing down shyly, she came face to face with the head of his purpled, throbbing erection.

"Um, do you want me to..." she blushed furiously, "return the favor?"

Harry smiled.

"I'd love that, but I don't have enough time," he said. "I can only stay for a few minutes unless we make a deal, and-"

"I have a deal to make," Hermione said quickly. "I want you to meet Heather. She deserves it after everything she's been through."

"I'd love that," Harry said, smiling softly. "And in return..."

"In return, I'll-" Hermione paused. The lessons she'd learned in her dreams came back to her, and whether they were manufactured or not, it seemed like sound advice. "I'll- I'll suck your dick."

Harry's smile turned into a wolfish grin.

"I accept."

~

Hermione bit her lip nervously as she paced back and forth in front of a bare stretch of wall across the painting of Barnabus the Barmy. Heather waited patiently behind her. The door appeared, and they stepped inside. The Room of Requirement had taken on an odd configuration. There was a crackling fireplace, two chairs, and a couch surrounded by towering bookshelves. It was like a cross between a Common Room and a Library. It was as if the room had taken the two places Hermione felt most comfortable and slapped them together.

Ignoring the oddness of the room, she led Heather over to the couch.

"I have to tell you something," Hermione said, wringing her hands nervously. "So, over the Summer, I had this really odd, lucid dream."

"Okay..." Heather said, her brow furrowed.

Hermione sighed heavily.

"Someone claiming to be Harry, your brother, visited me."

"What?" Heather asked.

"He said when he destroyed Voldemort's body, he dragged his soul to hell to protect you, but doing so trapped him there as well," Hermione continued rapidly. "He said he could come back if I summoned him. At first, I thought it was a trick, like an Incubus or a demon trying to trick me. I spent weeks reading up on summonings, and-"

"Wait," Heather said. "That's what you were obsessed with, and you didn't tell me?"

"I was worried you'd want to meet him so bad he'd trick you into giving away your soul or something," Hermione said. "I know. I should've told you, and I'm sorry. But I wanted to make sure it was really him before I said anything."

"Wait, so it's really Harry?" Heather asked.

"I-I think so," Hermione said, biting her lip. "I can't be a hundred percent sure, but he's helped me so far, and he could've asked for a lot more than he did. He's the reason Umbridge stopped trying to put you in detention."

"How did he do that?"

"He altered the enchantment on the quill so it would only affect her," Hermione said. "From now on, no matter who uses it, it'll only work on her."

“Whoa,” Heather said. She blinked and then grinned widely. “Brilliant.”

Hermione smiled back, but it quickly faded with nervousness.

“Do you want to meet him?” she asked.

Heather hesitated for just a moment and then nodded her head.

“Just keep in mind that this could still be a trick,” Hermione warned. “Don’t agree to anything unless you know exactly what he’s going to do and exactly what the price will be.”

Heather nodded again, and Hermione took a deep breath.

“Harry,” she called.

Harry appeared before the fireplace, thankfully clad in a plain black robe. Heather jumped to her feet and stared at him intently. Her eyes took in every feature, and for a long moment, they stared at each other silently while Hermione waited anxiously, her bottom lip trapped between her teeth.

“You look like Dad,” Heather said softly.

Harry smiled.

“And you look like Mum,” he said.

There was another short pause.

"You're really my brother?" Heather asked.

Harry nodded.

Suddenly, Heather shot forward and hugged him tightly. Harry stumbled in surprise but wrapped his arms around her and smiled. Hermione smiled as she watched them embrace. She saw tears gathering in Harry's eyes, and it reassured her that he was telling the truth. They held on to each other for a long moment before they finally pulled apart. Glancing at each other's tear-stained faces, they laughed.

Wrapping an arm around her waist, Harry led her back over to the couch. Hermione scooted over to make room.

"I'm sure you have a lot of questions," he said.

Heather nodded and took his hand in hers. Hermione started to get up to give them some privacy, but Harry reached out and stopped her. She looked at him curiously, but he just shook his head.

"Have you seen Mum and Dad?" she asked.

"I've seen them, but I can't talk to them," Harry said. "Heaven and hell aren't allowed to talk to each other or with mortals unless we're summoned."

"Are they happy?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Very," Harry smiled.

Heather smiled brightly in relief.

“So... how did you end up in hell?” she asked.

“Well, Hermione gave you the gist of it,” Harry said. “His soul tried to attack you after his body was destroyed, but I stopped him before he could. We both got pulled to hell, and I was stuck there.”

“You’ve been trapped there for sixteen years?” Heather asked, to which Harry nodded. “That must’ve been horrible.”

“It wasn’t that bad, actually,” he smiled. “Demons aren’t as evil as they’re depicted. Well, not all of them. I was raised by a demon named Jezebel and a Succubus named Lillith, and they’re great. Most of the demons I’ve met are pretty cool. A few of them are assholes, but they leave me alone. Probably because Lucifer would send them to the Fields of Anguish for a century if they did anything.”

“Lucifer?” Heather asked incredulously. “Like, the Devil? You’re friends with *the* Lucifer?”

“Well, I wouldn’t call us friends,” Harry smiled. “I don’t see him much, but he’s always been fair. When he found out how the Dursleys treated you as a kid, he built two replicas of the cupboard they made you sleep in. He’s going to make them stay in there for a decade when they die. Then, it’s off to the Field of Punishment until their time is served.”

“Until their time is served?” Hermione asked. “So, hell works like a prison?”

“Pretty much,” he shrugged. “Jezebel always says that life is like a set of scales. If the good outweighs the bad, you go to heaven. If the bad outweighs the good, you go to hell until it balances. If you do so much bad that the scale touches the bottom, you never leave. Most people who end up in hell do a few decades in the Field of Punishment, working manual labor until their debt is paid.”

Harry grinned.

"I expect Vernon will hate that the most. Forced to work day and night in a sweltering field, never getting tired enough to collapse, and tending to fields of food when he'll never need to eat again. Poetic justice. Anyway, people who commit terrible crimes end up in the Fields of Anguish. It looks like exactly what you'd picture hell to be, and the punishments there are as creative as they are awful. That's where most of the sadistic demons work."

"What was it like growing up there?" Heather asked curiously.

"It was nice," Harry smiled. "I live in a forest on the edge of the Fields of Punishment with a bunch of other Lost Souls – that's what we call souls that are in hell but don't really belong there. I'm the only human Lost Soul right now, but there have been others. Now, it's made up entirely of Succubae and Incubi. I spent most of my childhood learning about magic and the rules of the Lost Souls so I could come back one day."

"How do we bring you back?" Heather asked excitedly.

"I have to trade a corrupted soul for mine," Harry said.

"Wait, can't we just ask you to get rid of Voldemort, and then you could..."

She trailed off disappointedly as Harry shook his head.

"No, that would require a payment on your end," he said. "A very heavy payment. The more we affect the mortal world directly, the heavier the cost. To kill someone like Voldemort, you would have to sacrifice a dozen souls to hell. The only way you could exchange his soul for mine without payment would be if you had him at your mercy. The same goes for any other soul you'd want to trade."

"But there must be another way to pay you, right?" Heather asked desperately. "I mean, you helped Hermione get Umbridge off my back, and you're here now. And I know there's no way Hermione sacrificed her soul or anyone else to hell for that."

Harry grinned.

“A blowjob can only get you so much.”

Heather’s jaw dropped, and she looked at Hermione, who blushed furiously. She could feel the heat rolling off her skin.

“Hermione!” Heather said, scandalized.

“You were being tortured,” Hermione said. “What was I supposed to do?”

Heather laughed incredulously.

“I can’t believe you did that,” she said. “So, what, every time I want to talk to Harry now, you have to give him a blowjob?”

“Not necessarily, but something sexual from someone, yes,” Harry smirked. “But that does bring me to the only other payment she could offer. If you wanted me to get rid of some low-level Death Eater or someone like Umbridge, for instance, I could take their souls for the price of someone’s virginity.”

Heather blushed and covered her face.

“I can’t believe we’re talking about this,” she said, her voice muffled by her hands.

Harry shrugged.

“You asked,” he said. “I wouldn’t mention it if there was another way to bring me back. But seriously, take your time and think about it. I know you don’t fully trust me, and I get why. Besides, I’m living with the mother of all Veela. My life in hell isn’t exactly bad.”

He grinned wolfishly, but it quickly softened as he gazed at Heather.

“But it is really good to see you again,” he said softly.

Heather smiled and threw her arms around his neck.

“It’s good to see you, too.”

Hermione smiled happily.

“Do you think we can do this again?” Heather asked, glancing from Harry to Hermione nervously.

“Well, that’s up to Hermione,” Harry said.

Hermione flushed as they both turned to look at her. She couldn’t say no to the pleading look on Heather’s face, and it’s not like fooling around with Harry was bad...

“I suppose we could do this once in a while.”

Heather beamed, and Harry smirked.

“That sounds good to me,” he said.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

“Of course it does,” she muttered.

~

It was nearing curfew, almost four hours later, when Hermione and Heather finally left the Room of Requirement.

“Thank you, Hermione,” Heather said gratefully. “I really appreciate this.”

“You’re welcome,” Hermione smiled.

“Are you sure you don’t mind doing this again?” Heather asked nervously. “I mean, of course, I want to see him again, but I don’t want you to feel like you have to... you know...”

Hermione blushed furiously and ducked her head.

“I don’t mind,” she admitted softly. “It hasn’t been... unpleasant.”

There was a brief moment of silence, and then a giggle escaped Heather’s lips.

“I can’t believe you’re having it off with my brother,” she laughed.

“Heather!”

Hermione slapped her arm, and they both broke into laughter.

"It's not like I'm shagging him," she said.

Heather's laughter died quickly, and her face became serious.

"But you'd have to if we want him to come back," she said, then added quickly. "Not that I'm asking you to. I think it's him. He *feels* like my brother, if that makes sense. But we don't know. Or, I suppose we could just sacrifice Malfoy... or Umbridge... or Snape."

"Don't talk like that," Hermione reprimanded her lightly. "We can't just hand someone over to be killed like that. But I'll make you a promise. If we're ever sure he's really Harry, I'll help you bring him back."

Heather paused, pulled Hermione to a stop, and then nearly crushed her with a powerful hug.

"Thank you," she whispered emotionally.

Smiling, Hermione hugged her back. When they separated, they linked arms and continued the short distance to the Gryffindor Common Room. After a quick shower, Hermione stepped into her dorm with a towel wrapped around her body.

The curtains around Heather's bed were already drawn. Understandable, given how emotionally draining the day must have been. Parvati sat on her bed, reading the latest edition of Witch Weekly, while Lavender changed into her pajamas. She had just pulled her shirt over her head when everything suddenly froze.

"Not bad."

Hermione spun around, her grip tightening on her towel. Harry was naked again, leaning against one of the posts of her bed, eyeing the blonde's bust appreciatively.

"You think she has Veela blood somewhere in her ancestry?" he asked, tilting his head to the side thoughtfully.

"Stop it," she barked, slapping his arm.

Harry turned to her and grinned unrepentantly.

"What are you doing here?" Hermione asked.

"I came to collect my payment," he said.

Hermione blushed. She'd forgotten that she'd been too nervous, and Harry had been too excited about meeting Heather to do it earlier.

"Right," she said. "Sorry."

Holding her towel tightly, she walked up to Harry. She was about to drop to her knees when Harry suddenly wrapped his arms around her and fell back on the bed. Hermione squealed and put her hands out to brace herself. She blinked down at Harry's smiling face and bit her lip as he reached for her towel and slowly pulled it off of her. His hands sought out her bum. He pulled her forward and pressed his lips to hers.

Hermione moaned and relaxed into his embrace. He rapidly hardened against her, and she groaned as he pressed against her folds. Nervously, she pulled back, slid down his body, off the edge of the bed, and onto her knees. Harry sat up as she wrapped her hand around his shaft and stroked him leisurely.

"I've been meaning to ask you," she said. "I've been having these recurring dreams about you and me in a classroom. Did you make me dream about that?"

“That’s Lillith,” Harry smiled. “She wanted to give you some lessons.”

“Was I that bad?” Hermione asked.

“No,” Harry laughed. “You did great. You’re just inexperienced. Don’t forget, Lillith’s a Succubus. She’s been having sex for thousands of years, and her standards are extremely high.”

Nodding, she opened her mouth and leaned forward to show Lillith just what she could do. She took Harry in her mouth and lavished him with attention from her tongue. Swirling it around, caressing every bump and curve, she used every trick she could remember. Her efforts drew a groan from Harry’s lips. His hand caressed the top of her head as she bobbed up and down, her hand following the motion of her lips with a little twist at the end.

“Damn, you learn fast,” Harry muttered.

Hermione would have smiled if she could. Instead, she focused on taking him as deep as she could. She reached halfway down his length before she gagged and pulled back, blinking her eyes. Taking a breath, she concentrated on the swollen tip and used her hand to stroke his shaft.

“I’m not going to last much longer if you keep that up,” Harry said.

Hermione intensified her efforts. Her lips felt numb, and saliva dripped from her lips as she moved rapidly. Harry groaned loudly, and his hands tightened on her head as his length hardened and swelled. With a grunt, his shaft pulsed against her tongue, and he erupted. Hermione tightened her lips around him, sucking and working her hand to drain every drop.

When he was finished and his muscles relaxed, she pulled back and swallowed thickly.

“How was that?” she asked, smiling a little smugly.

“Brilliant,” Harry smiled.

He helped her to her feet and then tugged her back down on top of him. Hermione giggled as his hands grasped her bum and his lips found her nipple. Letting out a breathy sigh, she combed her fingers through his hair as his lips worked their way up her neck. He kissed her passionately while his erection swelled against her folds. Unconsciously, she ground herself against him with a moan.

Harry used his grip on her bum to guide her movements. She slid up and down his length, shivering each time he teased her clit. Eventually, she had to pull back to catch her breath. Placing her hands on his chest, she used the leverage to grind herself hard on his rigid shaft.

“Oh, yes,” she gasped.

Harry grinned and reached for his breasts. Suddenly, he stilled and blinked.

“Shit.”

He vanished in an instant. Hermione fell forward and crashed onto her mattress. Quickly, she rolled over and felt a surge of panic as everything started to move again. While Lavender’s eyes were covered by her shirt and Parvati was focused on her magazine, Hermione snatched her wand from the bedside table and slashed it through the air. The curtains around her bed closed with a flourish.

She fell back against the pillows with a frustrated sigh. Slipping a hand between her legs, she teased her folds.

She’d been so close.

Hermione cast a Silencing Charm and sprawled out on her bed as she pressed her fingers against her clit.

~

Harry blinked open his eyes and stared up at Jezebel. He was in his bed, where he'd laid down to visit the mortal world, and she was straddling his waist, grinding against his cock much the same way Hermione had been when he was rudely pulled away.

"Are you done with your little mortal?" Jezebel asked.

Harry nodded.

"Good."

She shifted her hips, placed him at her entrance, and sank down with a deep, pleased groan.

~

Hermione had only just fallen asleep when she found herself back in a very familiar classroom.

"You did much better this time."

She spun around and spotted a woman, Lillith, leaning against her desk. She wore a white blouse that was unbuttoned to the edge of her black bra, revealing a long, luscious line of cleavage. A black pencil skirt stopped just above the knee, and a pair of six-inch, black high heels sat on her feet. Her hair was done in a loose bun held together with a wand, and there was a pair of glasses perched on the end of her nose. She looked like every male fantasy of what they wanted a teacher to be.

"But you still have a lot to learn."

“Lillith?” Hermione asked.

The woman smiled.

“Indeed,” she said.

“Um, not that I don’t appreciate the lessons, but why do you keep bringing me here?”
Hermione asked.

“Because Harry is very near and dear to me,” Lillith said. “I always knew the day would come that he would leave hell, and I vowed to make sure whoever he ended up with would take good care of him.”

“But Harry and I aren’t – I mean we-”

“Not now, but you might,” Lillith interrupted. “And even if you end up with someone else, I’m sure they’ll be very grateful for these little lessons.”

A door opened, and Harry stepped inside.

“Harry?” Hermione asked.

“It’s not really him,” Lillith said. “Just a construct of my mind. The real Harry is currently balls deep in a demon at the moment.”

She smirked as Hermione blushed.

“I can hear her screaming even now, begging him to take her harder, faster.”

Lillith circled around Hermione and pushed gently on her shoulders. Hermione obediently dropped to her knees as Harry stepped in front of her and reached for his belt.

“Today, class, we’re going to study the wonderful but difficult technique of deepthroating,” Lillith smirked.

Chapter 4

Late in the evening, Heather and Hermione made their way back from the Room of Requirement.

“Did Harry seem more stressed than usual tonight?” Heather asked.

Hermione nodded. She had settled on summoning Harry once a month to sit and talk with Heather. Over the last few months, they’d gotten to know him quite well, but tonight, he’s seemed a bit off.

“He did seem a bit tense, didn’t he?” Hermione said.

“Do you think something’s happening that he can’t tell us about?” Heather asked.

Hermione opened her mouth to respond, but before she could answer, a group of familiar Slytherins turned the corner, and she snapped her mouth closed.

“Potter!” Malfoy called gleefully. “Ten points from Gryffindor for being out too close to curfew.”

With an insufferable smirk, he rubbed the silver badge on his chest with his sleeve. Heather clenched her fists angrily, and Hermione held her arm in an attempt to keep her calm.

"We still have half an hour," Hermione said. "That's plenty of time to get back to our common room."

"Then maybe your watch is slow, Granger," Malfoy sneered.

Behind him, Crabbe and Goyle laughed.

"I think that should be ten points for talking back to a member of the Inquisitorial Squad," Parkinson said. "And another ten for having hair that looks like a bush."

Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle laughed and, fortunately, continued down the hall.

"Merlin, I hate them," Heather seethed.

"Don't let them get to you," Hermione said.

"When you see Harry tonight, ask him to hang that git for the Astronomy Tower by his ankles."

Hermione nodded silently, even though she had no intention to do that, and let her friend rant the rest of the way to Gryffindor Tower. They stepped inside the common room and quickly made their way up to their dorm.

"I'm going to take a shower," Heather said, grabbing a change of clothes from her trunk. "You might want to pay Harry before Lavender and Parvati get back."

"That's probably a good idea," Hermione acknowledged.

Heather looked at her over her shoulder and smirked as she stepped into the bathroom.

“Have fun,” she said.

Hermione rolled her eyes and sighed.

“Harry?”

“You know, I’d hang him from the Astronomy Tower for free, if I could.”

Hermione spun around. Harry was seated on her bed, naked, and leaning back on his elbows. She smiled as she began to disrobe.

“You know that wouldn’t solve anything,” she said, unbuttoning her shirt.

Harry shrugged, “It would be satisfying, though. I can do it cheap.”

Hermione shucked off her shirt, kicked off her shoes, and reached for the zipper on her skirt.

“What would that cost me, exactly?” she asked more out of curiosity than a real desire to see it happen.

“A week of what we’ve been doing.”

“A week?” she asked. “That seems a bit much for something so petty. Stopping Umbridge only cost me one.”

Hermione stepped out of her skirt and unclasped her bra. Harry gazed at her appreciatively, and she was gratified to see his length swelling.

“The first time’s always worth more,” he told her. “You weren’t just giving me a blowjob, you were sacrificing a piece of your innocence.”

“So, is that why you’re really here? To steal my innocence?” she asked playfully, removing her knickers.

“Just a little bit,” Harry smirked.

He held out his hand, and the moment she took it, he pulled her onto the bed. Hermione giggled as she landed on his chest and kissed him on the lips. They snogged for a bit, and then she slowly kissed her way down his body until her knees were on the floor and her face was level with his impressive erection.

“I’ve been meaning to ask you,” she said, stroking his length. “You said that giving you my virginity would ‘get your foot in the door,’ what exactly does that mean? The books I’ve found weren’t clear on that.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Hermione leaned forward and wrapped her lips around him. Harry groaned pleasurably and caressed the top of her head.

“When you make a big enough sacrifice, it forms sort of an implied contract,” he said. “I’ll be able to visit you any time I want. I still can’t do anything to you or the mortal world without another sacrifice, but demons call it an ‘in’ because it gives them more opportunity to corrupt people.”

Hermione mulled that over in her mind as she bobbed her head up and down.

“Is that what you’re doing?” she asked coyly. “Trying to corrupt me?”

“A little bit,” Harry admitted with a shrug and a smirk. “Is it working?”

"You tell me," Hermione said.

Opening her mouth wide, she swallowed half of his length and sucked hard. Harry groaned and combed his fingers through her hair. She maintained the intense suction as she slowly pulled up to the tip, and her lips came free with an audible pop.

"Bloody hell," he groaned.

Before she could do more than smile smugly, Harry bent forward and grabbed her around the waist. With shocking strength, he lifted her into the air and spun her around. Hermione hung upside down for just a moment before he fell back on the bed, and she ended up staring at his length from a completely different perspective. She felt Harry's hands on her bum a second before his tongue delved between her folds.

"Oh!" she gasped. "That feels good."

Moaning, she propped herself up on her arms and captured his shaft between her lips. Hermione started working feverishly, but quickly lost her concentration from the pleasure Harry was giving her. His hands gripped her bum, and his lips and tongue attacked her clit. She ended up spending more time moaning around his length than she did sucking it. As her climax began to build, she pulled off of him entirely, and the best she could do was stroke him in a distracted, erratic pace.

"Oh fuck!" Hermione cried.

Her legs trembled as they tightened around his head. Dropping her head onto his thigh, she groaned loudly. It took a long moment for her climax to subside, but when it did, she was determined to return the favor. Raising herself up, she took a deep breath and swallowed as much of his length as she could. Harry pulled his mouth away from her folds with a surprised grunt as she lodged three-quarters of his shaft between her lips.

With her brow furrowed in concentration, Hermione used the advice Lillith had given her in her dreams. Taking a deep breath, she relaxed her throat. Harry's length descended into her throat until her chin touched his pelvis.

"Bloody hell, you've gotten good at that," he groaned.

Hermione slowly lifted herself back up and gripped the base of his shaft as she caught her breath. Thick strands of saliva covered his length. Taking another deep breath, she swallowed him again. When she reached the bottom, she bobbed up and down in short, rapid movements until she ran out of air and had to pull back.

Staring down at his hard, throbbing length, the head swollen and purple, she felt a thrill. Despite still being slightly out of breath, she dove down again, heedless to the mess dripping down her chin. Hermione grabbed the back of his thighs and used them for leverage to swallow him entirely, until her nose pressed against his balls.

"Oh, fuck. Here it comes," Harry panted.

Hermione pulled back quickly and sucked hard. He groaned, his length pulsed, and then he exploded in her mouth. She swallowed rapidly, drinking it down like she was sipping from a straw. He continued to pulse and throb against her tongue even after she drained him dry. Eventually, she let him slip from her mouth.

"Holy hell," Harry gasped.

Rolling to the side, Hermione sat up and giggled. She could feel the saliva cooling on her skin and looked down. Her chin, neck, and the valley between her breasts was covered.

"Urgh, I'm a mess."

“I’d help you clean up, but I need to get back before I vanish again,” Harry said, sitting up and waggling his eyebrows suggestively. “Unless you want me to stay longer.”

“You’re not corrupting me tonight, Harry,” Hermione said, pushing him.

Harry caught her arm and pulled her in for a quick kiss before he jumped to his feet and vanished. Hermione smiled and sighed when the bathroom door suddenly opened.

“I forgot my-”

Heather froze in the doorway as she stared at Hermione, who blushed furiously.

“Oh my god.”

~

Harry sighed as he laid back on his bed.

“Sounds like your mortal needs more lessons,” Lillith said from the doorway.

“No, Hermione was great,” he told her. “Even managed to deepthroat me tonight.”

Lillith tilted her head to the side.

“Then what’s bothering you?” she asked.

Harry waved his hand, the air shimmered, and two images appeared. Lillith stepped closer and sat down on the edge of the bed for a better look. One showed an image of Kreacher talking to Bellatrix, and the other showed Umbridge creating a sigh for yet another educational decree.

"Ah, I see," Lillith said.

"Things are going to come to a head soon," Harry sighed. "It's just so frustrating that I can't say anything."

"Don't worry, I'm sure Hermione will come around soon," Lillith said, patting his shoulder. "Maybe this will give her the push she needs."

"Maybe," Harry shrugged.

"In the meantime, would another blowjob help?" she asked.

Harry smirked.

"It couldn't hurt," he shrugged.

He grinned as Lillith crawled between his legs.

~

Harry kept a close eye on Heather and Hermione over the next few weeks. He could practically feel the tension grow with each passing day as Umbridge cracked down inside the castle while Voldemort continued to operate from the shadows. After Dumbledore's army had been discovered and the Headmaster fled the castle, the girls didn't feel it was safe to summon him again. He was forced to watch from hell as things continued to spiral.

As the weeks passed, Harry watched Heather fall into a depression. He visited her in her dreams when he could, but his time was severely limited. As much as he wanted to, he couldn't interfere with the visions Voldemort was feeding her almost constantly.

And as frustrating as it was to watch, it finally gave Hermione a reason to summon him.

~

Hermione, Heathers, Ron, Ginny, Neville, and Luna crept down the hall toward Umbridge's office.

"We need to make this quick," Hermione whispered. "We can't get caught."

Heather nodded and walked over quickly to the Floo. Ron and Neville stood guard at the door to the classroom while she grabbed a handful of powder and tossed it into the flames.

"Number 12 Grimmauld Place."

"What'd she say?" Neville asked.

"Don't worry about it," Ron replied.

Hermione bounced from foot to foot impatiently as she waited. It was killing her that she couldn't hear what was being said. She just hoped that Sirius answered, told Heather he was fine, and they could get out of there before they got caught.

Two agonizing minutes later, Heather pulled her head out of the fire with a worried frown.

"Kreacher said he isn't there," she said.

“What do we do now?” Ron asked.

“Maybe we can try to get a message to Dumbledore,” Hermione suggested.

“Expelliarmus!”

Ron, who’d turned away from the door, had his wand ripped from his hand. Neville turned back to the door, only to find himself staring down the end of Malfoy’s wand.

“Don’t even think about reaching for that wand, Granger,” he drawled, aiming his wand at her. “I’ve got them, professor!”

“Excellent work, Mr. Malfoy,” Umbridge said as she stepped into the room.

The rest of the Inquisitorial Squad followed after her and relieved everyone else of their wands.

“So, trying to contact Dumbledore, were you?” Umbridge asked.

Her hair was disheveled and singed from the fireworks the Weasley twins had set after her, and there was a crazed look in her eyes. Grabbing Heather roughly by the shoulder, she shoved her into a chair.

“What are you planning with Dumbledore?” Umbridge demanded.

“Nothing,” Heather said. “Just wanted to talk to him about some school work.”

Slap!

Heather's head snapped to the side from Umbridge's open-handed slap, and she blinked in shock as if she couldn't believe she'd been hit. Hermione felt the same way.

"I am the Senior Undersecretary to the Minister for Magic himself!" Umbridge boasted, puffing up her chest. "You will answer me! Why were you trying to contact Dumbledore!?"

Heather slowly turned her head, set her jaw firmly, and glared.

"Go to hell," she said softly.

Umbridge's eye widened with fury, and she started pacing back and forth, tapping her wand against her palm.

"Then you leave me no choice," she muttered. "Yes. No other choice. Just like you forced me to send the Dementors after you this summer. Something had to be done. You must be stopped."

"*You* sent the Dementors after me?" Heather gasped.

Umbridge ignored her. Her eyes gleamed as she came to a stop directly in front of her.

"Perhaps the Cruciatus Curse will loosen your tongue," she said softly.

"No!" Hermione shouted.

She tried to move closer, but Millicent's large hand clamped on her shoulder and held her in place.

"You can't! It's illegal!"

Umbridge smirked sadistically and raised her wand.

“Cruc-”

“Harry!”

Everything stopped. Everyone froze. For a long moment, the only sound Hermione could hear was her own panting breath.

“I’m here,” Harry said, resting a hand on her shoulder.

Hermione turned to look at him, but his furious gaze was locked firmly on Umbridge.

“We have to stop her,” she said.

“I know,” Harry said, turning to look at her, his gaze softening. “You know what it will cost you.”

Hermione nodded and felt a surge of excitement in her chest before another thought popped into her mind.

“What about Sirius?” she asked. “Is he alright?”

“I can’t tell you,” he told her sadly. “Not without payment. I can tell you about Sirius, or save Heather. Either will cost your virginity.”

Hermione bit her lip and looked back at Heather. There really wasn’t a choice to be made.

“Save her,” she said softly. “I can’t – I can’t let her-”

Harry slid his hand into hers and gave it a squeeze.

“I know,” he smiled.

Hermione took a shaky breath and nodded. Reaching up, he brushed Millicent’s hand from her shoulder and then pulled her into an embrace. She leaned into him, taking comfort from her presence. They stood like that for a long moment before he curled his fingers under her chin, tilted her head up, and kissed her.

She moaned into his mouth as he backed her up to Umbridge’s desk and started removing her clothes. He moved slowly, starting with her tie and then moving to her blouse. The moment it was off, he kissed his way down to her chest and removed her bra. His mouth sought out her perky, pink nipples. Hermione sighed pleasurably and combed her fingers through his hair as he switched from one to the other.

Lifting her head to look around the room, she couldn’t believe she was about to lose her virginity in a classroom surrounded by friends and enemies alike. She blushed, wondering what they would think if they could see her now.

Harry kissed his way back up to her neck while his hands unzipped her skirt. Hermione closed her eyes and focused on his pleasurable touch. Once she was naked, he lifted her onto the desk, and they both looked down when his rigid length brushed her thigh. His impressive size, which she thought she’d gotten used to over the last few months, looked more intimidating than ever.

“Go slow?” she asked softly.

Harry nodded and lined himself up with her glistening entrance. Placing his hand on her stomach, he rubbed his thumb in slow circles just above her clit and then pushed.

Hermione gasped as her folds stretched around him. Closing her eyes, she hugged herself to his chest and bit her lip as he slowly sank deeper. Gradually, he eased further and further into her depths until their thighs touched.

"You alright?" he asked, rubbing her back soothingly.

She nodded against his chest and took a deep breath.

"It doesn't hurt as much as I thought it would," she admitted. "Just – give me a minute."

Harry kissed the top of her head and waited patiently as she grew accustomed to him. After a couple of minutes, Hermione moved her hips experimentally. The pain had subsided almost entirely and was replaced by a new, indescribable pleasure.

"You can move now," she said.

Harry grabbed her hips, eased back a couple of inches, and then slowly sank back into her depths. She couldn't contain the moan that escaped her lips. With each thrust, he pulled back a little further and slid back in a little faster, and each one brought with it an explosion of unexpected sensations. Gripping his shoulders tightly, she wrapped her legs around him and panted against his chest.

"Is this alright?" he asked.

"Faster," Hermione responded softly.

She could feel his smirk as he sped up his thrusts. Throwing her head back, she moaned lewdly, only for Harry to capture her lips in a searing, demanding kiss.

"You feel so good, so tight," he whispered. "Lie back."

Hermione whimpered as she lay back on the desk. Pulling her hips closer to the edge, he grasped one of her breasts and resumed his thrusts. She hadn't realized how easy he'd been taking it on her until then. His hips only moved a few inches, but it felt like a foot. It almost felt like too much for her to handle. Her hands scrabbled for something to hold onto, crinkling parchment in her fists as she failed to find something to hold onto.

She could feel an immense climax building. The pounding of his hips and the teasing of her pert nipple drove her closer and closer to the edge. Her back arched, and a low kean escaped her lips.

"That's it, Hermione," Harry grunted. "Cum all over my cock."

And she did. Even that relatively tame dirty talk was enough to send her over the edge. The world around her vanished as she gasped and trembled. Harry thrust harshly a couple of times, and for a moment, she was worried she might pass out, but then he pinned his hips to her and erupted inside her. She gasped as the heat of his climax flooded her.

Leaning down, Harry kissed her as they slowly calmed and came to a rest. It took a couple of minutes before her brain started working again, and she gasped.

"Oh no!" she yelled. "Harry, I'm not on the potion!"

She glared at him when he laughed.

"Hermione, I'm dead," he said. "I couldn't get you pregnant if I tried."

"Oh," Hermione said, relaxing.

With a smile, Harry gave her one last kiss and eased out of her. Hermione winced as she sat up and moved her legs.

“Take your time,” he told her. “I can stay as long as I like now.”

She nodded and bit her lip as she gazed around the room.

“What are you going to do to Umbridge?” she asked.

Harry looked over at the woman consideringly.

“I have an idea,” he said after a moment. “But I’ll need your help.”

Hermione looked from Umbridge to Heather, bit her lip, and nodded nervously. Umbridge deserved whatever was coming to her, but that didn’t mean she liked being a part of it.

“What about Sirius?” she asked.

“Don’t worry,” Harry smiled. “Whatever happens next, I’ll be right beside you.”