

Making up With Hermione

Chapter 1

Hermione felt horrible. She knew Harry would be having a rough summer, but she didn't expect him to be as angry at her as he was. After everything that had happened during the Triwizard Tournament, she really couldn't blame him either. She cursed Dumbledore in her mind for not letting them tell him anything, and she cursed herself for not just ignoring him and doing it anyways. She had finally worked up the courage to tell Harry how she felt about him, and now he was angry at her and Ron for not telling him what was happening. To be fair, neither of them really knew much, but certainly they could have told him something. At the time, Dumbledore's request had seemed to make sense, but it only took Harry a couple of minutes to make her realize just how ridiculous it was not to at least give him some information. Why didn't Dumbledore tell him the Order was watching him, and have a guard give him letters if he was so worried about their owls being intercepted?

That wasn't the only thing that didn't make sense. Harry was acting quite odd as well. It made sense that he would be angry and troubled, considering everything he had gone through, but something else seemed to be off. Hermione had been lying in bed, thinking about it for hours, and she finally thought she had it figured out. The fact that Harry went from calm to furious at the drop of a hat, then there was Dumbledore refusing to tell him anything, even though they had several ways to talk to him that couldn't be intercepted. Add that to the fact Dumbledore wouldn't even look at Harry, and the odd dreams Harry had had last year, along with the pain in his scar, she came to the only logical conclusion. Harry had some sort of connection with Voldemort that was affecting him, and Dumbledore was hiding it from everyone, even Harry.

Hermione was determined to help Harry. As she was planning to raid the Black family library to see what she could find, another idea came to her, one that might get Harry to forgive her, and help him at the same time. Biting her lips nervously, she quietly climbed out of bed and tip toed out of the bedroom, trying not to wake Ginny. Quickly and silently, she slinked down the hall to Harry's room and slipped inside. After closing the door behind her, she turned around to find Harry tossing and turning in bed, his face and neck damp with sweat and the sheet tangled around his body. Her heart clenched, watching him suffer with only small grunts and moans leaving his lips. Hermione crept over to the bed, sat down on the side, and started shaking him gently.

"Harry. Harry. Harry, wake up, you're having a nightmare. Harry." She whispered.

Suddenly, Harry sat bolt upright, panting heavily and looking wildly around the room, his eyes wide and full of terror. Hermione grabbed his hand, stroking his arm with her other hand in an attempt to soothe him.

"Harry, it's me, Hermione. It's okay, it's just a nightmare." She told him reassuringly.

"I'm fine." Harry muttered, tucking his knees up to his chest and wrapping his arms around them.

"Are you okay?" She asked, concerned.

"I said, I'm fine." He grumbled, a note of frustration in his voice.

Hermione bit her lip, thinking for a moment. She wanted to try and keep him as calm as possible, and decided the best way to do that, was to just tell him what she suspected.

"Harry, I think I figured out why Dumbledore won't tell you anything, and why you're so angry all the time." She said as delicately as she could.

"What? Why?" Harry asked, his bright green eyes boring into hers, burning with desperation for an answer.

"I think he's afraid Voldemort might be able to see into your mind." She told him nervously. "Think about it, all the dreams you have, seeing things you shouldn't be able to see, the pain in your scar, Dumbledore ignoring you and refusing to tell you anything, it all makes sense."

Harry sat silently, his eyes gazing unfocused into the distance as he thought about what she said. She could see worry and fear fill his eyes as realization came over him. Hermione took his hand in hers and interlaced her fingers with his, squeezing his hand supportively.

“What am I going to do?” He asked helplessly.

Hermione hated hearing the little tremble in his voice. She wished more than anything that she could trade places with him, even if just for a day. There was only so much a person could take before they broke, and Harry looked close to his breaking point. Hugging his arm tightly to her body, she leaned against his shoulder, her eyes welling with tear.

“We’ll figure something out, we always do. I’ll look in the library tomorrow, there must be a way to protect your mind.” She assured him.

They sat in companionable silence for a couple of minutes, taking comfort in each other’s presence while Hermione worked up her courage.

“Harry, I’m really sorry I didn’t try harder to send you a letter and tell you more.” She said quietly.

He pulled his hand out of hers, and she prepared herself to be yelled at again, but Harry instead wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her tightly against his side.

“It’s fine, Hermione.” He told her.

“No, it’s not. I knew you would feel horrible, I knew you were going crazy not knowing anything, and I know your relatives treat you horribly. I should have tried harder; I should have made them bring you here sooner.” She said miserably, then worked up her determination. “But I can make it up to you.”

“Hermione, you don’t-”

Hermione silenced him by tilting her head up and pressing her lips gently against his. Harry froze for a moment, worrying her, before his lips moved against hers a second later. The smell of fresh cut grass and broom polish filled her nose, something that she had always associated with him. When his tongue ran across her bottom lip, she opened her mouth, allowing their tongues to slide along each other, tasting just a hint of minty toothpaste. The kiss was better than anything she had imagined, sending excitement coursing through her veins and making her heart beat rapidly against her chest. Pulling back, Hermione stared into his bright green eyes while running her palms over his chest. Harry reached his hand up, stroking her cheek tenderly. She smiled at him, turned her head to kiss his palm, and then pushed back on his shoulders until he was laying on his back.

Hermione slid her leg across his stomach until she was straddling his waist. Harry brushed a stray lock of hair behind her ear as she leaned down and kissed him again, luxuriating in the feel of his strong arms wrapping around her waist. With her breasts pressed against him, her nipples, hard with excitement, scraped across the muscles of his hard chest, sending bolts of electricity straight to her core. Hermione moaned into his mouth, her normally chaotic mind going blank with the new sensations buzzing through her. Harry's hands rubbed up and down her back, occasionally running across the bare strip of skin along the small of her back where her t-shirt had ridden up. They traveled lower and lower, until his large, rough hand enveloped the cheeks of full, round bum. He rested them there, unmoving for a moment as he waited for her reaction. Hermione pushed her bum back into his hands while her tongue delved into his mouth, seeking out his. Taking her reaction as permission, as intended, his hands squeezed and groped her, sending another thrill through her body.

Hermione moaned into his mouth while grinding her hips down onto him, feeling his rigid member pressing against her panties, damp with her arousal. While Harry groped her bum, one of his fingers unintentionally traced over her back door, causing a surprising amount of pleasure to course through her and making her gasp. Sitting up on his waist, Hermione grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head, struggling against the instinct to cover herself as she bared her breasts to him. Harry's burning gaze lock onto her chest, causing goosebumps to raise on her skin as he gawked at her large, perky breasts. Biting her lip, she could feel her skin heating up as her cheeks and neck flushed while he continued to stare, unmoving. Grabbing his hands off of her bum, she moved them up to her chest and placed them on her breasts, a small whimper escaping her lips when his palms brushed over her puffy, pink areolas and hard red nipples.

The moment his hands touched her breasts, Harry came out of his stupor. Hermione closed her eyes, enjoying the feeling of his rough, calloused hands caressing her soft, sensitive skin. He squeezed, groped, rubbed and experimented with her soft, perky mounds, a look of fascination on his handsome face. It sent a thrill of pride through her, that he could get him to react that way to her body. Suddenly, Harry moved his hands to her waist and sat up. His lips latched onto her left nipple, sucking it into his hot, wet mouth. Hermione let out a gasp, her hands threading through his messy black hair. She pulled his head firmly against her breast at the wonder feeling of his wet tongue circled and flicked her hard, swollen nipple.

“Oh God, Harry.” She moaned.

Hermione felt his erection pulse against her wet, excited slit, sending a shock of pleasure through her excited clit. The scent of her own arousal wafted through the room, and she wondered if Harry could smell it as well. Harry moved his mouth over to her right nipple, leaving the left one wet and vulnerable to the cool night air. Grabbing the bottom of his shirt, she yanked it up and over his head, exposing his tight, muscled stomach and chest. Tightening her fingers in his dark locks, she pulled his head back and ducked down to kiss him aggressively, plunging her tongue hungrily into his mouth. A shiver ran through her body as his fingers trailed down the length of her spine. After several long moments, Hermione finally pulled back, staring deeply into his stunning green eyes.

“I love you, Harry.” She said quietly against his lips.

“I love you too, Hermi-AHHH!” Harry’s words broke off into a loud yelp of pain as he clapped a hand over his scar.

“Harry!” Hermione yelled in concern, stroking a hand through his hair soothingly.

As soon as the pain came, it seemed to disappear. Harry blinked up at her, his body relaxing as relief visibly flooded his eyes.

“It’s gone. The pain’s gone.” He marveled, closing his eyes with a look of serenity.

Hermione furrowed her brow at him. He wasn't just talking about the momentary pain he felt a moment ago, his body language told her that. Harry had been hurting for a while, and hadn't told anyone.

"Harry?" She asked, her voice demanding an explanation.

"My scar's been burning and throbbing since Voldemort came back." He admitted, eyes still closed as he savored the relief. "I didn't say anything because there wasn't anything you could do about it, and I didn't want to worry you."

"We'll find out what's happening and we'll fix it, I promise." She said, her voice trembling with emotion as her eyes welled.

He didn't deserve to have all of this happen to him. Why could the world just leave the poor guy alone for once, she thought to herself. Harry opened his eyes and smiled the first true smile she had seen from him since his name came out of the goblet. He stroked her cheek, wiping off a stray tear as it trailed down her face.

"I love you, Hermione. You've done so much for me. I don't know how I can ever thank you." He said sincerely.

"You don't have to." She told him, giving him a loving smile.

Leaning down, Hermione kissed him, this time more gently and languidly. Her bare breasts pressed against his warm skin, with her hard nipples rubbing along the hard muscles of his chest. Feeling his rigid member pressed against her core, she ground herself down onto him, groaning into his mouth as he bucked his hips upwards. Pulling her lips back, Hermione gave him a nervous smile and slid down his body. When she got down far enough that her face was hovering over the large, obvious bulge in his pants. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach as she ran her hand over the hard bulge, feeling it jerk against her hand. With slightly shaking hands, she grabbed the waistband on his pants and pulled it down over his erection. A long, hard pillar of flesh leapt out of his pants and smacked her chin and lips, leaving a wet trail of pre-cum across her skin.

Holding his throbbing erection in her hand, she licked her lips, a slightly salty taste on her tongue from where he hit her lips. Harry groaned as she stroked him up and down, feeling a bit intimidated by his size. Bending her head down, she kissed the swollen head of his cock, more of his salty pre-cum covering her lips. Opening her mouth, she took the tip between her lips, tentatively running her tongue over the soft skin. Harry groaned again and bucked his hips, pushing part of his shaft into her mouth. Hermione pushed her head down further, trying to take as much of him into her mouth as she could, only stopping when his engorged head hit the back of her mouth, tickling her throat. She pulled off of him, coughing to clear her throat and realizing that she was only able to take about two thirds of his length into her mouth.

Harry's hands were tangled in her bushy hair, his fingertips massaging her scalp and sending tingles down her spine. Looking up at him, staring into his bright green eyes, she took the tip of his cock between her lips, swirling her tongue along his shaft. He pulsed in her mouth again, more of his salty fluids leaking onto her tongue as she bobbed up and down on his length. Surprisingly, Hermione found that she was enjoying herself. She had heard other girls at school talking about this, and they had always made it sound like a chore. For her, she liked the grunts and twitches he made from the pleasure she was giving him. When she sucked hard, his length jerked in her mouth, pulsing against her tongue while his hands tightened slightly in her hair.

"Hermione, I'm close." He warned her.

Wanting to make it as pleasurable for him as possible, she sucked hard again while bobbing her head quickly, taking him a little deeper than before. His body tensed under her, his legs shaking and flexing slightly right before he erupted in her mouth. A jet of hot cum rocketed out of his head, splashing forcefully against the back of her mouth and nearly making her gag. Hermione jerked her head back, aiming his pulsating shaft at her chest, several more shots of hot, white cum landing on her breasts. She swallowed what was in her mouth, not minding the taste as much as she thought she would. By the time Harry was done, her chest and breasts were coated in his cum as it dripped down slowly.

Running a finger through it, she gathered some onto her finger and played with it a bit curiously, experimenting with the texture. When she was done, she sucked it off of her fingers before realizing Harry was staring at her with a smile on his face. Her cheeks burned as she blushed in embarrassment.

"I was curious." She said defensively, using Harry's shirt to clean off her chest.

Harry chuckled at her and pulled her back down, kissing her on the lips.

"Did I do okay?" She asked shyly.

"Brilliant." He told her, a bright smile on his face.

Hermione smiled back at him, only to let out a surprised squeak a moment later as he rolled both of them over so he was on top of her. Harry kissed her on the lips, then moved down to her neck, sucking and licking at the delicate skin. Moving down further, he kissed and squeezed her breasts before moving down to her stomach. Grabbing the waistband of her shorts, he looked up at her questioningly. She debated with herself for a moment before lifting her hips, allowing him to pull down her shorts and panties in one pull. As he pulled her shorts off her legs, she closed her legs nervously, nerves and adrenaline coursing through her. Harry put his hands on her knees and gently pulled them apart, putting her bald, wet slit on display.

Laying down on his stomach, he kissed his way up her thigh until his lips brushed over her moist core. Harry kissed all over, clearly not knowing what to do. Threading her fingers through his hair, she tugged, guiding him to her excited clit. When he kissed it, she gasped and bucked her hip, pressing it more firmly against his lips. Harry took the hint and focused on that spot, kissing, sucking and licking. She was proud of him for paying attention to her reactions and finding the exact spot she wanted him to stimulate. Hermione moaned loudly, bucking her hips against him as she finally got some relief from her nearly overwhelming arousal. He pushed one of his fingers between her lips, but it was up too high to enter her. In fact, it felt slightly uncomfortable, the way he was poking her.

"Lower down." She told him.

Harry moved his mouth and finger down lower, making her groan in frustration. Grabbing his hair tightly, she pulled his mouth back to where she wanted it.

“Just your finger, move it lower, lower. There.” She instructed.

Hermione let out another gasp as his long finger delved into her quickly. She didn't say anything, not wanting him to lose confidence or make him feel bad. Besides, most of what he was doing felt wonderful. Suddenly, his tongue pressed down directly on her clit, making her arch her back as a long, loud moan escaped her lips. Harry's free hand reached up and grabbed her breast, his fingers toying with her hard nipple, sending shivers on pleasure down her spine. He added a second finger between her lips, his larger fingers stretching her open slightly. Another moan left her lips, overwhelming pleasure filling her as Harry played with her body. Hermione's hips bucked rhythmically as her climax built, bringing her closer and closer to the edge. She seemed to lose control of her body as she bucked her slit against his face, her hands clutching his hair tightly.

“Oh god, Harry. Harry!” She screamed, eyes slammed shut and legs quivering as her orgasm struck.

Hermione writhed on the mattress, humping against his face as the biggest orgasm of her life overcame her. Harry continued to kiss, lick, and finger her, drawing out her pleasure, and prolonging her climax. When it finally ended, she collapsed on the bed in a limp heap, releasing her tight hold on his hair, leaving it sticking up even more than usual. As she lay there, panting, he kissed up her body, pausing at her breasts again for a moment, until he reached her lips. She wasn't bothered by the fact that she could taste herself on his lips and tongue as she kissed him back passionately. When they broke apart, Harry laid on his side, his hand running over her stomach and chest. Once she had caught her breath, Hermione pushed him onto his back and draped an arm and a leg over him, her head resting on his chest as she drifted into a blissful sleep.

A knock on the door had her waking groggily, the early morning sun peaking in through the grime covered windows. Feeling a body move next to her sent her into a sudden panic as memories of the night before rushed through her mind. She barely had time to clutch the blanket to her chin, covering her naked body, as the door opened and Sirius poked his head inside.

“Hey, Harry. Breakfast is-” He broke off, staring at the two eighteen-year olds on the bed.

His eyes went wide before a smirk lifted his lips. "Well, well, what would Molly say if she found out about this?" He asked teasingly.

"Sirius." Harry growled in warning as she blushed heavily.

"Calm down pup, I'm only joking. I'm happy for you, really." He said smiling. "At least one of us is getting some action."

A pillow, thrown by Hermione, sailed across the room and wacked him in the face.

"Your girlfriend's mean." He said, getting a blush from both teens. "You might want to get dressed and come down for breakfast before Molly comes looking for you though."

With a lopsided smile, Sirius backed out of the room, and Hermione collapsed backwards, hands covering her face.

"Are you okay, Hermione." Harry asked nervously.

"I'm fine." She assured him with a smile. "C'mon, let's go down before they send a search party for us."

Climbing out of the bed, she felt his eyes on her naked back as she started gathering her clothes, explanations for where she had been running through her mind. Looking back at Harry, who was staring at her breasts as she put on her panties, she smiled at the look on his face. Despite everything going on in the world, she couldn't help but be happy that she finally got the man she always wanted.