

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.

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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."

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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."

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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 students*. The words were cut more deeply than a normal Blood Quill would allow and, Harry knew, much more permanent. Not even Essence of Dittany wouldn't 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.