

Taste

by: Kate J

1/9

Rating: NC-17 - Shagging O'Plenty

Ship: H/Hr, of course. Is there another ship?

Summary: Is Harry imagining things? Does he care?

Spoilers: None

Author's notes:

1. This is one of those stories where it's fine to either leave it alone or add too it. I haven't decided if I will yet. This is from Harry's PoV. I should mention this is the very first fanfic I've ever written. So yay! Happy first fanfic to me! That said, this could totally suck. I haven't spell-checked it and I basically wrote it down on a series of napkins. I kinda like that I didn't tinker with it too much. But hopefully grammar/spelling mistakes won't be too annoying.
2. I am a sinner. I admit I will not be one of the 177 thousand saved when Jesus comes back. I've accepted this. So please don't flame me if the story is too graphic for your (insert religious preference and/or ignorant self-righteousness here) sensibilities. I will simply talk bad about you to everyone I know. It's freakin Harry Potter fic, man. It's all in good, naughty, fun. This is smut-fic, so be warned. You all know the disclaimer song- nope, not mine... JK... Scholastic... no money being made, etc. You don't have to review, but thank you muchly if you do. :)

~*~*~*

So It Begins

~*~*~*

Come with me.

The 3 single most dangerous words in the English language, I've decided. When she grabbed my hand, I went happily, completely oblivious to what she had planned. It was *Hermione*, after all.

The broom closet was small, but I was still just an innocent boy at the time and had no idea what was about to happen in that small space. *Some of these shelves are small*, I thought. *Maybe she needs me to reach something for her.*

Such an innocent boy. Until I felt IT. Then I was innocent no more.

Thinking back, I must have looked like a deer caught in the headlights. It's not everyday Hermione Granger is unbuttoning my Quidditch pants and looking at me as though I were dessert.

I swallowed hard and my eyes were like saucers. My mouth kept flinching but I couldn't muster what to say.

Whoa...wha...Hermi..., was all my brilliant mind finally came up with. She stepped very close to me, her face right next to mine, her eyes looking directly into mine. Her hands were still on my pants. She raised a thin finger to her lips.

Shh, she silently whispered as she grinned at me. My jaw was still open and I wasn't sure what to say. I swallowed hard. It was all I could do.

What are you doing? Are you insane? What is she doing? Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, said that idiot in my mind. Of course, he shut up the second she grabbed me. I mean, *really* grabbed me skin to skin.

There was still this innocent, naive part of me that had no idea what she was doing. Maybe she accidentally unbuttoned my pants? Any second she's going to back up and say something very Hermione-like, such as, 'Oh sorry Harry, I thought that was your pocket. I was trying to give you this study guide. My apologies.'

But nope, nothing. Not a word.

My brain was Freaking. Out. Eventually my body just took over told my brain to shut the hell up. She sort of pushed me back and I leaned into the large wire rack behind me.

Wait...what is she...

Oh! My! God! What the hell is she...oh...oh okay, okay, okay. Oh wow. Oh my...

I looked down at her head, feeling her tongue doing all sorts of things around me. I wanted to say something, but she had shushed me a moment ago. It was like some big secret or something that she just wanted to do and I was just supposed to shut up and enjoy it. Who was I to argue with that? Do what you have to do, Hermione. I'm happy to help. I grabbed my hair in frustration and smiled.

Hermione...*Hermione Granger*...is giving me a blow-job.

I couldn't believe it was happening. I should've stopped her or something. Or something...oh *wow that feels good*.

DO NOT use her head as a steering wheel, no matter how much you want to, I told myself. Don't move anymore than you need to or she might stop. *Oh God don't stop Hermione*. Fight the urge to push forward. Fight the urge to moan.

I'd never even gone to second base with a girl in my seventeen years. Not that I didn't think about it, or even have prospects. It was just...weird. There weren't many girls at Hogwarts that were just normal around me. They all seemed to be...weird. I don't know. There were plenty of nights I woke up from some nice dream and thought that I wouldn't mind being some trophy prize, the Boy Who Lived, for some girl if it meant I'd be the Boy Who Got Laid.

What's wrong with me? Why am I thinking about this now?

I moaned louder than I'd intended to. *Oh no!* I thought, looking down and hoping she hadn't heard me. But she didn't seem to mind my moaning. She just didn't want me to talk. None of that lovey-dovey crap that people feel they have to do. No rose petals on the floor or candles or dumb music that's supposed to get you in the mood.

I was always so nervous about all of that stuff. Like, when I'm about to have sex for the first time, what do I do with my shoes? Is there a way to take off your socks in a sexy way? I just don't think there is. This was great. No drama or tension. Just do it, shut up, and enjoy it.

Wait...what is she doing with her...oh...oh my, oh what...

'*OW!*', I thought, while I tried not to say it out loud. I think she got the point. Teeth... damn. The twinge of pain disappeared as her tongue swiveled around the spot she'd accidentally grazed.

I'm going to explode. I know it. She's so warm and soft. My legs couldn't hold me against the rack- which was digging into my back- anymore. By body betrayed me and pushed my hips forward. I couldn't help it- it was like this primitive thing that I had no control over. I could feel a rush of adrenaline pumping through my stomach and legs, readying me to explode.

Hermione. Hermione Granger. *Hermione, Hermione, Hermione, Hermione...*

I moaned a little louder this time and I softly touched her head. That hair that seemed more wild to me now than bushy. And wild is good. *Very, very good.*

I felt it happening, this thick gush letting go, in short spurt at first then more constant. I could feel my face going goofy. My eyes shut tightly and finally I froze up, letting that glorious feeling go through me and enjoying it.

She stayed there for a minute and I didn't know what to do. *Do I say something now? Oh my God. Oh, this is embarrassing. What do I say to her?*

Wait...why am I embarrassed? She's the one who gave me the blow-job. But I'm the one with the

stupid look on my face. All I could do was stare at her with this shocked look on my face as I tried to catch my breath. *Maybe I should say something. Do I tell her thank you? Do I..*

Hey, where is she going??

She just stood up and licked her lips as she smiled this satisfying little evil grin at me and raised her eyebrow. She fixed the front of her skirt and wiped her knees from the dirt on the floor. Suddenly she was Hermione Granger again, as if nothing had happened. She turned to the door and cautiously turned the handle, peeking around, making sure no one caught her. And then she was gone.

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

I finally just sank down to the floor and looked at my dick. I smiled. *Did that just happen? Did Hermione Granger really just give me a blow-job?*

See, there was this part of my brain that would always keep Hermione 11 years old forever. The idea of her giving fellatio to anyone, nevermind me, was almost enough to drive me to drink. Why did she do it? What was special about today?

We'd just lost our Quidditch match. To Hufflepuff. No, let me say that again: *to Hufflepuff.* Yeah. *YEAH.* That was a kick in the... ego. We were all pretty depressed about it. Suffice it to say, Ron wanted to give himself the Avada. He'd gone off to sulk in our room while I went to the Great Hall to eat my troubles away. I hadn't even bothered to change. I just went straight to the Hall and found Hermione there. She was reading, of course, and hadn't been able to attend the game on account of helping Professor McGonagall with a Transfiguration project. It was just as well. The game was horrible and embarrassing. I told her all about it and she offered her condolences. It was all very Harry and Hermione.

So how did we go from that to this? Maybe she wanted to cheer me up? She did a wonderful job of it, if that was her goal. But I suspected that she did it more for herself than for me. I laughed and snorted as I leaned back against the wall.

Hermione Granger wanted to give me a blow-job. Maybe she was experimenting and knew I wouldn't mind helping her out? Maybe she was practicing for someone else? That theory caused a growl in the back of my throat that I wasn't ready to think about. Maybe she just wanted to get laid and this was the way she approached it.

It was kind of sweet, really.

After I'd managed to go back to a normal shade of white and I was sure *little Harry* was all set to go, I left the closet and went back to the common room. That was when I was hit with the worst case of jitters ever. I was so nervous about seeing her after all that had happened that I stood outside the common room door for about 15 minutes. Do I say something? Do I kiss her? Did she tell anyone? Do I tell Ron?

I decided 'no' on all counts and finally just jumped into the deep end. *I can do this. This isn't a problem. In fact, I hope she's there. Just get it over with. Yeah, I really hope she's there.*

She wasn't there. Thank God. I went straight to my dorm and took a shower. I knew I'd see her at dinner, whether I wanted to or not.

It was the most frightening experience I'd ever been through.

Facing *Tommy Riddle* was going to be a cinch after facing Hermione in the Great Hall. She was sitting there, across from me, talking to Ron as if nothing had happened. She turned to Seamus and asked for the salt, laughed at one of Ron's jokes, even looked right at me and asked me about homework for Trelawney as she always would.

I must have had a strange look on my face or something because Ron kept asking me if I was okay, and I just kept nodding. There wasn't even a glimmer of acknowledgment about what had happened earlier. I kept looking over at her searching for any sign that she did, indeed, do the deed. But she never flinched. She was acting so... so... *normal*. How could she act normal when not 2 hours ago that mouth of hers, which was now wrapped around her fork, was then wrapped around *me* doing all sorts of wonderful and naughty things? *C'Mon Hermione, give me *some* sort of sign...*

Nothing. Nothing for 2 weeks. I was convinced that it had all been a beautiful, beautiful dream. A very vivid, wonderful hallucination brought on by the stress of losing to Hufflepuff. It had to be.

At first I thought she was putting up a front because we were in front of people. But even in the off-chance she and I were alone together - in the common room at night, the library during the day, the Great Hall in the morning before Ron joined us- she wouldn't give me any sign that it had actually happened. And I didn't have the guts to bring it up first.

Then, just as I was starting to really believe it hadn't been real, she smiled at me in Snape's class.

It wasn't her normal smile. It was the '*we've got a secret, we've got a secret*' smile she'd given me that day in the closet. *My* smile, reserved for me alone. I looked at her and heard 'Hallelujah' blaring in my brain and felt a glimmer of hope that I wasn't, in fact, nuts.

Later that day, I was walking down the corridor to the Owlery to send Sirius a letter when I felt a strong pair of hands pull me back. She was smiling at me with *that* smile again and my whole body responded immediately. She took my hand and pulled me along the hallway to a door.

The room was tall and had very tall, long etched-looking windows overlooking the Quidditch

pitch. The sun was starting to set and there were long orange rays coming through the windows, looking thick with dust. This was the old Quidditch supply room. Now they seem to treat it as an attic, throwing everything old and unusable in here. I walked forward a bit, leaving Hermione behind me and looking around.

Old Quidditch brooms and first year training brooms hung against the walls. Tattered old quaffles and broken beater-sticks lay all around the room. There were old Quidditch uniforms for all 4 houses hanging up and some were all wrinkled up on the floor. Over in the far corner were about 15 or so different size snitches. Looks like they've only gotten smaller and smaller over the years.

There were old books stacked up around the room, all tattered, dusty, and worn. This room seemed to be in the corner of the castle. Being part of the castle towers, the ceiling was circular, tall, and pointed. It was the room time forgot. Leave it to Hermione to find it. It was quite beautiful with the sun's orange-red 5 o'clock rays passing through.

I turned back around to Hermione. She was planted to the ground just looking at me with *that* look. '*Please let her do it again!*', I'd thought, greedily. It was all I could think about and all I wanted to think about.

Then she moved.

She was walking toward me quickly and I stood my ground staring at her. Okay, just be prepared. She's going to do something. *I'm ready*, I thought.

She looked like she was going to walk by me but, instead, her long fingers slid behind my neck and she pulled me forward, kissing me fiercely as if I had the answer to a test in my mouth. I pulled her up, lifting her off the ground almost without realizing I was doing it. I just wanted her closer. And closer. More. And more. I pushed her against the wall letting the wall support most of her weight and kissed her for all she was worth. It was our first kiss. Kisses.

She wrapped her legs around my waist as I pushed her harder into the wall, old brooms falling to the floor around us with *clink* noises. She could feel me hard against her, I knew it. And I knew that very moment what we were about to do. I just knew. I wasn't even nervous. Socks? What socks?

I knew not to say anything. That was our deal.

I swung her around clumsily, kissing her, looking for a more comfortable place. But she was pushing up against me and I ended up back in another corner, tripping over the snitches. They immediately leapt up and starting whizzing around the room slowly, much slower than the modern snitch. I didn't even glance. I was too busy lifting Hermione's gray sweater up.

The snitches were still flying around, the sun catching them and causing little gleams of gold to shadow all around the room on the walls and all over us.

I unbuttoned my robe and let it fall. I grabbed her hard, kissing her roughly. I felt like an animal as I untucked her shirt and slid my hand across her soft belly. My fingers dipped quickly into the waistband of her skirt, pulling her toward me as I took her mouth again. I felt wild. As we kissed, I slipped my hands up the back of her shirt all the way to her shoulders and pulled her to me so hard I lifted her off the floor again for a moment. Quickly, I pulled her tie loose and off and then unbuttoned her shirt and slid it back, kissing her shoulder, then her arms as it fell down behind her.

I got down on my knees in front of her to undo her skirt. She ran her hands through my hair. I grinned and slid my hand quickly up her inner thighs and quickly back down again. Just quick enough to tease her and it worked - she smiled with her eyes closed. With her skirt button and zipper undone, the skirt fell loosely around her ankles. I sat back and looked her in the eye. I didn't dare ask her if she really wanted this. I knew she did.

I was going to make a fool of myself. I had no idea what I was doing.

'Don't worry. She doesn't care. Just have fun,' my brain told me. But I looked up at her anyway, looking for some sign that this was really what she wanted to do. She caressed my cheek and grinned at me with a gentleness that snuck its way into our frenzy of mouths and hands and bodies. I felt a sense of calm there, looking at her as if the rest of the world had faded away.

It only lasted a moment; her grin giving way to a look that I can't quite describe. At least I couldn't then.

I stood back up, directly in front of her as I whipped my sweater off. She grabbed me by my tie and pulled my head to hers as she kissed me deathly again. Her hands were all over my hair. I couldn't imagine, nor care, what it would look like by the time we were done.

She pulled hard on the tie as it slid around my neck and fell to the floor. She stepped back for a moment and grabbed the front of my shirt and pulled hard, sending buttons flying everywhere. She hadn't intended it, and gave a brief look of 'oops!' but-- it was great. I was breathing heavily already, but seeing her rip my shirt open like that...I'd almost come undone.

The shirt fell to the floor as I picked her up again, guiding her arms back around my neck, and I kissed her. I felt possessive holding her that way. I felt strong.

I walked toward the middle of the room, almost sending us both to the hospital wing when I tripped over a stack of books. I just avoided getting hit by a snitch and fell back onto the floor with her. She took advantage and moved her legs on either side of me. She was straddling my hips, pushing herself against me. I don't think she even realized she was doing it. It was like a reflex.

Every nerve in my lower body was charged and sending jolts of adrenaline to my nether region. We broke apart with a mutual sigh and she pushed back a bit, rubbing her hand over the front of

my pants. My hips jerked up instinctively. She unbuttoned and pulled them down as I pushed up a bit to help her along. I was completely ready.

She rolled back a bit and sat up on her knees. For a milli-second, I had a moment of sheer panic that she was coming to her senses and was going to leave. But she just smiled a little shyly and undid her white bra. She wouldn't look at me. I laughed to myself.

As if she had anything to be embarrassed of.

She pulled down her underwear quickly and moved back to straddle me. I think I was so freaked out that I was actually about to have sex that I couldn't really appreciate a fully naked Hermione.

And, by-the-way, we both still had our socks and shoes on. How completely insignificant.

But I knew then to take a mental snapshot of Hermione naked for later viewing, with her knee socks and shoes on, crawling toward me with a Cheshire grin on her face and a little pink in her cheeks.

All thought left my brain when I felt her, *Her*, on me. I hadn't pushed in yet. She was just sitting on me, looking down at my eyes. My hands went to her hips, instinctively wanting to push up and in to her. She rubbed herself against me and it felt amazing. But her breasts were too tempting and I ran my hands over them, not really sure what she liked but deciding to do what *I* liked until she told me what to do herself. She didn't seem to mind what I liked in the least. She draped her hands over mine on her chest and pushed her breasts harder into the palms of my hands. Her hips moved and I could feel her sliding over me.

Did she not realize I was a 17-year-old male? We don't have that much control. It takes years of training to hold out to that kind of torture.

I closed my eyes. *Snape in a dress. Hagrid in a dress. Hagrid and Snape together in a dress.*

In the corner of my mind I could hear a few snitches whizzing by us and I could see gold shadows glimmering on the wall every so often. It was beautiful. And I could have cared less.

She finally sat up and slowly pushed me in. I knew not to move. It was her first time. It was mine, too. I forced myself to try not to move. I had one hand behind me, holding me up from the floor and the other hand wrapped itself behind Hermione's ear and pulled her mouth to me.

I kissed her hard and slow, my tongue massaging hers until I found that taste I didn't realize I'd been craving.

I slid my hand down from her cheek and back down her spine until I felt her finally start moving against me. It felt like forever. I leaned back down to the floor looking at her. Her eyes were closed and we were trying to find a rhythm together, but it was clumsy. Wonderfully clumsy. She looked like a cheesy romance novel right then, with the orange-red sun making her look

all...beautiful and such. The dust was so thick through the light I was pretty sure we'd be covered in it when we left. She'd tucked her hair behind her ears and behind her back and she finally opened her eyes once she'd really gotten used to the feeling of me being inside of her.

I don't think I'll ever really get used to this. It's Hermione. *Now is not the time to laugh, Harry.* Any thoughts of laughing were soon gone when I looked at her face. She was staring at me with this look that just floored me. It was enough to interfere with my breathing, really.

I ran my hands over her stomach, circling her belly-button. I looked down and saw myself inside of her, surrounded by her gripping me tightly, and I jerked hard into her. It was pretty much the sexiest thing I'd ever seen in my life. It turned me on in a way I can't even describe.

I moaned. It came out as a hard grunt. I sat up again and kissed her neck. Her hands went into my hair again and she moved against me a bit harder. I placed my hands behind me on the floor to hold myself up as I moved and pushed up inside of her, harder and faster.

I was going to come any minute now, and I knew she was getting close. She was clenching around me harder and harder. We were both panting at this point. She ran her hand over my face, grazing my scar, over my glasses, then down my cheeks to my mouth where she lingered softly, going back and forth over them with her thumbs. It was affectionate. Her eyes started to flutter as her head fell back a bit and I could feel her starting to go. So I let go. And we both let go.

She made a noise that can only be described as primitive. I don't think she realized it. These were the only noises we were 'allowed' to make in our silent agreement, I'd realized. Thank God; I couldn't hold mine back any more than she could.

In all, it lasted about 10 minutes.

My forearms were shaking from the weight and gave in to the stress. I lied back down on the floor and Hermione fell forward to me, her head on my chest. The sun had just about set, and the room was now darker. The snitches were still fluttering around, although we couldn't really see them as well as we had when we first arrived. She sat up and smiled at me, her wild hair falling in front of her face a bit. There was that grin again. Her eyes were barely open and she looked a little drunk.

Like I was one to talk.

It took a moment for me to pull out. She went very slowly, and afterward she leaned back down onto my chest and I could feel her breathing slowly. She rubbed her hand up and down my ribcage. After a few minutes, she looked up and I could tell she was thinking the same thing as me: *we're going to get caught if we stay her much longer.* We both gave a resounding sigh.

She got up slowly and crawled over to her underwear. I snorted softly. After what we just did she was acting a bit embarrassed to be putting on her underwear in front of me. She'd gotten almost

completely dressed before I'd even been able to get the feeling back in my legs. I sat up and pulled up my pants. I couldn't stop grinning.

She finally put her sweater on and finger combed her hair back a bit. She looked back at me and walked over to where I still laid. She knelt down and took my face in her hands. Then she kissed me with one long kiss and rubbed her fingers over my mouth again before she stood up and left.

And that's how it's been for the past 3 months.

The past 3 wonderful months. It started out happening 2 or 3 times a month, then once a week. Now it's an every other day thing. I'm starting to feel like even *that* isn't enough. And through all of it, we never speak. Not once have we ever spoken during or about it. It's like an unspoken agreement to stay quiet. To go back to normal once we leave whatever crawlspace we'd ventured into. And it's perfect, really. We don't need to speak. There are times I want to say something, I'm not sure what but just *something*. Her name. Anything. But at the same time, I feel like the second one of us says something, the spell is broken and it's over. This short time that's been so amazing and silent will be over. It's just fun and wonderful. Completely wonderful and the time we spend together means more to me than anything. I don't even question that it's the same for her; I *know* it is. But if we go and change it in any way - it will just be ruined. Neither one of us want some sort of relationship disaster, or to read about our shenanigans in the Daily Prophet. A big part of why I'm happy with the arrangement is that if anyone...bad...knew what she meant to me, they wouldn't hesitate to use her to get to me. This way, no one gets hurt.

Right?

What she meant to me. That was a loaded statement. We're just having fun.

Right.

Two friends experimenting in a fun, non-judgmental, completely-at-ease-with-each-other way. It was great. It was just what we needed.

And she's breaking my soul.

Let's get off this train of thought before I go and ruin everything.

Now, for the first time, *I'm* going to initiate it. I'm nervous. She's always been the one to initiate and I always felt like I shouldn't - she should stay in control of it. But I want her so badly today that I can't stand it. Saying I'm horny is an understatement. I need her. In a 'want her badly, need her madly' sort of way. It's all the time now.

She won't mind, I know she won't. I'm starting to understand her body language better than anything she could or would ever say. As silent as we are, we say more in the hour or so we're

together silently than when we're talking in the common room.

She'll be on top of me, and we'll be riding completely in sync with each other-we've gotten very good at this. It was very clumsy and awkward at first- and I'll push up and explode inside of her. We'll just sit there for a minute looking at each other smiling languidly. Those moments are more powerful than hours of talking.

One time she jumped me, literally, in a broom closet outside of Snape's class. She was insane. She pushed me in and jumped on me. Practically ripped my pants open and pulled her underwear down. I pushed into her and she was riding me hard for about a minute before I felt her already starting to go.

Horny wench. There was no pretense about what she wanted that day. I was happy to oblige, but I was also bruised for about a week. I don't question that need... we just understand each other when it comes to this.

It's still strange to think of Hermione wanting to get laid. I guess there will always be that part of me that sees her as that little smart-ass on the train. She always will be.

But not when I'm with her like in these moments. Then, she's absolutely the woman I feel her as.

She comes down the dirt path and I watch her approach. She's absentmindedly reading her book. She walks past me and I make sure no one is looking before I grab her arm. She's startled at first, then she smiles. I pull her to me hard and kiss her.

I pull her into the woods a bit, where no one would see us. She knows what I want. I grin at her and push her back up against a tree. She grins as she casually drops her book to the ground beside us and raises an eyebrow quickly.

I hold her hands behind her back with one of my own. I use my other hand to sneak up under her skirt and pull her underwear down. I wish she'd stop wearing these damn things. They just get in the way. I let go of her hands in order to undo my pants.

I stare at her with a satisfied grin as I do this, and I see her flush starting. I know what she likes. She likes to see me go all manly. When I push her harder, grab her, look at her like I am right now...she gets all red and I can feel her getting excited. She likes seeing me confident.

I wasn't at first. I was so freaked out for the first 2 months; I was scared I would do something wrong, or do something stupid and turn her off. I've come to realize that she really likes me to be confident. So *pretending* to be confident actually helped *make* me more confident, if that makes sense. Now I make it a point to undress in front of her, not to shy away from it but stare right at her. I make a point to grab her a bit harder and stare at her when she turns, or grin at her and stare her in the eye when I push into her every time. She gets off on it. She likes seeing me take charge. I think it makes her feel desired. She likes that I want her as badly as I do. It's a very

caveman/cavewoman thing.

Of course, it's all a façade. It's all her. She's in complete control. I'd gladly do anything she asked of me. I'd give her all of my money, all of my time, my Firebolt, any limb of her choosing... Hell, I'd give her my life if she asked it of me. When I think about what I'd do for her, the lengths I'd go to keep this... I'm pretty sure this is why some men go insane.

I pull her arms up because I want them around my neck. She looks around a bit, making sure we are, in fact, alone. I pull her legs up around my hips and she feels me against her. I rub for a moment, just letting myself enjoy the slickness and I feel her try to push herself on me. I grin and drive straight into her as we both groan. I'm not gentle, nor am I slow or sweet. This is a fuck. It's just what I wanted. Just like she did that day in the broom closet when she attacked me. There is nothing behind it. I just *need* her.

I needed this today. It's just been one of those days where everything everyone says and everything around me is sexual. *Little Harry* is getting way too greedy.

I ground myself into her, over and over, all the way to the hilt. I wasn't even pulling back anymore. I was just sort of pushing forward, grinding and pulsing. I felt her inside, her walls squeezing me and I could feel myself contracting. I came, furiously, shooting into her with abandon. I could feel the warmth all around me and filling her.

When I was done, I continued slowly pumping, just enjoying the aftermath before my legs finally gave out. Still inside her, I turned us around and slid down the tree. I just couldn't stand anymore. She started moving fast on me and ground herself on to me. I could feel her constricting inside and she began to lose control. She leaned forward and began rocking hard and unevenly, coming hard and fast. I loved watching her face.

I always liked coming first. I got to sit back and watch her with more brain cells this way. There's something altogether amazing knowing that you can make someone feel *that* good. That you're the one who actually *makes* them make that funny face, or whip their head back, or groan like she does. I love that I can do this.

It was over. I just stared at her for a few minutes. She stared back. It was a tug of war. She won. She always wins.

She slowly got up and stumbled a bit on her wobbly legs.

Yeah, I like that I can do *that*, too.

She grabbed her book and fixed herself up before she leaned down and kissed me on my forehead. I caressed her hand as she left. She forgot her underwear so I took them. I'll give them back next time.

I stayed there for a little while, just enjoying the quiet of the December trees. The sun was shining and the wind was blowing softly but it was uncharacteristically warm for December.

It was a beautiful day.

::Sources/References::

I always listen to music to inspire me. I set my player to play Secret Garden by Bruce Springsteen over and over until I'd finished the love scene in the Quidditch room. That song is sweet and sexy without being syrupy. The kiss they share there was inspired by the first kiss Diane Lane has with that hot French guy in 'Unfaithful'- a very hot movie and one of the best film kisses I've ever seen.