

Taste

by: Kate J

2/9

Rating: R - Shagging O'Plenty

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

Summary: Ice cream is good.

Spoilers: None

Author's notes:

1. A shorter chapter. But fun all the same. I originally intended on this being in Hermione's PoV. But I had too much fun playing Harry. Maybe another chapter. Remember that grammar/spelling issues are my own laziness. Try not to judge too harshly.

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. 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. :)

~*~*~*

Ice Cream

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My plan was to make her beg.

Even if it was just with her eyes, I wanted her to beg, dammit. I was always the one begging her with a look. She'd have all the power and I'd just go along with it. Well, not tonight.

We'd snuck down to the kitchen at about midnight. I'd left her a note in her Transfiguration notebook.

'Common room. Midnight. - H'

She met me there wearing nothing but my (I should say Dudley's) old button-up gray shirt. It was huge on me and practically went to her knees. Seeing her wearing my clothes made me feel wanton. She'd commandeered the shirt a few days ago when we'd gone to Hogsmeade with Ron to do some Christmas shopping. She got cold and I gave it to her to cover up. I never got it back.

I didn't mind. I was wearing jeans and a black t-shirt. Easy to get in and out of and that's all that mattered.

I saw her sitting on the sofa, one knee up with her chin resting on it. She was staring at her kneecap, rubbing over the scattering of freckles there. I startled her as I hugged her from behind the sofa, my hand taking hers. She smiled up at me and I kissed her forehead.

I grabbed my cloak as we made our way to the door. This damn thing came in handy. I interlaced our fingers as we quietly walked down to the kitchen.

The cloak was off as soon as we turned the light on. I walked her over to the large wooden island in the middle of the prep area. I picked her up by her waist and sat her upon it, stopping for a second to move in and kiss her quickly. She smiled. I kissed the back of her hand absentmindedly before I moved away to the refrigerator. She just watched me and crossed her ankles comfortably.

I pulled out the ice cream. Chocolate. I went over to the counter area and opened a few drawers until I found a collection of spoons. Then I searched a few cabinets until I found a bowl and some toppings.

I scooped out the ice cream and covered it with chocolate jimmies, chocolate sauce, raspberry sauce and whipped cream. A lot of whipped cream. I smiled.

It was a sundae Ron would be proud of.

I took the spoon and the bowl over to Hermione who was full out smiling, and laid it beside her. I unhooked her ankles - tickled her feet for good measure - and stood between her legs. I smiled at her and winked. I swirled the ice cream in the spoon and took a bite. *Mmmm*. I nodded my head looking at her, affirming it was delicious.

She flicked her tongue out at me in a suggestive way and smiled. She hooked her ankle behind me, pulling herself closer to the edge and me closer to her. Before I'd swallowed it all, I leaned into her mouth and kissed her, my tongue hitting hers and mixing with the chocolate.

It was a great feeling. Feeling the cream swirling around my tongue while I shared it with her. It was...intimate. Nice.

I took another small spoonful and fed it to her. She moaned a little when she tasted it. The raspberry sauce was a nice compliment to the chocolate. She raised her eyebrow at me, looking greedy for another bite. But I took the next one, much to her dissatisfaction. She gave me that

grin of hers, that grin that said she was up to no good, and leaned forward. She slowly licked the side of my mouth like a cat.

I was a little dizzy.

I raised my eyebrows at her before I swept in for another kiss. The ice cream gushed a little down the side of my mouth as I kissed her.

I leaned forward and grabbed her face in my hands, greedy and determined. In doing so, I dropped the spoonful on ice cream straight in her lap. She jumped at the cold. The spoon fell to the floor with a solid *clang* and the ice cream itself was starting to run down her bare leg.

She leaned over and grabbed a hand-towel and looked down at herself, about to start wiping the sticky mess when I grabbed it from her hand. I wanted her begging, pleading...*aching* for me. So I looked at her with my eyebrows raised as I laughed and shook my head negatively, throwing the towel across the room. *No, no, no*, I thought. *There are much better ways to clean up.*

I touched the sides of her legs and bent down. I kissed her leg just beside the ice cream, then licked it off. I moved lower down her leg until I'd gotten all of it. I looked up and saw her eyes closed and her head back, her hand was in my hair. I smiled. I started back up the inside of her leg kissing and licking every inch until I was happy she was clean. Then I pulled her forward as much as I possible could and kissed her inner thighs. I moved the shirt up and saw she wasn't wearing underwear. Guess she was tired of them as well.

Damn, she was groaning. So much for taking it slow.

I stood up as rubbed my way back up her legs and kissed her full on the lips, grasping behind her knees and pulling her against my groin. Her arms locked around my neck instinctively and I pulled her off the island and down onto the floor with me.

No. No, this plan can be salvaged. I can do it. Be a man, dammit!

I pulled my tongue away from her mouth and placed her flat on the kitchen floor, running my hand down her clavicle and over her stomach until I grasped the hem of her...my... shirt. I pulled it up and looked at her. I touched just where her abdomen met her legs, in that crease there leading down to the holy land. Then I touched lower until I felt her wetness in my fingers. I stared at her for a moment before taking off my glasses, grinning, and moving down.

One good turn deserves another.

I wasn't quite sure how to do this. Where did I start? Oh well. I just dove in and kissed her the way I wanted to. I felt her buck up beneath me. My still cold tongue was doing wonderful things to her. *Oh yeah, she's liking this.* I kissed her inner thigh in order to grab a breath. *Good lord, how do you breath doing this?* After a minute I resumed my torture.

I kissed and licked and rubbed and groaned against her for all she was worth. I wanted her insane. And from the way she was moving and moaning, I was getting my wish. Finally, I felt her about to come when she stopped. She was eerily quite and still suddenly. I thought maybe I'd done something wrong. I was just about to sit up when she bucked and she came. Hard. Really hard. I heard her scream. Scream like she hadn't ever done before. I hoped to God no one heard us. The kitchens were far from just about everything so there was very little risk, but still. All we needed was a house-elf to come running in and then start beating itself in order not to tell anyone.

I rubbed my tongue above her opening and she squeezed her legs around my head. Her whole body was trembling as she was coming down.

Yeah, I own you. Your mine.

I crawled back up to her face and hovered over her, waiting for my reward. She still hadn't opened her eyes. I moved close to her face and just leaned my forehead against hers. I placed my hands on the sides of her neck, just softly rubbing the skin there.

C'Mon, open your eyes, Hermione. Let me see the defeat. Hold up the white flag and surrender.

But she didn't. She just reached up and grabbed my hand. She brought it to her mouth and kissed my fingertips. She finally opened her eyes. She looked directly at me. I sighed.

God damn it.

It's so unfair. How can she look at me like that? Like she can see my thoughts. She makes me so crazy when she looks at me like that and she knows it. She wouldn't stop. She just looked at me like she was trying to use telepathy. We just stayed that way for a few minutes. I looked at her face, memorizing every freckle.

As if I hadn't already.

I looked into her eyes, knowing I'll lose the staring contest but I look anyway. No matter how bad anything could get, I can always come back to this place with her. This place right here.

So this is what it feels like to be completely in love with someone?

Whoa.

Just *whoa*.

Hold on there.

Where'd that come from? Oh, Harry, what are you doing? This is just fun, isn't it? You've never had a relationship. You're not in love with Hermione. For God's sake you don't even speak to

each other when you're together. There's got to be something wrong with that. You aren't in love. You're in *lust*. You're in a constant state of arousal. You're in love with having sex with her. That's all.

Who are you trying to kid?

Oh man. Shut up. What do you know anyway?

I looked away from her. When I looked back up, I knew. I knew she knew. She *knows* I'm in love with her.

She rolled us over and straddled my hips. I couldn't look at her. I could barely see her without my glasses anyway. She pushed my hands to the floor and held them there as she kissed me. She pulled the shirt up over her head and pulled on the hem of my black t-shirt and pulled it up and over my head. She grabbed both shirts and shoved them under her knees. The floor was pretty hard.

She opened my pants and took hold. *Oh God...*she guided me into her and began to move up and down, back and forth. I felt her burning inside and she was really squeezing me tight. She began bouncing pretty hard on me. I was so ready.

Yeah. I was ready.

I sat up and maneuvered us so that I was leaning against the island with Hermione in my lap. I loosely wrapped my arms around her waist and stared at her. I won't fight it. I've got my hands up- I surrender. Yeah, I'm in love with you. I know you love me. I don't even need to question it. I know.

I pulled her chest to mine and gave her my best man's-man stare. If I was going to lose, I was going out with a bang. I pumped up into her and felt the familiar tingle of goosebumps going up by back that told me I was about to come. I was breathing heavy and sweating at my hairline. She ran her hand down my torso and rested them on my stomach, balancing herself.

Uhhh, she moaned. I loved hearing her moan. I loved *making* her moan.

I grabbed hold of her hips and began to really pump. 3, 4, 5 more times and I was emptying. I felt myself stiffen and aim into her. Then I moaned and leaned my head back against the island as I came down.

Some time later and still connected, I felt her lean over for something. She grabbed my glasses and put them on for me. I rubbed my hair back and ran my hand to the back of her neck and brought her forward for a sweet and quick kiss. She leaned over again and brought over the spoon that had fallen to the floor forever ago. There was a bit of melted raspberry sauce in the middle. She swiped it with her finger and licked. I twitched a little inside of her. She smiled and took the last swipe of the raspberry sauce and offered it to me on her finger. I leaned forward and

sucked it off. We stared at each other for a while longer, just enjoying the peace of being together like this. It felt like a gift.

I wasn't ready to think about the repercussions of my earlier thoughts. I don't think she was either because we just sat together eating the rest of the ice cream and snogging ourselves silly. I just wanted to enjoy the few moments we had here, in this place.

One thing is for sure, though... she definitely tastes better than the ice cream.

::Sources/Inspiration::

I listened to La Cienga Just Smiled by Ryan Adams and Colorblind by Counting Crows for the ice cream scene. That was slightly inspired by my favorite show Alias.

Weak For Love- Yeah. That's a great freaking song. It just says sex and love and obsession. Good inspiration.

Lover's Spit by Broken Social Scene. Just find it. Own it. Listen over and over. Love it as much as I do. It's the perfect song for any love scene.