

Taste

by: Kate J

3/9

Rating: R - Shagging O'Plenty

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

Summary: Getting serious.

Spoilers: None

Author's notes:

1. I really had no intention of writing more than that first chapter. I just wanted to get out of my block. But alas. This is a shorter chapter, but hopefully 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 if I continue.

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. :)

~\*~\*~\*

Rain

~\*~\*~\*

She was trying to kill me.

It was the only explanation I could come up with as I looked at her in her Yule Ball dress. She was going with Seamus Finnegan. I was going with Susan Bones. Two nice, safe dates. We couldn't go together. It was just a little too close to that relationship line we didn't cross. But it was fine. There was no jealousy. We knew we couldn't go together but we'd see each other after.

She looked amazing in her black dress. When she came into the common room and greeted Finnegan, I couldn't help but stare. The dress was simple- black with spaghetti straps. Very low in the back. Kind of sparkly. It fit well- *really* well. Her hair was straight and down. I've never

known anyone that could look so different with such a simple change. She looked older. She looked great.

“Wow Hermione, you look wonderful,” Seamus said. She smiled at him and said “thank you.”

I looked away and stared back into the fire. In 4 years of going, plus or minus the years I was fortunate enough to face possible death instead, I’d never enjoyed this stupid ball. It always seemed so dumb. It was just a reason for girls to get dressed up and play princess. It was always pretty boring and awkward, at least for me because I’d always gone with a girl I didn’t really want to go with.

I was taking Susan this year. No big deal. But again, I’m not going with who I want to go with. It was almost a joke. I couldn’t wait for this night to be over so I could meet Hermione somewhere and do just what I wanted to do. She snuck a glance over in my direction on the sofa. I leaned my head back against the pillows and just looked at her.

*I’m going to miss you tonight.*

She smiled and looked away, going over to Ginny. I turned away, remembering last night.

‘Uhhh!’ she’d moaned.

I smiled at the memory, stared into the fire, and looked back over to her as we waited for the rest of the Gryffindors. Back to the fire.

I rubbed her back as she rocked back and forth. Her back was to me as we sat in the library chair. It rocked slightly. We’d never done this. I wanted to. I’d just grabbed her and placed her in my lap.

We were sweating like crazy. We moved very slow, purposely slow. She’d push onto me and I push up. She’d bend forward just the tiniest bit. I stared at her back and her hair and just went along for the ride.

“Hey Harry!” Dean said, coming around the corner interrupting my memory.

“Hi Dean.”

“Who are we waiting for?” Dean asked Ron.

She giggled when I tickled her sides. She turned as much as she could and swatted me on the arm. I kept tickling. She laughed out loud, her hair falling into her face.

“Neville, Lee, few other people.” Ron answered.

I ground her hips against mine, feeling her hands on my knees, balancing herself.

“You look great little sister,” I barely heard Ron say.

We’d fallen to the floor, rolling around with quiet laughter and she kept swatting my hands as I tickled her. She was so ticklish. She tried to squirm away but I pulled her back, finally pulling her hips back to me and entering her from behind again. I think wrestling with Hermione is my new favorite sport. Better than Quidditch, it was.

“*Hellllloooo.*” I heard Ron say faintly. He’d sat down next to me and was talking to me. About what I had no idea.

“I’m sorry, what?”

“Bloody hell, you have it bad,” Ron said quietly.

“What are you talking about?” I asked, a slight panic starting to form in my brain.

“Whoever she is, she’s got you hooked.”

Brain overload. What do I say? Oh God, how does he know??

Ron laughed. “Like it isn’t obvious?” he asked, reading my mind. “You stay out ‘till all hours of the night and try to sneak back in without us hearing you. You always take your cloak. Last week, I found a pair of girl’s underwear in your robes...I wasn’t snooping,” he said, smirking, his hand up defensively. “I grabbed your robe on accident thinking it was mine,” he smiled coyly. “You could imagine my surprise. And every time I look at you, you’re off in your own world. Like the entire day is just filler until you leave at night. You’ve constantly got this,” he pointed at my face. “goofy look on your face. I don’t know who she is, but she’s doing something good to you. That’s for sure. I’m insanely jealous.” he joked.

I couldn’t think. I just stared at him for a minute. Finally, I did the only thing I could think of: I smiled and looked away.

“I knew it!” he whispered. “So who, where? Details man!”

I raised my eyebrows at him. “I can’t. I’m sorry but I can’t tell you. Don’t even ask.”

Ron accepted it but then looked furious.

“If it’s my sister, I swear to Merlin...”

I laughed. “I promise it’s not your sister. But please don’t ask. It’s really good and I don’t want to ruin it by talking about it.”

Ron looked defeated. “Alright. But stop thinking about her constantly. It’s becoming a problem for you.”

I smiled. “Yes. It. Is.” I looked at him. He laughed and walked over to greet Neville. Time to go to the Yule Ball. I thought about her the entire walk to the Great Hall where I was meeting Susan. I was in a bit of a daze.

The library was always a good place to go late at night. We had our little nook in between the tables. There was a chair and a small couch. Filch rarely checked the library unless he had reason to, and he would never come this far in. But my cloak was always handy just in case. It was around 1am, and I sat against the wall reading through a Quidditch book. It was amazing how much the game had changed in the past 100 years.

She was asleep on the floor beside me. My t-shirt was serving as her pillow. This was the first time she’d ever fallen asleep. We never usually stayed that long, but we’d finished so quickly—eager bunny she was— we didn’t want to go just yet. I looked down at her.

We’d talked about the Yule Ball at lunch with Ron, who was taking Lavender. We both had dates. It was strange asking someone out— like I was cheating on her. We knew we couldn’t go together so we did what we had to do.

I put the book down and just watched her for a minute. She’d put her, *my*, gray shirt back on, but it had ridden up a bit. I had a nice view. I reached above me to the pens, quills and pencils in a little cup on the table. I grabbed a black marker.

With a smirk on my face I bent down, making sure her eyes were still closed, and just below her bellybutton I drew a little arrow pointing to the little patch of hair that I called home.

<— Mine

I giggled. She was going to kill me. I pulled her shirt down so she wouldn’t see it until later tomorrow/today. Hopefully just as she was getting ready for the ball. Just a little reminder.

I walked behind Hermione watching her bare back move as she walked, and I thought about sitting up and kissing her back last night when I was inside of her.

She must have found the thing by now. But she hadn’t shown any signs. I saw Susan waiting at the door with a few of her friends.

“Hi Susan. You look very pretty.” She smiled.

“Thank you, Harry. And don’t you look handsome?” I smiled back.

The night moved on. And dragged on. And dragged even more.

I’d left her a note to meet me here after the Ball. She was taking too long. I kept telling myself it was okay. We’ll have a 2 whole weeks to ourselves as everyone leaves for home over Christmas break tomorrow morning. She and I were the only 2 Gryffindors staying. We could do whatever we wanted for 2 weeks; no need to be so eager.

But I need her now. It's almost midnight. Finnegan had danced with her and touched her back a few times. It was like I had radar. I wasn't jealous, really. I knew it was completely innocent. I just wanted to touch her where he had. It was a possessive guy thing, I suppose.

It had been pouring out. It was still pretty warm, otherwise we'd be getting some serious snow. I was drenched walking here. But it was private and dark. I wanted her so badly.

The small caretaker shed housed most of the gardening tools and potions. Most of Filch's caretaker tools were in here. The only light came from the occasional flash of lightening from the small open window. The only sound was the rain hitting the metal roof. The rain beat in the window and the lightening flashed. The thunder roared. I wiped a bead of rainwater from my forehead.

I heard her approach and stood up. She hadn't changed yet either. She was still in her black gown and overrobe, soaking wet now. Her hair was drenched. She shut the door behind her. Lightening flashed and she saw me through the room. Water dripped from her hair and around her neck down into the valley between her breasts. She smiled and moved forward to find somewhere to lay, I suppose.

I couldn't take it. My self-control let me down again as I grabbed her arm, swung her around to me, and grabbed the back of her neck. I pulled her to me in a long, hard kiss that deprived us both of oxygen.

I moved forward and slowly pushed the thick robe down her arms and to the floor. She was so beautiful, just staring up at me.

I ran my hands under the straps of her dress and pulled them down her arms. She turned around and moved her hair, gesturing to unzip her. I did so, slowly, running my thumb down her back as I lowered the zipper. The dress fell to the floor. I stayed there just staring at her for a minute. She turned around and looked at me. She watched me look at her. After all this time she still had all the control. She knew what she did to me.

I moved forward slowly and kissed her softly this time. She ran her hands along the front of my shirt pulling it out of my pants. She pulled me closer. I felt my shirt fall back around me. She stopped kissing me and just rubbed her hands along my shoulders. She was just looking at them, at me, like she wasn't sure where to start. I liked when she looked at my body. She liked my forearms the best, I think. I'm not sure why. But I catch her looking at them all the time. I didn't mind at all. I couldn't hide from her. Just as she couldn't hide anything from me. I have her memorized... and God was showing off when he made her.

She looked down at my abdomen to the bulge that was begging to come out. She looked back up at me, her face an inch from mine.

That was it.

That was the stare that broke me. The whole world stopped for a minute and everything went silent. I ran my hands all over her. This was the woman I would die loving. These are the hands I'll be holding when I'm 90. These are the breasts I'll be looking at in 10 years. This was the belly I'd put a baby into. These were the legs that would still be wrapped around me when I fall asleep for the last time. This is the face I would think about in the last moments of my life.

I slid her underwear down, kissing her stomach, thinking about getting her pregnant one day. I kissed her legs, thinking about them wrapped around me when we're old and in bed together. I stood and picked her up and laid her down on the floor on my cloak. I looked down at her, her legs spread on either side of my torso. I pushed my pants down and moved forward to hover over her. I needed her to know what I was thinking. I seriously thought about speaking. I didn't care anymore. I wanted to tell her everything I'd just thought. She really could read my mind, though. She pressed her finger to my mouth and nodded her head. She knew. I didn't need to say it out loud.

I interlaced our fingers together and pushed into her, squeezing her fingers on the floor each time I pushed. The marker was still there. She didn't wash it off. I smiled. We just looked at each other the whole time. It was intense.

We fell asleep on the hard floor but didn't care. We were wrapped in damp clothes and were tangled up in each other. I didn't care if it was risky staying the night together there, or that we could be seriously in trouble if any school staff caught us. It felt worth the risk. *She* was worth it.

We woke up early. The sun wasn't up yet, but the sky was lighter. We were freezing. The temperature dropped dramatically overnight. I glanced at her laying on her stomach, my cloak draped around her lower body. Her back was exposed. She was sleeping so soundly I hated to wake her. But we couldn't stay out much longer without really getting caught, no matter how much we wanted to.

I softly rubbed her bare back, over her shoulder blades, feeling the softness there. I pushed her hair aside and smoothed my fingers over her neck. I grazed my freckle, square in the center. A tiny red-brown dot that I'd kissed on many occasions. My freckle.

She began to stir.

*Mmm*, she growled. I kissed my freckle and she opened her eyes. I tapped my wrist to tell her it was time to leave. She nodded and began to sit up, wiping the sleep out of her eyes. I watched her get dressed, each article of clothing she put solidifying more and more that we really had to get back to the real world.

She left first, making sure it was all clear.

I saw her again before Ron left. We wished he and Ginny a good holiday and said goodbye. It was Christmas Eve. Two weeks alone together to do whatever we wanted... God help us both. Let the games begin.

::Sources/Inspiration::

How to Make an American Quilt- Main Theme. I'm a theme junkie. I love movie soundtracks. I love this one. It's really, really sweet and I recommend downloading it to anyone who 'gets it' and loves themes. I listened to it while writing the sweet library scene. (Sidebar: 'The Diver' from this movie is a great theme as well)

Secret Garden by Springsteen again.

The scene where he writes on her is slightly inspired by the movie Unfaithful. He drew a flower on her stomach and I thought that was awesome.

The first kiss in the Filch's caretaker shed was inspired by the first kiss in the Keanu Reeves movie A Walk in the Clouds. At least, that's how I pictured it happening. That was a cheesy movie, but god damn it was a sexy ass kiss.

"God was showing off when he made her." My slightly altered line was from one of my fav movies, Keeping the Faith. I had to throw in some cheesy goodness and this was a good cheesy line.