

Taste

by: Kate J

4/9

Rating: R - Shagging O'Plenty

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

Summary: I love you.

Spoilers: None

Author's notes:

1. My motto with fanfic is, 'Plot? What plot?' So suffice it to say, writing anything more than just some fun shagging is surprising. Hope it's still fun. If you haven't noticed by now, I'm trying to incorporate a different taste to each chapter. Food, rain, etc. And etc., tee hee.

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. :)

~\*~\*~\*

Egg Nog

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I think Ron knows.

Before he left he looked over at Hermione then back at me. He leaned in and whispered, "Don't do anything I wouldn't... actually," he paused, thinking about it, "do *everything*. Just do everything. Cause that's what I'd do," he said, grinning devilishly. Fred and George would be proud. I didn't say anything. I just smiled and wished him a happy Christmas.

I stood in the jewelry shop in Hogsmeade waiting for the shopkeeper to come out with my gift wrapped and ready to go. I thought about this morning after Ron and Ginny left.

We laid on the floor of the common room, just enjoying the companionable silence. Her head was on my lap and she was watching the snow through the window. In one hand I held that

Quidditch book I never got to finish, in the other hand I held her breast. She was wearing my gray shirt again. She grabbed my hand and placed it there a while ago. I think she thinks I'm ignoring her.

I am. But not really.

Without looking at her, I remove my hand from her breast as I turn the page, seemingly engrossed in what I was reading. Out of the corner of my eye I see her frown. I keep reading and place my hand back on her breast and squeeze a little.

*Hermione, you always have my focus.* I smirked down at her, and went back to my book.

I saw her smile and blush. She actually blushed. Yeah, she wants me.

I have a half-naked Hermione in my arms with these wonderful breasts. Why am I reading a book? What kind of man am I? I've shamed my gender.

I look down at her and kiss her upside down. I throw my book in the corner. I'll finish the damn thing eventually. She laughs at me as I maneuver myself around so I'm laying on top of her.

I heard a bell ring when the door to the shop opened, a large gray-haired man walking in and distracting me from my memory. Wanker.

We'd gone as 'Harry and Hermione' to Hogsmeade this afternoon. We went to the Leaky Cauldron and drank butterbeer and talked about what we'd each gotten Ron. We talked about having Christmas dinner with the handful of students from the other houses and the professors. We wondered why none of the Hogwarts professors seemed to have close family to speak of. Seemed strange. We talked about the business trip her parents had to take this year. We talked, or made fun of, what the Malfoy house had to look like around Christmas: Dead house-elves hanging from the black and silver Malfoy tree. I'm sure it was cheerful.

'Harry' knew what he was getting Hermione. I'd found a first-edition copy of 'Hogwarts- A History', complete with bonus and unedited chapters and it was signed by the author. I found it completely by accident, and I knew she'd love it.

But I wanted to get her something for our private times. Something she could open and knew was from me. All the usual stuff popped into my head. Girl stuff- perfume, chocolate, frilly underwear. But nothing seemed very personal. I wondered if she'd be getting me something personal. I'd looked around for quite a while and I was supposed to be meeting her soon to go back to school for dinner. I was starting to panic.

Jewelry. "You can't go wrong with jewelry," Fred had said last year. He'd been dating Angelina Johnson for a while and had no idea what to get her. I looked around and finally found an old jewelry store named 'Knot in the Wood'. The store was a bit strange, tree stumps littering every corner. In each stump lay a different set of jewelry ranging from bracelets to rings to necklaces and strange watches. There were vines hanging from the walls. I felt like I'd walked into the

forest. A woman came out from behind a curtain and smiled at me. She reminded me of Mrs. Weasley.

“Hello! Happy Christmas!”

“Thank you. You, too,” I said smiling, looking around.

“Looking for anything in particular?”

“Not really. Just something... personal.”

The woman smiled at me. “For a lucky girl?”

I smiled and nodded.

“Well, I can help you. Tell me, are you not-serious, semi-serious, or super-serious?” She asked a hand on her hip.

“Huh?” I asked, my eyebrows up.

She walked over and put an arm around my shoulder. “The kind of jewelry you buy for a girl should reflect how you feel about her. Trust me, I’ve had many poor souls come into my shop and buy the completely inappropriate thing. They buy rings for girls they’re only semi-serious about. They buy bangles for the woman they should be getting a ring for. Poor guys. The lot of you are very confused when it comes to this type of thing.”

I swallowed, and she laughed.

“Ohh, don’t worry. I’m sure she’ll love anything you get her.”

“Super-serious,” I told her finally. She smiled and walked me over to a large tree trunk with rings and bracelets and very large gaudy earrings. None of these things looked like Hermione.

“I’ll let you wander around. Call me if you need anything. I’ll be right over here,” she told me, winking and walking over to the register. She picked up a large knitting needle and began humming to herself.

I looked around, from trunk to trunk, until something finally caught my eye. I read the advertisement:

‘Consider a REAL charm bracelet! This antique silver bracelet can be charmed to dangle any object that fits your fancy. The perfect personalized gift for that special girl!’

“Excuse me?” I called over to the shopkeeper.

“Found something have you dear?” She asked, walking over.

“What does it mean ‘charmed to dangle any object’?”

“Well, you just tell me what sorts of object you’d like to have on it. I can charm miniature versions of whatever it is. Usually the person chooses something that means something to the girl. One man knew his wife loved spaghetti and I charmed a little tiny bowl with spaghetti in it. It was cute. Some people use ‘I Love You’ as a charm. Or a book, or a favorite animal. You can have up to five. And any charm you want to add after that is extra.”

I smiled. Perfect. “I’ll take it.”

She smiled. “Wonderful!” She passed her hand over the tree trunk and the invisible security barrier wobbled like a water droplet. She took the bracelet and led me to the front of the shop. “Now tell me, what charms you’d like to have?” she asked, grabbing a quill and parchment.

I thought about it. “A snitch. A spoon. An arrow,” I paused, thinking. “A garden trowel.” I grinned. She looked at me a little strangely. She wouldn’t get it.

“And one more,” She told me.

“A heart.”

She smiled at me. “Will that be all?”

“Yes, that’ll be all, thank you.”

“Okay, I’ll go start on this and you can inspect it before the final sale, alrighty?”

I nodded. “Sounds good. Thank you.”

She left to the back of the shop behind the curtain. I looked around the shop as I waited, looking at some of the most enormous and hideous necklaces I’d ever seen. Why would anyone buy something like that?

Something kept catching my eye, but I kept ignoring it. *Stick with the safe gift, Harry*, I told myself. But I couldn’t help but keep going back to look at it. It was perfect. It was the one I’d buy, if I were looking for that type of thing.

No, no. You got the bracelet. It’s a really great gift. She’ll love it. That’s all the trouble you need to cause for yourself tonight.

“Okay...here you go. Take a look and see if that’s to your liking. Anything can be changed so speak up if there’s something you don’t like.”

I held the delicate bracelet in my hand. The arrow, the snitch. The little trowel. The heart. I think I loved the little spoon the best; it looked exactly like the spoon from the kitchen. It was

beautiful.

“It’s perfect, really. Thank you so much. She’ll love it,” I said, handing it back to her.

She smiled. “Oh good. I hope so,” she said, placing the bracelet in a long, thin, black box. The silver was a sharp contrast. “Let’s go ring you up then, shall we?” I nodded slightly.

“Unless of course you found something else you can’t leave without?” she asked, her eyebrow raised. She must have seen me looking in the other trunk. She didn’t say anything else, she just rang up the bracelet. I paused before digging into my pockets for more money.

“Actually, there is something else...”

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She sat in the tub, her hair tied in a ball above her head and her eyes closed. She’d come up here to take a bath before dinner, but I wanted to see her. I wanted to bother her.

I snuck into her room quietly holding the 2 goblets of egg nog I’d pilfered from the house-elves. I couldn’t get the picture of Dobby wearing a Santa hat four sizes too big for him out of my head. Poor, sweet Dobby. I’ll kill him if he wakes us up in the morning.

She didn’t hear me come in. She was playing some kind of music. Some sad, bluesy thing– I had no idea what it was. Who knew Hermione listened to this? I sat down beside the tub without making a sound and just watched her grooving to the sad rhythm of the song.

I slowly snuck my hand up to her slick knees, which were peeking out from the water.

“Ahh!” she yelped, a bunch of water going over the edge of the ancient claw-foot tub. I laughed, but didn’t remove my hand. She sighed loudly and held a hand to her heart. She looked at me with murder in her eyes. Then she smiled. With my free hand, I handed her the goblet of egg nog– yucky, milky stuff if you ask me, but she seemed to like it– and began my torture.

I ran my hand farther down her inner thigh below the water line. She glared at me. I grinned. She held the goblet to her chest and closed her eyes.

Does the ‘H’ on a female water faucet stand for ‘Hell’? Because I think I may end up with 3rd degree burns on my hands by the time I’m through.

I felt a little wet patch of hair and pushed into it. She arched her neck back a bit. I felt around slowly, not quite entering her but just feeling around. Her thighs tightened a bit, holding my hand where it was and she leaned forward. She took a sip of her egg nog and leaned into me, nuzzling my neck and working her way to my mouth.

Okay, so egg nog’s not *that* bad. Kind of sugary and warm. I suppose it didn’t hurt that her tongue was massaging mine in the most sugary and warm way.

She pulled back and looked at me with the most wanton expression on her face as she leaned back. I continued my little exploration and leaned my head onto the tub's edge, just looking at her.

This was nice. It was *really* nice. I need to remember to look at who sings this song. It's a great song. She took another sip of her egg nog and pushed into my hand obliviously. I pushed into her, my thumb touching her there. She opened her eyes and looked at me. I didn't blink.

I couldn't stand it anymore. I stood slightly and leaned over and kissed her. Half my blue shirt was now completely soaked. My pants were soaked from the water on the floor. I didn't care. I kissed her throat, my fingers pushing harder. I wanted more, so I put my knee of the edge of the tub so I could get closer to her.

I ended up in the tub, clothes and all. My glasses went flying in a corner somewhere. She burst into laughter as water splashed out of the tub and onto the floor. I was between her legs holding onto the round corners on the head of the tub, just trying to balance myself above her. She was cracking up.

Once I realized I wasn't going to kill myself, I chuckled as well, turning myself around so that I was facing her. I figured i'd make the best of the situation.

How we did this without killing ourselves was beyond me. I couldn't take off my wet pants, no matter how hard I tried. But unbuttoning them was good enough. She pulled the now soaked t-shirt above my head and threw it onto the floor with a heavy gushing sound. I had to remember to get out of this tub slowly. I could see myself slipping and falling, and that's how some poor house-elf would find me in the morning: dead on the floor with a ridiculous grin on my face. At least I'd die happy.

Yeah, in fact, that's how I want to go if I have the choice.

I maneuvered a bit to get into position. Then I pushed into her hard and her legs came up around my waist. Every time I pushed, water would splash over the side of the tub and she'd giggle.

She smelled like soap and sugar.

When I came, my voice echoed in the small room, and I instinctively tried to muffle the noise by burying my face in her neck, as I usually did. It took me a minute to realize we didn't have to hide; we were free to be as loud as we liked. I loved the idea of being alone with her. A part of me wanted to kidnap her right then and whisk her away to a deserted island somewhere, just so that I could hear her moan unobstructedly, instead of feeling her moan into my chest as she was right now.

I turned around when we were done, my back to her chest. She wrapped her legs around me as much as she could, hooking her ankles together. I rubbed her knees and her arms went around my neck, laying across my chest. She kissed the back of my head. I took hold of her hands,

entwining them with mine. I brought them to my mouth and kissed her knuckles. I brought them back to my chest and just held them there for a while. I closed my eyes, feeling incredibly tired and comfortable. With my toe, I pushed the water on to fill the tub up more. Quite a bit of water had been lost on the floor in my eagerness.

She flattened her hands on my chest and rubbed. She held me to her tightly and rubbed her nose against the side of my face, breathing me in.

The Hell with slipping and falling. I could die right now.

I must have fallen asleep because when I opened my eyes she was nudging me up. She held her hand up and tapped her wrist, our signal for 'time's up'. I nodded and sat up. She slipped out from behind me and grabbed her towel. I watched her tie her hair in a towel, and she threw another towel on the wet floor to soak up all the water—until she could get her wand to clean it up, at least. She noticed me watching her. She smiled and flashed me quickly before walking back into her room. I laughed.

By the time I got out, she was sitting on her bed, towel drying her hair. My clothes were soaked. I was going to have to walk to my room in a towel to get clothes. But I wasn't ready to leave yet. You know, all this time and I've yet to have sex with her in a bed. There was something incredibly wonderful about that thought.

Another time. We're going to be late as it is.

She stood up and undid her towel, wiping her legs with it. I stood in the doorway just watching. I'd placed the box with her bracelet on her dresser before I'd gone into the bathroom earlier. I wanted her to open it but she hadn't noticed it yet.

She was looking down at her stomach. She was looking at the almost completely faded arrow that now was just a shadow. She looked up at me and stuck her lower lip out, frowning. I smiled. I went over to her desk and found a cup full of pens and quills. No markers, but the thick black pen would do.

I smiled at her and leaned her back on the bed. I retraced the arrow. I was about to write 'mine' when I stopped and thought about it.

No going back now. I blew on the spot to let the pen dry. I ran my hand over it to be sure it wouldn't smudge. I leaned up and kissed her before I stood up. I glanced over to the dresser where her gift sat. She saw me look. She saw the long, thin, black box with the bow on it. She looked down at her stomach and looked surprised.

<- I love you

It wasn't like I'd never told her I loved her. Every time I looked at her I told her I loved her. Every time I kissed her I told her I loved her. Every time I pushed up into her, over and over, I would tell her I loved her. In the Quidditch supply room, in the broom closet, in the kitchen,

under the Quidditch stands, in Snape's classroom, and in the tub just now. I'd push in. *I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you....*

She knew I did. But I'd never been so blatant about it. Never actually put it in words.

She looked back up at me. I caressed the side of her cheek and kissed her again, softly this time. I tapped her nose and left.

::Sources/Inspiration::

The breast scene was inspired by the movie Indecent Proposal.

How to Make an American Quilt- Main theme. Listened to this again for the common room scene.

Wild is the Wind- Nina Simone. I realize Hermione probably wouldn't listen to this music, but I do. And Holy-Christ-on-a-cracker this is a sexy song. So there.

This Year's Love- David Gray. This is a great song.