

Taste

by: Kate J

5/9

Rating: R - Shagging O'Plenty

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

Summary: Cake and pudding a Happy Christmas makes.

Spoilers: None

Author's notes:

1. I read at the Leaky Cauldron that there's a Church in Greenville, Michigan burning Harry Potter books. I think I'll send them a copy of this story. ;p I keep wanting to do a Hermione PoV chapter, but I'm just having too much fun with Harry so I doubt it will happen. But perhaps a sister story when this one is through, with all Hermione's PoV?? Anyway, this chapter is sort of a compromise for Herm's PoV. A very small compromise. Hope you like how I did it. Thanks for the encouragement guys!

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. :)

~\*~\*~\*

Cake

~\*~\*~\*

She hadn't opened the box yet.

It was the first thing I'd noticed walking back into the room. I was hoping she'd have it open and would be wearing it. No such luck. Wench.

She was in the bathroom. I could hear her brushing her hair. I stood at the door for a moment.

"Non-Pregnantus Obliaté." I heard her say. Yeah, she'd better hope that contraceptive spell is extra-strength because I plan on putting it to the test tonight. I grinned.

I'd changed quickly, coming back to her room to bring her down to dinner. Christmas break dinner at Hogwarts was much less formal than normal supper time. We just went in casual clothes and sat with the Professors. I was usually the only Gryffindor left, or in the off-chance Ron was there, then I'd have him to talk to.

I lay down on the bed waiting to bring her down, my legs hanging off the side. I closed my eyes and draped my arm over them; That bath made me sleepy.

I felt her hand rubbing my chest. I hadn't even heard her walk in to the room. I looked up and she was standing in front of me, holding her gift. She shook it, smiling, and looked at me.

I nodded my head, affirming I wanted her to open it now.

She plopped on the bed beside me like a little girl and ripped the little red bow off, throwing it to the floor.

I laughed and swallowed nervously. I kept hearing the shopkeeper's voice in my head, 'I've had many poor souls come into my shop and buy the completely inappropriate thing...'.

She opened the box and her mouth hung open. I smiled. *She likes it.*

She picked up the delicate silver string and dangled it in front of her face. She smiled at each of the charms, silently laughing thinking of what each one meant. Remembering where each one had become significant. She looked at me with this expression of pure joy on her face.

She leapt up, threw her arms around my neck— knocking me back— and straddled me on the bed. She hugged me so hard I thought my head might pop off from the force. I laughed and rubbed her back.

*Your welcome.*

She didn't let go right away, just pecking my neck over and over. She grabbed the sides of my face and kissed my cheeks, then my forehead, then my nose and finally my mouth. She ran her hands through my hair. Her tongue darted out and danced across the roof of my mouth.

*You are so welcome.*

She sat up in my lap and held the bracelet out to me. I sat up so our chests were touching and took the bracelet as she pushed up the sleeve of her tan shirt. She held her wrist out and I turned my face to fasten the small square lock around her thin wrist. She sucked on my neck as I did so, showing her appreciation yet again. I groaned and smiled, rubbing her arm when I was done. She dangled it in front of her, the charms moving on their own and wiggling around. She gave me one more stare and kissed me quickly before leaping off the bed as quickly as she'd leapt on.

She got down on her knees in front of me and, for a moment, I thought she was going to give me another blow-job. *Wow, I really need to buy her jewelry more often,* I thought, a hand going to

my zipper. She laughed and rolled her eyes at me, reaching her hand under her mattress. She grabbed something and slipped it behind her back before I could see it.

It was a square box. She playfully handed it to me, then pulled it back as I reached for it. *You witch.* I jumped off the bed and chased her around the room. She leapt over the other beds, evading me only for a moment before I caught her by the belt-loop in her jeans. I threw her playfully onto one of the beds, face-down. I tickled her sides and she yelped as I slapped her bottom before I flipped her over, grabbing the gift. She watched me open it, my legs straddling hers.

I unwrapped the box quickly, tearing the paper off and throwing it on the floor. It was a brown leather book, used, with the letter 'H' on the binding. I thought maybe it was a Quidditch book at first, until I scanned the first page quickly.

She gave me the most personal thing she owned. She gave me her diary.

Not just any diary. After reading the first few pages, I realized she'd started this diary the night after that first time in the broom closet. These were her thoughts, her words. Everything she hadn't said. Everything that went without saying. Everything she's ever thought from that first day on. And she didn't write anything else. She didn't write about her day of schoolwork, her parents, or Ron or Ginny or her dormmates. Just about us. The entire book was filled. She must be starting another one and decided to give me this one.

I was floored. I couldn't believe she'd give me something so personal. I shouldn't be surprised, she's given me everything else you'd consider personal. I looked down at her, placing the diary on the side of the bed. I laced our fingers together and pushed her hands into the bed on either side of her shoulders as I leaned down to kiss her.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and met me halfway. My legs instinctively slid down to slip in between hers.

Closer. The word spun through my mind as I arched my hips against her, inviting, begging. In a quick move, she pulled my black t-shirt above my head and shoved it down my arms until it hung at my wrists, temporarily trapping them by my sides. She took this opportunity to roll me over and swiftly pulled her own shirt above her head. I looked at her hungrily.

We are going to be very late for dinner.

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Dinner went by quickly, and no one seemed to mind we were a few minutes late. Hagrid greeted us with a throaty, "Ello, happy holiday to ya 'Arry, 'Mione."

Dumbledore gave me a look during dessert. A knowing look. Like he knew we'd been traipsing all around his school doing all sorts of naughty, bad things. He smirked and took a sip of his Christmas punch winking at me.

That dirty old man.

I couldn't look him in the eye throughout the rest of the meal. Hermione had already left, offering to help Hagrid with rounding up some pixies that had gotten into his fire whiskey. I bid everyone a good night and made my way back to Hermione's room.

I lay back on her bed, thumbing each page of the diary.

*Sept 6<sup>th</sup>*

*I gave Harry Potter a splendid blow-job in a broom closet earlier today. I have no idea why. I didn't feel \*that\* badly for him for losing the Quidditch match. I don't know. I was just looking at that face, and that hair and those arms. I had an itch that was begging to be scratched. And I couldn't possibly go through all of that girly 'Do you like me? Check yes, or check no,' hogwabbish. It was Harry for God's sake. So I just did it. Funny thing was, I didn't even think about his reaction. He didn't seem to mind in the least. He kept looking over at me during dinner. It was quite funny, really. I didn't say anything to him, mostly out of embarrassment for what I'd done, but more because it was fun. I want to do it again just to watch him freak out. I honestly think he's convinced himself it didn't happen, or that it was a one time thing that we will never speak of again. Just a friendly little... quid pro quo of sorts.*

I laughed reading this. Only Hermione would make what we'd done that night sound like a business deal. Like a logical solution to an exam question.

*Sept 20th*

*Sometimes I can smell him from where he's sitting and I just want to steal his clothes so I can smell them all the time. Is that strange?*

Not at all.

*Sept 21st*

*'I'm tired of being subtle. When I tell him 'good luck on your Quidditch game,' when what I really mean is, 'I love your mouth.'*

I smiled. She loves my mouth.

She apparently liked my other parts as well. Although that first time was more painful than she let on to me. I feel like a voyeur reading this, but I read on anyway.

I've discovered that her favorite place is in the Quidditch room. *'It smells like dusty sunshine and old books and Harry,'* she wrote. I'll have to bring her in there more often. I blushed at her next entry, detailing how excited she'd been that day she'd jumped me outside of Snape's class. She was very...graphic.

It was making me feel very graphic.

*Oct 23<sup>rd</sup>*

*I will never be able to eat chocolate ice cream again.*

She was in love with me.

I don't why this shocked me as it did. I knew very well she loved me. But seeing her own handwriting, her own thoughts...

*Oct 27<sup>th</sup>*

*I love Harry. Completely. It's not a statement. It just \*is\*. Saying I love him almost sounds trivial to how I feel about him. I mean, the way he looks at me...*

It affected me. I was thoroughly affected.

I read the entire diary. It took me almost 2 hours. I couldn't put it down. I was eating every word. Every sweet and silly word, or embarrassing word, and even the sexy words. It was like reading a book that you'd been waiting forever to read, and you just couldn't wait until the end. But you didn't want to be spoiled for it, so you refused to look ahead.

She likes the library, too, I've found. She loves that I put chips on my sandwiches. She hates when I throw popcorn in the air and catch it in my mouth. It annoys the hell out of her.

She likes that I stare at her, and turn away when I realize that I'm staring, then turn back when I realize I'm allowed.

She secretly loves Quidditch and wishes she could fly better, so she could play with me.

Her last entry was a note to me. She wrote it yesterday.

*"Harry,*

*I realize our silences convey everything that there really aren't words for. I don't need to search for the right word to describe how I feel when all I have to do is look at you to do it. So I shouldn't have to say it because you already know.*

*But I love you.*

*-H"*

So very affected.

It was almost 8pm when I heard her opening the door. I looked up as she stumbled in. It was snowing out, so the walk from Hagrid's hut to the school had her hair very damp. She had a big bowl of chocolatey mush in her grip. She saw the diary in my hands. She blushed a little, kicked the door shut, and walked over to the bed.

She had chocolate cake with chocolate pudding on top in one of Hagrid's huge, head-sized bowls. Hagrid must have wanted to thank her for helping him. She was also trying to eat it with a spoon that was the size of a small frying pan.

She placed the bowl on the bed and whipped off her shirt, her damp hair flying behind her, and she kicked off her sneakers into the corner of the room. She was shaking from cold. She crawled toward me in her jeans and black bra, looking all kinds of delicious. She was looking at me as though she were in heat.

I closed the diary, placing it on her nightstand. Her hands went to my feet and pulled my socks off. She twirled them around in her hands before throwing them off into the corner.

So that's how you do that.

Then she grabbed my ankles and pulled my legs hard down the bed so I was laying down. I gave a high-pitched laugh.

Hermione wants to play. And she's being all 'I am woman, hear me screw your brains out.' And she's straddling my waist and purposely pushing down onto me. And she's very cold.

Time to warm her up.

My hands went to her bare waist, but she grabbed them and slammed them back on the mattress. Oooo. *Hello Miss Granger.*

She pulled my shirt hard, bringing me up to her in a fierce kiss. She pulled my shirt up and over my head. It got stuck on my ear and she grunted in frustration. 'Ah!' I whispered as she pulled too hard. When I laughed, she looked apologetic at me and looked down at my belt.

As if she ever has to apologize for being anxious to get my clothes off. Silly girl.

She reached over to Hagrid's concoction and placed the bowl on my chest, then she took a bite, licking the spoon and grinding her center down on me. I grumbled. She licked the spoon clean.

I watched her toss the spoon aside on the bed and reach in with her finger to grab a hook of pudding. She offered it to me and I took it gratefully, taking my time. She pulled her finger away licking off what I left behind. I remembered her diary.

*Nov 3<sup>rd</sup>*

*He grabbed my hands today and kissed them. For no reason. Just because...*

I reached down and grabbed her hands, kissing the backs of her knuckles. She dipped into the chocolate pudding once more.

*Nov 15<sup>th</sup>*

*He's looking good enough to eat. Good enough to batter and fry up in a pan with a side of cole*

*slaw.*

I felt rather than saw her smear the pudding on my face. I looked up as she jumped off of me with a gleam in her eye. She had the bowl in her arms and ran.

That naughty little witch was starting a food fight with me. Oh she's going to get it. I leapt up from the bed and she screamed and ran to the door, throwing a scoop of pudding at me and missing mostly; a little hit my chest. I knew I could catch her, but I didn't want to just yet. So I ran slow, trying to wipe my glasses on my pants. She was in the common room in front of the fireplace, but she ran to the side of the couch when she saw me. I shook the couch, trying to scare her into running. I ran around the couch and she ran the other way. So I jumped straight over the couch and grabbed her.

“Ah!!!” She yelled, grabbing a handful of cake and smearing it in my hair. I reached forward to the bowl, which she was desperately trying to keep away from me...so much that we were now hunched on the floor. So I just reached up, grabbed the cake from my hair, and smeared it all over her face and neck.

“Ohhh!” she laughed.

She scootched away from me and tried to wipe her face. She looked horrible. Her hair was frizzed all over the place- except where a glob of pudding had landed. Her jeans were covered in remnants of cake and her skin was covered in patches of chocolate pudding.

I wanted her so bad.

I couldn't wait anymore. I grabbed the straps of her bra around my fingers and pulled her forward roughly, kissing her. I picked her up and practically threw her against the closest wall, just devouring her. She gave as good as she got, wrapping one leg around me while her hands were just... everywhere.

I broke free and pulled her toward the study table, at first pushing her over it, grinding myself into her from behind. But I wanted to face her. I moved back, turning her around and roughly picking her up and setting her ontop of the table as I kissed her hard. Reaching for the button on her jeans, I first ran my hands down her front, squeezing her breasts in my hands as they found their way down. My hands, of their own accord, pushed her back so she was laying on the table with her legs dangling over the side on either side of me. I pulled the zipper down, grabbed the waistline, and gave a good, hard tug.

I love undressing Hermione. I find myself wanting to put her in clothes just to rip them off of her.

I crawled up onto the table with her as soon as I could undo the zipper of my pants. She looked down.

*Made ya look, made ya look.*

I entered her hard, licking a bit of the chocolate off her neck. I pushed harder and she kissed me. The table was rocking so hard I was afraid the legs were going to break. I could hear the fat lady outside the door wondering aloud what was going on in here.

*Nov 9<sup>th</sup>*

*He won his Quidditch game today. Good for him. Although I should really say good for me because as soon as people began to clear out from the pitch, he took me under the Quidditch stands. He just had sex with me right up against the cement wall. I felt like everytime he pushed in he was saying, 'I win, I win, I win...'*

*Go Gryffindor!*

I win. I win. I win. I win...oh, God, don't do that Hermione. Hermi...

And then.

My face had been buried in the crook of her neck, and when I looked up, her eyes were staring at the ceiling and her mouth upturned in a little satisfied grin.

*Nov 15<sup>th</sup>*

*I love when he looks at me after we have sex. There's something so easy in that stare. And difficult. Tough and sweet. Impulsive and shy. A nice potpourri of contradictions.*

I brushed her hair back and held her cheeks, looking at her for a moment before I ungracefully unmounted the table.

Happy Christmas Hermione.

::Sources/Inspiration::

Laid- by James. 'This bed is on fire with passionate love...' Yeah. Food fight.