

Taste

by: Kate J

7/9

Rating: R - Shagging O'Plenty

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

Summary: Silence Be Gone.

Spoilers: None

Author's notes:

1. It had to happen eventually.

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. :)

~*~*~*

Air

~*~*~*

Oh my God, we're going to die.

While Hermione was...*busy*, I was trying simply not to crash us into a tree. We were going at about 160 miles and hour and she was trying to have sex with me. Pretty successfully, in fact. In mid-flight. I was having trouble concentrating, to say the least. Thank God the Slytherins never tried this during a match- they'd win every game.

We'd stayed in that room for 4 days, venturing out only to eat or for me to feed Hedwig. We were like strange, sex-crazed, cavepeople. On the floor, against walls, over desks, against the window, in the tub again, on the floor near the bathroom (we didn't make it all the way before we'd ripped each other's clothes off).

And that was just in her bedroom. We'd nearly killed each other once in a hallway leading to the boys dorm, almost getting caught by a nosy painting. We snuck food back to the common room and fed each other. More food fights and more fun. We snogged so hard on the couch in front of

the fireplace one night that I left bruises on her neck. We did so many things on that couch that I didn't think we'd ever be able to look at it again without blushing.

Sometimes we just sat with each other, our limbs always tangled in each other but nonetheless non-sexual. We just enjoyed the silence and peace that came just by being near one another. I found that I liked watching her knit or read. She was so focused and engaged; I sometimes feel envious of her ability to drown out the world.

We ventured out a few times to walk around the grounds, finding excuses to touch each other or pull each other against a tree and snog each other senseless.

The time went by so quickly. I think we both avoided thinking about it. We enjoyed our denial.

Which brings us to our situation at hand. I gestured to my Firebolt this morning as we were getting dressed, thinking Hermione would like to go for a ride. Aww, how sweet.

Yeah. Right.

She'd mounted the broom with me, her in front. She was a little scared to fly, I knew, so I went slow at first, holding her to me with my arm and my head on her shoulder. But with no objections from her I began circling the Quidditch pitch pretty quickly, finally just flying off over the forest, which was now covered in snow.

She began squirming about 2 minutes ago and, at first, I thought she was panicking. But she was lifting her leg, her robe going up a bit. I slowed down immediately, and knew we were very high up. I didn't want her to fall.

She managed to turn around, using my shoulders as leverage... she's a damn contortionist, I swear... and placed her arms around my neck. I smiled at her and sped up again, once I was sure she was safe.

She reached low, and lower still, until she had her hand on my button. There's that devil glare again, the one she's so good at. She undid my pants and bounced up onto me, her plaid skirt—which at the time seemed strange for such a cold day—now seemed completely appropriate. She pushed on my legs with her own in order to get me in, moving her underwear aside. And finally, I was.

My 2 favorite things: Hermione and flying. I was getting very dizzy. She was sucking on my neck like a vampire as she rotated her hips over and over. Slow then fast. Sex with Hermione at 160 miles and hour was enough to make my head spin, but at this high an elevation and the air even thinner from the cold snow... I thought I was going to pass out.

My flying was fast and furious, but it matched her sex. I finally felt even with her. She began to rotate faster and harder. And then she grabbed my face and kissed me, her tongue wrestling with mine. I was trying so hard to keep my eyes open and see behind her. *One hand on her behind and one hand on the broom. Just try to remember that, Harry. Don't let go.*

Finally, she squeezed me inside harder than I could take, and I came. I just came like an open faucet. Even though it was cold, I was sweating. I was sweating like I'd run a marathon. And finally I was done and we began to come down. She looked at me when we were through as if she knew it would be the first and last time we'd be able to do this without anyone seeing us. I knew at that very moment that she couldn't let this go any more than I could.

Dec 12th

There hasn't been a moment in my life for the past 4 months that hasn't been marked by him.

Yeah, I know the feeling.

It was our last day alone.

I stood in the Quidditch room, looking at the walls, looking at what I'd done; at what had taken me all night and some of the morning to do. I tacked up the last piece of parchment to the wall and looked at the small box sitting in a rectangle of sunlight on the floor.

I'd taken it out of the drawer.

I left her last night as she slept and made my way to my room. I looked at it for about an hour, thinking of every good, logical reason why it was a dumb thing to do. And there were so many. I made lists.

And I could only think of one reason to do it. But it trumped all the other reasons not to.

I looked at the box, sitting there. Just daring me to pick it up and forget it ever happened. But I won't. I can't.

How were we going to do this? How were we going to go back to separate beds? I loved sneaking around with her, I did. But I don't want to leave. I don't want to stop waking her up. I don't want to stop chasing her around the common room or flying with her. No more brushing our teeth together. No more chocolate cake.

This just sucks.

I don't know how to let her go. It's the first time in my life I've ever loved anything and felt it come back to me. I know that's not the only reason why I'm doing this, but it still matters. Now I'm nervous as hell, looking around the room, thinking of tearing them all down.

I'd written every word I've ever wanted to say to her on pieces of parchment and tacked them to the walls. Every phrase, every sentence, every dirty thought, every little thing I could remember. Every reason I loved her and why. Everything I've ever said to her in my mind. Every reason that told her that what I was about to do made sense.

And even though we've never spoken, she would hear this. She would hear them all.

She was sitting on her bed, peeling an orange, when I walked in. I stood there for a moment, really thinking about what I was about to do. She smiled up at me and offered me a piece.

I smiled. I took her hand, gesturing to her to follow me.

We walked into the room, her behind me. I stopped and looked back at her before she could see what I'd done, and I kissed her. I was having a flashback to our first time in here, when she stood right where she was now glaring at me. But now she walked forward and glared at the walls. Her mouth hung open.

She walked slowly forward, past me, twirling around and taking it all in. She moved closer to read a few, grazing her hand over a few of the papers lightly, as if they were the most delicate, fine art she'd ever seen. She smiled. She laughed. She stared at me after a few of the more suggestive ones. And suddenly I wasn't nervous anymore. I'm not really sure why I ever was. I crossed my arms and leaned back against one of the huge windows.

She traced a few words with her fingers. She moved along the wall trying to read them all but there were so many. There was barely a stitch of wall to be seen below eye level. Then she saw the open box on the floor.

She looked at me with an expression I wasn't sure how to read. I thought she was going to cry or scream or run. But she didn't. She just looked at me with that stare that's gotten me to this point.

And for the first time, I spoke out loud.

“Marry me.”

::Sources/ Inspiration::

Stillness of Heart- Lenny Kravitz. Flying.

I rotated *Kindle My Heart* (Little Princess sdtk), *Ice Dance* (Edward Scissorhands sdtk) and, mostly, *Nosjavelin* (the Nothing Song) by Sigur Ros for the proposal and the room full of I love you's. *Kindle My Heart* is just one of those songs I think I'm the only one who likes. The Nothing Song is just one of the most beautiful songs of all time by one of my top 5 favorite bands ever (you may remember it from the final scene in the movie, *Vanilla Sky*, with Tom Cruise. Most people know it from that). But that's just my opinion. So use your own favorite.