

## Ending Maker: Fate Wizardry

Chapter Intro:

*This fic's premise is inspired by the webtoon titled **Ending Maker**/엔딩메이커 by **Chwiryong** and their illustrator **chyan**. Please check them out.*

### Story Starts

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**Ch 7.2 - Interlude?**

**More like inter lewd!**

**(2 out of 2)**

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The Portkey arrival point within the French Ministry of Magic wasn't particularly impressive—just a large, circular room with marble floors and high vaulted ceilings decorated with murals depicting various moments in French magical history. Revolutionary wizards locked in duels, ancient sorcerers signing treaties, moments of triumph and tragedy rendered in sweeping brushstrokes across the pale stone. Hermione stood just outside the building—where the magical saturation dispersed into the mundane Parisian air—as she checked her reflection through her phone's camera for what was probably the fifth time in as many minutes.

The outfit had been a deliberate choice, something her past self would have worn without hesitation. Something that would definitely catch Harry's attention, if she were being completely honest with herself. A red turtleneck jumper that hugged her figure in all the right places, paired with a black skirt that ended a little above mid-thigh and black thigh-high stockings that left just that small, tantalising gap of bare skin she knew would draw Harry's eye like a magnet. She wasn't above admitting she'd chosen it specifically for that reaction.

Simple and quite nostalgic in aesthetic, really. As usual, she'd tied some of her hair in twin tails, leaving the rest to cascade down her back in what she hoped were artfully casual waves. *'The ribbons were a nice touch,'* she thought.

She adjusted one of the ribbons slightly, tilting her head to check the angle in the phone's reflection. The left one had been sitting a bit askew, and whilst Harry probably wouldn't notice such a minor detail, *she* would know. Satisfied that everything was in place, she lowered her phone and glanced at the time displayed on the screen. Harry should be arriving any moment now, assuming he didn't miss the window in which the portkey would activate.

The last year had been... eventful, to put it mildly. Hermione felt a familiar flutter of anxiety mixed with excitement in her stomach as she thought about everything that had happened. After the chaos of their first proper venture into the wizarding world, after Gringotts and the goblins and everything that had followed, her parents had needed time.

Substantial time, actually. Time to process the revelations that had upended their understanding of reality, time to understand the true scope of what their daughter had become involved in, time to accept that Hermione was embroiled in something far larger and infinitely more dangerous than they'd ever imagined possible.

Especially after they successfully broke an innocent man out of a high-security prison. After learning of its success—which had somehow made the whole mad plan feel terrifyingly real—her parents had actually let everything sink in properly. The shock had worn off, replaced by a kind of resigned understanding that this was her life now, whether they liked it or not.

Not that she could blame them for their initial reactions, their fears and protests. Finding out magic was real was one thing, something almost whimsical in isolation, but finding out that your daughter actively planned to stop a megalomaniacal terrorist bent on magical domination and the subjugation of non-magical people was quite another matter entirely.

Though after the events last December—breaking Sirius out of Azkaban in what still seemed like a fever dream when she thought about it too hard—things had been quite normal, relatively speaking. The Prophet had covered Sirius's dramatic 'assassination' extensively for weeks, cycling through increasingly outlandish theories about who might have wanted the supposed traitor dead. But curiously, not a single word had been printed about the twenty-six dementors that had gone missing that same night. No mention of vanished prison guards. No investigation into why Azkaban's supposedly eternal sentinels had simply... disappeared. The Ministry's silence on that particular detail spoke volumes—admitting that over two dozen dementors had somehow slipped their leash would cause far more panic than a single escaped prisoner ever could. Better to quietly search for them than publicly acknowledge that Britain's most feared creatures were now unaccounted for—of course, they didn't know that they were killed and dispatched by both Harry and Moody using traced copies of black keys.

Hermione had needed to finish her term at school, maintaining the facade of being an ordinary student whilst her mind raced with considerably less ordinary concerns. Harry had also finished his year apprenticing with the blacksmith.

When summer finally started, bringing with it blessed freedom from academic pretences and the constant vigilance required to maintain her carefully constructed facade, Harry had offered her and her parents a trip around Europe.

A proper holiday, he'd insisted with that particular earnestness that made it impossible to refuse, ending with their regular biennial skiing trip in Switzerland that her family had always treasured. The tradition had been one of the few constants in her life these past years, a touchstone of normality in an increasingly extraordinary existence.

Her parents had gratefully accepted, clearly eager to spend quality time with their daughter, who would no doubt spend most of the coming year sequestered in a boarding school.

Checking once more for the time as she entered the complex again, Hermione made certain to power down her smartphone completely—the Muggle device wouldn't survive prolonged exposure to the concentrated magic within the French Ministry.

And just as she stepped fully inside, crossing the threshold into the magical entrance hall, the now somewhat familiar whoosh and displacement of air announced the portkey's arrival before she saw anything concrete. Hermione looked up just in time to watch Harry materialise in the designated arrival zone, his form coalescing from nothing as the portkey released him. He stumbled slightly as he oriented himself, the momentary disorientation of magical travel evident in how he swayed before catching his balance. He steadied quickly enough, brushing down his jacket with practised efficiency—

And then he looked up and saw her properly.

His expression was absolutely worth capturing. His eyes widened fractionally, pupils dilating in that involuntary way that sent a little thrill of satisfaction through her chest, then tracked from her face down to her outfit and back up again, the movement almost helpless in its thoroughness.

His gaze lingered perhaps a bit too long on certain areas—the exposed strip of skin between her skirt and stockings, the way the jumper fitted—and Hermione had to suppress the smug smile threatening to break free. A faint flush crept up his neck, colouring his skin in a way that made her heart do something peculiar and pleasant, as recognition clearly dawned on him about exactly what she was wearing and why.

"Really?" Harry asked, his voice slightly strained, rougher than usual in a way that made something warm unfurl low in her stomach. "That outfit?"

"Something wrong with it?" Hermione asked with studied innocence, letting her eyes go wide and guileless as though she hadn't planned this exact moment. She twirled once, slowly, deliberately, to give him the full view and to watch his reaction from her peripheral vision. The skirt flared out pleasingly

with the motion, the fabric dancing around her thighs. "I thought it looked rather nice."

"You look..." Harry paused, visibly collecting himself, and she could practically see him trying to formulate something that wouldn't sound completely inappropriate in a semi-public magical government building. "You know exactly what you look like."

"Enlighten me," she challenged, taking a step closer.

"Like you're trying to give me a heart attack," he managed, and the raw honesty in his voice sent another pleasant shiver through her.

Hermione grinned wickedly, unable to contain her satisfaction any longer, closing the distance between them with measured steps that let her savour every moment of his flustered attention. "Is it working?"

"Thoroughly." Harry's gaze dropped to the twin tails again—she'd spent an embarrassingly long time getting them exactly right this morning—then his eyes lowered to her chest, perhaps? Or maybe the tantalising gap of skin between her stockings and skirt? She watched his Adam's apple bob as he swallowed hard, his gaze snapping back to her face with obvious, almost painful effort as she mouthed 'perv' silently before winking at him with deliberate mischief. Before he could formulate a response, she grabbed him by the arm, enjoying the slight tension in his muscles, and led him purposefully towards the exit.

"When did you arrive in France?" asked the distinctly flustered Harry, his voice still carrying that rough edge that made her want to keep him off-balance.

"And um—when did you buy this?" He gestured somewhat helplessly at her outfit, the familiar ensemble from a lifetime ago that she'd tucked away with careful intention.

"Got here early yesterday, actually," she said, her tone casual despite the way her heart was racing with a mixture of nervousness and exhilaration. "Had plenty of time with the folks before they returned home this morning." She reached up to adjust his collar, which had gone slightly crooked during the

portkey journey, letting her fingers linger perhaps a moment longer than strictly necessary against the warm skin of his neck. The excuse to touch him, to be this close, was too good to pass up.

"You like it that much, huh?" She taunted, looking up at him through her lashes with a wide grin that felt almost dangerous in its boldness. Her pulse hammered in her throat. "Well, I bought this just before our first trip to Diagon Alley—you know, that time where you had to buy something so people wouldn't immediately identify you as the famous Harry Potter."

She let her smile turn slightly rueful, remembering that day with perfect clarity. "This was supposed to be a surprise for you that day—I had this whole plan worked out in my head. But someone," she emphasised the word with gentle accusation, "had to tattle on me about being violent."

She pulled him into a secluded alleyway, her eyes glinting with mischief as an idea suddenly formed in her mind. Hermione stepped forward deliberately, watching as Harry instinctively stepped back until the rough stone wall of the alleyway prevented him from retreating any further.

"We'll be meeting Andromeda in about five hours," Hermione murmured, her voice dropping to something husky. The transformation felt intoxicating—she could hardly believe this was her speaking, acting this way. But a month apart had left her aching for him in ways she hadn't quite expected.

"I'm sure you're excited to enjoy France, especially for its renowned food scene," she continued, letting her free hand trace down the front of his chest, feeling his heartbeat thundering beneath her fingertips.

"But how about we have a proper reunion after one month of separation elsewhere?" The words came out breathless, wanting. "After all, it's actually been a lifetime since our last amazing shag, hasn't it?"

She leaned in closer still, positioning her thigh deliberately between their bodies, feeling the heat radiating from him as their warm breaths mingled in the narrow space between them. Her pulse was racing wildly now, anticipation coiling low in her belly.

"Now, is that the bone of your sword?" she whispered against his ear. "Or are you just happy to see me?"

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Heat—raw, insistent, almost overwhelming—that's what both Hermione and Harry are currently feeling, a sensation that seems to radiate from their very cores and spread through every nerve ending.

It had only taken a quick search on Hermione's phone and a somewhat hurried cab ride, during which she asked the driver in perfect, accentless French to take them to the Hôtel Félicien, a discreet boutique establishment just about half an hour from the imposing Palais de Justice, where the French Ministry was cunningly located beneath centuries-old stone and gilt.

They hadn't really been too intimate in the past few months since their miraculous reunion from across space and time—their relationship had been characterised by restraint, by slow rebuilding. There had been cuddles here and there, certainly, quick kisses stolen between study sessions, gentle touches that spoke of affection rather than passion.

Their most heated moment had been that one memorable time when her parents caught them in a rather compromising position—Harry kissing her passionately atop the kitchen island whilst Hermione ground against him shamelessly, clad in nothing but one of her oversized shirts and her knickers, her legs wrapped around his waist, both too lost in each other to hear the front door opening. The sound of her father clearing his throat had been approximately as effective as a bucket of ice water. Harry still couldn't look Dan Granger in the eye without his ears turning pink, and her mother had developed an unfortunate habit of announcing her presence *very* loudly whenever she entered a room the two of them occupied.

Most of their months together had been spent either feverishly researching how to break Sirius out of that nightmare prison or, after they'd successfully accomplished that seemingly impossible feat, mostly studying and

meticulously preparing for both their first year at Hogwarts and their carefully laid plan to still pursue proper higher education in the regular world.

Hermione had also devoted considerable time to teaching Harry French, though it had been a thoroughly amusing experience for both of them. Whilst the typical British ear had been trained in the sounds of various European languages through proximity and cultural exposure, making proper pronunciation far easier to master, Harry's first halting attempts at forming French vowels had been quite endearingly laughable, his tongue struggling with sounds that seemed utterly alien to his Dursley-raised sensibilities.

Now, suddenly, for some indefinable reason, it clicked in both their minds simultaneously that they were utterly alone and completely free—no parents looming disapprovingly over them, no Tonks randomly popping by and inadvertently blue-balling the pair with her terrible timing, no anxious thoughts of breaking anyone free from Azkaban's soul-crushing walls weighing on their conscience.

Both Harry and Hermione had already suspected that this moment was looming inevitably on the horizon, especially with the increasing frequency and escalation with which Hermione had been sending those risqué pictures over the past fortnight—images that had made Harry's breath catch and his body respond in ways that left him aching and frustrated.

It was as if an invisible switch had been flipped somewhere deep within both of them. Even during the cab ride through Paris's elegant streets—past the grand Haussmann façades with their wrought-iron balconies, past cafés spilling onto pavements where couples shared cigarettes and arguments with equal passion, past the distant glint of the Seine threading between ancient bridges—Harry simply couldn't help himself.—his hand seemed to move of its own accord, settling possessively on her inner thigh, his thumb playing teasingly with the boundary between soft skin and silky stocking, his fingers digging into her toned legs with barely restrained want, his pinky trailing dangerously, torturously close towards her heated core, sending phantom sensations rippling through Hermione's body as she couldn't quite determine

whether or not that wandering finger was positioned right beside her most sensitive area or still several tantalising centimetres away.

Hermione shivered involuntarily at the contact—in fact, both of them shivered almost in unison, their bodies heating up dramatically in anticipation of what was surely coming, of what they both desperately wanted but had denied themselves for months.

Harry could distinctly feel the soft, luxurious texture of her satin thigh-highs beneath his questing fingers and the surprising warmth of her skin where it was exposed. He could feel her body heat radiating against him as they were pressed together, practically mashed beside each other in the back of the cab, not leaving even a whisper of space between their bodies, the proximity both thrilling and maddening.

His breathing had grown shallow; his thoughts were entirely consumed by the woman beside him, by how much he wanted her, needed her.

He reluctantly let go of her thigh only to reposition himself, his hand snaking around her waist before changing positions again as he gripped her other thigh instead, this time over the fabric of her pleated skirt. Using his thumb with deliberate casualness, he tugged strategically at the hem of her jumper, lowering it carefully so as to obscure from the driver's rear-view mirror exactly what his index finger was doing as it traced an exploratory, feather-light line down the length of her nether region through the thin barrier of her knickers, feeling the heat and dampness that had already gathered there, evidence of her own mounting desire.

Hermione's breath hitched, a soft moan threatening to escape before she twisted in her seat and pulled Harry into a desperate kiss, using his mouth to muffle the sounds that wanted to spill from her throat. Their lips crashed together with barely restrained hunger, all the careful control they'd maintained for months dissolving in an instant.

Harry's thoughts scattered like leaves in a storm as Hermione's tongue swept across his lower lip, seeking entrance he gladly granted. *'God, I've missed*

*this,*' his mind supplied hazily, even as deeper, more primal thoughts crowded in—thoughts about how perfectly she fitted against him, how her small hands felt gripping his shirt, how much he wanted to explore every centimetre of her body with his mouth, his hands, his—

Hermione's own thoughts weren't much more coherent. '*Finally, finally, finally,*' chanted through her head like a mantra whilst her fingers tangled in Harry's perpetually messy hair, tugging slightly in the way she'd discovered made him groan. She could taste the lingering sweetness of what could only be treacle, could feel the slight roughness of his jaw where he'd missed a spot shaving that morning in his rush. Her free hand roamed down his chest, feeling the firm muscles beneath his shirt, muscles she'd watched him develop during those long hours at the forge, hammering away at red-hot metal with single-minded focus.

Harry's hand, still positioned scandalously between her thighs, pressed more insistently, drawing another stifled whimper from Hermione that vibrated against his mouth. His other hand had somehow found its way beneath her jumper, splaying across the warm skin of her flat stomach, fingertips tracing the line where bra and skin met. He could feel her arch into him, pressing closer, seeking more contact, more friction, more everything.

The kiss deepened, grew more frantic. Hermione nipped at Harry's bottom lip, soothing the sting with her tongue whilst her hand slipped beneath his shirt collar, nails dragging lightly across his collarbone. Harry responded by sliding his hand higher up her thigh, thumb brushing tantalisingly close to where she ached for him most, whilst his mouth moved to her jaw, trailing hot, open-mouthed kisses down to that sensitive spot just below her ear that made her—

"Nous sommes arrivés!" The driver's exasperated voice cut through their haze like a bucket of ice water. "L'Hôtel Félicien. You have arrived."

They sprang apart so quickly Harry nearly smacked his head against the window, both breathing heavily, lips swollen and clothes askew. The driver's eyes met theirs in the rear-view mirror, his expression a mixture of amusement

and long-suffering patience that suggested this wasn't his first encounter with amorous tourists in the City of Love.

"Je suis vraiment désolée!" Hermione gasped out, her cheeks flaming crimson as she frantically smoothed down her skirt.

"Shitsurei—I mean, pardon, monsieur!" Harry stammered, his brain apparently deciding to short-circuit between three different languages as he fumbled for his wallet. "We're terribly sorry!"

Without thinking, both of them bowed slightly in their seats—a gesture so incongruously Japanese that the driver actually chuckled, shaking his head.

"Les jeunes amoureux," he muttered fondly, accepting the euros Harry practically threw at him, waving away the change. "Allez, go. Enjoy Paris."

They scrambled out of the cab with mortified haste, Hermione clutching her small handbag whilst Harry grabbed the overnight bag he'd purchased a few weeks back. The hotel's elegant façade loomed before them, all cream stone and wrought-iron balconies, but neither paid it much attention.

The lobby passed in a blur of marble and soft lighting. Harry's French completely abandoned him at the reception desk, leaving him to gesture helplessly whilst Hermione took charge, requesting a room for a short stay with admirable composure despite the fact that Harry's hand had found its way to the small of her back, his thumb drawing maddening circles through the fabric of her jumper.

The receptionist, a woman with perfectly coiffed blonde hair and knowing eyes, handed over the key card with a professional smile that suggested she'd seen it all before.

"Troisième étage, chambre 312." The receptionist's smile didn't waver, though her eyes flicked briefly to Harry's dishevelled collar and Hermione's slightly smudged lipstick. "The lift is just there. Enjoy your stay."

The emphasis she placed on "*enjoy*" suggested she knew exactly what kind of stay it would be.

The elevator doors had barely closed before Hermione pushed Harry against the mirrored wall, her mouth finding his with unerring accuracy. The fluorescent lighting hummed overhead, unflattering and clinical, but neither of them cared. This kiss was different from the one in the cab—slower, deeper, more exploratory. Without the audience, without the risk of being seen, they could finally take their time. Hermione felt the cool glass of the mirror against her knuckles where her hands framed Harry's face, a sharp contrast to the heat of his skin beneath her palms. Harry's hands framed her face, tilting her head to deepen the angle whilst Hermione's fingers worked at the buttons of his shirt, desperate for skin-to-skin contact.

"Been wanting this for weeks," Harry murmured against her lips, his voice rough with want.

"Months," Hermione corrected breathlessly, gasping as his mouth moved to her throat, sucking lightly at her pulse point. "Ever since that day in the kitchen when—oh!"

The elevator dinged, announcing their arrival at the third floor. They stumbled out, Hermione fumbling with the key card whilst Harry pressed against her back, his lips finding that spot where her neck met her shoulder that made her hands shake.

"Harry, I can't—the door won't—"

He reached around her, steadying her hand with his, and together they managed to swipe the card. The lock clicked open with a soft beep, and Hermione grabbed Harry's shirt, pulling him inside with enough force to make him stumble.

The door swung shut behind them with a decisive click, the automatic lock engaging with finality.

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The moment the hotel door latched shut with a decisive click, sealing them in privacy, Hermione's entire body thrummed with anticipation. Every nerve ending felt alive, electric with the promise of what was to come, building directly from their frantic elevator ascent. She pulled Harry backwards onto the king-sized bed with surprising force, her fingers twisted in his shirt collar, desperate to feel him against her and close the distance that had tormented them. As the back of her legs hit the edge of the plush mattress, a surge of pure want coursed through her veins, urging her onward. Without hesitation, she leapt onto Harry's torso, wrapping her legs around his lower back with ease, refusing to break the seal of their lips even for a second, their bodies aligning in a way that promised more.

Harry remained standing, solid and sure beneath her weight, both his hands firmly grabbing her arse with a possessiveness that made her head spin, grounding her in the moment. His fingers kneaded roughly through the fabric of her skirt, then slipped past the hem of her knickers, the touch of his calloused fingertips against her bare skin drawing out deep, wanting moans that mingled harmoniously with Harry's deeper tenor ones—a clear sign of their synced arousal. The symphony of their desire filled the room, punctuated by sharp intakes of breath and whispered curses, escalating the intimacy without pause.

Their noses clashed clumsily as they switched sides, neither willing to pause long enough to properly adjust, maintaining the momentum from their initial embrace and building the intensity. Their tongues explored each other's mouths with the fervour of miners desperately seeking gold, mapping each crevice with thorough dedication. They lapped at each other, entwining in a dance they'd perfected over countless stolen moments, drool escaping from the corners of their mouths in their enthusiasm—a natural overflow of their passion. Neither cared about the mess—all that mattered was this connection, this overwhelming need to consume and be consumed, driving them deeper into the moment and leading to the position shift.

The mattress dipped dramatically as Harry lay Hermione on the bed, the springs creaking beneath their combined weight, shifting their dynamic seamlessly from vertical to horizontal. She immediately climbed astride him, her thighs bracketing his hips as her fingers tangled in his perpetually messy hair, pulling just hard enough to make him groan deep in his throat—a sound that sent liquid heat pooling in her belly and encouraged her next move.

Harry's hands found purchase beneath her jumper, his palms hot against her ribcage as he carelessly tugged at her bra, exposing more with each pull. When his fingers grasped a stiff nipple through the lace, Hermione squealed into his mouth, the sensation shooting straight to her core and linking directly to her instinctive response. Her legs lowered instinctively around his arse as she squeezed, grinding her covered centre against his prominent tent with deliberate, torturous movements that built the tension further, escalating their arousal.

"Bloody hell," Harry gasped, wrenching his mouth from hers to drink in the sight below him—the way Hermione's hips rolled against his aching bulge with such deliberate precision it made his head spin, a direct continuation of her teasing grind. His eyes traced hungrily over her flushed skin, the crimson lace peeking from beneath her jumper, tying back to her deliberate outfit choice. "Red's your colour, but fucking hell, Hermione—"

The words died in his throat as raw need overwhelmed coherent thought, shifting his focus to action. His hands found the hem of her jumper, fingers curling into the soft fabric with barely restrained urgency. He yanked it upward in one rough motion, the material bunching and twisting around her wrists as he shoved it higher, effectively binding her momentarily. Before she could free herself, Harry pressed his weight deliberately against her side, pinning her there to maintain control. His hands wrapped firmly around her trapped wrists, holding them captive within the tangled jumper above her head, heightening the vulnerability.

The position left her exposed, vulnerable, and the spark of excitement that flashed in her eyes—half surprise, half desire—made his cock throb almost painfully against his trousers.

Harry's gaze scoured every part of Hermione as she rubbed her thighs together, relishing the wanton lust burning in his emerald eyes like twin flames, a direct response to her vulnerability and building the intimacy. The sight of her beneath him was intoxicating—a feast for his senses that made his mouth go dry with desperate need, pulling him deeper into the moment.

He drank in everything about her: her wavy, almost curly chestnut hair cascading around her shoulders like silk ribbons. Her signature twin tails had come partially undone during their heated encounter, leaving wisps of hair framing her heart-shaped face in the most enticing way and adding to her dishevelled allure.

Those captivating hazel eyes, usually sharp with intelligence, now gazed up at him heavy-lidded and glazed with desire, pupils dilated until they appeared almost black. Her high cheekbones were stained rose-pink with arousal, the flush spreading down her neck in a way that made his fingers itch to trace its path, linking face to body seamlessly and heightening his hunger.

Her pink lips, usually curved in that knowing, mischievous smile he'd grown to adore, were now parted and panting softly, swollen from their passionate kisses. Even her cute, slightly upturned nose bore the telltale signs of their exertion—a light sheen of perspiration that only added to her allure and heightened each sensory detail.

His gaze travelled lower, mapping every inch of exposed skin along the graceful column of her neck before settling on her breasts—far more bountiful than her past life's, the lace barely containing their fullness as they rose and fell with each ragged breath.

His eyes continued their deliberate journey downward, drinking in every detail as he committed each precious corner of her transformed body to memory with an almost reverent intensity, preparing for the next touch.

Back when it was the three of them—Rin, Shirou, and Arturia—Shirou had been forced to learn the delicate art of juggling and satisfying two women simultaneously, a task that had proved both exhausting and exhilarating in equal measure.

The memories still surfaced unbidden at times, particularly when he thought of Arturia. Her servant's body had been a constant source of concern and fascination—relatively weak without the Grail's seemingly inexhaustible power to sustain her, yet possessing such a unique, demanding constitution. She'd relied entirely on the magical energy of only two magi to maintain her unique physical form. And right now it was as if nothing had changed, even though he was born in this new body, between times, between parallel dimensions perhaps; deep down, Harry was still the same Shirou she and Arturia had come to love.

And Shirou knew how she wanted it.

Hermione's breath hitched as Harry pinned her beneath him, their gazes locking in a moment of raw, unfiltered hunger, the intensity making her pulse race. His pupils were blown wide, dark with desire, and she could feel the heat radiating from his body like a forge's glow, the hard press of his knee between her thighs sending sparks of pleasure shooting through her, igniting every nerve. The friction was maddening—just enough to tease, not enough to satisfy—and she arched into him with a whimper, her fingers tightening in his hair, tugging with desperate need.

Harry didn't give her a chance to protest. He captured her lips again, his kiss bruising, possessive, his tongue sweeping into her mouth with a dominance that made her toes curl and her core clench. His free hand slid beneath her jumper, pushing aside the lace of her bra with impatient fingers, exposing her breast to the cool air of the room, the sudden chill pebbling her skin further. The contrast of his warm palm against her sensitive skin made her gasp, and when his thumb brushed over her nipple—already stiff and aching, rolling it between fingers—she moaned into his mouth, her hips jerking involuntarily against his thigh, seeking more.

He didn't stop there—couldn't stop, didn't want to. His lips left hers reluctantly, trailing a path of hot, open-mouthed kisses down the column of her throat, each one sending fresh shivers racing across her skin, leaving trails of wetness that cooled in the air. She felt the scrape of his teeth against her pulse point, light at first, teasing, before he sucked hard enough to leave a mark, the pull drawing a throaty gasp from her.

Perhaps in a different time, in a different reality, with a different version of herself, the thought should have mortified her—bookish, rule-following Hermione Granger, top of her class and future prefect, letting Harry Potter mark her throat like some primal claim of ownership, as if she belonged to him in the most visceral way possible, the bruise blooming under his lips like a dark rose. But instead, this wasn't Hermione and Harry at all—this was Rin and Shirou, continuing something tried and tested between them, old habits coming out in waves of familiar heat, their bodies syncing to the familiar rhythm of shared pleasure.

The realisation only made her wetter, a fresh rush of slickness coating her thighs and soaking her knickers further, made her entire body throb with aching hunger, made her hips roll shamelessly against his thigh with increasing urgency, seeking more friction, more pressure, more of everything he could possibly give her—the rough denim of his trousers scraping deliciously against her sheer knickers, sending sparks up her spine. She was beyond caring about propriety or consequences or who might hear them through the walls, her moans growing unchecked, echoing off the room.

Hermione's head fell back against the pillow, her throat bared to him completely, her breath coming in short, ragged pants that she couldn't quite control, each exhale carrying a soft whine of want. His hand abandoned her breast—she whimpered at the loss, the absence leaving her skin tingling with phantom heat—sliding lower with deliberate intent.

His fingers slipped past the waistband of her skirt, callused fingertips ghosting over heated skin as they found the hem, bunching the fabric upwards with a rustle that filled the air. He traced the curve of her hip with maddening

slowness, savouring every inch of exposed flesh—the warmth building under his touch like a spell—before finally dipping beneath the damp fabric of her knickers, the wetness audible in the quiet room, slick and inviting.

The first brush of his fingers against her slick folds had her crying out, her back arching off the bed in a sharp bow. “Harry—!” He growled against her neck, the vibration rumbling through her, his fingers pressing harder, circling her clit with deliberate, torturous strokes that made stars burst behind her eyelids. “Fuck, you’re already soaked,” he muttered, his voice rough with want, laced with satisfaction.

Hermione couldn’t form a coherent response—couldn’t do anything but writhe beneath him, her thighs trembling as he worked her with ruthless precision, the pressure coiling tighter in her belly. His touch was electric, every flick of his fingers sending shockwaves through her body, building to an unbearable peak. She was so close already, teetering on the edge, and when he suddenly pushed two fingers inside her, curling them just right to hit that spot, she nearly sobbed with relief, her walls clenching around him.

"That's it," Harry murmured against her skin, his breath hot and ragged on her ear, each word a caress that made her shiver. The warmth of his mouth, the dampness of his exhalation, sent goosebumps racing down her spine. "Come for me."

She didn't have a choice—couldn't have resisted even if she'd wanted to. The coil in her belly snapped like a taut wire, pleasure crashing over her in relentless waves that stole her breath and made her vision white out at the edges. Her back arched violently off the mattress, her still-trapped hands clenching into fists above her head as her entire body convulsed with the force of it. A cry tore from her throat—raw, desperate, utterly unguarded—as the orgasm ripped through her, leaving her trembling and gasping in its wake.

Through the haze of pleasure, she was dimly aware of Harry's hands moving with urgent efficiency, his fingers trembling slightly with need. The weight of her top disappeared from her torso, yanked over her head and tossed carelessly aside, freeing her arms at last, the wool brushing her skin one last

time. Her knickers followed, sliding down her legs with a whisper of silk before being discarded somewhere in the growing pile of clothing on the hotel room floor, the damp fabric leaving trails of coolness on her thighs. The cool air against her heated skin made her shiver, her nipples hardening further as goosebumps spread across her flesh, sensitising every inch.

His own clothes followed in a haphazard scramble—shirt buttons popping in his haste, the cotton sliding off his shoulders to reveal the lean muscle beneath, forged from blacksmith work. His trousers and boxers were kicked away with impatient urgency, the sounds of fabric hitting the floor mixing with their ragged breathing in the dim room, the air thick with their scent.

And then he was back on her, the solid weight of his body pressing her into the mattress, his cock heavy and blazingly hot against her thigh, throbbing with promise. The contact sent a fresh jolt of arousal through her already oversensitive system, her skin still tingling from her climax, core fluttering. Hermione's newly freed hands reached between them without hesitation, her fingers wrapping around his length with a confidence that made him hiss through his teeth. He was impossibly hard, velvet over steel, and she could feel his pulse thundering beneath her palm as she stroked him once, twice—just enough to draw a ragged groan from his lips that vibrated through his chest and into hers, making her ache.

"Fuck, Hermione—don't tease—" His voice was strained, desperate, and the sound of it made her core clench with renewed want, slickness building again.

"My turn," Hermione grinned, her voice husky with satisfaction as she sat up, her hands never leaving his cock as she guided him towards the edge of the bed, her fingers warm and firm. The shift in power was intoxicating—watching his eyes darken further as she took control, feeling the tremor in his muscles as he fought to restrain himself, his skin hot under her touch.

She slipped gracefully to her knees on the plush carpet of their hotel room, the soft fibres cushioning her legs as she settled between his spread thighs, the position making her breasts sway enticingly. From this angle, looking up at him through her lashes, she could see the effect she was having—the way his

chest rose and fell rapidly, the tension in his jaw clenching, the way his hands fisted in the duvet as if anchoring himself against the tide.

Hermione gave Harry one last deliberate tug, her thumb swiping over the tip to collect the bead of precum there, spreading it with a slick glide before she leaned forward. Her tongue darted out, just the very tip, teasing his frenulum with feather-light touches that made his hips jerk involuntarily, a drop of precum hitting her tongue. The taste of him—salt and musk and something uniquely Harry—flooded her senses as she pressed a soft kiss to the weeping head of his cock, her eyes never leaving his, watching him unravel.

Then, without warning, she pulled back and stood, ignoring his sharp intake of breath and the frustrated sound that escaped his throat, the denial making him throb visibly.

Hermione's hands moved behind her back with deliberate slowness, her fingers working the clasp of her bra with practised ease, the snap audible in the quiet. The garment fell away, sliding down her arms to pool at her feet, and she couldn't suppress the thrill of satisfaction at the way Harry's gaze immediately fixed on her newly bared breasts, his Adam's apple bobbing. She put on a show for him, her hands coming up to cup herself, kneading the soft flesh as her thumbs brushed over her hardened nipples, pinching lightly to make herself gasp.

"Be honest," she murmured, her voice low and teasing, "you prefer these larger ones, don't you? Compared to my past self?"

The question hung in the air between them, loaded with implication, her nipples peaking further under his stare.

Harry didn't take the bait with words, but his actions spoke volumes. His hands reached out, catching her waist as she leaned towards him, presenting herself like an offering, her skin flushing hotter. His mouth found her nipple instantly, tongue flicking over the sensitive peak before his lips sealed around it, sucking with a hunger that made her knees weak, the pull shooting to her core. The wet heat of his mouth sent sparks of pleasure straight to her core, and she

couldn't suppress the soft moan that escaped her, her fingers threading into his hair.

But she had other plans. With considerable effort, she pulled back, ignoring his protest at the loss, the cool air making her nipple ache, and let her hands drift to the waistband of her skirt. The look of panic that flashed across Harry's face was almost comical, and she couldn't help but chuckle at his expression, low and throaty.

"Don't worry," she said, her tone deliberately innocent even as mischief danced in her eyes. "I know, I know—the skirt and thigh-highs stay. It's not our first rodeo. I'm just adjusting."

She turned slowly, presenting her back to him as she lifted the hem of her skirt just enough to reveal the delicate lace of her knickers beneath, the fabric damp and clinging. The stockings hugged her thighs, the contrast of skin above the silk making her legs look impossibly long, the garter lines taut. She could hear his sharp intake of breath behind her, feel the heat of his gaze like a physical touch as she swayed slightly, letting him drink in the sight, her arse curving invitingly.

Harry's hands were on her immediately, one sliding up the back of her thigh—rough callouses catching on silk—while the other caught the fabric of her skirt, holding it up to give himself a better view, exposing more. His thumb hooked under the string of her lace knickers, tugging the delicate fabric aside to expose her already glistening folds. She was bare beneath, smooth and slick from their earlier play, and the cool air against her heated flesh made her shiver, her arousal dripping slightly.

"Ugh!" The sound escaped her involuntarily as his thumb found her entrance, the thick digit pressing just slightly inside her still-sensitive core, stretching lightly. She was raw from his previous ministrations, every nerve ending alight, and even this gentle intrusion sent shockwaves through her system, her walls fluttering.

But she had plans of her own. With effort that took more willpower than she cared to admit, she pulled away from his touch and turned back to face him, dropping once again to her knees between his spread thighs, her breasts bouncing with the movement.

The carpet was soft beneath her legs as she settled into position, her hands smoothing up his thighs—muscles tense under her palms—as she took in the sight before her, his cock twitching. From his vantage point, she knew the view was intoxicating—her flushed cheeks, the way her hair fell in waves around her shoulders, the hunger evident in her dark eyes as she gazed up at him through lowered lashes. It was just after midday as the bright hotel room caught the sheen on her swollen lips, still tender from their earlier kisses, and she watched his breath hitch as she leaned forward, her breath ghosting over him.

Her fingers curled around the base of his cock with practised confidence, feeling the way he pulsed against her palm, veins prominent. The weight of him, the heat, the slight curve that she knew would hit all the right places inside her—it all combined to send a fresh wave of arousal through her already heightened senses, her own thighs slick.

Her tongue darted out first, just the tip, tracing a teasing path along the underside of his length, following the vein. The taste of him exploded across her palate—salt and musk and something indefinably masculine that made her mouth water for more. She could feel his fingers tangling in her hair, not guiding or forcing, just needing the anchor as she continued her torturous exploration, nails lightly scratching his thighs.

She took her time, mapping every ridge and vein with her tongue, tasting the precum that beaded steadily at his tip, salty on her lips. When she finally swirled around the head, her tongue pressing into the sensitive slit, the groan that tore from his throat was music to her ears, deep and guttural. But she wasn't done teasing. Her lips barely parted as she took him in shallow, maddeningly light sucks, her eyes locked on his face as she watched him struggle to maintain control, sweat beading on his brow. She could see the

war playing out in his features—the desire to let her set the pace warring with the desperate need for more, his knuckles white.

She knew exactly what she was doing, and she revelled in every second of the power it gave her—the intoxicating knowledge that she could reduce him to this trembling, desperate state with nothing more than her mouth and hands, her Rin confidence shining. Harry looked down at the sight before him, and his breath caught in his throat. Hermione's posture was utterly maddening: her top half completely bare, exposed and unashamed, her breasts glistening with a sheen of sweat from their earlier activity, nipples still hard and tempting, heaving with her breath. Her thigh-high clad legs were slightly parted, revealing that tantalising gap of skin between the lace tops and the hem of her pleated skirt.

Her sheer knickers were so soaked that they'd become practically transparent, clinging to every curve and hollow, showing the swollen, parted lips of her sex beneath the delicate fabric, arousal visible. And through it all, her eyes remained locked firmly with his—dark, knowing, triumphant—whilst his member was grasped possessively in her hand, her perfect mouth wrapped around the sensitive head, her clever tongue sending waves of tingling pleasure racing through him that made his arsehole clench involuntarily, and his toes curl against the carpeted floor.

"Fu—"

When she finally took him deeper, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked properly for the first time, his hips jerked involuntarily off the bed. The sound he made—half groan, half curse—sent heat pooling between her thighs, her own arousal dripping. She pressed her tongue flat against the sensitive vein on the underside of his cock, her fingers tightening around what her mouth couldn't yet reach, creating a rhythm that had his thighs trembling beneath her free hand, muscles flexing. The wet sounds of her working him filled the room—obscene and perfect and utterly shameless—like the most decadent symphony playing just for them.

The slick slide of her lips, the soft suction, the deliberate swallow when she took him particularly deep—each noise sent fresh jolts of arousal coursing through his already overstimulated nerves, echoing off the walls. She varied her pace deliberately, taking him deep and fast with an enthusiasm that made his vision blur, before slowing to agonising, teasing licks that had him practically whimpering her name, his voice breaking.

The contrast was maddening—one moment she was consuming him with desperate hunger, her throat working around his length with a gag-suppressing hum, and the next she was barely touching him, her tongue tracing feather-light patterns that left him trembling and desperate for more. The warmth of her mouth was intoxicating, the perfect pressure driving every coherent thought from his mind, reducing him to instinct.

"R-Rin!" Harry involuntarily gasped, her name torn from his throat as the familiar sensations crashed over him in waves—the way she could drive him completely mad with nothing but her clever mouth and wicked tongue. Her free hand cupped his balls, rolling them gently in her palm, applying just enough pressure to make his breathing hitch and his hips buck involuntarily off the bed. The dual sensation was overwhelming—her mouth working his shaft whilst her fingers explored lower, finding every sensitive spot that made him see stars, his sack tightening.

Then she pushed him down her throat properly, humming low in satisfaction, and the vibrations travelled up his shaft like lightning through his nervous system, making his eyes roll back. His back arched clean off the mattress.

Without warning, she pulled off completely with a lewd pop, saliva glistening on her swollen lips as she smirked up at him with pure feminine satisfaction. The sudden loss of her mouth's warmth made him curse colourfully, his hands flexing desperately in her silky hair, strands slipping through his fingers.

"You're not going to last if I keep going like that," she was proud of herself, her voice husky with satisfaction and barely restrained arousal. Her face nuzzling the side of his member, trailing soft kisses up the side of his shaft, her eyes

never once leaving his. The fact that she made him slip and call her with her previous life's name.

Harry's jaw was clenched so tight she could see the muscle jumping.

"Insufferable know-it-all!"

The popular phrase to describe the character Rin was occupying was said with such fond exasperation that it made her grin widen. Without breaking eye contact, she leaned in again, but this time she pressed her breasts together around his cock, the soft, warm weight of them creating an entirely different sensation. The contrast was overwhelming—the silk of her skin, the firm pressure, the way she could control every aspect of his pleasure, her cleavage slick with saliva. Then her face hovered over his head, he could feel the heat of her mouth as she stuck out her tongue, saliva dribbling down his cock, coating his shaft down towards the valleys of her breasts, the warmth trickling.

She licked a deliberate stripe up the head before taking him back between her lips, her breasts squeezing him in perfect tandem with each bob of her head. The dual sensation was clearly driving him mad—her tongue flicking against the sensitive slit every time she pulled back, her cleavage providing friction where her mouth couldn't reach, her fingers working the base in a rhythm that had his toes curling against the carpet, nails digging in.

"Ye—" The word was barely coherent, torn from his throat as his grip on her hair tightened, pulling slightly. She could feel his whole body tensing, every muscle drawn taut as pleasure built inside him. His breathing was ragged, desperate, and she could taste the increase in precum that told her he was close, salty and thick. She moaned deliberately around him, the vibration sending a fresh wave of sensation through his already overwrought system, her throat humming. When she glanced up again, meeting his eyes as she worked him with lips and tongue and the soft press of her breasts, she could see he was hanging by a thread, sweat dripping down his temple.

That's when she slowed, drawing it out with deliberate cruelty. Her lips sealed around just the head, tongue swirling in maddening circles while her hand

pumped him in time with the roll of her breasts, the friction building slowly. She could feel every pulse, every twitch, every desperate attempt he made to hold back, his balls drawing tight.

"Come on," she whispered against his skin, her breath hot and urgent against the sensitive head of his cock. "Let me taste you." It was the final straw—those words, spoken with such desperate hunger, broke what little control he had left.

With a strangled groan that seemed to tear from somewhere deep in his chest, Harry came hard, his release spilling over her tongue in thick, salty waves. She swallowed greedily, her throat working as she took everything he gave her, the taste of him flooding her senses, musky and addictive. Her lashes fluttered at the intensity of it, the way he pulsed against her tongue, the desperate sounds he made as she milked every last drop from him, her breasts still pressing. She didn't pull away until he was completely spent, his body sagging back against the bed in exhaustion. Even then, she lingered, her lips pressing soft, almost reverent kisses to his softening length before she finally leaned back, licking her lips with a satisfied hum that made him shudder, strings of saliva connecting.

"Happy birthday," she purred, resting her cheek against his thigh, savouring the warmth of his skin as a balm against her flushed face. The musky scent of him filled her nostrils, intoxicating and thoroughly masculine, making her pulse quicken with renewed desire even as satisfaction coursed through her veins.

Harry could only stare down at her, completely dazed, his chest heaving as he struggled to catch his breath. The sight of her there, lips still swollen from their ministrations, eyes bright with mischief and want, sent aftershocks through his already overwhelmed nervous system. His hair was a complete disaster, sticking up in all directions from where she'd run her fingers through the dark strands, and there was something beautifully wrecked about his expression—pupils blown wide, cheeks flushed, mouth slightly agape—that filled her with deep feminine satisfaction.

"Like riding a bike," he managed to summarise, his voice rough and barely above a whisper, throat raw from the sounds she'd coaxed from him.

Hermione's laugh bubbled up from somewhere deep in her chest, low and wicked, full of promise for what was still to come. The sound sent shivers down his spine, making him twitch despite his recent release. "Hear, hear," she agreed, her voice thick with anticipation.

And then, with a fluid movement that had his breath catching all over again, Hermione stood up, half-naked and gloriously dishevelled in her pleated skirt and thigh-highs. The contrast between the naked torso and the clothed half drove him mad with want, her breasts swaying. She pulled the vanity chair from its place, the legs sliding across the carpeted floor, and Harry caught her heated gaze in the ornate mirror above, reflecting their dishevelled states.

The sight that greeted him made him stand at attention, blood rushing south.

Placing both knees on the velvet cushion of the chair, she bent forward over the vanity, her palms flat against the polished surface, fingers spread wide for balance. Her legs parted slightly, and she gave a deliberate little wiggle of her arse that made his mouth go dry, the skirt riding higher. With deliberate slowness, she pulled up the hem of her skirt, bunching the fabric at her waist, then hooked her fingers in the sides of her knickers and tugged them aside, revealing her glistening folds, lips swollen and puffy with arousal, dripping slightly.

The invitation was crystal clear, and Harry felt his body responding instantly despite everything. The mirror reflected her wanton expression back at him, eyes dark with need, bottom lip caught between her teeth as she watched his reaction, her breath fogging the glass slightly. Without hesitation, he stood up on unsteady legs.

They still had hours before they were due to meet Andromeda at the Ministry, and the pair intended to use every delicious second of it.

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"Château Delacour," Harry declared at the French Ministry's public floo access point, throwing green powder at his feet as green flames swallowed him.

The floo network pulled Harry through a kaleidoscope of emerald flames, glimpses of other hearths flashing past as he slid against the tiled pathway of the bizarre magical transportation. Because reading about it and seeing it in the cinema was one thing, but experiencing it was something totally different.'

Due to the distance, he'd still have several more minutes of sliding through this seemingly frictionless emerald tunnel, the magical equivalent of a water slide without the water. It was oddly peaceful once you got used to it—the rush of green flames, the glimpses of distant hearths flickering past like windows on a night train. A smile coloured his face as he thought of the past few hours.

They'd certainly spent the rest of their short hotel stay catching up on eighteen years' worth of missed physical intimacy—which had unfortunately led to them being twenty minutes late. Twenty-three, if one counted the time it took Hermione to locate her knickers, which had somehow ended up draped over a lampshade on the opposite side of the room. Neither of them could recall how that had happened, exactly.

They'd met quite the exasperated Andromeda at the designated rendezvous point, her expression knowing in that particular way that made Harry want to sink through the floor. He and Hermione had tried valiantly to play it off—two responsible young adults who had simply lost track of time, nothing more—but Hermione was walking rather stiffly, Harry's collar was buttoned wrong, and both their faces were most likely broadcasting to the entire French magical district that they'd gotten *thoroughly* lucky.

Andromeda, to her credit, had said nothing. She'd simply raised one elegant eyebrow.

Andromeda was already expecting this, so she already taken it upon herself to head to the apothecary to buy some ingredients for Sirius's regimen of potions o get him as close to how he is supposed to be at his age—though apparently

there are things that can't really be healed when you're exposed to hell on earth for close to twenty years.

The Château Delacour's receiving room materialised around him as he stumbled from the fireplace, catching himself with practised ease. Ornate tapestries depicting magical beasts covered the walls, whilst enchanted candelabras cast warm light across polished marble floors. The scent of lavender and old parchment permeated the air, distinctly French in its elegance.

Hermione and Andromeda stood there, Andromeda already waving her wand in that practised, efficient manner of hers as the dust and soot vanished from both their clothes, the grey particles dissolving into nothing before they could settle—

"...!"

Something warm bloomed in his chest, a sensation both foreign and intimately familiar. Ever since he'd become properly aware of his Avalon still nestled within him, carefully hidden away like a precious secret, he'd been feeling these faint pulses throughout the day—gentle thrums of recognition, as if to confirm that Arturia was also in this reality with them, somewhere out there in the world but impossibly far away. That, or at least something existed that could resonate with the ancient fae artefact bound to his very soul, something powerful enough to make Avalon stir from its dormant state.

But as soon as he'd stepped out of the fireplace and into the receiving room proper, that distant longing had intensified dramatically—transforming from a whisper to a shout, from a gentle pulse to a thundering heartbeat that wasn't his own. Avalon was *singing*, resonating with something nearby, something close, something that made every fibre of his being ache with recognition.

He knew this feeling. He'd felt it every time Saber had been near him in his previous life, that quiet hum of connection between the sheath and its sword.

"Harry?" Hermione's voice cut through his distraction, her tone edged with concern as she registered his suddenly distant expression, the way his eyes had gone unfocused.

She stepped closer, her hand finding his arm instinctively. "Are you all right? You've gone pale."

"S-She's here," Harry managed to say, his voice barely above a whisper, but Hermione was close enough to pick up every syllable, to hear the wonder and disbelief colouring his words.

"Who?" Hermione asked, her grip tightening slightly, worry creasing her brow.

"Arturi—"

The name died on his lips as the double doors to the Château Delacour's receiving room suddenly burst open with enough force to make the enchanted candelabras flicker. In came a tall, impossibly beautiful woman clad in a long summer dress of pale blue that reached her feet, the fabric flowing around her like water given form. Her silvery-blond hair cascaded past her shoulders in waves that caught the candlelight, and the faint shimmer of Veela allure radiated from her like heat from a hearth—though Harry barely registered it, too focused on the soul behind those ancient eyes.

The older woman was breathing somewhat heavily, her chest rising and falling as if she'd been running at full sprint through the château's halls, yet it was her heavy countenance and her regal stature that left absolutely no doubt in Harry's mind about who—or rather what—she truly was beneath the French surname and mortal guise.

Crystal blue eyes, ancient and knowing despite the youthful face, met emerald green.

Time seemed to stop.

"Ah, Harry and Hermione, how fortuitous," Andromeda said pleasantly, oblivious to the sudden tension crackling through the air like static. "This is the eldest and youngest daughter of our benefactor."

"Fleur and Gabrielle Delacour."

Hermione's mouth opened. Her brain, still somewhat scrambled from the afternoon's activities and now confronted with the current reality of Arturia standing right there in a sundress, apparently decided to skip several crucial steps in the speech-formation process.

"Sex," was the word that inexplicably tumbled out.

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**End**

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