

Stress Relief

Part 2

Hermione sat curled up at her usual table in the corner of the Gryffindor Common Room with her textbooks stacked neatly around her. She had planned to review her Arithmancy notes for the third time that week, but the numbers kept blurring in her mind. The Common Room was filled with the usual post-dinner chaos. Two third-years were arguing over chess, a group of fifth-year girls giggled at one of the Weasley twins' latest jokes, and a group of seventh years were in varying states of panic about their N.E.W.T.s. Despite the noise, Hermione's attention kept drifting across the room to where Harry was sitting on the rug by the fireplace with Ron. Both of them were watching a game of Wizard's Chess with the intensity of a Quidditch final.

She tried very hard not to stare, because it was obvious, and she didn't want to give anyone the wrong idea. But ever since Harry had lured her into that secret room and done things to her that she hadn't even known she wanted, Hermione hadn't been able to stop thinking about it ... or him ... or his hands, which seemed to know exactly how to touch her, and how to make her body ache for more until she had no rational thoughts left at all.

It had been nearly a week since their first tryst, and Harry hadn't said a word about it. He hadn't asked her back. He hadn't cornered her in a hallway or slipped a hand up her skirt while they were alone. He hadn't even so much as winked at her since then. Instead, he'd acted completely normal. It was infuriating. Weren't guys supposed to be horny all the time?

Hermione was not accustomed to being the one left in suspense. She liked her life organized and her relationships clearly defined. The uncertainty was maddening. She could have written him a note, or just pulled him aside and demanded an explanation, but she didn't want to seem desperate. She didn't want to ruin whatever delicate balance had been struck between them. So, she watched and waited.

Harry was doing that thing he did when he was pretending not to notice her. He'd glance over, find her looking, then quickly return his focus to the chessboard. Occasionally, he said something to Ron, and Hermione was sure they were talking about her. But Harry never lost his composure. If anything, he seemed determined to act as if nothing had changed between them.

There were times during the day that Hermione convinced herself that it had just been a one-off, or a weird lapse in judgment between friends. Then she'd remember the way Harry's hands had felt on her skin, and how he had whispered into her ear. She'd remember the smug certainty with which he'd cupped her between the legs, and she'd flush all over again, as if she were back in that room instead of sitting amidst the chaos of the Common Room.

She tried to focus on her homework, but the words on her parchment kept morphing into Harry's face, and her quill doodled his name in the margins instead of runes. She pressed a hand to her cheek, hoping to cool the heat that had risen there, but it only seemed to make things worse.

Across the room, Harry's laughter rang out, and Hermione's head snapped up involuntarily. He was grinning at Ron, but then his eyes moved up to meet hers. The look lasted only a second, but it felt like an hour to her. There was something in his gaze. It was something unspoken but impossible to ignore. Hermione quickly looked away, pretending to re-read the same paragraph for the fifth time.

So why hadn't he tried anything? Did he regret it? Was he put off by how eager she'd been? Did he think she was just another conquest, like the girls who wrote him perfumed letters? Hermione was smart enough to know that Harry didn't really care about that kind of attention, but she couldn't help but wonder.

She wasn't jealous, exactly ... not of the girls, anyway, but she did feel a strange sense of competition. It was like she was suddenly vying for a spot in Harry's world, and she didn't know how to play the game. He had all the power, and she hated it.

Hermione drew in a deep breath and forced herself to write out an essay outline. She would not let her academic standing slip over a boy, even if that boy had the most distracting hands in Scotland. She was halfway through a sentence about the principles of magical equivalence when she felt a presence at her shoulder.

Suddenly startled, she looked up to find Harry standing next to her. His hands were in his pockets, and he had a sly smile on his lips.

"You look busy," Harry said, leaning in close so only she could hear.

Hermione's heart thudded loudly in her chest. "It's revision, mostly," she replied, as casually as she could. She hated that her voice slightly cracked.

He nodded, scanning the books on her table. "Do you want some company?" His voice was low and intimate, as if they were in on a secret together.

She hesitated, just long enough to make it clear that she was in control. She then gestured at the empty seat beside her. "Only if you're not going to distract me," she said. Harry sat down and did not even try to hide his grin.

Hermione tried to act perfectly nonchalant as Harry settled in beside her, but it was harder than any Arithmancy problem she'd ever faced. He leaned back in his chair and shot her a sexy look, like he was trying to catch her off guard. She could feel the heat of his eyes on her even as she forced herself to focus on the parchment in front of her, but the words may as well have been written in Gobbledegook for all the sense she could make of them. She tried to ignore how the air between them suddenly seemed scorching hot.

Harry started up with a soft, idle hum. He did the same thing when he was plotting his next move in chess or planning something mischievous. It was barely audible over the buzz of the room, but Hermione's whole body was tuned to his every action. She told herself it was ridiculous. Harry wasn't going to try anything in the middle of the Gryffindor Common Room, but she couldn't help the way her nerves tingled. She was prepared for a cheeky comment or even a sly brush of hands, but she wasn't prepared for the warm weight of his palm settling on her knee under the table.

The touch was so unexpected that Hermione's breath caught audibly. For a moment, she considered pretending she hadn't noticed, but the subtle squeeze of his hand made it impossible to ignore. She shot Harry a sharp look, but he just smirked at her. The corners of his mouth twitched up in that infuriatingly confident way he had. Her cheeks grew hot, though whether from embarrassment or excitement, she didn't know.

Hermione tried to keep reading, but Harry's hand didn't stay still. It moved slowly, tracing patterns over the fabric of her skirt, as if he were staking a claim on her body. With every pass, his hand crept a bit higher, until it nudged at the hem of her skirt. Hermione's knees jerked together, trapping his hand, and she hissed, "Harry!" through clenched teeth. She shot another glance at him, but he looked back at her with feigned innocence, as though he hadn't just started feeling her up under the table in the middle of a crowded room. 'That cheeky git!' Hermione thought.

His fingers pressed gently into the soft flesh of her thigh. Hermione realized that he was testing her by pushing the boundaries. Hermione's heart pounded so loud she was sure he could hear it. She glanced around, but nobody seemed to be paying them any mind. Ron had his nose buried in a chocolate frog wrapper, and the rest of the people in the room were deep in their own conversations. Still, she felt as if every brush of Harry's fingers was being broadcast to the entire world.

"We're in public," she whispered, risking another glance at him.

Harry's cheek barely dimpled as he grinned wider. He leaned in close, and she could feel his breath warm in her ear. "You look stressed again," he quietly stated as his thumb stroked small, soothing circles on her inner thigh. "I thought I'd help."

The words sent a thrill right through her. She wanted to object and tell him to stop, but the truth was that she didn't want him to. Not even a little. She felt the pressure of his hand, and her body's reaction was quick and traitorous. Hermione shuddered and let out a barely audible moan. His fingers snuck under the hem of her skirt, and she bit the inside of her cheek to keep from squeaking. She didn't dare look at him, but she could feel his eyes burning into the side of her face.

"Honestly, Harry! I can't believe you," Hermione hissed, but the words held no venom.

“Is that a no?” Harry asked. Just by the sound of his voice, Hermione could tell that he already knew that the answer was a definitive yes. He moved his hand away as if to give her a way out, but then she caught his wrist under the table and held him there.

He angled his head so that their faces were only inches apart, and Hermione was acutely aware of every subtle freckle on his nose, every lash around his bright green eyes, and the faint, lingering scent of the fireplace’s smoke in his hair. He didn’t say anything more. He just arched a suggestive brow.

Hermione tried desperately to remember the arguments for and against this. She tried to think of the possible consequences, the risks of getting caught, and the chance of being humiliated in front of her whole House for losing points. But her mind was as foggy as Ron’s failed Cleansing potion attempt today. She felt the warmth of his hand, the thrill of being touched, and the singular, overwhelming urge to let him keep going. She had to stop herself from spreading her legs for him right then and there.

She settled for a compromise. “If you’re going to distract me, at least do it somewhere less ...” she gestured vaguely at the chaos of the Common Room. “... public,” she finished.

Harry’s eyes lit up, and he seemed a little impressed. “You want to go for a walk?” he asked.

Hermione bit her lip and nodded, then forced herself to keep it together while she started gathering her books. Her hands were shaky as she tried to stack them neatly. She could feel Harry’s eyes on her the entire time. She had to fight the urge to look up and meet his eyes, because if she did, she might lose all sense of reason and let him do whatever he wanted right there in front of everyone.

Harry waited until she stood up, then helped her pack up her books.

Stress Relief

Hermione’s pulse quickened the moment she reached the landing outside the secret room. Everything else seemed to melt away and was replaced by the sound of her heart as it pounded away in her chest. She kept her head down, clutching her bag tightly to her front. She was worried someone might see them and realize what they were up to. Harry’s footsteps were just behind her, and Hermione felt the heat rise in her cheeks as she remembered the last time they’d been here together. It was impossible not to think about it. All she could think about was the taste of his lips, the feel of his hands on her skin, and the reckless way she’d let herself go.

She hesitated at the threshold, but Harry reached from behind and covered her hand with his. He gave her a playful squeeze, then gently guided her inside. The old classroom felt warm, and it felt like it was theirs alone. Hermione set her bag on the desk, trying to keep her hands from trembling. She barely had time to steady her breath before she heard the door shut with a sharp click. Harry spun the lock, then turned to face her. A hungry smile stretched across his face.

Before she could say a word, Harry closed the distance between them. He caught her around the waist, pulled her in tight, and pressed his body flush against hers. Hermione gasped at the hardness of his cock against her skirt. The sensation was so sudden and so intense that she almost stumbled backward, but Harry's grip held her steady. He buried his face in her hair and inhaled, and then his mouth was at her neck, planting kisses along her jaw and the soft skin below her ear. Hermione's knees went weak. She dropped her head back, exposing her throat to him. A shiver ran through her, and she bit her lip to keep from moaning out loud.

His hands slid up and down her sides, mapping the curves of her body with swift, sure movements. Hermione was so distracted by the feeling of his mouth that she didn't notice his fingers working at the buttons of her blouse. Only when she felt the cool air hit her collarbone did she realize that all the buttons had come undone with casual ease. "Harry," she tried to protest, but the name came out as a breathless plea.

He was relentless. He slipped the blouse off her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor in a heap. Hermione's skin prickled with goosebumps, but not from the cold. She felt exposed, standing there in her Hogwarts skirt and bra, but she also felt a rush of excitement at the thought of Harry seeing her like this. He stepped back for a moment, looked her up and down with undisguised lust, and then pulled her in again with a low, satisfied sound.

Hermione braced herself on his shoulders as he nuzzled the swell of her breasts above the edge of her bra. Each kiss left a warm, damp imprint on her skin, and Hermione could hardly believe this was happening. She'd always prided herself on her self-control, her logic, and her ability to solve any problem. But when Harry was touching her like this, her brain turned to pudding.

Harry's hands circled her waist and slid down to the curve of her ass. He squeezed it, and Hermione squealed softly, unable to help herself. She was certain Harry could feel how much she wanted him. She could feel it herself as a wet warmth built rapidly between her legs.

As she pressed herself into him and felt an unfamiliar surge of boldness. She let her hands wander down Harry's back, then around to the front, where she could feel the firm outline of his erection through his uniform trousers. She gave it an experimental squeeze, and Harry growled her name into her neck. His hands gripped her so tightly it was almost painful.

He spun her around so that she faced the table and bent her forward so that her elbows rested on the old wood. Hermione let out a gasp. She was both startled and wildly excited. Harry pressed up behind her, and his hands slipped under her skirt. She trembled at the feeling of his fingers toying with her silky skin.

He must have enjoyed her reaction, because she felt the bulge in his trousers brushing against her bottom. Hermione was unprepared for what came next. Expertly, Harry unclasped her bra

with one hand. The straps slackened, and her breasts spilled free. Her nipples were stiff and aching.

Hermione jolted upright, and an involuntary gasp burst from her lips. The sudden movement caused her newly liberated breasts to bounce, and she instinctively clapped her arms across her chest to shield herself. Harry, unfazed by her embarrassment, grinned and tugged the discarded bra from her arms. He let it drop beside her crumpled blouse on the floor. Hermione shot him a mortified look, and her cheeks were nearly as red as a Gryffindor banner. She tried to keep her composure, but Harry's eyes devoured her with such brazen hunger that all she could do was stare at the floor.

Before she could gather her wits enough to say anything, Harry caught her chin and gently tilted her face up to meet his. His eyes twinkled mischievously as he closed the distance. The first touch of his lips was so soft and unexpected that Hermione forgot to resist. He kissed her again, and Hermione's mouth opened with a loud moan. His tongue slipped in, and Hermione's pussy throbbed with need. His hands roamed, sliding from her jaw to the nape of her neck, and she shuddered. She could feel the roughness of his palms against her skin, and the sensation sent a tingle clear down to her toes.

They kissed so hungrily that Hermione barely noticed Harry's fingers undoing the clasp of her skirt. Only when the wool fabric slithered down her hips and collapsed around her ankles did she realize she was standing before him in nothing but her plain white knickers, black knee-high socks, and a pair of Mary Janes. She squeaked in alarm and jumped back. Harry amusedly watched her. She flushed, feeling completely exposed and entirely at his mercy.

Harry stepped back, and his eyes swept over her with open lust. "You're so sexy," he confidently stated. Hermione didn't know whether to believe him, but the way he stared made her feel capable of anything. He scooped her up in his arms as if she weighed nothing, and Hermione squealed at the sensation of his hand tickling her bare thighs. She instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck and held on for dear life as he carried her to the bed tucked against the far wall.

He set her gently atop the creaky mattress and stood at her feet. The sudden shift in power made Hermione's head spin. She was still covering her chest, and her legs were pressed tightly together, but Harry didn't seem bothered by her desire to keep some sense of modesty. Instead, he bent down, unbuckled her shoes, and slid them off. His eyes drifted up to hers after each one, and Hermione could see the delight in his eyes at every small victory. When her shoes were gone, he hooked his fingers under the band of one sock and began to peel it down. It slid away from her knee, then her calf, and finally off her foot. He did the same to the other, moving deliberately slow, as if memorizing every inch of her smooth skin as it was revealed.

Hermione trembled from the exquisite torture of anticipation. She was hyper-aware of every sensation. She could feel the tickle of air on her bare legs, the light scratchiness of the wool as the sock rolled away, and the heat of Harry's hands lingering after every touch. By the time he

finished, her legs felt utterly naked, even though she still wore her panties. It didn't help matters when Harry reached out and gently pried her knees apart.

"Harry," she whispered. Her voice trembled with humiliation and desire.

Harry smiled cheekily, put his hands firmly on her knees, and pushed them farther apart. Hermione's thighs opened so wide that the crotch of her panties slipped to the side, exposing the edge of her pussy. Her tight slit was smooth and blushing pink. Hermione's heart hammered loudly in her chest. He leaned in close with his eyes locked on the spot between her legs, and he let out a rumbling, satisfied sound that sent a shockwave of embarrassment through every nerve in her body.

"Hermione," Harry said in a voice that was thick with wonder and desire. "You're dripping wet."

That was a little too much to handle, and Hermione tried to cover herself. One hand darted down to cover her exposed folds. But in her panic, her arms slipped away from her chest, and her breasts spilled free, exposing her hard, flushed nipples. Harry's eyes snapped up, and he shot her a devilish grin. "You're so cute when you're embarrassed," he said in an amused voice.

Hermione blushed deeply as Harry slid his hands farther up her thighs. His thumbs stroked the sensitive flesh at the creases where her legs met her hips. The gentle touch made her twitch, and she squirmed uncontrollably. "Harry!" she whimpered. "We're supposed to be studying." She wasn't sure why she even said that. She knew exactly why she had come here with him.

He leaned over her, pinning her arms to the bed above her head with one strong hand. With the other, he cupped her naked breast, and his thumb brushed over the hard tip of her nipple. Hermione gasped, and her body arched involuntarily into his touch.

"I'd rather study you," he whispered teasingly, and before she could make another sound, he took her nipple into his mouth. The sudden pleasure shocked her, and Hermione gasped like a cheap whore.

Hermione bucked against him as his mouth moved from one breast to the other, lavishing each nipple with attention on each in turn. She squirmed so hard that she tangled herself in the sheets, which left her spread open and helpless. The feeling aroused her even more.]

Harry moved lower, trailing kisses down her belly. He paused to nuzzle the hollow of her belly button. He flicked his tongue against the soft skin, and Hermione moaned loudly. She was instantly mortified that she couldn't keep quiet. She squeezed her eyes shut and tried to concentrate on anything but the relentless tingle building between her legs.

When Harry's mouth reached the elastic band of her panties, he paused, and his hot breath tickled her skin. He glanced up at her, and his green eyes sparkled with mischief. All Hermione

could manage was a soft, desperate whimper. Harry grinned and bit the waistband gently, tugging it lower with his teeth.

He slid the panties off her hips and down her legs, exposing her completely. Hermione curled her toes and wanted to close her legs, but Harry's hands were holding her legs open. He spread her thighs apart, exposing her pussy to the cool air, and he stared at it, transfixed by the sight of her drenched slit. Hermione felt like she might die of shame right then and there.

"Beautiful," Harry stated, staring at her bald pussy and tight, pink slit.

Hermione covered her face with her hands, wishing she could disappear. She could hear the pounding of her own heart, the sound of Harry's breathing, and the rustle of fabric as he undressed himself. She peeked through her fingers and saw him stripping out of his shirt, revealing his broad shoulders and the lean muscles of his chest. He caught her watching and smiled cheekily. "You're allowed to look," he teased.

She groaned and hid her face again, but Harry was undeterred. He settled between her legs and leaned in, kissing her inner thigh. He continued to kiss his way up her inner thigh until his mouth was dangerously close to her naked pussy.

Hermione's breath hitched. She couldn't believe this was happening. She couldn't believe she was letting him do this to her, but her body was throbbing with a need so fierce it made her dizzy. When Harry finally pressed his lips to her clit, she cried out his name and clutched the sheets in both fists.

He started gently massaging her clit with his tongue. He then licked the length of her folds, making Hermione writhe under him. She was unable to fight the pleasure building inside her. It was all too much.

Her legs trembled, and she tried to clamp them shut, but Harry's face was already between them. He sucked on her clit and teased it with the tip of his tongue, and Hermione felt herself teetering on the edge. The wet sound of him licking her was so dirty that she didn't think she would ever feel so embarrassed again. However, the pleasure was so good that she didn't want him to stop.

When she finally came, it was like nothing she'd ever felt before. The orgasm ripped through her, leaving her a squealing, bucking mess. Harry eased up a little and licked her gently until the tremors faded. He then kissed his way back up her body. Hermione mewled when his lips paid special attention to both hard, sensitive nipples.

He met her eyes, and his lips were glistening with her juices. Hermione felt a fresh surge of embarrassment, but Harry just smiled and kissed her again. Hermione tasted herself on his tongue and moaned. It was all so perverse, and for some strange reason, it turned her on.

After a moment, he moved down and kissed the side of her neck. "You don't have to be embarrassed," he told her. "I love seeing you like this."

Hermione tried to muster a retort, but her brain was mush. All she could do was whimper and bury her face in his shoulder, and hope that he never, ever stopped touching her like this. It was more than that, though. She wanted to touch him, too. Nervously, she reached down and squeezed the bulge in his trousers. Harry responded by sucking harder on her neck. Hermione gasped and rubbed his bulge harder, trying to tempt him into action. It seemed to work. Harry sat up and began getting fully undressed, and all Hermione could do was eagerly watch as her heart pounded in her chest.