

Thrown Back – Hermione's Return (Omake)

Hermione squinted and covered her eyes as the fireplace erupted in emerald flames. She watched in horror, her heart racing as Harry was engulfed in the swelling inferno. Suddenly, the flames stopped and began to recede, moving as if they were going in reverse.

"Harry!" she screamed, arm outstretched as he was pulled away from her.

No! It can't end like this! Not after everything we've been through, she thought.

"Professor, we have to do something! We -"

Hermione's words caught in her throat when she looked around the room. Everyone was frozen in place, arms still held in front of their faces. Gasping, she looked back at the only thing still moving in the room, the flickering green flames in the fireplace.

"Time," Hermione whispered in a breath.

In the years since she'd used the Time-Turner, she had spent hours pouring over books on time. The magic fascinated her. While hiding in the Forest of Dean, she'd renewed her studies, hoping and praying to find a way to go back and try again if all else failed. Hermione never found anything they could use, but she knew the magic well.

Looking back over at Professor McGonagall and Kingsley, she bit her lip and turned back to the slowly dwindling flames. Looking over at Ron, she took a deep, shaky breath.

"I'm sorry, Ron," Hermione whispered. "He needs me more than you do."

A determined frown appeared on her face as she turned back to the fireplace and glared.

“You’re not taking him away from me,” Hermione hissed, whipping out her wand. “Aevum!”

The small, flickering flames roared as they flared back to life. Inhaling slowly to steady her nerves, Hermione took one last, sad look back at her friends. Turning back to the rising inferno, she tightened her grip on her wand and rushed forward.

The heat she’d felt in the office vanished as she was enveloped in a sea of writhing emerald flames. Hermione tumbled end over end uncontrollably, the wind rushing past her ears as she fell through space. Her heart pounded in her chest while a single thought raced through her mind.

I need to find Harry Potter.

Hermione’s feet caught, and she was suddenly thrown forward. The breath was knocked from her lungs as she tumbled on the hard floor before coming to a skidded halt. A deep, raspy groan came from her lips while her body desperately tried to suck in some much needed air.

“Oh my. Are you alright, my dear?”

Coughing, Hermione could only nod as she climbed to her hands and knees.

“Harry,” she rasped.

“What’s that?” the man asked.

“Where’s Harry?” Hermione asked, finally getting her breath back.

“Harry?” the man asked with a touch of humor coloring his voice. “Well, seeing as you arrived the same way he did, might I assume you’re speaking of Harry Potter?”

Hermione's heart leapt.

He was here.

Sitting on the floor, she turned to the man kneeling next to her and gasped.

"Professor Dumbledore!?" Hermione gasped. "What – how? Am – am I dead?"

The aged headmaster chuckled.

"Your friend asked me that very same question," Dumbledore smiled. "No, you are most assuredly not dead."

"The time magic!" Hermione gasped, her eyes widening. "I must've gone back in time. What year is it?"

"Nineteen seventy-seven," Dumbledore replied. "And I must say, it's nice to not have a wand pointed at me this time."

Smiling under his beard, Dumbledore stood and offered Hermione his hands. Taking them, she climbed to her feet and let him lead her over to a chair.

"Is Harry here?" she asked impatiently.

"He is," Dumbledore said, taking the seat next to her rather than moving back behind his desk. "Harry arrived much the same way you did several months ago."

"Months!?" Hermione asked incredulously.

“Indeed,” Dumbledore replied. “And you would be Hermione Granger, correct?”

“He told you about me?” Hermione asked.

“Harry has told me much about you and your time,” Dumbledore said.

“But won’t that disrupt the timeline?” Hermione interrupted before Dumbledore could continue.

“I’m afraid that simply by going back as far as you have, you have created a new timeline,” Dumbledore told her. “It’s magic’s way of protecting itself. If it didn’t, such a paradox would undoubtedly cause the collapse of our entire universe.”

“Wait,” Hermione said, her mind racing frantically. “If this is a different timeline, then – then there’s no going back, is there?”

Dumbledore patted her arm and looked at her sadly.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I’ve spent months searching for a way to send Harry back, but it’s impossible.”

Hermione felt a lead weight drop in her stomach.

I’ll never get to see my friends again. I’ll never get to see my parents, She thought sadly.

Then she thought of Harry and realized he’d been here, feeling the same way for months. In moments, her mind put the pieces together. Not only had he been trapped in the past with no way home, but he was also trapped at Hogwarts with his parents, unable to tell them the truth about who he was.

Oh, poor Harry. He must be miserable.

“I need to see him,” Hermione said. “Can I see Harry, please, professor?”

“Of course,” Dumbledore smiled. “We’ll need to come up with a story for you, but we can do that later. I believe Harry will be in the Great Hall, getting ready for the DA meeting.”

He restarted the DA?

Smiling to herself, Hermione stood and made for the door.

“Thanks, professor,” Hermione said, pulling open the door and racing down the stairs.

As the door closed behind her, Fawkes chirped and landed on Dumbledore’s shoulder.

“I believe our young friend is in for a very interesting day,” Dumbledore smiled.

Fawkes crooned in agreement.

~

“Where do you want the Boggart?”

Harry looked over at Connie and then glanced around the room.

“Let’s put it over to the side,” he said, pointing to the corner.

"I can't believe you're really going to do this," Narcissa said.

"It's the only way for them to get some real practice," Harry said.

"Do you think we're ready?" Lily asked, wrapping her arm around his waist. "I still haven't gotten a fully corporeal Patronus yet."

"You need to know what to expect," Harry told her. "I don't want the first time you have to use it to be in front of a real Dementor. Besides, I'm sure you'll do fine."

"I hate to admit it, but Harry's right," Connie added as she and Bellatrix joined them. "I wish we'd been able to do this at the Academy."

"How did you practice it?" Bellatrix asked.

"Once you have a corporeal Patronus, they put you on Azkaban duty for a week," Connie said, crossing her arms with a shiver. "If you can't cast it in the presence of a Dementor by the end of the week, you get pushed back or sent down to the Hitwizards."

Letting go of Lily, Harry wrapped his arm around Connie and pulled her against his side. With a sigh, she rested her head on his shoulder and hugged his waist.

"I hate Azkaban," she murmured. "That place is too bad for most of the criminals we put there."

"Why can't we just use human guards?" Lily asked. "Can't we just get rid of the Dementors?"

"Human guards need to be paid. Dementors don't," Narcissa told her. "Besides, Dementors are notoriously difficult to kill. And if you don't kill all of them, they spawn more. Without a place like Azkaban to keep them, we constantly have to worry about them attacking Muggles. It's just easier to keep them at the prison."

“Until someone like You-Know-Who comes along and offers them a better deal,” Bellatrix frowned. “Fools. It’s like they’re maintaining an army for any dark wizard to come along and use.”

“Do you know a way to kill those things?” Connie asked Harry.

After a moment of thought, he nodded his head slowly.

“Yeah, but it’s not easy,” Harry said. “I’d have to trap all of them in one place.”

“If you get the chance, you should just get rid of them,” Lily huffed. “Force the Ministry to do the right thing. It’s cruel and unusual punishment to keep them around prisoners.”

Harry smiled, thinking how much she reminded him of Hermione just then. Suddenly, the doors to the Great Hall opened. Connie pulled away from Harry quickly and turned to the doors.

“The meeting’s not for another fifteen minutes,” she said. “You can come back then.”

“Harry?”

Harry froze at the sound of the familiar voice. Heart hammering in his chest, he turned around slowly, hardly daring to believe his ears. Then, he gasped, his heart leaping in his chest when he spotted her standing in the doorway.

“Who’s that?” Bellatrix asked.

“Hermione,” Harry breathed.

He stared at her, drinking in the sight of her wild, bushy hair, warm, chocolate-colored eyes, and pretty face as she smiled. She looked exactly as she had the last time he'd seen her. Hermione was even still wearing the same tattered shirt and jeans.

Harry was moving without thought, his feet steadily gaining speed the closer he got. With a beaming smile, Hermione sprinted towards him, her hair flying wildly behind her. They crashed into each other in the middle of the hall, arms wrapping tightly around each other. Harry buried his face in her hair, inhaling her familiar scent deeply. Hermione let out a laughing sob as she buried her face in his chest.

"I missed you so much," Harry whispered. "How did you find me?"

Hermione pulled back just far enough to look at him, both of them still clutching the other tightly.

"I followed you through the flames," she told him.

"But that was months ago," Harry said, his brow furrowed.

"It was only a few seconds for me," Hermione said, biting her lip. "Oh, Harry. It was awful. After everything - and then you just disappeared. I thought - I thought you'd..."

"I'm fine, Hermione," Harry smiled. "I'm so glad you're here."

Smiling, Hermione threw her arms around his neck and hugged him tightly. Suddenly, she stiffened, and her muscles tensed.

"Harry, why is Bellatrix Lestrange smiling at me?" she asked warily.

Shit! How the hell am I going to explain this, he wondered.

“She’s not the Bellatrix we knew, Hermione,” Harry said.

Pulling back again, she relaxed her arms and stared at him with a furrowed brow.

“Harry?” Lily called.

“Just trust me, please,” Harry begged. “I’ll explain everything later, I promise.”

“You’d better,” Hermione growled.

Giving her a nervous smile, Harry took her hand in his and pulled her towards the girls, who were watching them curiously.

“Girls, I’d like you to meet my closest friend, Hermione Granger,” Harry said, smirking as their eyes widened. “Hermione, this is Lily Evans, Narcissa and Bellatrix Black, and Connie Hammer. Connie’s our Defense professor.”

“Hello,” Hermione said, waving shyly as the girls stared at her.

“You’re Hermione?” Lily asked. “The Hermione from the future?”

“Yes,” Harry smiled.

Lily blinked and then shook her head and smiled brightly.

“It’s so nice to finally meet you,” Lily said, surprising Hermione with a hug. “Harry’s told us so much about you.”

“He has?” Hermione asked, surprised.

“He talks about you all the time,” Narcissa smiled.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped as Narcissa stepped forward to hug her.

“He really did miss you a lot,” Connie smiled.

Hermione blushed and smiled, then her eyes widened when Bellatrix bounced forward and hugged her tightly. She froze in place, arms held stiffly by her side. Frowning, Bellatrix pulled back.

“Did I do something wrong?” she asked.

“I’ll explain later, Bella,” Harry told her.

Hermione’s head snapped around to look at him, her eyes narrowing. Looking between them, Bellatrix’s eyes lit with understanding.

“Did future me do something bad again?” she asked.

Harry looked at her sadly, and Bellatrix pouted. Hermione blinked, nonplussed, as she ran over to Harry and hugged him tightly.

“It’s not your fault,” he whispered, rubbing her arm soothingly.

Hermione stared incredulously as Harry comforted the woman that tortured Neville's parents into insanity, killed Sirius and carved the word Mudblood into her arm.

What the hell is going on?

Feeling a hand on her shoulder, she looked back. Lily smiled kindly and gave her shoulder a comforting squeeze.

"I know this is a lot to take in, but we'll explain everything after the meeting," she said.

Closing her eyes, Hermione took a deep breath to stave off the headache she felt building.

"Hermione," Harry said. "Do you want to go lay down? It's been a really long day for you already."

Shoulders sagging tiredly, the doors to the Great Hall banged open just as she opened her mouth to reply. Sirius Black was at the front of the crowd, smiling and laughing with a boy that could only be James Potter. Just behind them were Remus Lupin and Petter Pettigrew. Seeing the pudgy, rat faced boy, she looked over at Harry worriedly. He was still looking at her in concern, waiting for a reply.

"I'm fine," Hermione said. "I don't think I could sleep right now, anyways."

"Why don't you just go sit down and watch the meeting?" Connie asked. "I'm sure you and Harry can catch up when it's over."

"Are you sure?" Harry asked, watching her closely. "We can postpone the meeting."

"No," Hermione said. "I'll be fine."

Giving him a reassuring smile, she walked over to the side of the room.

“Who’s the new hottie?” she heard Sirius ask James.

Blushing, Hermione quickened her steps and sat on the bench beside the wall. As she looked around, Sirius caught her eye and winked.

No. Just no, Hermione thought, looking down at the floor. I cannot deal with this right now.

Turning her attention to Harry, for a moment, she felt like she was back in fifth year. A smile stretched across her lips as she watched him pace back and forth, easily holding the attention of the students.

He really is a natural teacher, she thought.

Leaning back against the wall, Hermione let her thoughts drift to the sound of shouted incantations and spells clashing. Now that the Adrenaline was wearing off, she began to feel the many aches and pains throughout her body. Her eyes began to drift closed, but the sounds in the room brought back memories of earlier in the day.

Brightly colored bolts flew across the Great Hall, followed by loud screams and bodies falling to the ground. Masked figures, Aurors, and students lay side by side in a pool of growing crimson on the floor.

“Hey!”

Hermione startled awake, wondering if she’d even really been asleep. Blinking her eyes, she realized she had her wand out and aimed at Sirius’ chest.

“Whoa,” Sirius said, raising his hands.

“Sorry,” Hermione said, lowering her wand in embarrassment.

Giving her a crooked smile, he ran a hand through his long, dark hair.

“Hi, I’m Sirius,” he said, holding out his hand.

“Hermione,” she replied, shaking his hand.

“A pretty name for a pretty lady,” Sirius grinned.

Hermione paled and felt bile rise in the back of her throat. In the months she’d known Sirius, she’d come to see him as something of a distant, rebellious uncle.

“Oh, I – um.”

“Black!” Connie shouted. “Leave her alone and get back to work.”

Scowling, Sirius gave her one last flirtatious smile and walked away.

“Sorry about him,” Connie said. “You alright?”

“I’m fine,” Hermione said, forcing a small smile on her face. “I just didn’t expect him to hit on me.”

“Yeah, he does that,” Connie grinned. “Are you sure you don’t want to go lay down?”

"I'm sure," Hermione said, looking over at Harry.

Connie followed her gaze, and her smile softened.

"You're afraid of losing him again," she said quietly.

Glancing over at her, Hermione bit her lip and then nodded a moment later.

"Well, then just relax. We should be done soon," Connie said.

"Already?" Hermione asked.

"You were asleep for a while," Connie smiled.

Patting her on the shoulder, Connie walked back over to Harry. Hermione watched, her eyes narrowing when she noticed how close she seemed to be to Harry. Having spent years with Harry, she was easily able to see the lingering look and touches between them.

"Alright, everyone," Harry said, clapping his hands. "It's time to practice Patronus Charms, but we've got something different to try today. Quite a few of you have managed to produce near corporeal Patronuses, and it's time to put them to the test."

As if on cue, the trunk holding the Boggart rattled.

"You captured a Dementor?" A girl gasped.

Hermione did a double take as she spotted a much younger Molly Weasley among the students.

Molly Prewitt, Hermione reminded herself.

“No, it’s just a Boggart,” Harry smiled. “It just so happens that my Boggart is a Dementor. Now, it’s not as bad as the real thing, but it should give you an idea of what you’re up against. If you’re close to a corporeal Patronus, line up over here. If you’re not, just keep practicing like you normally would.”

Hermione frowned as Bellatrix jumped to the front of the line with a grin. Instantly, her mind went back to Malfoy Manor and the malicious smirk on her lips as she cut into her flesh. Unconsciously, she rubbed the inside of her forearm with a frown.

Surprisingly, Bellatrix was able to produce a crow Patronus that pushed the Boggart-Dementor back into the trunk.

A true dark witch or wizard couldn’t produce a Patronus, Hermione had to remind herself. *Maybe Harry is right about her.*

Sighing, she watched as Narcissa and Lily both had the same success. Even more surprisingly, they all had the same Patronus. Squealing happily, Lily ran to Harry and jumped into his arms as he closed the trunk. Smiling, she watched as Harry spun her around with a wide grin before setting her back down on her feet.

It’s good to see him so happy, she thought.

The next students to try had less success. Hermione bit her lip as Harry allowed himself to be tortured by the Boggart-Dementor over and over again so his students could learn. She admired his dedication, but she hated seeing him suffer. From the looks on the other girls’ faces, they didn’t either. Seeing Bellatrix looking at Harry with such care and worry was quite disconcerting.

Harry was covered in a cold sweat and panting heavily by the time Connie called it to an end. Harry wanted to keep going, but thankfully, the Defense professor ignored him and called the meeting to an end.

“Hey, Hermione!” Sirius called.

Sighing, she turned to face him.

“Listen, I was wondering if you wanted a tour of the castle,” he said, smiling as he swept a hand through his hair. “You know, since you’re new and all.”

“Thank you, but I’m waiting for Harry,” Hermione said.

Surprisingly, he scowled angrily.

“It won’t do you any good, you know,” Sirius said.

“What?” Hermione asked, confused.

“Potter,” Sirius scoffed. “He’s already dating Evans and both my cousins.”

“He’s dating them!?” Hermione asked, the words bouncing around the inside of her mind, unable to register.

“Yeah,” Sirius smiled. “But I -”

“Black!” Connie yelled. “Didn’t I tell you to leave her alone?”

“I’ll be in the courtyard out front if you want to join us,” Sirius told her with a wink.

“Hermione?” Connie asked cautiously.

Hermione ignored her, her hands balled into fists as she stomped over to Harry.

“We need to talk. Now!” she demanded.

Grabbing the sleeve of his robes, she dragged him away.

~

Harry finally got his feet under him as Hermione pushed him roughly into an abandoned classroom and slammed the door. Throwing up a quick set of privacy wards, she turned to face him, arms crossed over her chest.

“Is it true?” she asked.

“Er, what?” Harry asked.

“Are you dating Lily, Narcissa, *and* Bellatrix?” Hermione demanded.

“Er,”

“Harry, how could you!?” Hermione shouted. “Have you lost your mind!? She’s your –”

“I know,” Harry interrupted. “Look, just let me explain.”

“Does she even know the truth?” Hermione asked.

“Of course she does,” Harry replied indignantly.

“And Narcissa and Bellatrix?” Hermione pressed.

“Well, most of it,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair. “They just don’t know that Lily is, well - you know...”

“Bellatrix, really?” Hermione asked angrily. “Have you completely forgotten what she did to Neville’s parents - to Sirius - to me!?”

“Of course not,” Harry said. “Hermione, she’s not that person yet. I saved her.”

“You saved her!?” Hermione asked incredulously.

“Hermione, do you trust me?” Harry asked.

“What does that have to –”

“Do you trust me?” Harry asked, his voice firmer.

Hermione sighed, “Of course I do.”

“Then trust me,” Harry said softly, rubbing her upper arms. “Look, you’re exhausted. I’ve had months to come to terms with everything. Believe me, I know how overwhelmed you are right now. I felt the same way. Let’s just go to the Room of Requirement so you can get some rest, and I promise I’ll explain everything.”

He watched her struggle internally for a long moment before she sighed and leaned forward, her head resting on his chest.

“Why can’t it ever be over?” Hermione asked tearfully.

“It will be,” Harry promised, holding her gently. “One day, it will be.”

Wrapping his arm around her shoulder, he led her from the room. Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix were waiting for them in the hall with worried looks on their faces.

“I’m taking Hermione up to the room so she can get some sleep,” Harry said. “For her, it’s still the same day I killed Voldemort.”

Lily gasped before the girls shared a look and nodded. Smiling, she wrapped an arm around his shoulders and kissed him on the cheek.

“We’ll come to check on you later,” Lily said.

Harry nodded, “We need to explain everything to her, too. I think Sirius told her we’re dating.”

“Oh,” Lily said, then turned to Hermione with a smile. “I know it might seem strange, but we really do love him.”

Hermione groaned and buried her face in his chest.

“Later,” Harry smiled.

Smiling back, Lily kissed him on the lips, followed by Narcissa and Bellatrix. Waving goodbye, he led Hermione through the shortcut to the seventh floor and summoned the Room of Requirement. As she sat down on the bed tiredly, Harry walked over to the wardrobe and pulled out a pair of pajamas.

“Here, put these on,” he said.

“Will you stay?” Hermione asked vulnerably.

Harry smiled, “Always.”

Kissing her forehead, he turned around so she could change.

“What’s it like here?” Hermione asked.

“It’s been great for the most part,” Harry said over the sound of rustling clothes. “I have so much to tell you.”

“Like what?” Hermione asked with a yawn.

“I started a group to fight Voldemort,” Harry said. “Connie and the girls helped me start a Werewolf sanctuary. We’re even working on a cure.”

“Wow,” Hermione said, a smile in her voice. “That’s great. You can turn around now.”

Hermione lay on the bed in a set of flannel pajamas, her eyes slowly drooping shut. Smiling, Harry stepped out of his shoes, shrugged off his robe, and laid on his back next to her. Rolling onto her side, Hermione rested her hand on his chest. When he placed his hand over hers, they shared a look and smiled.

~

Hermione slowly drifted awake to the sound of whispered voices. It took her a long moment to remember where she was. Cracking her eyes out just enough to see, she noticed her position

had changed. She was practically lying on top of Harry now, her right arm and leg draped over him while her head rested on his chest. His arm was wrapped around her, holding her tightly to his body as his fingers caressed her back lightly.

If she wasn't so curious about what they were talking about, she could have easily fallen back asleep.

"Is she angry?" Lily whispered.

"A bit," Harry said. "I think it's more that she doesn't know what's happening. She went from winning a war and losing several close friends to being thrown back to a time when they don't even exist. It's a lot to take in."

Lily sighed quietly, "I wish there was something I could do to help."

"Just give her time," Harry told her softly.

"God, she probably thinks horribly of me," Lily groaned.

"I think she'll understand once we tell her everything," Harry said.

"I hope so," Lily replied. "Bella is worried too. She knows she did something bad to her. She just doesn't know what."

"When we were held prisoner at Malfoy Manor, Bellatrix tortured Hermione and carved the word Mudblood into her arm with a cursed knife," Harry told her softly.

"Oh God, that's terrible," Lily whispered. "Our Bella would never do that."

“We know that, but Hermione doesn’t,” Harry said. “We just need to give her time to adjust. I can’t tell you how hard it was not to kill Pettigrew the first few nights I slept in the dorm with him.”

Lily nodded and fell silent for a long moment.

“You know, before you came here, I could easily see Bellatrix turning out the way she did in your time,” she said. “Now, I can’t imagine her ever following Voldemort. And our Bella would never hurt Hermione. Especially since she knows how important she is to you. She’d kill herself before doing something to hurt you.”

“She really has changed a lot, hasn’t she?” Harry asked, a smile in his tone.

“And it’s all because of you,” Lily chuckled. “You turned a stone cold, ruthless killer into a perverted little kitten.”

Harry snorted quietly as Lily lifted herself up and kissed him softly. When she turned to look at Hermione, she closed her eyes quickly.

“I should go before she wakes up,” Lily said.

“Alright,” Harry said. “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Lily replied.

Hermione heard them kiss before the bed shifted. Feet padded softly across the floor before the door opened and closed. Sighing, Harry tightened his arms around her for a moment and kissed the top of her head. Hermione smiled as he rested his cheek on her hair, and his breathing slowly evened out. Taking a deep breath, she drifted back to sleep.

When Hermione next woke, she felt safe, warm, and well-rested for the first time in months. It took her mind several long moments to start working and to take in her situation. She was still in the Room of Requirement, but her position had changed. Now, she was lying on her side with Harry spooned up behind her. A blush covered her cheeks when she realized his hand was on her breast, and she could feel an incessant prodding against her backside.

Despite that, Hermione couldn't bring herself to move. His steady, deep breathing felt comforting against the back of her neck, and his strong arm kept her grounded as she let her mind wander.

Guilt washed over her when she thought back to the way she'd treated Harry. She really hadn't listened to him and just jumped to conclusions. To be fair, a lot had happened to her recently. To them, really. She couldn't imagine how tough it must have been for Harry to be here, in this time, alone. He'd fought a long and grueling war, only to be thrown back to the start of it.

At least it sounds like he's been proactive, she thought.

A part of her demanded she wake him up to satisfy her curiosity, but another part of her was loathe to move. It had been so long since either of them had had such a moment of peace, at least for her.

Unfortunately, the door creaked open at that moment. Peeking her head in, Lily looked at them on the bed and smiled. Hermione blushed even deeper and tried to scoot away, but Harry tightened his grip with a sleepy grumble. She inhaled sharply as his persistent erection ground against her bum. Looking up at Lily, the redhead giggled softly.

"Sorry, Harry always gets a bit handsy in his sleep," she whispered.

Hermione's eyes widened as she understood what that meant while Lily leaned over and shook Harry awake.

“Harry, love. I don’t think Hermione appreciates you groping her in your sleep,” Lily said laughingly.

Opening his eyes, Harry squinted adorably as he tried to look around without his glasses. Realizing who he was holding, his eyes widened, and he let go of Hermione quickly.

“Er, sorry,” he mumbled.

“It’s fine,” Hermione blushed.

“What time is it?” Harry asked as he sat up.

“Just after eight in the morning,” Lily replied with a smile. “If it’s alright with both of you, I thought I could bring Narcissa and Bella up here, and we could explain everything to Hermione over breakfast.”

“What about class?” Hermione asked out of reflex.

“It’s Sunday,” Lily smiled.

“Do you want to wait a bit?” Harry asked, slipping his glasses onto his face.

“No,” Hermione said firmly as she sat up. “I want to know everything that’s happened.”

“Alright, I’ll grab some food and the girls and be back in a bit,” Lily grinned.

Leaning over, she kissed Harry softly before leaving the room. Hermione couldn’t help but note the soft, happy smile on his face when he looked at Lily.

He really does love her, she thought.

That thought bothered her, but not for the reasons she expected.

Stop it, she told herself.

“Feeling better?” Harry asked.

“Yeah,” Hermione smiled. “I think that’s the first full night’s sleep I’ve had in months.”

“I know what you mean,” Harry smiled back. “Being back in a proper bed felt so good after all that time in the tent. Oh, and showers.”

“Uh, why did you have to say that?” Hermione asked, running a hand through her matted hair. “I must look a mess.”

“You look beautiful to me,” Harry grinned.

Hermione blushed and smacked his arm lightly.

“When did you become such a smooth talker?” she asked.

Harry shrugged with a smile and then closed his eyes. A moment later, a door appeared along the wall.

“You can go shower if you want,” he offered. “The girls and I will wait.”

Biting her lip, Hermione thought momentarily before climbing off the bed. As she reached the doorway to the bathroom, she paused and turned back around.

“Don’t go anywhere,” she told him sternly.

“I won’t,” Harry promised with a grin.

Shutting the door but not closing it all the way, Hermione stripped out of her pajamas and stepped under the hot water. She sighed under the soothing spray, watching as weeks of dirt, grime, and blood swirled down the drain.

Harry’s right. This feels so good, Hermione thought.

By the time she stepped out of the shower, she felt like more than just her outside had been cleaned. Drying off quickly, she put her pajamas back on and peeked through the door curiously.

Harry, Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix sat on the bed in a circle, picking at a plate of food. Hermione noted how happy Harry looked and how different the Black sisters seemed. Bellatrix looked nothing like the crazed witch she became under Voldemort, and Narcissa lacked the arrogance she remembered. Seeing them smile and lean into Harry, it was like they were different people.

Taking a deep breath, Hermione walked out of the bathroom.

“Hey, Hermione,” Lily smiled, holding up a plate. “We brought you some food.”

Hermione’s stomach chose that moment to growl loudly. Blushing, she and everyone else laughed as she climbed onto the bed.

“Thank you,” she said, taking a plate from Lily.

She moaned from the first bite. It had been months since she had anything that wasn't out of a tin.

"So, I guess I'll start," Harry said. "Well, you saw what happened in the headmaster's office. I ended up here about a month before school started."

"What is the date, anyways?" Hermione asked.

"It's April fourth," Lily said.

"Oh, wow," Hermione said. "Time was kind of... frozen after you disappeared. I knew I might not have a lot of time, so I went through the flames only a few seconds after you did."

"Huh," Harry said thoughtfully. "Must've been some type of time dilation caused by a ripple effect. I bet your use of the Time-turner in third year is why you could move at all."

Hermione gaped at Harry for a moment before she shook her head.

"You must've really been studying time travel," she remarked approvingly.

Harry shrugged, "Not really. Dumbledore thinks that because of my connection to the Hallows, and the fact I survived death, the magic from the Elder Wand merged with mine when I was pulled back in time. Theoretically, I am one of the Hallows now. I've been gaining knowledge from it for months."

Hermione opened and closed her mouth several times as she tried to think of a response.

"That's —" she paused and shook her head. "Only you, Harry. Only you."

Smiling, he shrugged.

“Anyways, once I realized there was no way back, I decided to make some changes,” he continued.

“Harry’s really been working hard to improve things,” Lily smiled proudly.

Hermione sat back quietly and listened as Harry talked about meeting Narcissa, Bellatrix, and Lily, stopping Greyback, getting a seat on the Wizengamot, and creating the Wolf’s Den. It was astonishing what he’d managed to accomplish in the months he’d been here. The ideas he talked about going forward were fascinating and, if they worked, could end the war and improve Magical Britain before their generation was even born.

For the first time in a long time, Hermione felt hope.

“That’s incredible, Harry,” Hermione smiled.

Bellatrix smiled at Harry adoringly and shuffled closer. Seeing Hermione watching her closely, the dark-haired witch frowned.

“Lily told me what future me did to you, Hermione,” she said. “Can I see it? I think I know what knife I used, and I might be able to heal it.”

Instinctively, Hermione brought her arm closer to her body and rubbed her forearm.

“You can trust her,” Harry said softly.

Scooting closer, Bellatrix reached out and placed a hand high up on Hermione’s thigh.

“Please?” Bellatrix pouted, her long nails trailing dangerously close to her mound.

Swallowing nervously, Hermione pushed her hand off her leg and offered Bellatrix her arm. Violet eyes sparkling, she smiled and pulled back Hermione’s sleeve. As she stared down at the crude letters marring her soft, pale skin, an angry scowl came over her beautiful face.

“That bitch!” Bellatrix growled. “If I ever meet this other Bellatrix...”

“Sister, you do realize you’re threatening yourself, yes?” Narcissa asked with a smirk.

Huffing, Bellatrix took out her wand, and Hermione stiffened. Harry wrapped an arm around her waist, causing her to relax slightly. Slowly, Bellatrix traced over the scars on her arm while muttering under her breath.

After a couple of minutes, Bellatrix looked up with a satisfied grin.

“All better,” she said happily.

As Hermione marveled at her flawless skin, Bellatrix trailed the back of her nail across it. Shivering lightly, Hermione pulled her arm back and cleared her throat awkwardly.

“Thank you,” she said softly.

“Great job, Bella,” Harry grinned, kissing Hermione’s head.

He’s so much more affectionate now, she thought.

Bellatrix smiled proudly and looked at Harry adoringly. Hermione was a bit startled to realize it was very close to how she used to look at Voldemort.

“Don’t worry, that’s a good thing,” Lily whispered.

Hermione blinked. For a moment, she thought Lily could read her thoughts.

“Bella’s much better off worshiping Harry than You-Know-Who, don’t you think?” she continued just as softly.

“I suppose,” Hermione admitted. “Harry, is there anything I could do to help?”

“Loads,” Harry grinned. “Andromeda needs help going over the test results from the Werewolf blood. You could help Lily and Narcissa draft laws to protect Muggleborns. Marlene is helping me figure out the Rune scheme for the mirrors I want to make. There’s a lot that needs doing.”

“Harry, I’m sure she’d like a break after everything she’s been through,” Lily said.

“Hermione likes to keep working,” Harry smiled, bumping her shoulder.

Hermione smiled and nodded.

“He’s right,” she admitted.

“You’re as bad as he is,” Lily smiled as she poked Harry in the side.

Twitching, Harry grinned before launching himself at Lily. Laughing, she shrieked as he tickled her sides. Hermione could only stare in shock.

He’s never been this playful before, she thought.

“You get used to it,” Narcissa sighed.

Though the regal witch tried to act irritated, a smile tugged at her lips.

~

After being sorted into Gryffindor, Hermione spent the next few days getting to know her new roommates. Surprisingly, she got along better with the sixth year Gryffindor girls than she ever had with her old roommates. It was a bit odd seeing people like Molly and Arthur when they were her age, but she got used to it fairly quickly.

Strangely, she noticed that Harry didn't seem to get along well with James and Sirius. It was easy to see why, though. Anytime James saw Harry with Lily, he would glare at them furiously.

Speaking of Harry and Lily, if Hermione ignored what she knew about the future, she thought they made quite the couple. They adored each other, and surprisingly, Narcissa and Bellatrix fit in naturally. She was glad to see Harry so happy once she got used to the situation, but it left her feeling like a bit of an outsider.

It was a feeling she steadfastly ignored, putting it down to simply being new.

Perhaps the hardest thing for Hermione to adjust to was the attention she got. Being the new girl, everyone wanted to know about her. Disturbingly, Sirius seemed to be set on wooing her. He cornered her at every chance and continually asked her on dates that she tried to turn down as gently as possible.

“It's because of Harry,” Narcissa explained after she'd complained about it. “Sirius sees it as a competition for your affection. I overheard him talking about it with James in the library.”

Groaning, Hermione dropped her head onto the table.

“Do you want me to make him back off?” Bellatrix asked eagerly.

That was another thing that took some getting used to. Bellatrix was eager to make up for what her future self had done to her.

“That’s really not necessary,” Hermione said, biting her lip as Bellatrix rested her hand on her thigh under the table.

“I swear, Sirius hits on anything with a pair of breasts,” Alice huffed. “I really don’t understand why some girls find him attractive.”

“Money, looks, and charm,” Dorcas replied with a grin.

“Who do you think is better looking, Hermione?” Mary asked. “Sirius, James, or Harry?”

“Harry,” Marlene, Alice, and Dorcas replied in unison.

Exchanging looks, they all broke into giggles. Hermione smiled and shook her head.

“Need I remind you you’re dating Frank,” Dorcas teased Alice.

“I told you, we can look but don’t touch,” Alice smirked.

“I’m more interested in what Hermione thinks,” Mary said, looking at her expectantly.

Hermione bit her lip, more because Bellatrix trailed her fingernails along the inside of her thigh than embarrassment.

“Harry,” she admitted, feeling flustered. “James and Sirius are too immature.”

“I knew it,” Alice smirked.

“Speaking of Harry, where is he anyways?” Marlene asked. “And Lily?”

“Probably in a broom cupboard,” Alice smirked.

“Alice!” Marlene giggled.

“She’s not wrong,” Bellatrix added with a smirk of her own.

Under the table, Hermione clamped her legs shut as the other witch’s nails trailed higher. Mercifully, Harry and Lily walked in hand in hand, smiles on their faces.

“Hey, you two,” Alice grinned. “Have fun?”

Lily rolled her eyes.

“Get your mind out of the gutter, Alice,” she said. “We had to talk to Professor Hammer after class.”

“Uh huh,” Alice hummed. “Sure, you did.”

“What did you have to talk to her about?” Hermione asked, pushing Bellatrix’s hand away.

Bellatrix pouted but moved her hand.

“Just making plans for the next trip to the Wolf’s Den,” Harry said.

“Can I go with you?” Hermione asked. “I’ve been dying to see it.”

“Of course,” Harry grinned.

“Hey, Hermione,” Sirius called from behind her.

Bracing herself, Hermione put a smile on her face and turned around.

“Hello, Sirius,” she said.

“Are you sure you don’t want to go to Hogsmeade with me tomorrow?” he asked with a rakish smile. “I promise to show you a good time.”

“Thank you, but I already agreed to go with Harry,” Hermione told him.

“Seriously?” Sirius asked, then turned to glare at Harry. “Do you have to take all the good looking witches?”

Every witch within earshot that wasn’t dating Harry glared at him.

“Excellently done, Sirius,” Narcissa smirked. “I believe you’ve just ensured no one is going to Hogsmeade with you.”

Glaring at his cousin, Sirius huffed and stomped off. Hermione dropped her head into her hands with a groan.

~

As Hermione left Arithmancy with Lily and Marlene, she spotted Harry and Bellatrix talking with Molly and Arthur down the hall. Smiling, she was about to raise her hand and wave when Harry wrapped his arm around Molly and blatantly placed his hand over her breast. Her jaw dropped as he squeezed it roughly while Molly blushed.

“He wouldn’t,” she whispered.

Grinning, Harry led Molly over to an unused classroom while Arthur followed eagerly. Just before Bellatrix closed the door, she caught sight of Hermione and winked with a grin.

“Please tell me he’s not doing what I think he is,” Hermione said.

Lily and Marlene shared a look.

“Arthur likes watching her with Harry,” Lily said. “Let me explain. It all started when Molly tried to slip Arthur a love potion...”

~

“You slept with Mrs. Weasley!?” Hermione shouted, smacking Harry on the arm.

“She’s still a Prewitt here,” Narcissa said.

Wincing, Harry looked at her over Hermione’s shoulder and shook his head.

“Harry, how could you?” Hermione asked, smacking his arm twice more.

“It wasn’t my fault,” Harry said. “It just... happened.”

“It just happened!?” Hermione asked incredulously with a glare.

“Well...”

Hermione lost patience and smacked his arm again.

“Ow, Hermione,” Harry grumbled. “Is that really necessary?”

“Is there anyone else you’re sleeping with I should know about?” Hermione asked, finally burning herself out.

“Er...”

“Harry!”

“Alright!” Harry said, holding his hands up in surrender. “Er, I see Rosmerta when I get a chance.”

“Of course you do,” Hermione said, huffing and rolling her eyes.

“She was the first person I told the truth to,” Harry said in his own defense. “She helped me a lot when I first got here.”

“And you three are alright with this?” Hermione asked, spinning around to glare at Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix.

“We like watching him fuck other witches,” Bellatrix shrugged.

“Must you be so crude?” Narcissa asked.

“It’s true,” Bellatrix smirked. “I really like it when he makes them beg.”

Lily blushed as Hermione turned her intense gaze on her.

“We do like watching him,” she admitted quietly.

“It also helps him build connections,” Narcissa added.

Huffing, Hermione spun back around and glared at Harry.

“Is there anyone else?” she asked.

“Er...”

“Harry,” Hermione growled.

“Connie,” Harry said.

“You’re shagging a teacher!”

Bellatrix followed Hermione as she stormed out of the classroom and into the courtyard.

“You’re not really mad at him, are you?” she asked.

Hermione looked at her out of the corner of her eye before sighing and slowing her stride.

“No,” she said. “I’m just – It’s a lot to take in. I mean, Mrs. Weas – Molly was always like this motherly figure for Harry and me. To know he’s sleeping with her...”

“Does it bother you he’s sleeping with her or that he’s not sleeping with you?” Bellatrix asked.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Hermione huffed.

“I think you’re jealous,” Bellatrix smirked.

“I am not,” Hermione insisted, backing up as Bellatrix stalked towards her.

“Really? Then why are you so angry at him?” she asked.

“I-”

Hermione broke off when her back hit the wall. Bellatrix grinned, her eyes sparkling brightly as she stood uncomfortably close and rested her hands on Hermione’s hips.

“We don’t mind sharing, you know,” Bellatrix said softly, her large breasts brushing against Hermione’s modest bust. “I wasn’t lying when I told you we like watching Harry with other witches. You wouldn’t believe how hot it is to watch him make them beg and moan.”

Hermione swallowed thickly as Bellatrix grazed her fingernails over her abdomen through his thin blouse.

“I – I don’t think of Harry like that,” she protested softly.

“Really?” Bellatrix asked, unconvinced. “Tell me you didn’t like the way it felt when you woke up with him the night you got here. I noticed you didn’t close the door when you were showering. Were you hoping he’d take a peek? Maybe you wanted him to go in a join you?”

“N-no!” Hermione stammered. “I – I just wanted to make sure he didn’t leave.”

Hermione gasped as Bellatrix suddenly pressed her body against her firmly. Her hands ran up her sides, brushing the sides of her breasts. Their mouths were less than an inch apart, and Hermione could feel Bellatrix’s breath ghosting across her lips.

“I don’t believe you,” Bellatrix whispered with a smirk.

Swallowing thickly, Hermione’s eyes widened as Bellatrix leaned forward. She squirmed to the side and managed to slip out from under Bellatrix. Rushing out of the courtyard, she looked back and saw Bellatrix grinning at her salaciously.

What the hell is going on, Hermione wondered.

Breathless and flushed, she entered the castle and headed for the Great Hall.

~

“What did you do?” Lily asked Bellatrix the next morning.

As they sat in the Great Hall for breakfast, waiting to go to Hogsmeade, Lily noticed an odd tension between Hermione and Bellatrix. Hermione seemed determined to avoid meeting Bellatrix's eyes at all costs and latched onto Harry as soon as she sat at the table.

"I'm just trying to make her realize she likes Harry," Bellatrix whispered.

"What?" Lily hissed, moving their heads closer so they wouldn't be overheard.

"Oh, come on," Bellatrix said. "No woman gives up everything she has for a man she isn't in love with."

Lily opened and closed her mouth several times.

Why didn't I think of that, she wondered.

It made complete sense. Hermione had left everything and everyone behind to follow Harry to an unknown destination. There was no way she wasn't in love with him. Still, that didn't answer her question.

"Then why is she avoiding you?" Lily asked.

"I might've hit on her a little bit," Bellatrix smirked.

"Bella," Lily groaned.

"She's going to have to get used to the idea sooner or later," Bellatrix whispered. "Besides, she's pretty cute."

Lily sighed, "Bella, are you sure you're the best person to be doing this?"

Bellatrix pouted, "But I want to seduce her for Harry."

Lily reached under the table and gave Bellatrix's hand a sympathetic squeeze. As she pulled back, she noticed her leg was held out completely straight. Narrowing her eyes, she looked across the table where Harry and Hermione were sitting. Harry was engrossed in a conversation with Narcissa, but Hermione was blushing and shifting in her seat.

"Bella," Lily hissed, struggling not to laugh. "Really?"

Bellatrix smirked, and Hermione inhaled sharply a moment later. Sighing, Lily knew there was nothing she could do to stop Bellatrix from trying to seduce Hermione. All she could hope to do was keep an eye on her and temper her more outrageous ideas.

"You might want to stop that. We're going to be leaving soon," Lily said.

Pouting, Bellatrix dropped her foot to the ground and sat up straight. Letting out a shaky breath, Hermione shifted closer to Harry and hugged his arm. He looked over at her worriedly, but she gave him a reassuring smile.

"You girls ready to go?" Harry asked.

~

Hermione stepped outside of Honeydukes and took a deep breath. She had to get away from Bellatrix for a bit. The whole day, she'd been staring at her with a predatory gaze. Every chance Bellatrix got, she touched Hermione, caressing her curves and pressing against her.

She looked for safety near Harry, but it felt like Lily and Narcissa were conspiring against her. Hermione could only stay near him for a couple of minutes before one of them dragged him

away and edged her off to the side. Like a shark smelling blood in the water, Bellatrix would pounce on her.

Hermione almost wished she would just draw her wand and curse her. That would be so much easier to defend against than blatant sexual advances. All the while, Bellatrix would whisper the nasty, filthy things she wanted to see Harry do to her.

The worst part was they were turning her on. Hermione had never thought about Harry in a sexual way before, but ever since Bellatrix put those thoughts in her head, she couldn't get away from them. Every time she got near him for protection, she couldn't help but remember what it felt like to have his arms around her and his erection pressed against her bum.

Shaking her head, Hermione sat down on the bench outside with a sigh.

"Well, well, if it isn't the new Muggleborn," A voice said derisively.

Clenching her jaw angrily, Hermione looked up and glared at Lucius Malfoy.

"Go away, Malfoy," Hermione bit out in annoyance.

"Oh, we have a feisty one," Malfoy smirked, looking at the two boys standing on either side of him, who chuckled. "Perhaps it's time someone gave you a lesson in how to properly address your superiors."

"Didn't you learn your lesson the last time, Lucius?" Bellatrix asked, coming to stand behind Hermione.

Malfoy's eyes narrowed, and the boys looked at him nervously.

“Your boyfriend’s not here to save you this time, Black,” Malfoy spat. “In fact, he won’t be around much longer at all.”

In perfect unison, Hermione and Bellatrix snapped their wands forward, letting off identical red Bludgeoning Hexes. They slammed into Malfoy’s groin, doubling him over with a grunt. Eyes wide open, he cupped his crotch and dropped to his knees with a breathless squeak.

“Don’t you *ever* threaten Harry again,” Bellatrix hissed furiously. “Get him out of here.”

Rushing forward, the two boys grabbed Malfoy by the arms and dragged him away. A moment later, Harry came charging out of Honeydukes, wand in hand.

“What happened?” he asked sharply. “Are you two alright?”

“We’re fine,” Hermione said, letting out a breath.

“It was just Malfoy,” Bellatrix shrugged. “Nothing Hermione and I couldn’t handle on our own.”

Sharing a look with her, Hermione smiled.

“Why do you always get to hit Malfoy, and I don’t?” Harry asked with a grin.

Blushing, Hermione covered her mouth and laughed. Smiling, Harry wrapped an arm around her shoulders and started towards the Three Broomsticks.

They had only sat at their table for a few seconds before Rosmerta came over to take their order with a wide smile. Shifting in her seat, Hermione watched as she blatantly flirted with Harry, bending over in front of him and placing her bulging breasts near his face.

She startled suddenly when Bellatrix rested a hand on her thigh with a smirk.

“Wouldn’t you just love to see Harry bend her over this table in front of everyone?” she asked, caressing the inside of her knee.

Blushing, Hermione closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

“What can I get for you, dear?” Rosmerta asked kindly.

“A Butterbeer with fish and chips, please,” Hermione said, opening her eyes.

Writing down the order, Rosmerta grinned and ran her hand along Harry’s shoulders.

“I’ll have it right up,” she told him in a sultry whisper.

“Thanks, Rosie,” Harry smiled.

“You’re not going to tell her about Hermione?” Narcissa asked curiously as Rosmerta walked away.

“Not here,” Harry replied quietly. “It’s too crowded. I’ll tell her next time I sneak out for a visit.”

Leaning into his side, Lily giggled.

“Do you have any idea how jealous James and Sirius would be if they knew about you and Rosmerta?” she asked laughingly. “They’ve been trying to get into her knickers for years.”

“And for our Harry, it took – what, a week?” Bellatrix asked with a smirk.

Hermione shifted in her seat. She really couldn't understand how they could be so casual about their boyfriend sleeping with other women.

If I was dating Harry-

Hermione cut that thought off with a shake of her head.

~

When they returned to the castle later that evening, Harry had his arms around each of the Black sisters, giving her a much needed break from Bellatrix's attention.

"Do you still want to help me with those Runes tonight?" Harry asked, looking at her over his shoulder.

"Of course," Hermione said.

"Great," Harry smiled. "Let's head on up to the room."

"You go ahead," Lily said, grabbing Hermione's arm lightly. "I want to talk to Hermione for a minute."

Harry eyed her curiously for a moment before he shrugged.

"Alright," he said.

Hermione slowed her pace to match Lily's as Harry, Narcissa, and Bellatrix turned the corner.

"I'm sorry about Bellatrix today," Lily said. "I didn't think she'd be that... persistent."

"Do you know why she's...?" Hermione asked, trailing off with a blush.

"Hitting on you?" Lily asked with a smile. "A couple of reasons, actually. Firstly, she really does feel bad about what the future her did to you. It might seem odd, but that's her way of trying to make it up to you."

"She thinks feeling me up in a pub is going to make me feel better?" Hermione asked incredulously.

Lily giggled.

"I'm afraid Harry's turned her into a bit of a sexual deviant," she chuckled. "Still, it's better than the alternative, isn't it."

"I suppose," Hermione conceded softly. "What was the other reason?"

"She knows you're in love with Harry," Lily smiled.

Hermione gasped quietly.

"I am not!" she hissed. "I -"

"Oh, come on, Hermione," Lily interrupted. "You don't leave behind everyone and everything you've ever known for a guy if you're not head over heels for him."

Well, when she puts it like that..., Hermione thought.

“Harry and I have ever only been friends,” Hermione said. “Best friends.”

“And you’ve never wanted more?” Lily asked skeptically. “You’ve never wondered what it would be like if the two of you got together?”

“Well, of course, I’ve thought about it,” Hermione confessed softly. “But it would never work.”

“Why not?” Lily asked.

Hermione bit her lip as they continued down the hall slowly.

Why couldn't it, she wondered.

“Harry doesn’t see me like that,” Hermione said, shaking her head.

“What?” Lily barked incredulously. “Of course, he does. Hermione, he talked about you all the time. I don’t think he went a single day without mentioning you before you got here.”

“Really?” Hermione asked, her stomach fluttering.

“You know, we’ve actually been having a lot less sex this week,” Lily said. “Harry didn’t want you to feel left out by us running off all the time.”

“I’m sorry,” Hermione said.

“Don’t be,” Lily said, waving off the apology. “We all know how important you are to him, and we accept it. That’s probably another reason Bella is trying so hard to get you in bed. She’ll do anything to make Harry happy, and she thinks getting you to sleep with him will do that.”

"I—" Hermione swallowed and paused to gather her thoughts. "Has he ever said anything about..."

"No, but he doesn't need to," Lily smiled. "I've seen the way Harry looks at you, Hermione. He loves you even if he doesn't admit it to himself."

"I don't know if I could share someone like that," Hermione said.

Even to herself, it sounded like she was looking for excuses.

"Well then, let's find out," Lily grinned.

Grabbing her by the hand, she pulled Hermione down the hall quickly.

"Where are we going?" Hermione asked.

"To the Room of Requirement," Lily replied.

Hermione wondered how that was going to prove anything, but she sighed and followed her anyways. When they reached the door across from the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy, Lily held a finger to her lips. Cracking the door open, she peeked inside and grinned. Moving to the side, she waved Hermione over.

Furrowing her brow in curiosity, she peeked inside and gasped. Bellatrix sat on her knees, completely naked and staring up at Harry adoringly as he drove his large, rigid length into her mouth and down her throat. Hermione covered her mouth in shock. She tried to take a step back but bumped into Lily instead.

"Just watch," Lily whispered, wrapping her arms lightly around her waist.

Hermione swallowed as she watched a naked Narcissa move to stand next to Harry and lean against his side. Smiling, she tilted her head up and kissed his cheek while her hand caressed his chest. With a groan, Harry kissed her on the lips as Bellatrix pulled back slowly. Hermione marveled as inch after inch of his length appeared from between her lips.

A gasp left her lips when the tip finally slipped free. Behind her, Lily caressed her stomach, and her lips softly brushed the side of her neck.

“It’s exciting, isn’t it?” Lily whispered. “Do you see why I enjoy seeing him with other women now?”

Hermione did. As she watched Bellatrix lean forward, taking him back into her mouth and down her throat, she felt excitement pooling in her core. It felt so wrong and yet so exciting at the same time. Not only was she spying on her best friend, but he was also with a witch that – in their old future, at least – had committed horrendous crimes.

Seeing such a fearsome witch like Bellatrix on her knees, willingly allowing herself to be used for his pleasure, was incredibly arousing.

Hermione’s muscles twitched, and she let out a shuddering breath as Lily’s fingers ghosted up her stomach. Slowly, she trailed them up to her chest and over her breast. Her nail traced over Hermione’s hardened nipple through her shirt and bra, sending a pleasant shiver down her spine.

“You know,” Lily breathed into her ear, “with so many witches, there’s always some of us available to take care of each other when Harry’s busy. Have you ever been with another witch?”

“No,” Hermione said with barely a whisper.

She inhaled sharply a moment later when Lily grasped her breast firmly. Hermione let out a shuddering breath as she kissed the side of her neck while her free hand slid down the front of her jumper to her jeans.

“I prefer Harry, but there’s just something naughty about being with another witch,” Lily whispered. “Plus, Harry likes it. You should see how hard he gets when I’m with Bella or Cissy.”

“Bella, you need to hurry up, love,” Harry said suddenly. “Lily and Hermione could be back any minute.”

Lily gave a sultry chuckle, her breasts jiggling against Hermione’s back.

“Should we tell him?” she asked, causing Hermione to gasp softly.

Before she could think of how to reply, Lily kissed her neck and threw open the door.

“Too late,” she said, and Hermione could hear the smirk in her voice.

“Hermione,” Harry gasped in surprise.

His hands moved to Bellatrix’s head to push her away. Swatting his hands, Bellatrix met Hermione’s gaze. With a smirk in her violet eyes, she grasped Harry’s hips and swallowed him to the root. Harry groaned loudly as Lily pushed her into the room and closed the door behind her.

“Bella,” Harry growled.

It was a deep, commanding tone she’d never heard Harry use before, and it made her legs tremble.

"It's fine," Lily said. "We've been watching from the doorway for a while."

Harry blinked, "Really?"

Hermione blushed under his intense gaze, worrying her lip between her teeth. He searched her face for a long moment, causing her to squirm but leaving her unable to look away. Finally, he smiled softly and ran a hand through Bellatrix's hair.

"Well, then I guess we should put on a show," he said, finally turning away to look down at Bellatrix. "Shouldn't we?"

Pulling off of his glistening length, Bellatrix stared up at him and grinned.

"Was Bella bad?" she asked excitedly.

"I don't know," Harry said, turning back to Hermione. "What do you think? Should she be punished?"

Hermione opened her mouth but couldn't get the words to come out. Closing it with a click, she nodded instead.

"Hmm," Harry hummed, looking back down at Bellatrix and caressing her cheek with surprising tenderness. "Were you naughty, Bella?"

Eyes sparkling brightly, she nodded her head while leaning into his touch.

"I was trying to seduce her," she admitted with a smile.

Harry sighed and shook his head before glancing at Hermione out of the corner of his eye with a smile on his lips.

“What am I going to do with you?” he asked.

“Punish me?” Bellatrix asked hopefully.

When the hand caressing her cheek suddenly shot forward and roughly grabbed a handful of her thick, dark hair, Hermione gasped. She’d never expected Harry to be so rough. With a moan that sounded more pleased than pained, Bellatrix was pulled to her feet.

“Don’t worry, she likes it,” Narcissa said, coming to stand next to her.

Hermione nodded absently, her eyes never leaving Harry as he roughly dragged Bellatrix over to the bed.

“Come on, let’s go take a seat,” Lily said.

Taking Hermione’s hand, she led her over to a couch that faced the bed.

As Harry tossed Bellatrix onto the mattress, she rolled over to look at him with a hooded gaze. Rubbing her legs together, she licked her lips in anticipation as he started stripping out of his clothes.

Taking a seat next to Lily, Hermione’s breath hitched as she watched his muscular chest come into view.

“I heard my son was quite the nuisance to you at school,” Narcissa said, finally drawing Hermione’s attention away from Harry. “Is that true?”

“Um, well, yes,” Hermione stammered, her eyes raking over the witch’s generous curves.

“Then, perhaps, I should make it up to you,” Narcissa said, dropping to her knees in front of Hermione. “Would I be right to assume he would be appalled to see me doing such a thing with a Muggleborn?”

“Yes,” Hermione said, swallowing nervously as Narcissa undid the button of her jeans. “Especially me.”

Narcissa smirked, “Good.”

When she tugged her jeans down, Hermione hesitated for a moment before lifting her hips.

I can't believe I'm doing this, she thought. But the look on Malfoy's face if he knew what his mother was doing...

“Lucius wouldn’t like it either,” Hermione continued nervously.

Lily and Narcissa giggled as Hermione’s jeans were discarded to the floor.

“What?” Hermione asked, covering her panties self-consciously.

“We’re not laughing at you,” Lily assured her.

“Oh, Lucius knows exactly what Harry is doing to my sister and me,” Narcissa smirked. “Harry pinned him and his friends to the floor when they tried to ambush him. Then, he made them watch as he took Bellatrix right there in the hallway.”

Hermione's jaw dropped, and then she giggled loudly. She actively hated very few people, but Lucius Malfoy was one of them. That bastard deserved anything Harry did to him.

Suddenly, she was pulled out of her thoughts when Narcissa leaned in and kissed the inside of her knee. Without thought, she spread her legs open. Chuckling, Lily took off her jumper before reaching for Hermione's. Biting her lip, she raised her hands and let her pull it over her head, revealing her plain white bra underneath.

Glancing over at the bed, she froze when she noticed Harry staring at her with an appreciative gaze. Her first instinct was to try and cover up, but she stopped halfway through the movement and dropped her arms. Giving her a soft, reassuring smile, he turned back to Bellatrix and climbed onto the bed.

Hermione panted, feeling a bit overwhelmed as she watched him kiss her aggressively while Narcissa pulled off her panties and Lily unclasped her bra. A moment later, she was completely exposed to the room. It only made her feel slightly less nervous when Lily stripped next to her.

As Narcissa kissed her way up to her hot, damp mound, Hermione watched breathlessly as Harry guided Bellatrix onto all fours with one hand gripped tightly in her hair. Without pause, he lined himself up with her entrance and sank in to the hilt. With her head being pulled back roughly, Bellatrix closed her eyes with a deep moan.

Kissing her softly on the lips, Harry suddenly pushed her head down, pinning it to the mattress. Pulling back until most of his length was outside of her, he stopped and then snapped his hips forward harshly. Huffing with exertion, he pounded into Bellatrix savagely, drawing a deep, wanton moan from her lips.

"Don't worry, he's not always that rough," Lily said, misreading Hermione's wide-eyed expression. "That's just what Bella likes. Cissy likes it soft and gentle most of the time, and I prefer a mix, depending on my mood."

"Oh," Hermione said, panting as Narcissa ran her tongue through her folds. "What about the others?"

As the words left her mouth, Narcissa smirked up at her from between her legs. She almost wished she hadn't asked, but she couldn't repress her curiosity.

"Rosmerta likes it gentle from what I've heard," Lily grinned. "Connie likes to roleplay. She tries to stay in charge, but Harry always ends up in control. I think it makes her feel better about sleeping with a student. Molly was a real surprise, though. She loves being completely manhandled and humiliated while Arthur watches. Harry just pulls her aside and takes her whenever he feels like it."

"Oh my God," Hermione moaned.

I wonder if Molly and Arthur ever did anything like that in our time, she wondered.

A moment later, she gasped when Narcissa teased her clit. Despite the loud moans and hisses coming from Bellatrix, Harry heard her and looked over. Hermione shuddered as his eyes raked over her breasts with a lustful stare. His gaze was so intense it actually took her breath away.

Suddenly, Harry pulled out of Bellatrix and threw her onto her back. Hooking one of her legs over his shoulder, he slammed back into her with an animalistic growl. Hermione moaned, her own folds tingling in sympathy as Bellatrix howled. Her large, jutting breasts bounced wildly from Harry's powerful thrusts as her violet eyes stared up at him worshipfully.

His green eyes burned lustfully as he stared down at Bellatrix's face, the dark haired witch moaning and writhing wantonly under him. Hermione panted, her fingers tangling in Narcissa's blonde hair while Lily bent down and took her nipple between her lips.

Harry slammed brutally into Bellatrix's depths, a loud, wet clap issuing from their bodies. Reaching under the leg that rested on his shoulder, he grasped her breast and gripped it tightly. His fingers sank deep into her soft, pale mound, causing the nipple to swell and turn a dark red.

Hermione's mouth dropped open, and for just a moment, she swore she could practically feel the engorged nub against her tongue.

"Harry," Bellatrix whined.

Harry growled as she arched her back, his thrusts losing depth and gaining speed. Letting go of her breast, he took her nipple between his thumb and the side of his index finger before pulling and twisting harshly. Bellatrix cried out, her nails leaving red lines across his shoulders as they raked across his skin.

Gasping, Hermione whimpered as Narcissa sank two long, thin fingers into her depths. Meanwhile, her tongue continued to swirl and lap at her clit, quickly driving her toward a powerful climax.

"Harry," Hermione moaned softly.

Pulling away from her breast, Lily shared a look with Narcissa and smirked.

"Fuck!" Bellatrix barked.

Hermione gasped when Harry suddenly placed his hand on Bellatrix's neck and squeezed. Reaching up, she grabbed his arm, but it didn't look like she was trying to pull it away. She simply rested her hands on his arm as her body began to convulse.

"Harry!" Hermione yelled worriedly.

"It's alright," Lily said. "Watch."

Harry watched Bellatrix's face closely as it turned bright red while he continued to pound into her harshly. Her body writhed under him for several long seconds until he abruptly released her throat and yanked himself out of her.

Bellatrix sucked in a deep breath as a geyser of arousal shot out of her and landed on the other side of the bed. Muscles taut, she groaned breathlessly as Harry reached down and vigorously – almost violently – stimulated her clit. Hermione gasped as she watched the spectacular display, her own depths clenching around Narcissa's fingers. A moment later, she tipped over the edge.

Catching her breath, Bellatrix screamed as she erupted again and again. Finally, Harry stopped and allowed the exhausted witch to collapse onto the mattress, where she continued to tremble and twitch. Smiling, he stroked her cheek gently with his damp fingers and kissed the top of her head.

Coming down from her climax, Hermione pushed Narcissa away from her sensitive mound and panted heavily.

"Do you want to join Harry on the bed?" Lily whispered.

Looking over at him, Hermione bit her lip as she raked her eyes over his body. When she caught sight of his rigid, throbbing length, the head swelled to an angry red, she swallowed nervously.

Lily exchanged a look with Narcissa, and they shared a smile. Standing up, they each grabbed one of Hermione's hands and pulled her to her feet. As they led her towards the bed, Harry and Bellatrix looked her way. Hermione flushed as their eyes raked over her naked body, and she could feel her nipples hardening under the attention.

Bellatrix smirked before sitting up and moving out of the way. Lily gently placed her hand on Hermione's back and pushed her onto the mattress. At first, Hermione was nervous about meeting Harry's eyes, but looking down, she ended up staring directly at his throbbing length. Up close, it looked even larger and more intimidating. Looking away from his glistening shaft, she ended up staring straight into his bright green eyes.

Neither of them said a word as they held each other's gaze. Their deep friendship, built over years of hardship and triumph, allowed them to tell what the other was thinking. Hermione could see the desire in his gaze tempered by worry that he was pushing her too far just as well as Harry could read her excitement and nervous uncertainty.

Reaching up, Harry pushed a lock of her hair back behind her ear, his fingers trailing lightly across her cheek. He gave her a reassuring smile which Hermione returned with a nervous one of her own. Suddenly, she was shoved onto her back, and Harry was left blinking, his hand still raised to where her cheek had been.

"Bella," Narcissa scolded. "They were having a moment."

"She's taking so long," Bellatrix pouted.

Hermione rolled over onto her back with a glare and then froze when Bellatrix smirked at her. Dropping to all fours, she crawled forward, her hips swaying alluringly. She continued forward until they were face to face, Bellatrix's long, curly hair falling around them like a curtain.

"Will you just admit you want him already?" Bellatrix asked. "'Cus if you don't want to, I'll be glad to fuck him again."

Seeing that damned smirk on her face, Hermione sat up and rolled Bellatrix over until their positions had been reversed. She growled angrily as Bellatrix grinned up at her even as she was pinned beneath her.

"Just for that, you're going to sit here and watch," Hermione huffed.

"Er, Hermione?" Harry asked nervously.

"Just do it, Harry," Hermione barked before her voice became softer. "I – I want to."

As Harry shuffled behind her, Hermione panted and bit her lip nervously. A gasp left her lips when Bellatrix reached up and gripped both of her breasts roughly. Smirking, Bellatrix rolled her nipples gently before abruptly giving them a sharp twist. Hermione shocked herself by letting out a deep, guttural moan.

Bellatrix chuckled, her eyes sparkling with excitement as Harry stopped behind her and caressed her bum. Biting her lip, Hermione moaned lightly and then gasped when she felt his hot, hard length brush against her thigh. A tremor of excitement ran through her as he pressed himself against her taut, slick folds.

Leaning over her back, Harry kissed her shoulder while his hand trailed up her stomach to cup her breast. Hermione moaned as he squeezed firmly and held her to his chest.

"I've wanted to do this for so long," Harry said, his voice deep and husky.

"Really?" Hermione asked breathlessly.

"Mh hmm," Harry hummed, his chest rumbling against her back. "The Summer before third year, when we met in Diagon Alley. That's when I realized how beautiful you were."

Turning her head, Hermione kissed him on the lips. Electricity coursed through her body as their lips and tongues met. She gasped and moaned into his mouth when Bellatrix gave her nipple a little tug. A moment later, they broke apart, both of them smiling and breathless.

"Second year," Hermione whispered. "When I realized it was a Basilisk, all I could think about was warning you. It's when I realized how important you were to me."

"Aw," Lily cooed.

Laughing, Harry gave Hermione one more kiss before sitting back up.

“What, no kiss for me?” Bellatrix asked.

Hermione rolled her eyes. Just as she opened her mouth to speak, Bellatrix grabbed the back of her head and pulled her down, kissing her aggressively. Grunting in surprise, Hermione’s eyes widened. As Bellatrix’s tongue slipped into her mouth, she gradually relaxed and kissed her back.

A moment later she felt Harry’s hand on her hip and the tip of his member pressing against her entrance. Pulling her lips away from Bellatrix’s breathlessly, she closed her eyes, not sure what to expect.

Bellatrix leaned forward, kissing and sucking at her neck as Harry slowly eased into her. Hermione gasped as she was stretched open around his girth. That slight, burning pain mixed with the incredible sensation of being filled caused her to gasp.

“Oh God,” Hermione groaned, her words causing Harry to still. “Don’t you dare stop.”

Rocking her hips back, she inhaled sharply as his length sank deeper. Bellatrix chuckled with her lips still attached to her neck.

“I knew you’d like it,” she purred.

Trailing her hand down Hermione’s stomach, she teased her clit while Harry rocked back and forth, slowly driving into her depths.

“Faster,” Hermione panted.

While Harry sped up, his hips finally connecting with her bum, Bellatrix laughed.

“You love Harry’s big cock, don’t you,” she asked, licking from the bottom of Hermione’s throat to her chin.

Suddenly, Bellatrix pulled her hand away from her clit. Hermione groaned as she smiled at her, her violet eyes glittering mischievously.

Smack!

Hermione’s eyes widened as Bellatrix’s hand impacted her bum sharply. Gasping, her hips bucked as the stinging sensations went straight to her throbbing core.

“Bella,” Harry growled warningly.

“She likes it,” Bellatrix smirked, tracing her fingernail along the front of Hermione’s throat. “Tell him, or I won’t do it again.”

Biting her lip, Hermione groaned as Bellatrix caressed her stinging skin.

“More,” she whispered softly.

Bellatrix’s face lit up with a grin. Hermione panted as she lifted her hand off of her bum, waiting anxiously for it to come back down.

Smack!

Hermione gasped, her eyes going wide as she trembled. The hand that spanked her was larger this time, leaving her whole cheek stinging lightly. Seeing the look on her face, Bellatrix cackled.

“Fuck, Hermione,” Harry groaned. “We should’ve done this years ago.”

Grabbing her small but thick bum in his hands, Harry groped her cheeks roughly before spanking her again, this time on the other side.

“Harry,” Hermione moaned. “Harder, please.”

“The spanking or the fucking?” Bellatrix asked.

“Both,” Hermione panted.

Leaning over her back, Harry thrust into her sharply. The force drove the breath from her lungs, but the feeling was worth it. A moment later, his hand connected with her skin. Hermione hissed, the harsh sting pushing her closer to a powerful climax.

“She’s almost as bad as Bella,” Lily giggled.

Smirking, Bellatrix seemed to take those words as a challenge. Tilting her head down, she caught the tip of one of Hermione’s jiggling breasts between her lips and bit down on her nipple.

“Ooh,” Hermione moaned wantonly.

Bellatrix pulled back, stretching Hermione’s breast. Each thrust of Harry’s hips made her body jolt slightly and caused Bellatrix’s teeth to tug at the swollen nub. Suddenly, she pulled back further, scraping her teeth across Hermione’s sensitive skin.

“Harry!” Hermione screamed as she tumbled over the edge.

Harry grunted as her tight folds clutched at his thrusting length. Trembling uncontrollably and gasping for breath, Hermione’s arms gave out, and she collapsed on top of Bellatrix. Eyes

clenched shut and mouth open in a silent scream, she rocked back and forth as an incredible climax thundered through her body.

“Bloody hell, Hermione,” Harry panted.

Catching her breath, Hermione pushed herself back up onto her arms. As she moved, she suddenly realized that Harry was still rock-hard inside of her.

“You haven’t...?” she asked, blushing lightly and feeling disappointed in herself.

“He’s holding back,” Lily told her as she caressed her back. “He likes to make sure we’re taken care of first.”

Biting her lip, Hermione shifted forward until Harry slipped out of her. Rolling over onto her back, she spread her legs invitingly and crooked her finger at him.

“Are you sure you don’t want to take a break?” Harry asked as he crawled over the top of her. “We have all night.”

“I hope we have longer than that,” Hermione smiled while wrapping her arms around his neck.

With a beaming grin, Harry leaned down and kissed her passionately. Wrapping her legs around his waist, Hermione pulled back and smiled at him.

“I want to feel you in me,” she whispered in her sexiest tone.

It must’ve worked because she felt Harry throb against her leg. Giggling, she reached down and took him in her hand. Marveling at his size, she lined him back up with her entrance. As he sank back into her depths with a groan, the bed shifted slightly. Hermione smiled when she saw Lily on her left, Narcissa behind her head, and Bellatrix on her right.

As Harry began to thrust in and out, Lily leaned over and kissed her gently. Hermione gasped a moment later when he pulsed inside of her.

"I told you he likes to watch," Lily giggled.

"Can you blame me?" Harry asked. "Do you have any idea how sexy you look together?"

Hermione and the girls giggled.

"What, you mean like this?" Bellatrix asked.

Turning to Narcissa, she cupped her cheeks and kissed her deeply. Hermione gasped, her core fluttering as she watched their tongues meet in the small gap between their lips. Moaning, she dug her heels into Harry's bum and urged him deeper.

"Harder," Hermione panted.

"I won't last long if I go faster," Harry told her.

"I don't care. Please," Hermione begged, rolling her hips.

With a groan, Harry pulled more than halfway out before slamming back in. Hermione threw her head back and moaned, the sultriness of the sound surprising her.

"Do you want him to fuck you like he fucks me?" Bellatrix asked, reaching over to caress her breast. "Do you want him to pound that big, fat cock into you? Use you like his personal whore until he explodes inside of you?"

Tightening her grip on Harry, Hermione closed her eyes and moaned as a shudder ran through her body. It made her sound like such a – a slut, but yes, she wanted it.

“Do it,” Bellatrix demanded excitedly.

“Bella, it’s her first time,” Harry told her.

“It’s alright,” Hermione said softly. “I – I want to try it.”

Harry blinked down at her in surprise before he smiled.

“Merlin, Hermione. I had no idea you were this... kinky,” he said.

“Neither did I,” Hermione admitted.

Leaning down, he kissed her softly.

“Tell me if it’s too much,” he said.

Nodding, Hermione braced herself as Harry pushed himself up on his arms. Pulling back until only the tip remained in her, he suddenly drove forward harshly. Hermione gasped, arching her back and sinking her nails into his skin. Watching her face closely, Harry did it again and again, his pause between thrusts growing shorter each time.

Soon, he was pounding her into the mattress relentlessly. Hermione panted breathlessly, the feelings coursing through her, leaving her mind blissfully blank. Harry panted heavily above her, sweat gathering on his brow as his muscles flexed powerfully. The feeling of his length being buried in her depths sent a constant stream of lightning racing to her core.

“You look so hot,” Bellatrix said, wrapping her lips around one of Hermione’s nipples.

On the other side of her, Lily pinched and teased her other nipple while Narcissa caressed her face gently. The mixture of sensations was nearly overwhelming. Rough and soft, hard and gentle, all of it left her body crying out for more.

Hermione’s body teetered on the edge as Harry hammered her into the mattress. Each of his deep, powerful thrusts drove the breath from her lungs. With a growl that sent a shiver down her spine, he thrust as deep as he could and held himself there.

Hermione gasped when she felt him swell inside of her. His rigid length seemed to tremble a moment before it pulsed, and she felt heat erupt from his tip. Throwing her head back, Hermione moaned as she was catapulted over the edge. Stars burst behind her eyes as he continued to swell and pulse in her depths, flooding her core with heat.

Leaning over her, Harry buried his face in the crook of her neck and groaned while his hips flexed to the rhythm of his orgasm. Moaning, Hermione wrapped her arms around him and hugged him tightly, welcoming his weight on top of her.

Gradually, their climaxes waned, and they caught their breaths. Lifting himself up, Harry smiled crookedly before he gave her a tender kiss.

“I love you, Harry,” Hermione whispered.

“I love you, too,” Harry replied softly.

With one more gentle kiss, he sat up on his knees and slipped out of her. Hermione winced slightly as she moved her legs, her hips and mound already starting to ache.

“You alright?” Harry asked worriedly.

“Just a little sore,” Hermione said with a reassuring smile. “Definitely worth it, though.”

Harry smiled in relief as Lily reached over to caress her leg.

“I think we can help with that,” Bellatrix grinned.

Suddenly, Hermione gasped when Bellatrix worked her way between her legs. With surprising gentleness, she lapped at her leaking folds, making sure to show Hermione the mixture of fluids on her tongue before she swallowed. Giggling, Lily caressed her stomach while Narcissa kissed her neck.

“We’re going to have so much fun together,” Bellatrix said.