Afternoon Delights

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Afternoon Delights

by tyrannic_puppy

Summary

A Collection of sensual and naughty times in the lives of Harry Potter and Hermione Granger. Scenes may or may not be connected or in the same 'universe'.

Notes

A/N: This fic will **not** feature any of the chapters where the characters are in Hogwarts. If you're looking for those chapters, please see my profile on AO3 or SqWA.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: Distraction is best served sexy

Chapter Summary

Dealing with the Wizengamot is the most frustrating thing Hermione Granger has ever done, and she went to Hogwarts with the Weasley Twins. Thankfully, she has a dreadfully understanding and rather wicked husband to welcome her home.

Chapter Notes

Beta'd by the most wonderful and talented AlexandraO.

The emerald flames dwindled around Hermione as she stepped fully into the living room. Anger coursed through her as she seethed over the moronic old prigs she was forced to deal with. There was no legitimate reason to deny the motion, none beyond the depth of their own pockets, that is.

She shrugged loose of her cloak and dropped it with her heavy bag at the base of the coat rack beside the large fireplace. Her parents had thought it odd to have it beside the fireplace before she had shown them floo powder for the first time. But even a lighthearted memory like that was insufficient to dispel her lousy mood.

Spinning on her heel, her mind came to a shuddering halt. All thought and feeling fled her now still form as her eyes tried to drink in the sight before her.

She could count on the fingers of one hand the number of times in the past that her brain had completely ceased its normally prodigious function. One of which had been the result of an unscheduled meeting with a basilisk's gaze by the Hogwarts library.

This time, however, the cause was much... nicer.

Sitting, well more draped than seated, on the couch opposite the fire, was Harry Potter.

Usually, the sight of her husband brought a smile to her face, but today he brought a lot more than that.

The onyx fountain pen she had bought him for his thirtieth birthday was clenched both in his left hand and between his sparkling white teeth. He was staring at several sheets of paper grasped in his right hand, the arm of which was perched absently on his knee.

But this wasn't the knobby-kneed Harry with the broken glasses from her youth.

Laid out over most of the couch, he was clad only in a pair of light-grey sweatpants, his favourite for lazy days in the house. A real shame, Hermione thought, as his legs were one of her favourite parts of Harry to stare at. His naked chest glistened in the afternoon sunlight pouring through the large window behind him as he absently went about his work.

The years of neglect he had suffered at the hands of his 'relatives' had instilled in Harry a desire to take care of his body since finishing at Hogwarts, and take care of it he had. While his muscles were not overly large, they were firm and, well, Hermione had no better word for it than sexy. Seeing him reclined over her favourite couch in next to nothing had made her completely forget whatever it was that had ruined her afternoon.

And randier than hell.

She licked her lips absently as she devoured his body with her eyes. Fingers pulled at the far too tight collar of her work shirt as she sought to let out some of the heat now pooling in her body.

He hadn't even turned to look at the noise of the floo, so engrossed he must have been in his work, so there was nothing to discourage Hermione from her blatant ogling as she unconsciously stepped closer to the couch. She now noted that the soft grey fabric was pulled somewhat tighter around the waist, and she realised that her husband was at the very least, nursing a semi.

A naughty smirk spread across her face as she pondered just what Harry had been thinking about to cause such a reaction, as her thighs ground together in response before her attention was pulled north of the border it had been fixed on. Harry had turned his head to catch her eye, and a broad smile broke over his chiselled features. Her knees became a little weak as she took the full force of what she had come to call his *paparazzi face*, though when he put it on for the cameras, the smile never reached so far into his eyes.

She couldn't help but bite her lower lip as she took in the way the corners of his eyes crinkled under the strain such a broad grin put on the skin. His eyes seemed to brighten despite the already bright summer sunlight behind him. And his near-naked body seemed to glimmer even more as he smiled at her, before turning his gaze back to the papers in his hand.

And that was it. Hermione was done for.

It took her precisely seven seconds to cover the distance from the fireplace to the couch, clothing flying everywhere as she moved, and with a deep moan, her lips crashed heavily against his.

Harry's rough hands slid up her now naked back, leaving a path of tingling gooseflesh in its wake as her own hands worked to unravel the rather loose knot keeping his modesty in check.

As the knot came free, she wasted no time in divesting him of his only clothing and straddling his waist.

Exactly thirty seconds after that smile, she was wearing one of her own as she welcomed him deep within her, and all thoughts of… whatever she had been doing, were gone. Only the two of them mattered now.

Sex with Harry was a drug, one which Hermione had embraced her addiction to with both hands. Hands that were currently skirting over his glistening flesh as she rocked back and forth.

Her lips finally came free of his when she flicked her head back with a guttural growl of pleasure. Only barely capturing the feral look in Harry's eyes for a moment before her own closed to further immerse herself in her sense of touch.

Harry's strong hands that had cupped her tight ass the moment she had slid him home were now moving northward. Their path was familiar and well travelled. Smoothing their way over the tiny dimples on her back, which always sent a shiver of delight up her spine, before tracing either side of the column before they spread wide over her shoulder blades for a moment. Then curling under her raised arms.

This time the gooseflesh preceded the motion as her body anticipated the movement. Her breasts were aching to be touched, and he did not deny them for long. Both fleshy mounds were soon encased in his strong grip, and though she still believed them too small, he once more proved that any more than a handful was a waste as he masterfully moved over the sensitive flesh.

Her erect nipples were gently twisted and tugged back and forth as his palms cupped and squeezed her breasts, sending shots of pleasure all through her tensed body.

Hermione felt like a wire being pulled taut; every muscle was tensing as she approached that familiar cliff. Harry had never once failed to bring her to orgasm, yet somehow, today he was playing her like a finely tuned instrument, and he the maestro.

"Harry…" The breathless gasp escaped her as his hands and cock worked her body in truly magical ways.

And with a turn of his right palm, and a clapping thrust of his hips, her body snapped, and she fell all at once.

Her fingers gripped his collarbones tightly, nails digging into flesh as she silently panted her release. She could feel the muscles all over her body misbehaving as the waves of pleasure being cast from her core swept over them. With her eyes firmly shut, she could not see it, but she knew Harry was looking at her like the most precious thing on the planet.

Many times he had described to her the feelings he experienced when he watched her face during orgasm. The first time she had turned bright red and refused to speak to him for hours from the embarrassment. Now she revelled in the knowledge that the faces she made were able to excite him to that degree.

For years she had battled with her self-image, but not once had Harry ever let her believe she was anything short of beautiful.

As her senses once more began to function in their proper manner, she noted his calloused, strong fingers delicately working over the skin of her cheeks, the thumb tracing her bottom lip, which was now trapped under her upper teeth. Something he had told her many times was grounds for a sound shagging if done in public.

She could not stop the giggle that thought sent through her and, upon opening her eyes, she saw the same mirth in Harry's.

But it did not take long for the twitching muscles of her lower region to change that mirth to desire once more.

A matching smirk drew across her own face as she raised her hips upward before slamming back down, drawing a loud groan from Harry as she started to work him in all the ways she knew he loved. Because, just like he had with her, she had never failed to bring him to climax during sex. At least, barring that one time Ron had walked in on them and received a sound hexing from them both for his trouble. And she was not about to fail today.

Shifting her grip to his upper arms, she used the firm muscles as an anchor as the rest of her body began to move with a primal need. Her eyes were locked on his own as he used his thumb to free her now bruised lip from her own firm grip on it.

A devilish smile took over her features as she gave the movements her all, and the room was soon filled with the lurid slapping sound that *every* room in the house had been treated to at least twice.

Hermione's body once more began to sing with delight as she built toward another orgasm, but it was the glint in Harry's eye that she was fixated on. She was not going to give herself over to it before he did this time.

Sex between them had always been intimate, but today, barely a foot separating their faces as they both stared deeply into the other as their bodies took their fill, Hermione didn't think she had ever been so horny in her life. And she had come only a few minutes before.

"Fuck…" The whimper left her lips, but she refused to close her eyes this time. "I love you."

Harry bit his own lower lip in response in a failed attempt to stifle the moan that statement drew forth.

"I love you, too. So much."

Their lower bodies were practically a blur as they slapped heavily together. Every nerve ending in their bodies was on fire, like a pleasurable cruciatus curse, and neither one wanted it to ever end.

But despite them both having a stubborn will of iron, the inevitable, by definition, could not be stopped.

"Her...mi...neeeeeeee" Harry growled as his hands moved to once more cup her arse, his fingers digging in as he used the grip to really slam into her body.

Hermione could not stop her own release as she felt the first fiery spurt of semen splash inside of her, wailing her own release to the heavens as all sense of the world outside of herself and Harry was washed away on the searing pleasure she gave herself over to.

Their lurid moaning and panting merged into a song of joy as they continued to thrust and grind as they rode out what was undoubtedly one of the greatest mutual orgasms they had ever shared. And they'd shared a great many over the past thirteen years of marriage.

Hermione became limp as she let herself fall, knowing Harry was there to catch her. Never once since the war had he failed her, and he proved himself once more as his strong arms encircled her and pulled her loose form hard against his chest, his face nuzzling her cheek as he became lost in her wild hair, now free of the professional bob she had constrained it to that morning. If there was one inescapable fact of her hair, it was that it would not be contained during sex. No matter the method used.

As she lay panting in Harry's arms, Hermione glanced down and noted the discarded papers Harry had been working on when she'd arrived. But something was off about them. As her prodigious mind began working normally once more, she noted that they were all blank.

Reaching down, she flipped a few over and saw they were blank on both sides.

Glancing up at Harry, she noted his photogenic smile had been replaced by his shit-eating grin. Which, if she was honest with herself, was her favourite look on him, after his o-face.

Her eyes narrowed in suspicion, and she clenched her muscles about his still-buried member.

"What did you do?" She asked accusingly, barely a whisper.

Harry stroked his fingers over her pale, sweaty cheek, his smile not changing one bit.

"Distracting you from those morons."

And he leaned forward and captured her lips once more.

And she realised he was right. She had completely forgotten her frustration over dealing with those idiots in the Wizengamot. But Harry didn't need to know that, just yet anyway.

"Well then, get on with it, my love."

Harry's smirk widened, and she felt him pulse back to life within her.

"As you wish."

Chapter 2: Seeing Clearly

Chapter Summary

New Years is a time for reflection and looking at the things you want to change in your life. But what if it's already perfect but for one important step?

Chapter Notes

Beta'd by ALRYM (FFN id: 8427977). Make sure you check out their work.

Harry took a deep breath and tightened his arms around the beautiful witch in his arms.

"Hermione," He whispered softly, his voice heavy with resolve, "marry me."

Hermione's breathing froze for a moment before she rolled her shoulder backwards, pressing her naked back firmly against his chest and looking over her shoulder into his deep green eyes. They were even more distracting without his usual glasses but much easier to read.

"What?" She asked, so utterly dumbfounded at what she thought she heard that her brain couldn't even manage the vagaries of sensible speech.

"I said..." he paused, rolling his shoulder back as she had and leaning away from her body. Hermione watched as he raised his left arm and made an odd grasping motion at the air. After a moment of rustling from inside the already open top drawer, a small dark green velvet box lifted out and shot into his hand. Leaning back against her body and filling her with greater warmth than she'd already felt at his presence, as she wound down from the orgasm they'd shared only a few minutes earlier. "Marry me."

A pulse of magic popped the top of the velvet box open, and Hermione gasped at the glint of morning sunlight catching off the average-sized, yet gloriously magical green stone in the pale platinum ring.

"Why?"

Harry smiled at her as he snuggled in tight to her once more. "When was the last time either one of us slept alone?" He paused once more to plant soft kisses along her shoulder, moving up her collarbone as she unconsciously rolled forward again to allow him to press tighter against her and let his lips shift higher. "We have nigh on romantic dinners together out on the town, just the two of us, every Tuesday and Friday night. Sundays are spent with your

parents as you catch up with Helen while Richard and I watch the recorded matches from the week gone by."

Hermione felt her heart stutter at the soft kisses and breathy words cascading over her flushed skin, combining with the images in her mind of the sheer domesticity their friendship had taken up.

"We've been dating for four and a half years now, in all but name. I know beyond all doubt that I love you with all my heart. I love your family, who have accepted me completely, without reservation or judgement. You spend more time wrapped in my arms here in bed than we do at the Ministry most weeks. You have more clothing in the chest of drawers over there in the corner of my bedroom than I do."

Hermione turned her head to catch the lips that had reached her cheek with her own, entangling Harry in a warm and passionate kiss. Everything he was saying was true. They were dating; hell, they were living together. Her flat was an idea more than a place she stayed anymore. On the long weeks when he had to go away, she would invite Luna over, and the two would 'house-sit' for him as she bundled herself up in whatever shirt or jumper smelled most of Harry that week to help alleviate just how badly she missed his arms around her.

Harry broke the kiss, and Hermione felt her breath catch as she opened her eyes again and saw his own, now dangerously close to her. The only things visible, Harry's smiling earnest face, and the shimmering gem perched atop the engagement ring in his left hand.

"Our lives are already intertwined in every other way that matters. Do me the immense honour of allowing me to take your beautiful hand in marriage. Let's be Potters together and start working on making a new generation to pass our love onto as well."

Hermione could feel the heavy tears of joy building in the corners of her eyes. When most girls imagined a proposal, it was something fancy. A candle or moonlit dinner. Music playing as you stared lovingly into one another's eyes. The man down on one knee. Yet here she was, naked as the day she was born, still sticky between her thighs from their recent lovemaking and thoroughly enjoying pressing her firm bum into the rising, turgid form of Harry. And she realised this blew away any overplanned proposal by miles.

The man she loved, and had done for years now, was baring his soul to her in the most intimate place he could. They were as open to one another now as they had ever been. The picture of their life had been on the verge of completion for so long now that it was only stubborn blindness that had kept them from falling over this final hurdle and becoming one forever.

Harry's eyes shimmered as he looked down on her with his own love shining from within. Hermione accepted the truth in her heart. She had everything she had ever wanted in this life, except for that beautiful ring adorning her finger.

"Yes." Hermione bit her lip and felt a surge in Harry's length between her bum cheeks, causing her to shudder in pleasure at how such a simple nervous tick could affect him so. "I will marry you, Harry."

He kissed her again, fiercely taking her lips with his own. They had shared many passionate embraces over the years, and it only now became clear to Hermione that they had been fueled by the deepest love she'd ever known. She felt a tremor against her left hand, and when the kiss broke apart, she found her hand clutched gently in Harry's, the velvet box no longer anywhere in sight.

Instead, in its place was her own pale fingers, shining in the morning light and looking divine wrapped in the warm platinum embrace of her engagement ring. Hermione recognised it better now that it was free of its confines. Harry had shown it to her years earlier when they had been sorting through his parents' effects. His mother's wedding ring had become her engagement ring. To wear from now until the day they passed together from this world, where it would then adorn her heart for all time.

Hermione tore her eyes from the sight and rolled her body once more, this time moving so that she was lying fully atop her fiancé. Her breasts mushed heavily into his own heaving chest as they shared themselves via the lips once again. Unveiled love at long last being shared equally back and forth between the two.

As she pulled back once more to catch her shallow and rapid breaths, Hermione felt the question leaving her unbidden. "Why today, Harry?"

Harry returned her gaze with his brightest smile. "New Year's are supposed to be about change. Bringing something new to your life. And yet when I looked back on mine, I realised that there wasn't a single thing I wanted to change about it. I love my work. I live with the most amazing woman on the face of the earth and love her with every fibre of my being. The only thing missing from my life was this," he gently fingered the ring that already felt at home on her hand. "Hindsight is supposedly twenty-twenty, but looking back on life, the only thing I needed going forward in mine was you."

Hermione was lost in his gaze as she explored his very soul through his eyes and knew what he said was true. It had been a very long time since either one of them had been able to keep the truth about anything of consequence from the other. It was hard enough to keep Christmas and birthday presents a secret. Her heart hammered away in her chest and she rolled her body fully over so she was now laying flush atop her future husband, her hardened nipples pressing into his firm chest. With a movement perfected by a lot of delightful practice, she captured his pulsing length, welcoming it back once more into her own warm sheath.

Her eyes remained locked firmly on his as Harry's hands began to travel her skin, lighting an even brighter fire in her with every inch they covered. Her entire body was receptive to him these days. He could quite literally play her body like an instrument, drawing just the right moan or keening shudder from her to play music.

The more she considered their situation, the more certain she became that Harry was right. They were married in all but name. And had been so for years now. This was the only step forward they could take besides the one she hoped to accomplish next.

Feeling his solid form within her had always sent Hermione into the highest of pleasures, and she was riding him now for all she was worth. The amount of movement she could coax out

between them while maintaining almost complete skin contact with him was unbelievable, except that they had done just that time and time again, together.

Harry cupped two cheeks at either end of her body as he drew her slowly down to meet his lips once more. The tenderness of the kiss was equal to the slow, languid movement of their hips as they shared their love as physically as a couple were humanly able. The last blindfold had fallen away, and if anything, this sex was better than any they had shared before. This time, they were both fully aware of the deep love that guided their every movement.

Hermione broke the kiss as she arched upwards, pressing her soft belly and chest hard against Harry as intense pleasure spread from her nether regions. A constant stream of blissful shudders travelled up and down her spine, leaving her entire body, every millimetre of skin not being pressed against Harry's own, tingling with something more amazing than any magic she'd felt before.

She was rapidly reaching her peak, despite the slow pace, and knew this was going to be one for the ages. Familiarity with her fiancé informed her that the twitching member inside of her was also nearing its apex. Hermione keened, biting down on her well-abused lower lip as she recalled that she was at her most fertile time of the month. That was why Harry had not finished in her the night before, but this morning, she wanted nothing more than for him to do so today.

"Inside, Harry." She whimpered, locking eyes with him once more. "Let's get started on that new generation today too."

The hand on her face slipped into her wild hair as she felt them both slide over the edge of that abyss together, and the sounds of their combined orgasms filled the room, just as he was now filling her womb.

Hermione understood true bliss at that moment. It was a fact to her now that while sex didn't need emotion to be fun, it most assuredly took it to a whole other level when present. She had never climaxed like this before in her life. Simply acknowledging the hidden love she had probably always harboured for Harry had elevated this beyond anything she had experienced in her life.

It was several long and blissful minutes before either one was coherent enough to speak.

"My body feels so alive, I don't want to move," Harry whispered into her ear.

"Mmmm, me either. That was…"

"Magical." Harry chuckled softly, his arms trailing slow paths up and down her back, leaving tingling gooseflesh in their wake.

Hermione finally loosened her grip on his solid shoulders and turned her head to snuggle deeper into his throat. The many times she had finished atop him and lacked the power to move had let her know Harry was more than capable of supporting her weight like this for a good hour or so. Once they had even fallen asleep in this position and woken hours later still held in his solid embrace.

"How did we not notice, Harry? Seven years we've been doing this." Her voice was muffled against the skin of his throat, his racing pulse slowing under her lips as they panted their way down from the tips of the mountain they had climbed together.

"Maybe we did. I've not looked at another woman this way since the first time we were together. I've always felt at home in your arms. And coming home from a few days away to find you sleeping on my bed covers, wrapped in my fluffiest jumper, has always warmed my heart more than I could possibly put into words." Harry paused as his hand buried once more in her hair, pressing her firmly against himself, and he breathed the scent of her deeply. "Just the smell of you is comforting. Your presence brings me peace. I think we noticed; we just weren't ready to admit it to ourselves yet."

Hermione nodded against his skin, her mind telling her that she felt the same about everything he had said. Her hugs had started as a way to comfort Harry but had grown to be something she craved. And now she would find any excuse to hold him to her. And his scent was enough to throw off the yoke of a horrible day at work. Harry was home for her, and he had been for more than a decade now. This morning's events were simply the logical next step in the lives of Harry and Hermione, for they had been that for so long now it was an immutable fact of the universe.

She allowed her mind to freely drift among her thoughts, viewing them all through the newly polished lens of their revealed feelings. Every scene brought a smile to her face.

"Mmmmm," she cuddled as tightly against Harry as she could, once more thinking that her short time as a catgirl had left more cattish traits in her than she initially believed, "I'm going to sleep now. But I want to wake up like this for the rest of my life."

"As do I," he replied, somehow managing to get the loose sheet by their feet up over their naked, entwined form. "Sleep well, my love. I'll be here when you wake."

Hermione let herself drift into sleep, knowing that her true life had just begun and she would cherish every moment of it in the arms of her fiancé.

End Notes

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Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!