

## Road to Recovery

Hermione sighed and leaned against the doorframe as she watched Harry sip a glass of Firewhiskey and stare into the fire. It had been three months since the end of the war, and her friend wasn't coping well. The worst part was she didn't know how to help him.

There was just so much bothering him that she didn't know where to start. The loss of so many lives weighed heavily on his mind. He barely left the house because of all of the attention he got. That had been the leading factor in him not returning to Hogwarts. Hermione had originally wanted to return with him and Ron to finish their schooling, but even she could admit that the castle just felt different to her now. She could only imagine how it felt for Harry, who thought of Hogwarts as his one true home.

Then there was the painful breakup with Ginny, who had the gall to blame him for Fred's death. Harry already had enough issues with guilt, and he didn't need Ginny piling it on. That had led to a gap forming between him and the rest of the Weasley family, another devastating loss for the young man who had given everything to save the world.

To top it all off, with the death of Voldemort and the rounding up of his Death Eaters, Harry was lost. Without the constant fight, he'd told her that he didn't know what to do with his life. He felt like defeating Voldemort was his reason for existing, and that that was done, he didn't know what to do.

Even his dream of becoming an Auror had been dashed almost instantly. While Kingsley fought hard to get him on the force, the Wizengamot thought he was too important to risk his life arresting dangerous criminals. Hermione had tried to help him, looking into Curse Breaking and other dangerous or adventurous jobs, but no one would take him. The Goblins were still cross over their break in, and the others didn't want to risk being the ones that got Harry Potter killed.

Now, Harry spent his time moping around the house, growing more despondent by the day. Grimmauld Place itself seemed to darken with his mood.

Biting her lip thoughtfully, Hermione spotted a radio sitting on the mantle. Smiling to herself, she flicked her wand, and the room was filled with the singing of Celestina Warbeck. Harry frowned and tensed, his hand moving to his wand while he looked around the room. Cringing, Hermione stepped into the room and put a smile on her face. Harry eyed her curiously as she stopped in front of him and held out her hand.

Slowly, a smile stretched across his lips, the first she'd seen on his face in days. Taking her hand, he stood and gave her a twirl. Hermione laughed as she was spun and then pulled against his chest. With one of his hands in hers and the other on her waist, they swayed to the music.

A few moments later, Hermione wrapped her arms around his neck and rested her head on his shoulder. Harry hugged her close, inhaling deeply with his nose buried in her bushy hair. Gradually, his shoulders relaxed while they spun in slow circles.

While she'd been trying to comfort him, Hermione felt safe and at peace in his arms. Her worries and the world around them faded as they moved as one.

All too soon, the song came to an end, and the moment was broken by an advertisement for Madam Malkin's.

"Thanks, Hermione," Harry said, smiling softly as he pulled back. "I think I'm going to go to bed."

"Alright," Hermione said, regrettably letting her arms slip from his shoulders.

He surprised her by kissing her cheek and smiling crookedly before turning and leaving the room. Hermione reached up and touched the spot where his lips had touched. Sighing, she fell into a chair, and now it was her turn to stare into the fire thoughtfully.

The next day, Hermione left for work before Harry was even awake. While she wished she could stay home and help him, she really did love her work. Writing legislature to ensure equality in the Wizarding World and prevent another war like they just had might not sound exciting, but now she felt like she was actually making a difference.

As she stepped out of the elevator, she heard a raised voice.

“I don’t care what you got on your NEWTs. I’m not hiring someone like *you*,”

Hermione bristled at the arrogant tone and narrowed her eyes. This was the sort of bigotry she was fighting against. Peeking around the corner, she spotted her old classmate, Daphne Greengrass, glaring at one of the office managers.

“What do you mean someone like me?” Daphne asked, her piercing blue eyes narrowing in anger.

“You know exactly what I mean,” the manager, who Hermione now recognized as Janice Whitworth, sneered. “There’s no way I’m hiring your kind to work in this office.”

“What do you mean ‘her kind?’” Hermione asked, walking around the corner.

“Ms. Granger!” Janice yelled. “I was just telling Ms. Greengrass here that we don’t have any openings-”

“I heard what you told her,” Hermione interrupted firmly, crossing her arms over her chest. “This office does not discriminate against anyone for any reason. It goes against everything we’ve been working for.”

“But you know what they did,” Janice said, eyeing Daphne angrily. “All of those Muggleborns that were rounded up and Kissed.”

"I didn't have anything to do with that," Daphne ground out.

"You didn't do anything to stop it either," Janice glared. "All of you are the same. You only--"

"Enough!" Hermione barked. "If we start treating people the same way we were treated, then we're no better than they are. We need to be above that."

"They killed my son!" Janice snarled, tears gathering in her eyes.

"I'm sorry," Hermione said sincerely. "But blaming her for what someone else did isn't going to make things better. Take the rest of the day off, Janice. I'll have Megan take over for you."

"I'm fine," Janice said, wiping her eyes.

"No, you're not, and no one should expect you to be," Hermione said firmly. "Go home and get some rest. I know how much you've been working lately."

Janice hesitated for a moment before nodding and standing up. Without even glancing in Daphne's direction, she gathered her purse and left the office. Hermione sighed as she watched her go.

"Come with me," she said to Daphne.

Hermione led her through the maze of cubicles to her private office, just down the hall from the Minister's office.

"I'm sorry about that," Hermione said, closing the door behind her and walking around her desk. "Things have been tense since we learned just how bad the Ministry was under Voldemort's control. Please, have a seat."

“How bad was it?” Daphne asked. “I haven’t seen anything in the Prophet.”

“That’s because the full investigation isn’t finished yet,” Hermione sighed. “It was bad. Over four hundred Muggleborns were Kissed, we have over two hundred reports of Aurors and Snatchers accused of sexual assault, and we’re still finding Muggleborns that are being held captive by former Ministry officials. It’s beyond disturbing.”

Sighing, Hermione rubbed her eyes and pulled out a slip of parchment.

“So, what job were you looking to apply for?” Hermione asked.

“I was hoping for a secretarial position,” Daphne replied. “I’d eventually like to work as an aide to the Minister, but I know that could be years away.”

“Do you have your resume?” Hermione asked.

Nodding, Daphne handed it over. Hermione looked it over before glancing at a list of currently open positions. Surprisingly, she found that Janice had been telling the truth. There were no open secretary positions in the Minister’s office.

“Well, we actually don’t have any open secretary positions at the moment,” Hermione said, causing Daphne’s shoulders to sag in disappointment. “However, if you’d like, I could hire you as my assistant.”

Daphne perked up in her seat.

“What would I be doing?” she asked.

“You’d be helping me write legislature, researching laws, looking for precedent, that sort of thing,” Hermione said.

“So, I won’t be running around, getting you tea and biscuits?” Daphne asked with a little smirk.

“I’m perfectly capable of getting my own tea, thank you,” Hermione smiled. “I take it that means you accept?”

“Yes,” Daphne smiled. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Hermione replied. “Like I said, I just want equality for everyone, no matter who they are or what family they were born into.”

“I think I’m going to like working for you,” Daphne said.

After spending the rest of the morning getting Daphne set up, they Flooed to Diagon Alley for lunch. Hermione was surprised by how much she and Daphne got along. They’d spent years together at school but never really talked much, and she mentioned it to Daphne.

“That was mostly because of the politics in Slytherin,” Daphne said. “My father did a lot of business with families like Malfoy, Parkinson, and Nott. They could’ve made real problems for my father if I was caught being too friendly with you.”

“That’s horrible,” Hermione said.

“It was,” Daphne agreed. “Fortunately, I had Tracey to keep me company. Especially now.”

“What do you mean?” Hermione asked.

“Voldemort took all of our money, and it will take years for our businesses to make decent profits again,” Daphne said. “My father wanted to make money by selling me to some old Pureblood family in Germany, so I had to leave the house. I’ve been sleeping on Tracey’s couch

for the last few months. It gets a bit awkward when she brings her boyfriend, Blaise, over, but it's better than sleeping on the street."

Hermione sighed, "We need to get rid of those ridiculous marriage laws. You shouldn't be able to sell your daughter."

"That's going to take a lot of work," Daphne said. "Marriages for political or monetary gains have been happening for hundreds of years."

"Then it's a good thing I don't mind working overtime," Hermione smiled.

Daphne laughed and took a sip of her Butterbeer. Hermione couldn't help but think how nice it was to have another girl to talk to, and that led her to an idea.

"You know, Harry's house is pretty big, and it's just the two of us living there," she said. "I could ask Harry if you could stay there."

"That's alright," Daphne said. "I don't want to intrude."

"You wouldn't be," Hermione said. "Honestly, it would be nice having you there. Harry's really been having a tough time of it lately."

"Really?" Daphne asked with a curious look. "I thought things would be good now that everyone loves him again."

"Harry's not like everyone thinks of him as," Hermione said. "Everyone thinks of him as some sort of fairytale hero, but his life has been one tragedy after another. Honestly, I'm worried this war might have broken him. There was so much death, so many lies. There's only so much one person can take."

“And you think me staying there would help?” Daphne asked after a moment of thought.

“I don’t know,” Hermione said, chewing her bottom lip. “It couldn’t hurt. I just don’t know how to help him anymore.”

She shook her head.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have asked,” Hermione said. “I have no right to put that kind of pressure on you.”

“It’s alright,” Daphne said, reaching across the table to pat her hand. “After everything Potter’s done for us, he has every right to ask for help. Did you know I fancied him back at Hogwarts?”

“Really?” Hermione asked.

“Yeah,” Daphne smiled. “I really hoped he would ask me to the Yule Ball, but I couldn’t exactly approach him about it.”

“It’s probably good thing he didn’t,” Hermione said, smiling in remembrance. “Parvati didn’t have a very good time with him. He really had no clue about girls, and he had a lot going on even then.”

“Maybe,” Daphne conceded. “But I wouldn’t have just sat there waiting for him to ask me to dance. I’d’ve dragged him out there whether he wanted to or not.”

Hermione giggled at the thought of Daphne dragging a clueless Harry out onto the dance floor and forcing him to have fun.

“Can I ask you a personal question?” Daphne asked.



“Sure,” Hermione shrugged.

“Why didn’t you and Harry ever get together?” she asked. “Everyone knows you two love each other.”

“We do,” Hermione admitted. “But it’s not like that. We’re family.”

“If you say so,” Daphne said, unconvinced.

Hermione shook her head and smiled. It was a question she got asked constantly, and no one ever believed her answer.

“Look, if Harry is alright with it, and you think it’ll help, I’ll move in with you,” Daphne said.

“Really?” Hermione asked with a smile. “Thank you. I’ll ask him tonight.”

As they finished their lunch and headed back to work, Hermione felt optimistic that she’d be able to help Harry for the first time in weeks.

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Three days later, Daphne finished moving her belongings into one of the many spare bedrooms of Grimmauld Place. Over the next few days, they all adjusted to the new dynamic, gradually becoming more comfortable around each other.

Hermione was happy to see Harry opening up a bit and openly accepting Daphne into their home, but he still looked far too depressed.

"I see what you mean about him acting differently," Daphne said as they sat down for breakfast. "He doesn't act like I remember him from school."

"He's actually been better since you got here," Hermione said.

"Really?" Daphne asked. "Do you know why?"

"I think because he's glad to see something changed after everything he suffered," Hermione replied. "Before he vanquished Voldemort, there's no way you would've been friendly with us, let alone living in the same house."

"Glad I could help," Daphne smiled.

Before they could continue their conversation, the door to the kitchen swung open, and Harry ambled in, his hair sticking up in all directions.

"Morning," he mumbled, making his way over to the stove.

"Rough night?" Hermione asked, recognizing the bags under his eyes.

"It wasn't too bad," Harry said. "Just a couple of nightmares."

While Harry gathered eggs, bacon, and breast to make breakfast, Hermione and Daphne shared a knowing look.

"Do you want some help?" Daphne asked.

Harry shrugged, "Sure. Can you grab a frying pan?"

Daphne stood and walked over to the cupboard. As she searched for a pan, her thin nightgown rode up and showed the back of her long, toned legs. Hermione looked away, only to find Harry staring at the same sight with a small smile on his face. Before she could scold him, Daphne straightened up.

The two of them worked together, talking about inconsequential things as they cooked breakfast. Hermione was happy to see them getting along so well. It was nice to see him smiling so much. She did notice that Daphne was acting a bit flirty, and that seemed to be a large part of the reason for his improved mood. It also made her wonder if Daphne still fancied Harry.

That thought didn't sit well with her, and she had no idea why.

With breakfast done, Harry and Daphne carried the plates over to the table and took their seats.

"So, what are you going to do for work now that you're free of having to worry about Voldemort?" Daphne asked.

Harry frowned as he loaded his plate.

"I don't know," he admitted. "I'm hoping my fame will die back down, and I'll be able to join the Aurors in a year or so."

"What are you going to do until then?" Daphne asked.

"I don't know," Harry said.

Hermione frowned as she watched Harry shut down and pick at his food. Daphne seemed to notice it too, and a small smirk made its way onto her face. Standing up, she leaned over to reach for a piece of toast. Harry glanced over at her and did a bit of a double take before staring at her with a small smile on his face.

Curious, Hermione looked over and noticed that as Daphne bent over, the front of her nightgown fell forward, revealing a large swath of pale cleavage. She felt a moment of jealousy, realizing that Daphne's breasts were quite a bit larger than hers before she turned back to Harry. Under the table, she kicked him in the shin. As he jumped with a guilty, apologetic smile, Daphne sat back down.

Hermione then noticed the smirk on her lips, and it occurred to her that Daphne had done that intentionally.

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"What was that?" Hermione asked as soon as Harry had left the kitchen.

"It got a smile out of him, didn't it?" Daphne asked.

"I suppose," Hermione said slowly. "Do you really want him staring at you like that, though?"

"Why not?" Daphne asked. "It's not a bad thing he finds me attractive. Besides, you don't seem to mind when he stares at you."

"What?" Hermione yelled. "Harry doesn't stare at me."

"You really don't know?" Daphne asked, an amused smile tugging at her lips. "He was staring at your bum just last night when you bent over looking for a book."

"Are you sure?" Hermione asked.

"Hermione, the guy adores you. He checked you out all the time back at Hogwarts," Daphne told her seriously. "Did you really not know?"

“I – I had no idea,” Hermione stammered before biting her lip.

“Damn, I was hoping I had a chance,” Daphne sighed.

“Harry and I aren’t – We don’t –”

“Try telling me when you actually believe that,” Daphne smirked. “Listen, I think I might have an idea of how to cheer Harry up.”

“How?” Hermione asked, anxious to change the subject.

“We flirt with him,” Daphne said, then raised her hands to forestall Hermione’s response. “Hear me out. He needs to be reminded that there’s good things in life. He spends all day trapped in this house, thinking of all the bad things that’ve happened.”

“What exactly are you suggesting?” Hermione asked, her brow furrowed.

Daphne grinned.

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“I can’t believe you talked me into this,” Hermione sighed.

After talking to Harry and getting his permission to alter the old sitting room, Hermione and Daphne set to work, turning it into a simulated beach. She had to admit, they had done a fantastic job. The charmed walls, floor, and ceiling looked convincingly realistic, the wind carried a hint of salt, the sun felt wonderful on their skin, and the water looked beautiful. Even the sand under her feet felt silky smooth.

Despite all of that, she still felt incredibly nervous standing around in a revealing two-piece bikini.

“Trust me, Harry will love this,” Daphne said, pulling her long, golden mane into a ponytail.

Hermione couldn't help but look over Daphne's curvy, busty figure and compare it to her own. Her breasts weren't as big, her hips weren't as wide, and her hair was a frizzy mess in the humidity.

“I don't think he'll even notice I'm here,” Hermione muttered.

“Give yourself some credit,” Daphne said. “You're a lot prettier than you give yourself credit for. Besides, Harry's probably been dreaming about seeing you like this for years.”

Hermione sighed and adjusted her top. She still didn't believe Harry was as attracted to her as Daphne thought he was. Sure, maybe he'd glanced at her once in a while, but it only made sense for him to be curious. As wonderful of a person as he was, he was still a guy, and guys would look at anything with a pair of breasts.

Before she had a chance to think on it further, Harry walked into the room and froze.

“Whoa,” he said, his eyes giving them a once over before gazing around the room. “This is incredible.”

“You should change into a pair of shorts and join us,” Daphne smiled.

Bending over, she took her time laying out a towel, and Harry took the opportunity to check out her admittedly nice bum.

“Er, sure. I'll be right back,” he said.

Disappearing around the corner, Hermione sighed and closed her eyes. The worst part was she didn't even know why she was so nervous. It was just Harry, and she'd worn bikinis just as revealing on her last vacation to France.

"And you saw you don't like him," Daphne smirked.

Hermione glared at her. She'd done very well in keeping that part of her thoughts quiet, thank you very much.

Harry returned quickly in a pair of loose swim shorts and nothing else. Hermione felt her face heat up as she looked at his toned and scarred torso and had to look away. Daphne had no problem ogling him.

"Harry, would you mind doing my back?" Daphne asked, holding up a bottle of tanning lotion.

"Sure," Harry said.

As he walked over to her, Daphne laid down on the towel on her stomach. While he put the lotion on his hands and rubbed them together, Hermione laid out her own towel just a couple of feet away and picked up her book. Every few words, she found herself looking up to watch Harry's hands rub along Daphne's smooth, pale skin.

Why was this making her so hot, she wondered.

No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't stop herself from looking up every few moments. As Harry reached Daphne's back, she reached behind herself and untied the string holding her top together. Harry smiled as he continued rubbing the expanse of bare skin and scooted forward until he was kneeling over her bum.

Hermione was shocked when he ran his hands along Daphne's sides and brushed his fingers along the bulging sides of her breasts. She half expected Daphne to yell at him, but she merely hummed contentedly in response. Hermione bit her lip and rubbed her thighs together before she caught herself and stopped.

What is wrong with me, she wondered.

"Thanks, Harry," Daphne said, her voice low and relaxed. "I think Hermione might need your help."

Hermione's eyes widened as Harry looked over at her questioningly.

"Um, alright," she said, forcing a smile.

Rolling over onto her stomach, she laid her head on her arms and closed her eyes. Harry straddled her bum the same way he had Daphne's. Immediately, Hermione felt his excitement pressed against her and her eyes popped open. Daphne smirked at her as their eyes met.

Hermione swallowed thickly as Harry's hand started working on her lower back. She had to look away from Daphne out of embarrassment of how good it felt. Biting her lip, she sucked in a deep breath when his hands slid up, barely holding back a moan.

"Do you want me to untie this?" Harry asked, tugging at the string holding her bikini top together.

"Okay," Hermione said softly.

She nibbled on her bottom lip as he pulled the string loose. Even though she was lying down and everything was covered, she still felt naked. It was startling how excited that made her. Harry continued rubbing her back all the way up to her shoulders, his erection digging between her cheeks as he leaned forward.



Just when she thought he was finished, his hands moved down to her sides and slowly moved down. Hermione had plenty of time to tell him to stop, but the word never even came close to leaving her lips. His fingers brushed over the sides of her breasts, causing goosebumps to rise on her skin. Her nipples hardened when he did it again, his slick fingers gliding over her soft, bulging mounds.

Suddenly, his hands were gone, and his weight disappeared. Opening her eyes, Hermione saw him sitting between her and Daphne, arms around his knees and a smile on his face.

“This is really nice,” Daphne mumbled.

“Yeah,” Harry said. “I’ve never really been to the beach before. Well, not a time when I got to enjoy it.”

Harry’s smile turned into a sad frown, and Hermione’s heart broke for him. Burying Dobby had been a horribly painful experience for him. It seemed like everything reminded him of something horrible lately, and she didn’t know how to stop that from happening.

Turning her head, she shared a helpless look with Daphne. Frowning, Daphne rolled over and sat up, leaving her top sitting on the towel and baring her perfectly shaped breasts with pointy, soft pink nipples. Hermione wondered when she had undone the tie at the back of her neck as her eyes widened. Reaching out, Daphne rested her hand on Harry’s shoulder.

“Harry,” she said softly.

Harry shook his head as if trying to shake off his thoughts.

“Sorry, I-”

His words died off when he looked back and stared at her bare chest. Daphne smirked as Harry blushed brightly and looked away.

“Potter, I would’ve put my top on if I didn’t want you to look,” she said.

Surprisingly, Harry barked out a laugh and looked back at her, his eyes darting down to her chest only for a moment before shooting back to her eyes. Smiling, Daphne stood up and held out her hand. Looking at her curiously, he took her hand and let her pull him to his feet.

“It’s time to make some better memories,” Daphne told him.

Smiling brightly, she pulled him down towards the water. The water in the room only went up to chest deep, but that didn’t stop Harry and Daphne from laughing as they splashed each other. Hermione bit her lip as she watched Harry lift Daphne up, his hand blatantly touching her breast before he tossed her into the water. Both of them smiled and laughed happily as they surfaced.

“Come on, Hermione,” Daphne called, waving her over.

Harry smiled at her, his green eyes glittering brighter than she’d seen in years. Smiling back, she stood up, only to realize her top was still untied. Her left breast was completely exposed, and her right nipple was barely covered. She reached up to cover herself but stopped when she saw Harry staring at her.

A shiver of excitement ran up her spine. Taking a deep breath, she pulled off her top and tossed it on the towel behind her. Unable to look up, she stared down at her feet as she walked down the beach and into the water. She was so focused on not looking at Harry that she was surprised when she ended up walking straight into him. He had moved up into shallower water and smiled softly as she looked up at him.

No words were shared between them, but the way he looked at her told her everything. For the first time, she saw how he looked at her, and it filled her with a warmth she’d never felt before.

She felt beautiful. She felt desired. She felt his erection against her thigh as he wrapped his arms around her.

“Harry?” Hermione asked in a trembling voice, her heart racing as she looked into his sparkling green eyes. “No!”

A gasp left her lips as he picked her up with a grin and fell backwards. The next thing she knew, she was under the water and wiggling in his grip, her stiff nipples rubbing against his chest. Taking a deep breath when she surfaced, Hermione pushed her hair out of her face while Daphne and Harry laughed at her.

Glaring at them playfully, she splashed both of them. That quickly devolved into a water fight that made Hermione feel like she’d gone back in time five years. Harry would occasionally pick her or Daphne up and toss them into the water, neither of them minding his wandering hands.

Each time he touched her breasts or bum, a thrill went through Hermione, making her more excited than she’d ever felt before. She even dared to let her hand graze his erection once, marveling at just how large and hard he was.

It was one of the most memorable days of Hermione’s life.

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Later that night, back in her room, Hermione finally let herself think about her feelings. She ended up masturbating to not only thoughts of Harry but, shockingly, Daphne as well. It left her a confused mess with little clue about what to do moving forward.

Over the next couple of days, she acted as normally as possible around Harry, not wanting to ruin his newfound happiness. Daphne eyed her curiously more than once but didn’t bring anything up. Hermione was grateful for that because she wouldn’t know what to say if she did.

That didn't stop either of them from continuing to tease Harry at every turn. Hermione had to admit she found it arousing to display herself to him. Not to mention how exciting the way he looked at her was.

She and Daphne basically stopped wearing bras around the house and started dressing in revealing clothes. Daphne even walked topless on occasion, which took Hermione a little longer to work up the courage to do. When she did, it was even more exciting than she thought it would be. In fact, she even took to sitting on the couch next to Harry, reading her books completely topless. She especially liked reading her romance books; the looks he gave her adding to her arousal.

During that time, Harry's mood improved greatly. He smiled and laughed more than she could ever remember. He even took her and Daphne out to dinner, though they had to go into the Muggle world to avoid being mobbed. Still, it was a wonderful evening that led to a pivotal conversation.

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Hermione sat in bed combing her hair, the smile from dinner still on her face, when there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," she called.

Daphne peeked her head through the door and smiled before slipping into her room and closing the door. Hermione raised an eyebrow when she pulled out her wand and warded the door.

"What's up?" Hermione asked as Daphne sat down on the other end of the bed.

"I wanted to talk to you about Harry," she said.

“What about him?” Hermione asked.

“Well, are you ready to admit you’re in love with him?” Daphne asked, raising an eyebrow with a smirk.

Hermione sighed and picked at her sheets.

“You were right,” she admitted quietly. “I love him.”

“It’s about time,” Daphne said. “But I think you know I like him, too.”

Hermione closed her eyes and took a deep breath, trying to still her churning stomach. Oddly, the thought of Harry and Daphne being together didn’t bother her nearly as much as the idea of him not being with her.

“So, what do we do?” Daphne asked.

“I suppose we’ll just have to tell Harry and let him choose,” Hermione sighed, certain she would lose out to the bust, beautiful blonde.

“We could,” Daphne said, drawing out the word. “Or, we could both date him.”

Hermione’s head snapped up, eyes widening, while Daphne smiled at her.

“Harry’s not the only one I fancied at school,” Daphne said softly.

Hermione’s heart raced, and her hands trembled as Daphne leaned forward slowly. Lifting her hand, Daphne brushed Hermione’s hair behind her ear before stopping with their faces less than an inch away. Unable to take the anticipation anymore, it was Hermione who closed the

distance first. Their lips met softly at first, then more firmly as their passion grew. Hermione moaned when Daphne pushed her back onto the mattress and laid on top of her. Their breasts pressed together as their tongues danced and hands began to explore.

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The next day, Hermione and Daphne lay topless under the sun on their artificial beach, waiting for Harry to get home. Together, they'd managed to talk him into looking for a job that didn't involve putting himself in danger. While they tanned, he was talking to Andromeda Tonks, visiting his Godson and talking to her about working for her Enchanting business. It might not be his dream job, but it would at least give him something to do while he waited for something better to come along.

Cracking her eyes open against the bright sun hovering in the painted sky of the Charmed ceiling, Hermione glanced over at Daphne and bit her lip. She couldn't help but think back to what they'd done the night before as she looked at her glistening thighs, flat stomach, and perky breasts. As she took in Daphne's beautiful face, it brought back memories of seeing it buried between her legs. Hermione's stomach fluttered in excitement, and she licked her lips. For a moment, she imagined she could still taste Daphne's arousal.

"You can do more than look, you know," Daphne smirked, her eyes still closed.

Hermione blushed and looked away.

"I thought we were waiting for Harry," she said, biting her lip nervously.

"I doubt he'd mind," Daphne said. "Actually, it might make it easier to convince him."

Despite her nerves, Hermione smiled at the thought of Harry's expression if he came home to see her and Daphne snogging. Opening her eyes, Daphne looked over at her and smiled softly.

“Relax,” she said kindly. “If anyone should be nervous, it’s me. Harry’s been in love with you since third year. He’s only really known me for a couple weeks.”

“But you’re beautiful,” Hermione said. “A lot more beautiful than me.”

“And do you really think Harry is the kind of guy to go for looks over feelings?” Daphne asked.

Hermione frowned thoughtfully and had to admit she had a point. Before they could talk on it anymore, they heard the front door open and close. Her nerves skyrocketed as she tried to fix her hair and lay back in a position that didn’t feel unnatural.

“Girls!” Harry called.

“We’re in the beach room!” Daphne yelled back.

“Alright, I’ll be there in a minute,” Harry said as he passed the door.

Hermione let out a breath and closed her eyes. A moment later, she felt Daphne’s hand in hers.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Hermione asked. “What if he doesn’t want both of us? What if we break up and it ruins our friendship? What if-”

Daphne leaned forward and kissed her hard, bringing her panicked tirade to an end. Hermione flushed as they parted, her chest rising and falling as she tried to get her breathing under control.

“Feel better?” Daphne asked with a smile.

Hermione gave a small smile back but didn’t reply.

“Harry loves you,” Daphne said. “He’s not going to turn you down, and you’re not going to ruin your friendship.”

“I hope you’re right,” Hermione said, though she found her words calming.

“I’m always right,” Daphne grinned.

Hermione laughed as Daphne rolled over onto her back. It was only a few seconds later that the door to the beach room opened, and Harry walked in.

“How did it go?” Hermione asked.

“I start next week,” Harry smiled, his eyes wandering over their bodies.

“That’s great,” Hermione beamed.

“Yeah. It’s a lot more fun than I thought it would be.” Harry said. “Andy said I’m free to work on any projects I want, and I’ll be able to spend more time with Teddy, which is nice.”

Walking over to the girls, he started to put a towel down next to Daphne before she stopped him by grabbing it. Laying it down next to hers, she scooted over and patted her towel. With a smile, Harry sat down between Daphne and Hermione, their bodies nearly touching. Sitting up, Hermione felt a knot in her stomach, knowing that it was time to talk to Harry.

Without a word, Daphne smirked at her before cupping Harry’s cheeks and pulling him down for a kiss. He froze for just a moment before kissing her back while Hermione’s jaw dropped open.

What was she doing? They were supposed to talk to him about it first, she thought.



As they separated, Daphne grinned and then shoved Harry towards Hermione. Surprised, he fell over top of her with his arms supporting his weight. Hermione blinked in surprise, their faces just a couple inches apart.

“Your turn,” Daphne said.

“Are you sure?” Harry asked quietly.

“If you want to,” Hermione murmured nervously.

Smiling, Harry leaned down and kissed her softly. Before she realized what she was doing, Hermione wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him harder. As Harry pushed his tongue between her lips, his hand slid up her stomach to cup her breast.

A moment later, she felt disappointed when he pulled back. When he looked over his shoulder, she realized it was because Daphne had tapped on his shoulder.

“You might want to watch this,” Daphne smirked.

Hermione blinked when Harry moved out of the way, and she suddenly found herself staring at Daphne’s smiling face. It occurred to her what was about to happen a second before Daphne kissed her. Even as she kissed her back, Hermione felt herself blushing, knowing Harry was watching.

At least, she thought he was until she felt his lips on her breast. She moaned into Daphne’s mouth when his lips wrapped around her nipple and sucked lightly. Hermione arched her back, gasping loudly when Daphne pulled away.

“Just tell him,” Daphne said.

Biting her lip, she looked down at Harry just as he raised his head.

“Harry, I love you,” Hermione said nervously.

Smiling, Harry settled between her legs and leaned down to kiss her.

“I love you, too,” he said softly.

Hermione had never smiled as hard as she did in that moment.

“Finally,” Daphne grinned. “I don’t know if I feel that strongly about you or Hermione, but I’ve fancied both of you since fourth year.”

“So, the three of us?” Harry asked.

“Unless you don’t want to,” Daphne said.

“No, no – I mean, yes, I want to,” Harry replied quickly.

Hermione and Daphne laughed at how fast he answered. Harry smiled and chuckled at himself before leaning forward and kissing Daphne. When they separated, he looked down at Hermione questioningly. Smiling, she reached up and stroked his cheek. Suddenly, her vision was filled with a pair of large, pale breasts as Daphne bent over her. With two quick tugs, Daphne untied the strings holding her bikini bottoms together. Hermione blushed when, with a yank, her bottoms were pulled off of her, leaving her body completely exposed.

While Daphne took off her own bottoms, Hermione worked her own courage to push down Harry’s shorts. As he sat up on his knees to take off his shorts completely, both she and Daphne stared at his stiff erection. Despite his slightly intimidating size, she felt a thrill of excitement run through her.

“Sit up for a second,” Daphne told her.

Hermione did and then looked back at her curiously. Daphne smiled as she sat behind her, legs on either side, before pulling her back against her chest. Reaching between Hermione’s legs, she grabbed Harry’s length and brought it to her mound. Hermione gasped when she ran his head through her folds while Harry groaned.

“Ready?” Daphne asked.

Taking a deep breath, Hermione nodded. As Daphne lined him up with her entrance, Harry leaned forward to kiss her. When he slowly pushed forward, she inhaled sharply. There was a moment of sharp pain that quickly dissipated into a wonderful pleasure. When Harry eventually bottomed out, he paused, thankfully giving her a moment to adjust.

“You can move,” Hermione told him.

The moment he pulled back, her tight depths clinging to his shaft, a loud, wanton moan was forced from her lips. Daphne giggled, kissing the side of her neck and caressing her breasts. Harry set a slow pace, gradually speeding up bit by bit. When Daphne lightly pinched and rolled her nipple, Hermione hissed pleasurably and bucked her hips. That sent Harry even deeper than before, causing a tremble to run up her spine.

“Oh, Merlin,” Hermione gasped. “Harry!”

“Fuck her,” Daphne said lustfully. “Fuck her harder.”

Hermione moaned, her nails digging into his shoulders as he did as he was asked. Daphne was forced to hold onto her tighter, her hands groping her breasts roughly. Panting heavily, Hermione whined as she approached her climax. Her legs trembled as she wrapped them around Harry tightly, her heels digging into his bum.

With a loud cry, Hermione tensed and shivered as she was pushed over the edge. Heat exploded from her core a moment before Harry thrust deeply and held himself there as he came. A gasp left her lips when she felt his warmth filling her, prolonging her orgasm. Moaning, she dropped her head back onto Daphne's shoulder while she kissed and sucked at her neck.

Lifting his head, Harry kissed her heatedly before pulling back to kiss Daphne as well.

"Come on, Potter," Daphne smirked. "You've got two girlfriends to take care of."

Chuckling, Harry sat up on his knees and eased out of Hermione. Reaching down, she rubbed her slightly sore, leaking folds. As she shifted so Daphne could get up, she felt an almost pleasant pain, similar to the soreness after a good workout.

Crawling between Hermione's legs, Daphne looked up at her and grinned while lowering her head and raising her bum. Harry smiled, reaching out to run his hands over her firm, round globes. Hermione gasped when Daphne's tongue ran through her folds.

"You taste even better than last night," Daphne said.

Hermione blushed while Harry let out an incredulous laugh.

"You two were together last night?" he asked, shifting around to kneel behind Daphne.

"Jealous?" Daphne asked, smirking at him over her shoulder.

"A little bit," Harry admitted with a grin.

Daphne opened her mouth to reply but ended up moaning when Harry thrust forward. Biting her lip, Hermione reached out and ran her fingers through Daphne's golden hair. Smiling, she

turned her head back to her mound and ran her tongue over her clit. Grabbing the back of her head, Hermione rolled her hips as Harry settled into a rhythm.

She felt herself growing excited again, watching him thrust into her. What really surprised her though was the complete lack of jealousy she felt watching the man she loved with someone else. That thought, that she loved Harry, was incredibly freeing. It just felt so good to open up and give a name to the feelings she'd been holding back for years.

Gripping Daphne's hips, Harry continued thrusting into her from behind, his hips clapping against her upturned ass. Moaning lewdly, Daphne attacked her folds vigorously, drawing a gasp from Hermione's lips. She wished she could see his length plunging into her depths, but she was too tired and comfortable to move.

Groaning, Harry leaned forward and supported his weight on his arms. Giving Hermione a smile, he turned his head and kissed the inside of her knee. Hermione smiled back, only to gasp a moment later when Daphne sucked at her clit. The sensation sent a pleasurable shiver up her spine while Daphne's body was rocked by Harry's powerful thrusts.

Tensing up, Hermione cried out in climax for a second time. Before the feeling even started to wane, Daphne rested her head on her stomach with a groan.

"Oh fuck," Daphne gasped. "That feels so fucking good. To hell with Slytherin. I should've just dragged you to the ball and shagged your brains out afterwards. Shit! Harry!"

Daphne let out a trembling moan as she tipped over the edge. Behind her, Harry growled, thrusting wildly as he chased his own climax. Less than a minute later, he followed with an orgasm of his own. Sitting up, Hermione licked her lips as she watched his hips twitch, driving his hips forwards while filling her depths.

Reaching down, Hermione stroked Daphne's hair gently. Only a couple of minutes later, the two of them collapsed into a heap. It was an incredible sight that Hermione was sure would've left her excited if it wasn't for her two previous orgasms. Eventually, Harry pulled out of Daphne and kissed her cheek.

Lifting her up, he carried her over to Hermione and settled between the two girls. Rolling onto her side, Hermione rested her head on his free shoulder, smiling at Daphne when their eyes met. When she looked at Harry, his eyes held a peace that had been lacking since the day she met him.

It looked like he was finally on the road to recovery.