A Gryffindor Girl's
'Slytherin' Cunning

Hermione Granger was an absolute genius. At least she thought so. She had a plan that was so cunning, so Slytherin, it was bound to be foolproof.

Of course, Hermione blamed all of this on her curiosity, which ended up getting the best of her over the previous summer.

While she had been visiting London, to pick up her school supplies from Diagon Alley for her Seventh year at Hogwarts, her parents had been shopping in Muggle London. On her way back to meet up with her family, she walked past a Border's, which happened to be the newest bookstore in the area.

The store had just recently opened, and the sheer amount of books that could be seen through the front windows made her heart flutter. She knew that her parents would forgive her for meeting them a few minutes late, because visiting the store was something she absolutely could not pass up.

The smell of paper and ink teased Hermione's senses as she walked through the large glass doors. The only thing she could do was stare in awe at the shelves and aisles of newly printed novels, and for once in her life she didn't know quite what to do.

Oh yes, she wanted to visit every nook and cranny of the store, but she was investigating with a limited amount of time, and because of that, she wasn't quite sure where to go first.

The frizzy-haired girl's first thought was to head towards the educational section, but then she decided she hadn't read a good fiction novel in a while, and there were a couple of new books out by her favorite author which couldn't hurt to check out. Then again, it would never hurt to have another romance novel, no matter how cheesy they were. After a couple of minutes of indecision, she finally decided she would head over to the educational section, because at least her parents would be more understanding if she had been shopping for something in regards to learning.

It didn't take long to find the section she was looking for, but after skimming the titles quickly, she realized that nothing was catching her interest. As she finished her walk down the remainder of the aisle and reached the end, she turned around the corner of the shelf, and started walking back towards the large center aisle. She noticed many multi-colored books with her casual glances, but she didn't see a sign hanging above the aisle like any of the other sections in the store. She slowed her leisurely walking to a stop, and turned towards a group of almost neon-colored books near her side. It took her a moment to register exactly what type of books these were, and then she blushed. Scarlet.

Hermione gingerly reached out to take one of the few large, black and white colored books off the shelf, trying to ignore the photograph on the front cover. She guessed it made sense why this aisle had no sign to detail what was stocked here, and also why it was near the educational section. She quietly spoke the title of the book in her hands to herself, in barely more than a whisper, "Ultimate Gay Sex."

If it was possible, her blush deepened even further. And last time she checked, she hadn't thought it was possible to blush that much below the neck. She also noticed that it was a bit hot in the store, which would explain why she could feel the heat pooling around her thighs. Jeans really did nothing to keep one cool in the middle of the summer.

She knew that she should have put the book back on the shelf right away, but for some reason her hands didn't seem to obey her. She flipped the book open to a random page, her jaw dropping at the picture that was displayed. It was one of the most lewd, unashamed, erotic photos she had ever seen in her life. She felt the need to slam the cover of the book closed, but at the same time, she couldn't seem to contain her

curiosity.

It was definitely getting too hot in the store now, she decided. They should probably turn the air conditioning up, especially on a hot August day like this.

Hermione dropped to the floor ungracefully, not concerned in the slightest with who might see her sitting in the middle of an aisle at the back of the store. She no longer had control of herself as she casually flipped through every page in the book, pausing slightly longer at some of the more ‘impressive' photos, and skimming bits of articles here and there. When she finally closed the back cover, she immediately reached forward and shoved the book back onto the shelf, taking the next nearest one off before she could tell her hands ‘no.'

Three books later, the frizzy-haired girl realized that she had been sitting on the floor for more than a half hour, and hurriedly stood up. She knew she would have to meet her parents as soon as possible, especially since she didn't want them to worry. She hastily tossed the book back onto the shelf, brushed off her jeans, and walked to the front of the store. She took one last glance towards the back corner where she had spent the better part of an hour holed up. It had definitely been an educational trip to the bookstore. Now she just had to get outside to cool down. She tried to ignore the part of her brain that was telling her the air-conditioning in the store had been running full blast the entire time.

Now that Hermione was back at school, she had had plenty of time to think about everything she learned that day. When Harry had told Ron and herself that he was gay towards the end of the previous school year, the thoughts of what Harry might do with another man hadn't even crossed her mind. Now, she couldn't do anything to rid herself of the image. And it was all because of those damn books. It haunted her like a nightmare, only a bit more pleasurably.

It was because of those ideas that the girl came up with her ingenious plan. Now all she had to do was set it in motion.

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Hermione's plan wasn't too complicated. It basically consisted of three parts, as she had written out multiple times.

Step one: Convince both boys to take part in an educational ‘experiment'.
Step two: Watch both boys together in said educational ‘experiment'.
Step three: Satisfy own curiosity, which therefore gets rid of the nightmarish (but pleasurable) images (this part was for personal gain only).

Note to self: Make sure it is clear to both boys that this is purely for academic purposes. I am NOT a pervert.

The only problem with her plan so far was to find two, rather willing boys, whom could be her guinea pigs. And she wanted to make sure that both boys had some previous experience, so that she wouldn't feel like she was pushing them into an awkward situation. Of course in that case, it probably wouldn't hurt to find two boys who wouldn't develop any emotional attachments of some sort either. Because that would be troublesome. Especially if she was there watching while it all unfolded. So yes, definitely no emotional attachments. She had never believed in the term ‘fuck-buddies' before, but for this, it would work out perfectly.

Her problem was complicated even more though, due to the fact that she only knew of three gay guys in the whole Seventh year class. And one of them, a Hufflepuff, was currently dating a guy from his
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hometown. That unfortunately left only two people, and therein laid another problem. One was Harry Potter, whom had been one of her best friends for almost seven years. The other was Draco Malfoy.

Shit.

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Hermione had completely flipped her lid. It wasn't that the plan was impossible, but it was going to be difficult, definitely. Harry had successfully taken out Voldemort the year before, in a war that was rather anti-climatic and with almost no casualties. Malfoy had been one of many Slytherins whom had chosen to stay neutral during the uprising, which had been somewhat surprising, but then again, the Slytherins were always known to protect their own arses before anyone else's. So it wasn't as if there was a huge amount of animosity between the two boys these days, especially since Malfoy seemed to have calmed down a bit on his taunting since the end of the war. But the two boys were definitely not friends. They were still rivals, of sorts, especially in Quidditch. It just didn't turn into a duel or a fistfight every time one would push the other's buttons.

Actually, for all the simplicity of her plan, it still was a couple of months before she could actually get everything together for it. Then again, maybe it just took her that long to work up the nerve to enact it. It was already well into the school year when Hermione decided that she would talk to Malfoy first, if only for the fact that she thought Harry would be a bit easier to convince than the Prince of Slytherin. She needed the hard part out of the way first, before she could really get her plan going.

She cornered the blond-haired boy after Potions on Wednesday afternoon, and by the look of the sneer on his face, she knew she would have to speak quickly and convincingly to get him to listen to her.

"Can I speak to you privately please?" she asked.

"I don't have time for this, Granger. I have a class I need to attend," Malfoy said with almost no emotion at all, as if she wasn't even worthy of a proper conversation.

Well, at least he hadn't called her a Mudblood, which was a start. She thought quickly, trying to remember something about him that would help her. After a few seconds, it hit her. "It's academic-related. I could use your help on something."

He paused for a minute, and she knew she had at least caught his interest. Draco Malfoy was one of the smartest people in their class, second only to her in grades. She knew that if he thought she was asking for his help, he would assume she really needed it and wasn't as smart as she liked to think she was.

He nodded to her warily, before walking down the hallway in the direction opposite of where he was supposed to be going. Hermione followed quickly, not wanting to pass up this chance.

The blond opened the door to an unused classroom at the far end of the hallway, and motioned for her to go in. He shut the door after himself as he entered the room, and then continued to stand in front of the only exit, with his arms crossed over his chest. He didn't even bother to ask what this was about, but from the look on his face, Hermione knew she had better start talking fast.

The girl took a deep breath and steeled herself for the impending conversation. "Basically, I've been doing a bit of research on different lifestyles, as you could say. And you are one of the few people in the school I can talk to about it."

Malfoy raised an eyebrow in question, waiting for her to continue.

"Uh, it's basically about gay men. I was kind of… well… uh, wondering what they do together."
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Malfoy was so surprised at her admission that he couldn't help the small snort of amusement that escaped. "And you need to talk to me why? Why don't you just go read a book?"

Hermione decided that it would just be best if she came right out and said what she wanted. "I want to watch two men together."

Malfoy's jaw dropped in very un-elegant shock. He shook his head slightly, as if to clear it, before asking the girl to repeat herself.

"I said, I want to watch two men together. As in, something sexual." Hermione blushed as she said this, but pushed forward. "I mean, this is purely educational of course. I know the logistics of it all, but it's not quite the same as actually seeing it. I think it would be quite a bit different in person than what is described in books."

"And do you do much reading on this type of material?" the blond-haired man asked, his eyebrow arched in a questioning manner.

Hermione blushed a bit more, and looked away from Malfoy's face, because she couldn't bear to make eye contact at this point. "Well, not really. Just recently. But, you are one of the only gay men in our class, so it was either ask you or ask no one."

"Isn't Potter gay? He's your friend. Why couldn't you just have asked him?" Malfoy spat out, still feeling a bit off-guard at the odd request.

Hermione finally brought her eyes back to Malfoy's face, looking at him blankly. It was as if she hadn't just spoken her request out loud, twice.

Then Malfoy actually blushed himself. "Oh," he said quietly, finally getting what the girl was asking. "You expect me to, uh, have some sort of relations with Potter?" His lack of words was very un-Malfoyish.

The frizzy-haired girl nodded. "Well, I haven't exactly talked to him yet, but he does have a bit of experience." She paused slightly, before rushing to continue. "I mean, you don't have to do everything, just what you are both comfortable with."

Malfoy's eyes widened at that remark, before scoffing a bit. "You must be crazy." He paused for a moment, before making another, more forceful, statement. "Clinically insane, actually."

Hermione just ignored his comment. "I know it's odd, but I don't know what else to do," she almost whined, her frustration evident in her voice.

"Well, you better figure something else out!" Malfoy practically yelled, then glared at her through narrowed eyes.

Hermione knew this would be her only chance, so she had to convince him. She would even beg if she had to. On a whim, she tried to think of something really sad, something that would bring a few needed tears to her eyes.

Not getting an ‘Outstanding' on all of her N.E.W.T.S. Losing her copy of Hogwarts: A History that she has had since before first year. Her parents getting into a car accident. Crookshanks dying. Ron falling off of his broom and getting permanently injured. Snape and Hagrid together, naked.

Ron finding out that she is trying to get two guys naked for her own pleasure, wait, education.

Yep, that last one would definitely work. No one else could know about her perversions. Not even Ron. Especially when it involved their best friend.

She could feel the tears starting to well up. A few seconds later her eyes felt full and she blinked a few times, releasing the droplets from their confines.

With a couple of tears dripping down her cheeks, she bit her lower lip gently and gave her best ‘puppy-dog eyes' look, speaking softly, "Please?"

Draco sighed, and Hermione knew she had him hooked. He hated seeing anyone cry. He probably thought it was a weakness, but it was definitely a working strong point for her plan right now.

"And what makes you think he will be comfortable doing anything with me?" he asked wearily. "Besides, what am I getting out of this?" At this statement, a bit of curiosity lighted in his eyes.

Wiping away the few, meager tears with the back of her hand, she said, "Well, I figured you two have a bit of history, so it's not like any emotional attachments would form. Just consider it an experiment of sorts, where I would get my educational side of it and you both would get pleasure with no strings attached."

Malfoy dropped his arms to his sides from their crossed position across his chest, before sighing in what seemed like defeat. "So when do you want to do this? There is no guarantee that Potter will even agree."

"I'll talk to him. And don't say anything to him about this yet, I don't want to scare him off." Hermione noticed the slightly incredulous look on Malfoy's face at her last comment. "The sooner it happens, the better, too. I'm sure you don't want to be waiting around with something like this hanging over your head."

Malfoy nodded, and Hermione said a quiet thanks to him as he pulled the door to the old classroom open and walked out. What she hadn't bothered telling him was that the longer she had to wait to see this, the more frequent and insisting the images were becoming in her head.

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Hermione felt a bit better after her chat with Malfoy, because that was the hardest part of the plan. She was hoping that convincing Harry would be a bit easier. She was actually surprised that Malfoy hadn't put up more of a fight, but then again, it wasn't like he had many options within the school, and Harry was quite good looking. She figured that if she caught Harry off-guard, just like she had Malfoy, then things would probably turn out just as positively.

Though she sincerely hoped she wouldn't have to pull the ‘tears' act again.

Luckily for her, Harry was alone in his dorm room when she found him, taking a nap during his free period. She figured there was no time like the present, and it was always easy to catch someone off-guard when they had just woken up. She had already decided on her speech, which would be quite similar to the one she pitched to Malfoy. The whole it's-for-my-education spiel.

And a small guilt trip if needed.

Hermione walked over to Harry's bed, opening the curtain all the way and sitting down on the edge of the mattress. Then, she none to gently ripped the covers off of his sleeping body, before smacking him on the leg. Hard.

"Time to wake up!" she yelled.

Harry jerked awake at the commotion, rolling from his side onto his back, attempting to let his eyes adjust
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to the brightness of the room. He rubbed his face blearily, and then took notice of the girl sitting on the edge of his bed.

"What the hell are you doing up here, Hermione? Can't a guy just sleep?" he asked, crankily.

"Nope. It's the middle of the afternoon, and I need to talk to you anyway."

"Well, can I at least have my covers back? It's cold."

The girl tossed the stolen covers back at the boy, watching him pull them up to his chin, before tucking his hands behind his head, letting his eyes close.

"Don't you dare fall asleep again, I'm serious."

"Yeah, yeah. So what did you want to talk about?" he asked her grumpily, still quite upset about being woken up so rudely.

"I have a favor to ask of you. It's kind of big, I know, but it would mean so much to me if you could do it. Of course, it's purely for academic purposes," she said smoothly.

"Um, if you want me to write your Care of Magical Creatures research paper for you, you are out of luck. I haven't even started on mine yet." Harry looked at his friend for a moment, before a confused look crossed his face. "Wait, why would I need to help you with something school related?"

"No, I don't need you to write my research paper. And it's not exactly school related. Just… educational, you could say."

The boy was more than a little confused at this, and he tangled up his bed-hair even more as he scratched his head in thought, before asking, "So what exactly do you need me to help you with?"

Here I go, she told herself. Just say the same things as before. "I have been researching different lifestyles, and I need to see a few things first hand."

She paused for a moment, and her friend just continued to look at her confusedly.

"As in, men who are gay."

Harry did an impressive imitation of Malfoy from earlier, his jaw dropping and a small bubble of laughter rising to the surface. "What are you talking about?" He could barely get the words out through his choked amusement.

The girl's face took on an exasperated look, as she slowly and clearly stated the words, "You. Gay. Me. Watch. Learn."

"What?!" he practically yelled, his body automatically bolting into an upright position on the bed. All flashes of humour were gone from his face.

Hermione cringed at the loudness of his voice, but she knew she couldn't back out now, even if asking had made Harry mad. She decided that honesty would be the best tactic, or at least, partial honesty. "I found some books this summer that really intrigued me. I mean, I know you are gay, but I didn't really think about all of it until I saw those books. So, I kind of want to see it in person. Books don't make up for learning knowledge first hand."

Harry was speechless, and he wasn't quite sure where to go from there. "How exactly are you going to

learn from first hand experience? Watching me would be no different from watching Ron, and to be honest, it's a little bit disturbing to think of you watching me like that."

"No. Not just you. You and another boy. Together. You know…" she said as she made some fumbled hand motions, trying to make the point clear.

The only thing her friend could do was stare at her, eyes wide like a deer. She decided to just wait patiently though, until he could gather his thoughts.

"So you want to watch me and someone else… do stuff?" he asked warily.

Hermione nodded her head in confirmation.

"This is too weird. Crazy really." It took Harry a few seconds to continue speaking. "And I don't just mean the watching. The whole thing is disturbing as hell."

She just shrugged her shoulders at his comment.

Harry sighed, much like Malfoy had when she was trying to convince him, right before he gave in. "Who would I even do this with?" he asked.

The girl blushed, thinking she was doing way too much of that these days. "Well, I already found someone who was willing to go along with this. And you only have to do as much as you are comfortable with! I don't want to make it awkward…" she trailed off.

"I'm sure that the situation would be awkward anyway. And how did you find someone? The only other guys in our year who would even do this are Smith and Malfoy. And Smith has a boyfriend."

Hermione looked down at her hands, which were clasped together tightly in her lap. Once again, her plan left her no choice but to avoid the other person's eyes, because she was actually a little bit embarrassed that she had asked Harry to do this. When she finally raised her head to look at her friend, he had a steely expression on his face, his jaw was clenched, and she could practically see the tension radiating from his body.

"You can't expect me to do anything with him," Harry stated rather calmly.

"Please?" It was the only word she was able to get out without stuttering.

His voice was firmer this time around. "I'm not doing anything with him. That's final."

The girl threw up her hands in frustration, especially since things had been going so well. "But Harry! He already agreed!"

"To what?!" Harry yelled, not even realizing the loudness of his own voice. "To be with some random guy? Does he even know it's going to be with me?!"

Hermione finally lost her composure at this point, and yelled straight back. "Yes!"

At that one simple word, all of the fight seemed to leave Harry's body. As the tension flowed from his muscles, he relaxed back down onto his bed, his head falling back on the pillow haphazardly. He used his hand to brush back a lock of ebony hair that had fallen into his eyes, but it was obvious to the girl that it was only an automatic response, rather than one of conscious thought.

The frizzy-haired girl knew that this whole fight was all her fault. "I'm sorry, Harry. I didn't mean for this to

blow up into some big thing." She could feel tears prickling at the back of her eyes, but this time they were actually real. She wiped her fingers over her eyes quickly in an attempt to stop them from falling. The action didn't go unnoticed by her best friend.

"Merlin's beard, I can't believe I'm friends with you." Harry shook his head, and sighed heavily. He stared at his friend for a moment, before speaking, in a rather non-joking manner. "The pleasure had better be exceptional if I'm going to do this."

Hermione's own jaw finally dropped, before she grinned widely, all thoughts of crying forgotten. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!" she practically gushed rather uncharacteristically, before throwing herself onto Harry and wrapping his lying form in a huge hug.

Harry groaned at the sudden weight, before slinging his arm over his friend. "You owe me, you know. And I think my Care of Magical Creatures paper is just the start."

The girl just nodded, too happy that both boys had agreed, to care about anything else.

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After Hermione talked over available days with both boys, she decided that Saturday night, at 10:30 PM, would be an ideal time to meet in the Room of Requirement. She told Harry herself, whom just nodded and walked away after hearing the information, and she sent a school owl with a short letter, bearing the date and time of the meeting, to Malfoy.

Now all she had to do was to wait. She had sent the owl to Malfoy that afternoon, and now it was Friday evening. She still had a little over twenty four hours to go. And she was already going crazy.

She was anticipating the next day so much that she couldn't concentrate on her homework, which was definitely a first. She couldn't even get past the first page in the latest chapter she had to read for Ancient Runes. After a half hour of rereading the same paragraph, she finally gave up.

Hermione had no idea what else to do with herself though, because she wasn't the type of person to join any of common room games that usually took place on weekends. There were only so many times one could play Exploding Snap before getting bored, and Wizarding Chess was just not her cup of tea, especially when she always lost to Ron. It took all of the fun out of the game when you never won.

She decided to pack up all the books and parchments she had lying around the floor near her chair, and took them up to her room. After putting her things away, she walked over to her bed and tossed herself onto it ungracefully. The rest of the girls in the dorm were out doing who knows what, and she didn't feel like tracking them down, only to be involved in some sort of ‘girl talk' while they nattered on about boys and makeup. She would much rather be bored by herself that have to listen to that type of nonsense. But being bored was still making her miserable.

With nothing else to do, Hermione decided that she would go for a walk. It was Friday night, after all, and there was bound to be at least a few people out and about, so maybe she could find something to do. She tossed her robe onto the end of her bed, pulling a jumper on instead, and stuck her wand in her back pocket in an uncharacteristic display of bad etiquette. She figured if she was going to be wandering around the halls, she didn't need to be wearing her robes for it. Plus, she could really care less at the moment what she looked like, because too many other things were crowding her mind.

She nodded to a few people on her way out of the common room, noticing that Harry wasn't down there playing Snap with some of the other boys like he usually was at this time on a Friday night. She figured he was probably feeling just as antsy as she was, considering that in twenty four hours, he would be kissing Malfoy. If not more.
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The frizzy-haired girl wasn't paying much attention as she wandered the halls, just letting her feet take her wherever they pleased instead. When she finally took notice of her surroundings, she found herself standing in front of the door to the Room of Requirement. Her heart started fluttering madly at the sight of it.

She decided that it would be best if she went back to the common room now, but she couldn't make herself leave. After a bit of thinking, she figured it couldn't hurt to check out the Room now, and maybe try to have things set up in an organized, professional fashion. Or at least it would give her an idea of what to ‘wish' for when she got there tomorrow. She might be too anxious at that point and accidentally wish for a Bohemian boudoir instead. Better to have it figured out beforehand.

While she was walking back and forth in front of the door, she tried to picture a room that would be acceptable for something sexual, but still have enough privacy that another person could sit back and watch. She wasn't sure exactly what she was looking for, but she knew the Room would figure it out. After three times past the door, she grasped the handle and pushed the creaking piece of wood open.

What Hermione saw actually surprised her a bit. Instead of a trashy bordello motif, everything was tastefully decorated in gray, black, and white. In the center of the room, there was a large mattress on a platform, which she assumed was the bed. It was covered in gray sheets, and a black and white striped comforter. Next to the bed, there were two wooden side tables, each bare of any adornment. There were a few black, high back chairs placed strategically around the room, along with a set of black, soft-fabricked sofas near the corner, which had a matching wooden coffee table set in between them. She guessed the minimalist look was in, but she wasn't complaining. There wasn't anything in the room that would make either boy uncomfortable, much less herself, and that was something to be thankful for. Now the only thing she had to do was research a few ‘privacy' spells.

It was time for a trip to the library. She may not have been doing homework, but at least this was a type of research she could definitely concentrate on.

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Saturday night finally came, and with it, a completely frazzled Hermione. She had spent the better part of two hours in the library the previous night, looking up a variety of spells that could be used for privacy. She wanted one that would allow the boys the image of being alone, but so that she could still watch without interrupting. She finally found one that she thought would suit her needs, right before the library closed for the evening.

Now, it was almost 10:00 PM, and she was already pacing back and forth in front of the door to the Room of Requirement. She focused on what she remembered from the night before, in hopes that the Room would produce the same thing. When she opened the door, she made sure to leave it cracked, so that both boys could find the room.

Luck was on her side. The room looked exactly the same, save for an old-fashioned candle lamp that sat on each bedside table and in the center of the table by the sofas. She certainly wasn't going to complain about there being better lighting, and as an afterthought, spelled a few floating candles into the air around the outskirts of the center platform too.

Hermione had decided that she was going to come early, so she would have plenty of time to practice the spell. It took her a few tries to get it right, but once she did she was rather impressed with herself. When she was finished, she walked over to one of the black chairs that was placed about fifteen feet away from the platform bed, and sat down to wait.

After a few minutes of randomly twirling her wand, the girl heard the door creak open. Her head snapped
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up at the sound, and she let out the breath she didn't even know she was holding when she saw Harry walk through the door. She noticed that he actually seemed to be dressed rather nicely, in a dark pair of jeans and a black jumper. He looked like he had attempted to comb his hair too. At least he's taking the situation seriously, she thought.

He walked over to his friend, stopping next to the chair that she was sitting in, before taking a long look around the whole room. He glanced to her, and nodded.

"It's not bad. Simple."

She nodded back at his statement. At least the minimalist aspect wasn't totally lost on her sometimes-clueless friend.

"Let's go sit on the sofas, until he gets here," Harry said in a calm voice, but it didn't escape Hermione's notice that he didn't bother with Malfoy's name.

She got up from her comfortable chair, and followed her friend to the corner of the room where the sofas were. She sat down on the one furthest from the door, leaning against the arm in an attempt to get comfortable. Harry sat down next to her, toeing off his shoes before propping his feet on the coffee table in front of them, looking almost completely at ease.

Hermione wasn't sure what to say, so she decided that it was best not to speak at all. She figured she would have enough of it to do when Malfoy arrived, in concern to the spell she practiced earlier. She did notice that Harry smelled quite good, especially since he had most likely just gotten out of the shower a bit ago. She didn't comment though, because she thought that it might embarrass him, especially considering the situation.

The two friends sat in what could be considered a companionable silence for a few minutes, only leaving it as the door creaked open once again. The two Gryffindors looked towards the entrance of the room to see Draco Malfoy stepping in. Hermione was glad that he had enough sense to cast a strong locking charm on the door as he closed it, before walking over to where the other two were seated.

After a round of cordial nods, Malfoy, immaculately dressed as usual, sat down stiffly on the empty sofa, a look of amusement crossing his face at noticing Harry's shoeless feet propped up on the coffee table. "Getting comfortable already?" he said, the smirk evident in his voice.

Harry just looked at Malfoy calmly, before saying, "No use trying not to be."

Malfoy's smirk just grew wider at the comment. Since he was not to be outdone, he slipped his shoes off, mimicking Harry's position by placing his feet on the coffee table also.

Hermione watched the exchange between the two boys, glad that they weren't fighting, but feeling a bit out of place as they exchanged the almost friendly taunts. She decided that she needed to say her part about the spell, and to help gain back a little of her footing, before there was any chance that something could go wrong. The boys may be acting friendly right now, but she didn't want to risk her entire plan being ruined because of someone pushing one too many buttons. She just hoped that they could all be mature about this situation.

The frizzy-haired girl sat up straight, looking to both boys in turn, before speaking. "I'm not even going to start on the fact that this is a bit awkward, but I want to thank you both for doing this anyway."

Malfoy scoffed, the ever-present smirk upon his face as the girl showed her gratitude. While she paused, the blond took a quick glance at the other boy, noticing that he just nodded in response to the girl's statement. Feeling a bit bad, he nodded too, figuring the sooner she was done speaking, the sooner he

could get what he really wanted.

"I did some research on a few privacy spells in the last couple of days, and I think I found one that will help make this go much smoother. If you will follow me, I'll show you." Hermione got up off the sofa and walked over towards the bed, not bothering to see if the two boys were following. She knew that they would be.

Malfoy took his first good look around the room as he walked towards the platform, really noticing how it was set up. The colors were subtle, not overpowering at all, and the furniture was simple but nice. The only thing that made him a bit wary was the fact that there were a handful of black armchairs placed all around the central bed platform, not one being more than fifteen or twenty feet away from it. Then again, he shouldn't be surprised, because that was why they were all here. For the show, of course. Caught in his own thoughts, he didn't realize right away that the girl had started speaking again.

"The spell is basically for picnics. For someone outside of the boundaries of the spell, you won't be able to see anything at all. But if you are inside the boundary, it looks like you are under a covered tent, giving the semblance of privacy. It's often used to provide the group with shade from the sun, and the spell works just as a regular tent would. The spell was actually created by a muggle-born who enjoyed going on picnics in the muggle area that he lived, but burned quite easily. And he was a bit too lazy to always take a tent with him. Hence the creation of the spell," Hermione explained, hoping that a bit of pointless conversation would help to ease the tension.

As an afterthought, she added, "Though, I think he may have been a bit of an exhibitionist, since it only gives the illusion of privacy." How fitting for this situation, she thought to herself.

Both boys just nodded blankly at her, not really understanding what she was getting at.

"Okay, look at the bed."

Both boys looked to the bed, not noticing anything out of the ordinary. Harry turned to his friend, ready to ask a question, but was interrupted just as he opened his mouth.

"Go sit on the edge of the bed," Hermione said firmly, waiting for the boys to move. Sometimes, they could both be so thick.

Harry was the first to go over to the bed, sitting on the edge gingerly, almost like it would bite him if he wasn't careful. It took him a moment to realize what Hermione had been talking about a few minutes earlier, but when he did, he smiled widely. "That's pretty impressive, I must say," he complimented her.

Malfoy didn't want to be the only one who didn't know what was going on, so he went to the opposite side of the bed from where Harry was sitting, and gracefully placed himself on the edge. His eyes widened a bit as he, too, realized what the girl had done for them. He nodded his head at her.

"I thought that it would help give you both a bit of privacy. I mean, I know I can still see though the spell, but at least from on the bed it looks like you have a tent and curtains all around you."

Harry smiled at his friend, grateful that she had gone through the trouble to find a spell like this. He wasn't exactly comfortable with what he was about to do, but at least it wouldn't be as if he could see her.

Hermione took the fact that both boys were still sitting on the bed as her cue to back away, scooting over to the chair that she had been sitting in when Harry had arrived in the room earlier. Both boys were looking in her direction even though they couldn't see her clearly. She sat down, attempting to get comfortable, before she spoke. "Just do what you are comfortable with," was all she said.

It took a few moments for the boys to register that this was their signal to begin, and once they realized it, it was a bit awkward to say the least. Both were still sitting on the very edge of the bed on opposite sides, and even with the tent, it was a bit difficult to completely forget that there was another person in the room.

Hermione didn't care though, and was watching avidly, wondering who would make the first move. Surprisingly, it was Harry who took the initiative. He took off his glasses, setting them carefully on the table nearest him, and then pulled his black jumper off over his head. He tossed the article onto the floor, leaving his ebony hair mussed all around his face. Draco was quick to follow with his own dark grey jumper, also tossing it onto the floor before moving a hand up to smooth down his own mussed hair. He then reached into his pocket and pulled something out, setting it onto the side table quickly, his pale but toned body gleaming in the soft light of the room.

It took Hermione a moment to realize what it was, and when she did, she couldn't help the blush that warmed up her cheeks. She hadn't even though about the need for lubrication, but obviously Malfoy thought ahead.

She continued to watch the two boys, wondering who would make the next move. It didn't take her long to figure it out, because Malfoy scooted himself forward towards the center of the bed, Harry following only a moment after. After a quick glance from Harry towards where she was sitting, almost as if to make sure that she was watching, he reached out towards the blond-haired boy.

Harry's tanned hand connected with Malfoy's pale arm, pulling the other boy towards his own body. It wasn't a quick movement, but rather, slow and calculated. As the distance between their bodies closed, Harry tilted his head slightly so that his lips just barely connected with Malfoy's.

It was a kiss unlike any other that Hermione had ever seen. Even in the movies, she had never seen something so tender and slow. And they had done absolutely nothing, except a mere touching of skin. She could see that both boys still had their eyes open, and even as their lips lingered together, it was almost as if they were feeling each other out, to see where they stood, before continuing.

It was then that she noticed Malfoy's hand slide up the bare skin on Harry's arm, before wrapping itself around his shoulder and quickly jerking Harry towards himself. Harry's free arm immediately grabbed onto Malfoy's bicep, steadying himself before bringing their lips back into the contact that had been broken by the blonde's sharp movement. At that instant, the two boys seemed to devour each other, as if kissing was more important than breathing.

For Hermione, it was like watching all of the anger and tension that had surrounded the two boys for seven years finally fade away. Each one seemed to compete to dominate the kiss, one moment Harry pushing towards Malfoy, with Malfoy's eyes sliding closed at the assault, and then the next moment, Malfoy responding in kind, practically pushing Harry onto his back from the strength of the kiss. Hermione could see flashes of their tongues moving back and forth between each other's mouths, interspersed with each boy taking his turn biting at the other one's lips, turning them red and swollen.

She could hear the panting breaths coming from the two boys on the bed, and she couldn't help but think the room was a bit warm. She could feel her entire body heating up, and she was glad that she had worn another shirt under her own jumper, because she had a feeling she would be taking it off soon.

Hands were starting to wander now, beginning with gentle touches ghosting over each other's skin. When Harry ran his hand down the front of Malfoy's chest, lightly teasing the dusky colored nipples, both the blond and Hermione shivered. And then Malfoy was returning the favor, his nearly white skin a startling contrast to Harry's fading summer tan. The kiss was broken each time one of the boys would let out a small moan, but as quickly as it was ended, it started again, each time with renewed vigor. One boy would tease the other's reddened lips with his tongue, and then the other would nip at it, drawing it into his own mouth to explore.

As Hermione watched this take place, she couldn't help her mind wandering just a bit. She knew that she would never be able to look at Harry the same way again, if for no other fact that he was even more gorgeous than she had imagined him to be. The same went for Malfoy. Heck, at this point, she might as well call him Draco. Maybe not to his face, but at least in her head. It would be hard to picture a naked Malfoy, but rather easy to imagine a naked Draco.

During her little revelation, Draco had finally managed to push Harry onto his back, his body hovering above Harry's, but not quite touching. The ebony-haired boy was still gripping onto both of Draco's arms, and with a quick movement, he let go and wrapped them around the blonde's back, pulling him down to rest on top of his own body. The kiss was broken yet again, but this time moans issued from both boys, as their hips came into contact.

Hermione almost moaned herself, especially at seeing the two boys really starting to get into everything. She quietly slipped her jumper over her head, hoping that she hadn't made any noise so that she wouldn't distract the two people on the bed. She tossed her jumper onto the floor next to her chair, thinking that that was to be the trend of the evening. She quickly brought her attention back to the couple on the bed, not wanting to miss a thing.

Draco was currently licking Harry's neck, while gently running his left hand up and down Harry's side. She could see Harry shivering against the other boy's ministrations, and her own body was starting to respond in kind.

Draco pulled his mouth slowly away from Harry's neck, moving his body lower on the dark-haired boy's, all the while slowly dragging his tongue down the other's chest in a leisurely pattern. Harry's hands loosened their hold on Draco's back, allowing the other boy to move more freely. As Draco ran the tip of his tongue lightly over Harry's nipple, Hermione could see Harry arch his back up from the bed, and towards Draco's mouth, all the while the blonde's tongue still working the hardened bud.

And then Draco left him wanting more, and kept moving lower. He snaked his tongue over Harry's toned stomach, coming to stop right next to his bellybutton. As he slowly circled the tender flesh, his hand reached up to pinch the still wet nipple his mouth had just left. Harry's back curved up off the bed yet again, a loud moan escaping his mouth. When the blond started to slide his tongue down the fine line of hair below Harry's navel, a tanned hand automatically threaded itself through the light-colored hair, almost as if attempting to stop the action, yet urge it on at the same time.

At this point, Hermione just gave up on telling herself that the room was hot. She was blushing scarlet from the scene taking place before her, and certain parts of her body were definitely a bit hotter than the others. She was horny, and it was all because she was watching two of the hottest guys at Hogwarts kiss. And touch. And lick. It was something she could not tear her eyes away from.

It did not escape her notice when Draco's hand paused at the top of Harry's jeans, his face turning up towards Harry's, almost as if asking permission. When Harry nodded, then moved his hips forward slightly towards Draco's body, it was all the encouragement that the blond needed. He quickly unbuttoned the top of the jeans, and the sound of the trousers being unzipped was almost deafening in the quietness of the room. Harry shifted his hips up off the bed, to allow the other boy to pull the dark fabric off of his body, leaving nothing behind. Hermione couldn't help the way her eyes landed on Harry's arousal, jutting stiffly out from his body, the color of his cock rosy with excitement and a pearly drop of liquid glistening at the tip.

Just as Draco was about to lean back down towards Harry's pelvis, Harry placed a quick hand on the other boy's chest, before trailing it down to the top of the blonde's trousers. With a few sharp movements, they were unbuttoned and unzipped, and Draco backed away to remove them himself. As the trousers were tossed off the edge of the bed, landing in a pile near the rest of the discarded clothes, Hermione

couldn't help but think of Harry's adept movements concerning how quickly he had gotten Draco out of his clothing.

Draco hadn't been wearing any pants beneath his trousers either, and his erection that was nestled in a patch of fine colored hair could be seen visibly in the light of the room. Just seconds after Draco's trousers hit the floor, Harry reached towards the blond quickly, pulling the pale-skinned body down on top of his own, their cocks finally touching for the first time that night. Both boys groaned loudly, and Harry buried his head in Draco's neck, wrapping one arm around his shoulders, while his other one moved to caress the small of Draco's back, getting lower and lower with each pass.

When Harry ghosted his hand over the alabaster skin of Draco's arse, the blond jutted his hips forward, straight into Harry's waiting body. Harry groaned loudly at the action, his hand finally grasping the round of flesh it had been wandering over. And then he continued to rub, thrusting his own body up to meet Draco's every time the blond-haired man thrust down onto his, slowly and leisurely, as if to really enjoy this moment.

Hermione moaned and panted quickly, unable to contain her self at this point. She tried to ignore herself and what her hand was doing while she watched the boys. She couldn't be bothered with the fact that her own jeans were now unbuttoned and her fingers had snaked their way into her damp panties. She couldn't be arsed to care at all.

As both boys continued to grind against each other, Draco pulled his upper body away from Harry's, so that he could move their lips back together, and it seemed that both had decided it had been too long since their last kiss, because it was now more energetic than any other they had shared so far that night. Harry broke away panting, turning his head to the side so that he could breathe, and now it was Draco's turn to bury his face in Harry's neck, licking and nipping at the tender skin he found there. It was then that Hermione noticed Harry's finger gently tracing patterns on Draco's arse, before finally slipping his digit teasingly into the crack and making the blond shudder as he arched against him.

Harry did this a few more times, each time getting the same response as before, before removing his teasing finger. Using his other hand, he thread his fingers through the fine blond hair, pulling Draco's head up level with his, so he could kiss him once more. He teasingly ran his tongue over Draco's lips, first the top one, then the bottom, before slipping it slowly inside, tantalizing him with his taste.

As Harry dominated this kiss with Draco, he reached his hand up from Draco's arse to intertwine it with the pale one that was languidly caressing his side. Once joined, he slowly brought Draco's hand down to his hip, and then gently pushed both hands in between their bodies. Draco rolled off of Harry and onto his side, lying so that their bodies were still touching. Their connected hands still rested on Harry's stomach, and Draco removed his fingers from the other boy's grasp, then immediately grabbed hold of the blushing cock that was near. Harry gasped at the contact, and then his own hands scrabbled to grab hold of Draco in the same way.

This had to be one of the most erotic things in the world, Hermione decided, and definitely much better than anything she had seen in those books. Her own experiences seemed pale in comparison to watching this unfold before her, and nothing extremely exciting had even happened yet. But her body would deny that last statement, especially her fingers that were working overtime below her waist, toying with the edges of her wetness.

The boys were now mirroring each other's actions. When one would slide his hand up and down the swollen shaft, so would the other. When one brushed his fingers up and over the slit at the head, smearing the tiny drops of come, the same was done for the other. Every brush, every squeeze, every caress, was imitated. Even every moan. To Hermione, it looked as if the boys were mapping each other's flesh, but already knew exactly what the other wanted.

It was at this point that the girl received a bit of a surprise. Draco pulled his body away from Harry's, breaking all contact except Draco's hand around Harry's cock. Then the blond leaned down, and swiftly took Harry into his mouth. All of it.

Hermione choked. It was reflex. She couldn't believe that he did it so easily, and she watched in awe at the blond head bobbing up and down on Harry's erection, barely hearing the groans of encouragement that flowed from the ebony-haired boy's mouth. Each time the flesh disappeared, smearing his own saliva and Harry's come along the shaft, she could see Draco's cock twitch against Harry's leg, leaving its own pearly trail where it was brushing.

When she heard a small click, her brain paid it no attention, until she saw Draco's glistening fingers and the bottle of lube lying next to him on the bed. She hadn't even noticed him reach over to get it. As he continued to make Harry groan by swallowing his cock, he reached his hand between the dark-haired boy's legs, who spread them more than willingly. From her vantage point in her chair, she could barely see the first finger teasing around the puckered hole, just catching small glimpses as Draco's mouth reached the top of Harry's shaft before sliding back down. The fingers continued to tease for another minute before gently pushing inside the slowly relaxing body. Despite not being able to see everything clearly, she could see Draco's arm flexing as it worked, pushing his finger in and out of Harry's tight arse, causing even more mumbled words to spill from Harry's mouth.

Draco next removed his mouth from Harry, earning a displeased sound from the other boy, but he did nothing but grin in return. Using his free hand, he reached for the lube again, and then withdrew his finger from Harry's arse before pouring a more than generous amount of the liquid onto them. As soon as they were slick, he quickly pushed two fingers back into the ebony-haired boy, making his leaking cock jump against his stomach.

Without Draco's head to hinder the view, it was much easier for Hermione to see what was going on. She couldn't believe how easily Harry's body was accepting these fingers, which made her even more surprised when Draco added a third, earning a healthy moan from the boy below him. Draco reached back to Harry's cock and wrapped his hand around it, smearing the drops that fell from it as he slowly stroked him, all while thrusting his fingers in and out of Harry's arse.

Hermione could see the sweat beaded all over Harry's skin, and Draco looked rather flushed also. Despite what she had read in the books, she hadn't really let herself believe that this would be pleasurable to someone, but from the look on Harry's face, she knew it must be. He had started encouraging Draco again, panting with every thrust, each one bringing his back curving up off of the bed, and always saying that he wanted more.

Draco slowly withdrew his fingers from their tight confines, took his hand off of Harry's twitching cock, and leaned up the bed towards Harry's face. Harry moved to meet him, bringing their lips together in an agonizingly slow kiss. As their lips continued to move against each other, their tongues brushing and intertwining, Draco pulled the tanned legs up towards Harry's chest in a bent position, spread apart, and moved his body to kneel in between them. His reddened cock angled from his body, pointing in the direction it wanted to be taken, with his own hand slowing tugging at it, smearing the remainder of the lube from his fingers along the shaft, making it glisten.

The girl's heart was beating wildly in her chest. She couldn't actually believe that they were going to do this, but she couldn't bring herself to say ‘stop.' They didn't even seem to notice that she was in the room anymore, which didn't bother her in the slightest. As she slipped a finger into her own wetness, she couldn't help that her other hand had been creeping up her shirt and underneath her bra, toying with her own hardened nipples. Her breaths were short and panting, both from the scene in front of her, and her own ministrations.

Draco broke the kiss as he positioned his stiff cock at the small, wet hole between Harry's legs. The two

boys paused, looking at each other carefully, before Draco gripped his own dripping erection to help guide himself into Harry. As the blond pushed gently, Hermione could see it slowly disappear into the slick passage. Harry's hands gripped the covers on the bed and his head fell to the side, gasping as Draco entered him. Once Draco was fully sheathed, he relaxed his body against the boy lying beneath him.

Then he began to kiss him once more. This was perhaps the most sensual kiss of the entire night, and Hermione had seen quite a few of those already. Draco started his rhythm by slowly rocking his body, surely not moving more than a couple of centimeters with each push, but it allowed Harry's body to adjust. As he started to move faster, Harry began to thrust upwards to meet him, deepening the kiss to almost impossible levels as he continued.

The rocking on the bed gradually became faster, until Draco was fucking Harry in earnest. Every time that Draco thrust in, Harry moaned out in bliss, which in turn sent sparks of lust flowing through Hermione's body. The couple was no longer kissing, but rather the room was filled with the sounds of their pleasure, and she couldn't take it any more; she wanted to satisfy her own lust as quickly as possible.

Her mind was hardly conscious of one hand still toying with her nipples, rolling and pinching them randomly for quick gratification. Instead, she was barely able to keep her eyes on the bed as she added another finger to her wetness. The slick walls clenched slightly every time she felt the jolts of excitement from playing with her nipples. As her fingers moved deep inside herself, she used her thumb to rub over her clit in teasing flicks, eliciting her own moans of pleasure.

She didn't even care any more if the boys heard her.

She could feel herself dripping out around her fingers, so she smeared her thumb through the slickness and used it to flick over her clit, faster and faster. Her panties limited her hand's amount of movement, but she couldn't be arsed to care much. She started rubbing her clit in steady circles, getting faster and faster every few seconds. She could feel her body starting to tense up, so her unrestrained hand left her nipples and grabbed the arm of the chair.

As Draco reached his hand in between their bodies to grasp Harry's leaking cock, she barely had time to bite down on her free hand in an attempt to muffle her scream. With her head thrown back and her breath caught in her throat, her entire body tensed up and froze in pleasure, clenching down on her fingers and holding them hostage for those few wonderful moments. As her muscles released, her entire body shook, and then she felt limp.

And completely sated.

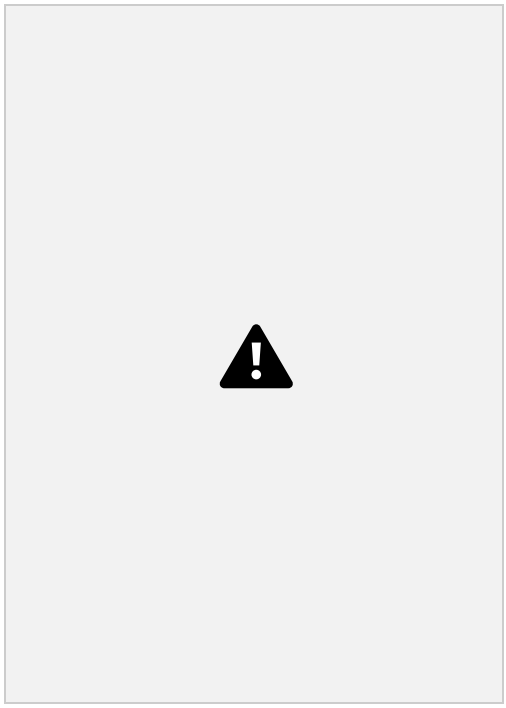
After a moment, she lazily withdrew her hand from her soaking wet panties, wiping her dripping wet fingers on her sweater next to her chair, for once not caring how dirty it would have seemed to herself on any other occasion. Even though she was exhausted and could hardly breathe, she couldn't tear her eyes away from the bed.

Draco was fisting Harry's cock rapidly in time with his own thrusting. Harry was now gripping wildly at Draco's arse, attempting to help the blond fuck him harder with every push. As Harry's head fell to the side, his back arching up off the bed, he moaned loudly, coming hard all over Draco's nimble fingers. A few more thrusts was all it took for Draco to empty himself into Harry, his body shuddering as he collapsed onto the boy lying beneath him, the blonde's mouth whispering unintelligible phrases the whole time.

Both boys were breathing incredibly hard now, and neither seemed to want to do anything but lay there and relax, looking incredibly gratified. Their skin was stained, shining with sweat and come, Draco's pale color in great contrast to Harry's tanned skin. Hermione was trying to decide whether or not she should thank the boys and tell them that they should all be getting back to their rooms, or just leave and let them

fend for themselves, since it was bound to be a bit awkward.

As she watched the two boys, still laying on one another on the disheveled bed, she saw Draco reach a hand over to Harry's to intertwine their fingers together, before snuggling his head to rest more comfortably on Harry's chest.



After a moment, he raised his head up, and Harry's lips met his halfway as they shared a leisurely kiss, cupping the other boy's face gently.

And it was at this point that it hit Hermione. Rather, it was like she had been run over by a Thestral-drawn carriage full of bricks. Everything made sense now.

The fact that it had really taken no effort at all to convince the boys to be a part of this, the lack of fighting in previous months, the almost friendly banter, the fact that they seemed to know each other's bodies much better than for the fact that they were both boys. The hand holding, the passion in the kisses, and the trust. She could see what it must have taken for them to do this in front of her, and yet, they both trusted one another enough to allow it to happen.

She could at least allow them a bit of privacy after what they had been through.

It was with that final thought that the girl straightened up the clothes she was still wearing, gathered up her sweater, and made her way out the door on shaky legs, but not before casting a strong locking charm on it. Even though they didn't get to have the previous part of the night alone, the least she could do was allow them to spend the rest of it that way.

Her exit didn't go unnoticed by the two boys still relaxing on the bed.

Epilogue

A Gryffindor Girl's

'Slytherin' Cunning
Epilogue

Hermione woke up the next morning feeling rather out of sorts. She hadn't slept very well the night before, mostly due to everything she had seen. It wasn't that she regretted her actions, but she couldn't help but feel a bit guilty. That was the reason she wanted the two boys to be unemotionally attached, which was definitely what Harry and Draco were not.

She felt bad that she had to find out about their relationship in that way. It was an incredibly sexually charged experience, but it would always be tainted a bit in her mind, because she had inadvertently witnessed something reserved only for the two people involved. That was something she felt horrible about.

She was a smart girl, but she should have known that it would be inevitable to have a Step 4 in her plan. Now she just had to find a way to apologize.

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Hermione had spent the rest of the weekend studiously avoiding both Harry and Draco, and neither one had sought her out either. Now, as she approached Harry, who was once again alone in his dorm room, she could see a bit of worry flash across his normally friendly eyes. He was sitting on his bed, looking like he was attempting to read the Seventh year Transfigurations text, when she handed him a gift wrapped in the remainder of last year's Christmas paper.

"What's this?" he asked, but didn't open the present.

"An apology," she said quietly, before giving him a small smile and leaving the room.

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Harry stared at the present blankly, before deciding that he should probably open it. After the paper had been torn away, he couldn't help but be a bit shocked. Then he couldn't help the huge grin that crossed his face. It took only a moment to open the front cover, his eyes automatically noticing the inscription written there.

I think you two will find more use for this book than I ever will. There are quite a few interesting pictures towards the back. They are the ones that started it all for me. It never hurts to read a bit, especially for pleasure.

Love,
Hermione

Also, I can't help but mention that you are both much better looking than the men in this book.

Harry laughed, knowing that getting an apology out of Hermione was about as painful as getting one from Draco. But at least she understood. And the fact that she used 'you two' wasn't lost on him either. He tossed "Ultimate Gay Sex" into his trunk, locking it quickly, and then headed out to find his friend.

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Hermione tended to be a creature of habit; Harry found her at her favorite spot on the third floor, sitting on
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a stone ledge looking out a window to the Hogwarts Grounds below. He stopped next to the girl, putting his hand lightly on her shoulder.

Hermione jerked around, surprised that someone was touching her. She hadn't even heard anyone come up, but when she saw that it was Harry, she smiled at him.

"Thanks," he said. "For the book." Harry paused for a moment, before continuing to speak. "And about Draco."

The girl smiled. "You know, I thought I was being pretty devious, getting two boys to do that for me. I had pretty much bet on the fact that it would be nothing but a 'friends with benefits' sort of thing." She shook her head slightly with an amused smile on her face, as if scolding herself because she knew better. "You surprised me."

Harry laughed, thinking to himself about how Hermione had probably thought she'd worked out every little detail.

"I guess that was why you were both so easy to convince, in the end. But why did you do it?" she asked, more than a bit of curiosity in her voice.

The dark-haired boy blushed, still a bit unsure himself as to why he had gone along with the plan. "Well, it mostly came down to the fact that you are one of my best friends. You would have found out eventually, and I don't really like keeping secrets from you and Ron. And it's not every day that someone can do something to shock you." He laughed slightly at his own comment. "Besides, Draco thought it would be funny."

"He told you?!" she exclaimed rather loudly.

"Not until after you had talked to me about it. He kept that part of the deal."

"Oh," she paused, before asking nervously, "Well, how long have you been together?"

"Since a little while before I came out last year. He was a big part of the reason I did that."

Hermione nodded, thinking that it made sense. "So your boyfriend is Draco Malfoy. Who would have ever thought?" She laughed lightly, before continuing. "You both look really good together," she said, in complete honesty.

Harry's eyes sparkled at the compliment. "Thanks. That means a lot to me."

His friend just smiled. "So how exactly did you manage to keep this a secret for so long?"

Harry's grin formed into a smirk, quite reminiscent of his boyfriend's. "Don't forget who was almost put into another house, Hermione. You aren't the only Gryffindor with some 'Slytherin' cunning."

The End

This story was a blast to write, mostly because I got it all done in about 12 hours, with the exception of a few minor changes later. The plot bunny just wouldn't leave me alone though, so I HAD to write it, and I couldn't seem to stop until I was finished. I'm also rather fond of my Hermione… I like her being a devious, manipulative, perverted person. It puts a smile on my face.

I just wanted to say a quick thanks to my betas, 1Sithlord, Aki-Hoshi, Michelle, and Omi, whom had some wonderful suggestions to help me improve this little piece. It has been FOREVER since I posted anything,

so hopefully I will be getting back into the groove now, and I wouldn't be able to do it without them!

Also, a huge thanks to everyone that read this and/or took the time to review. It can never be appreciated too much!