

# After the Battle

By

DrT

Even though it was early July, Hermione Granger shivered. In part, this was because even at the height of summer, the Scottish Highlands could be chilly, especially at night. But only in part.

Exactly two weeks before, the long-awaited, long-feared 'Final Battle' as The Daily Prophet called it, had been fought. Lord Voldemort was dead and gone. His worst Death Eaters were dead -- they at least would not be around to restart the cycle of prejudice. Neither would Draco Malfoy. Hermione had killed him almost immediately after Draco had killed Ron.

Hermione shivered again as she sat on the hard bench on the platform that formed the top of the Astronomy Tower.

Hermione tried to think of those who had sided with Voldemort -- all dead or in prison. But not even the stunned face of Severus Snape as he was taken away to Azkaban -- he had honestly believed that his occasional tips on Voldemort's plans would erase everyone's, even Harry's, memory of his having killed Dumbledore for his own advantage -- could erase the faces of her dead friends, killed over the last year.

Hagrid, the friendly half-giant, overwhelmed by Death Eaters. Parvati, murdered in Hogsmeade by Pansy Parkinson. Lavender, killed by Pansy in a duel while trying to avenge Parvati. Seamus, murdered by Draco shortly after Seamus and Dean had killed Pansy and Vincent Crabbe. Ginny and her mother, killed in the attack on the Burrow the previous summer, just before their return to Hogwarts. Neville, dying of his injuries after the big battle at the end of the previous December. So many others who weren't as close to her as these had been, but still friends, older students who had helped her, younger students and those in her own Year she had tutored.

Too many.

And above all, Ron. Awkward, jealous, gawky, aggravating, immature, sweet, wondering and wonderfully sweet and loving Ron. Ron, who hadn't been her first kiss but who had been her first lover. Somewhere, in the back of her mind, despite knowing that adolescent love rarely extended into adulthood, despite being in no hurry to have children and never wanting to become a housewife, Hermione had imagined two adorable children with bushy red hair. Granted, she always had tried to imagine them perfectly mannered and polite, yet they had always morphed into smiling, happy, care-free devilish Weasleys.

Hermione sniffled.

A noise made Hermione spin around, her wand up and a hex on her lips. A year of combat training and actual combat had her ready to attack, but able to hold back just long enough to identify her

target. "Oh," she said, lowering her wand, "sorry."

Luna limped into the turret. "You don't have to apologize to me," she said. "Your reflexes saved my life."

"You may have that limp for the rest of your life."

"But I will not only have that life, but I'll have both legs to walk me through it," Luna pointed out. "And I may walk a little oddly, at least for a time, but my legs look the same. While I am not vain, I am pleased, because Harry likes my legs."

"Harry likes every part of your body," Hermione managed to tease. No one had expected Harry and Luna to drift together during the year after Dumbledore had been murdered. Until her death, Ron had hoped that Harry and Ginny would get make together even more than Ginny had. Hermione had been the first to accept the couple, because she could see how Luna's gentle, care-free, free spirit had soothed Harry. Harry, bearing the burden of destroying the Horcruxes, helping to lead the Order, and with the ultimate responsibility of killing Voldemort, had needed that soothing.

"You're smiling," Luna said, slightly surprised. "It's good to see you smiling again." Hermione bowed her head in embarrassment. "What memory drew that out?"

"Last summer," Hermione admitted. "When you came to me with all those questions."

"When Mummy died, I was far too young to have been taught the facts of life," Luna said in her normal, off-hand, matter-of-fact voice. "Poor Professor Flitwick was terribly embarrassed when I asked him about my first menstrual cycle." Hermione snorted. Luna shrugged. "I was the first in my dorm to have one. He sent me to Madam Pomfrey, of course. You know how my dorm mates treated me. Who else could I go to to ask about lovemaking, except my best friend?"

"Was I?" Hermione asked. "I thought Ginny was."

"Not after Harry drew close to me," Luna said regretfully. "She was never mean to me because of it -- quite the opposite, in fact -- but we were rarely as close as you and she were and that pushed us further apart."

"I'm sorry."

"So am I," Luna admitted. "I had hoped, since she and Neville had just started dating, we might come back together. We were going to have tea together, but she was killed two days before then."

"I wish Harry was here," Hermione said. Harry had been whisked away hours after the battle for Ministry debriefing. Except for some messages passed on by Tonks, neither Luna nor Hermione had heard from him since.

"So do I," Luna admitted. "I not only miss him, I need him."

"Need? Oh. . . ." Hermione blushed. She had to admit that she missed Ron for those reasons, too.

"Harry is a very considerate lover," Luna mused. "I think it's largely because of his nature, but when you remember all the abuse he went through as a child, not to mention the burdens he's carried, it's all the more remarkable."

"I'm sure," Hermione said, uncertain what else she could say. Then, to her horror, she felt a pang of jealousy. Luna was separated from her lover, but he was still alive. Ron was gone. . . .

"Hermione," Luna said sitting next to her friend, "I know you're hurting, mostly because of Ronald's passing on to the next plane of existence." Hermione could say nothing, only nod. Luna put her arm around her friend. "You can cry, if you need to."

Hermione shrugged. Luna kissed the top of Hermione's head. "You feel lonely." Hermione had to nod her agreement to that. Luna hugged Hermione tightly and kissed the top of her head again. "You don't have to be alone tonight, if you don't want to be."

Hermione froze, shocked.

"I hope you aren't offended," Luna went on. "One reason why my dorm mates disliked me is because I had a crush on an older student my first term, Penny Clearwater, as a matter of fact. I was rather . . . gushy about it, and they pegged me as a lesbian. I wasn't, of course, but I do believe that love comes in many shades, and none are more valid than any others, so long as they are not selfish. I love Harry. I hope we will stay together, and I hope to bear him children. I noticed over two years ago that I was very attracted to you and to Harry. You were interested in Ronald and I thought Harry was interested in me. When he turned his attention to Ginny, I admit I was disappointed."

"You were interested in me two years ago?" Hermione asked, surprised.

"I was. Why do you think I visited you every day when you were in the infirmary after the fight at the Ministry? why do you think I massaged all those ointments into your body? Why else would I sooth your skin with the lotions to prevent bed sores?"

"Well. . . ."

"True," Luna said, "you had started being nice to me after the fight, and I like to think I am a nice person, but you must admit I was very thorough in applying the ointments and massaging you. Why do you think that lotion went almost everywhere?"

"True," Hermione admitted. "It felt . . . more than nice. It felt wonderful."

"Has anyone else ever touched you like that?"

"No," Hermione admitted. "Ron was a good kisser, but he was still rather clumsy in bed, and he never massaged me, for foreplay or just to have fun. Of course, I never massaged him or asked him to massage me."

"Harry is very attentive," Luna said, looking off into some distant nirvana. "He saw one evening that my shoulder was sore. He wound up massaging my entire body, albeit with most of my clothes still on. I picked up some scented oil in Hogsmeade a few weeks later, and I have had to reorder it several times."

"So that's why you and Harry always smell of sandalwood! I just thought you burned incense when you got together."

"No," Luna agreed, "it's the oil, not incense." She looked thoughtful. "I do enjoy the aroma; I shall have to get some incense." Luna turned her attention back to Hermione. "We are very lucky, Hermione. We are alive in this plain." She slowly raised her right forefinger, and it stroked

Hermione's cheek. "We can still enjoy physical pleasure, and tie it to emotional satisfaction. Please, come with me tonight. Let us relax and enjoy each other's company, even if you may not wish to make love." Luna shrugged. "I realize that most people seem to be narrower than I in their affections."

Hermione snorted. "Actually, Ginny seduced me about a week before she was killed."

"Really? Ginny seduced me at the beginning of last summer, after Harry broke up with her and before he became interested in me." Luna frowned for a moment, and then shrugged. "I hope she did so out of the love she professed instead of out of some insecurity."

"I hope so, too." Hermione stood and stretched -- she was very stiff from sitting so long atop a chilly tower. "What do you suggest?"

"Well first, Harry has a rather magnificent bath. He says it's nearly as luxurious as the Prefect's Bath, which I hear is fabulous." She frowned. "Of course, I have been misled before. They might have all been teasing about the Prefect's Bath, although that would be unlike Harry."

"They probably weren't," Hermione admitted.

"You ate very little at dinner. Come and relax with me in the bath. We'll snack a bit, and I'll massage you. We can decide where to go from there."

An hour later, Luna and Hermione were bathing together in Harry's magnificent tub. Hermione had been in Harry's suite of rooms at Hogwarts many times. The trio had wound up spending more time there than anywhere else since Dumbledore's murder despite the hunt for the Horcruxes. She had thought that they each had fairly identical suites -- a small outer sitting room, an inner bed chamber, a small bath, and a small storage area. Harry's storage area, however, had a secret door leading to this restrained yet sybaritic bath. Luna had assured her that Dobby had arranged this, and that her own suite did not have such an addition.

The room was not overly large -- perhaps 12 by 24 feet. There was a small shower, a place for clothes, and the climb-into bath. It took just three steps to climb into, and was fairly shallow yet comfortable. It had all the extras of the Prefect's Bath, and the pair had showered and washed each other, and were now laying side by side, soaking in a relaxing, fizzing mineral/potion combination, smelling of roses.

"You look better," Luna said.

"I feel better," Hermione admitted. "The snacks Dobby sent up helped a lot, too."

"You did not grow up as lonely as Harry, or even I, did, but you still grew up alone, didn't you?"

Hermione had to admit, "I did. Children never liked me until Ron and Harry made friends with me."

"Did they? Or did Harry, with Ronald accepting it?"

Hermione frowned, looking back. "I suppose Harry was the leader in making friends with me," she admitted. "Ron always fought with me more than Harry, even when we were just friends, even when it was Harry who had a reason to fight with me. Ron didn't really realize what my being a girl

meant until he needed a desperation date for the Yule Ball. Even then, if he had had a date and Harry hadn't, he would have shoved us together as eagerly as he asked me."

"And things snowballed from there?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Ron was too glacial to be considered a snowball. It took him a year to make his first tentative move, and another year beyond that to make anything like a certain one."

"But you were more attracted to Ron than to Harry."

"Be fair," Hermione retorted, "as inconsistent and glacial Ron was, Harry showed even less interest. I'm more his sister than a love interest."

"Not so," Luna said. "believe it or not, Harry is a randy little bugger."

"Harry?" Hermione sat up in the bath and stared at Luna.

"Harry," Luna assured Hermione. "I grant you, he suppressed his sexual feelings and urges through his Sixth year. Those Dursleys . . . Harry managed to repress every intense feeling he had for sixteen years, other than bursts of anger. I am most grateful that Ginny took care of that, too."

"What did she do?" Hermione frowned. "And when?"

"The 'when' was just after Bill's wedding," Luna answered. "She cornered Harry in private and first assured Harry of her undying friendship, and that she expected nothing more." Hermione nodded. "Then she unzipped his jeans and jerked and sucked him off twice in less than five minutes. That apparently left Harry in something of a daze. He had never felt real physical affection before dating Ginny, and from what he later told me, he had never even got himself off."

"So, Ginny was his first in many ways," Hermione said in amazement. Then Hermione's frown returned. "But why . . . never mind, I know. The Dursleys."

"Harry never had the chance there, and he was afraid to do it Hogwarts, because someone might find out there, too."

"Poor Harry."

Luna nodded. "I think Ginny was hoping Harry would come begging for more. Instead, he took her at her word that she didn't expect anything more from him than that one time. In her frustration, Ginny seduced me a few days later. Harry came across me in the afterglow." She smiled. "Ginny had seduced me out by the pond at the Burrow. Harry came to soak in the cool water, since it was so hot. We came across each other." Her smile grew. "We were like two animals. We have been together ever since. Strangely, our love-making has always been gentle, other than that first time. Perhaps that is because that was raw sex, and ever since it has been true love."

"Ron and I were crying in each other's arms after Dumbledore's murder," Hermione said, looking straight ahead. "We were comforting each other, and we started kissing and we just carried on." Hermione quirked a smile. "Ron was always a rather clumsy lover, but he was caring, if not very imaginative."

"Really?"

"Kiss, kiss, stroke and kiss a nipple, put it in, and thirty seconds later roll off," Hermione confessed. "But he was always so grateful, so caring, both before and after. And, to be honest, there weren't all that many times. Maybe fifteen in a year?"

"Really?" Luna was surprised. "I snuck into Harry's room every night he was here. Granted, most nights he was too tired to make love more than once, but. . . ."

"More than once? Ron never managed more than once!"

"Harry sometimes has a lot of nervous energy to burn off," Luna answered. Her face scrunched in concentrated thought. "I would say the most was . . . nine separate sessions in a thirty-three hour period, six with multiple encounters."

"Wow," Hermione explained, impressed and a little envious.

"We didn't always have vaginal intercourse, of course," Luna went on. "Harry has a large and delicious member. . . ."

"I tried to do that to Ron once," Hermione said. "He was shocked."

"So he never. . . ."

"He certainly would NOT try that," Hermione agreed.

"Harry has a very talented tongue." Luna smiled. "We nearly always have oral foreplay, and Harry has always made certain I had at least one orgasm, orally if not some other way."

"Ron did tried to sodomize me once," Hermione remarked.

"We've done that, too," Luna agreed. "Harry is so gentle, it was so fulfilling!"

"Ron wasn't, and it didn't work, even if Ron's rod was narrow, if fairly long," Hermione admitted.

"That's too bad," Luna commented. "It did hurt a little the first time, although not as much as his breaking my hymen, and there is not as much pure pleasure. Still, the second time, we were side-by-side. Harry played with my nipples while I touched myself. That was delicious."

"I wish Ron and I had figured out how to do it right for us," Hermione lamented. "It was a real fantasy of his."

"Now that Voldemort is gone, I expect I can finally fulfill at least one of Harry's two greatest desires."

"Which are?"

"I will bear him children. He fantasizes so often about fucking me while I'm pregnant, of drinking my milk as I ride him. . . ."

"And now I will never have children with Ron."

"You imagined it?"

"Fairly often," Hermione admitted. "I was never in a rush to have them, but I always envisioned these two children, one boy and one girl, with wild red hair."

"And did you see them acting more like you or like Ron?" Luna teased.

"I kept trying to see them like me, but I was always terrified they'd act most like Fred and George."

"You will have more fantasies, and you will have children, Hermione."

Hermione sighed.

Luna turned to her friend and gently kissed her. Hermione responded eagerly.

"Calmly, my love," Luna whispered. "There is no rush."

"No?"

"No," Luna assured her friend. Luna kissed Hermione deeply and stroked Hermione's hip. Hermione adjusted her bottom so that Luna's hand slipped over to the front of her hips. 'She needs release,' Luna thought, and so shifted Hermione down the tub a bit so that Luna's long fingers could lightly stroke around Hermione's public hair.

Hermione thrust her tongue so deeply into Luna's mouth that Luna was startled. Hermione hugged Luna and said, "Please? I need you, Luna. I'm so alone. . . ."

"You're not alone; you'll never be alone," Luna said, kissing Hermione's temple. She stood and held out her hand. "You need release. Come with me, it will be easier this way."

Hermione hesitated, but reflected she had already admitted too much, to herself as much as to Luna. She took Luna's hand and together they stepped out of the tub. Luna quickly patted Hermione fairly dry with a huge fluffy towel and scrubbed herself dry as well.

The pair rushed into Harry's bedroom, Hermione being caught up in the moment. She allowed herself to be flung at the bed and she twisted from her side onto her back as she bounced.

Luna then leapt on Hermione. They ground their vulvas together while they kissed frantically, eagerly, passionately. Hermione climaxed in under two minutes, and then used her hand to bring Luna off a short while later.

In the comfortable afterglow, as Luna hugged Hermione to her breasts, Hermione commented, "You never told me Harry's other fantasy."

"Oh, the three of us, together as a family," Luna said. "That, by the way, is my greatest fantasy. Harry loving us and fathering our children, you and I as lovers as well."

"Really?" Hermione asked.

"Really. How do you feel about it?"

"I would have been too cowardly to say anything, but I've had that fantasy, too," Hermione admitted. "I don't know if it would work, but I've had it."

"And if Harry were here, right now, would you help me suck him hard, and then get on your hands and knees, so that while he made love to you I could tongue your sweet cunt?" Luna asked.

"Yes," Hermione admitted. "I would, if Har. . . ." Hermione suddenly sat up. "Harry? Are you here, you peeping bastard?"

Harry appeared, canceling the disillusionment charm. "Sorry," he said embarrassed.

"You may be angry," Luna pointed out, "or you may join us for the rest of our lives. Hermione, I love you as much as I love Harry. Harry loves you. Will you love us?"

Luna's plea cut through Hermione's anger and most of her embarrassment. What was left, she had to admit, was a great deal of sexual arousal and desire, for both Luna and especially for Harry. "If Harry was serious, he'd be naked," Hermione suggested.

Harry waved his wand, and stood naked before them.

"You owe us," Hermione stated.

"I entered my suite about seven minutes ago, and found the two of you where I really need to be," Harry pointed out.

"You can either stand there and try to justify yourself, Harry Potter, or you can shower and be in this bed before Luna can bring me off. Then you had better bring me off. Then, we can try Luna's fantasy."

"Your wish is my greatest desire," Harry said. He took a few steps forward, kissed Hermione and then Luna deeply, and then sprang into the bath for a very quick shower.