

Unexpected Forest Delights Chapter 2

Content Warnings: Mating Press, Roleplay, Cum Play, Teasing, F/F, Spanking.

“Are you sure this will work?”

Katie chuckled as she squirted generous amounts of Sleekeazy on her palm. “If this doesn’t work it wasn’t meant to be. The first time I wore this after buying it... let’s just say it was a good thing the Dursleys had left and didn’t have to see me limp around their house for a week.”

Hermione closed her eyes and leaned back into Katie, unable to stop the quiet moan from escaping her lips when the older woman buried her fingers in her scalp. The gentle tugs to her hair while Katie massaged the Sleekeazy into her curls felt heavenly and for a second Hermione dreamed of being bent over like Katie had been, of Harry’s hand buried in her hair while he...

“Oi! Reality to Granger,” Katie said with a quiet chuckle, snapping her fingers in front of Hermione’s face.

Hermione blushed. “Sorry, I was just-”

“Fantasizing about Harry fucking you silly?” Katie teased, cutting her off. She got to work stylizing Hermione’s now smooth and sleek hair into the iconic braid. She was taking a few liberties but she had worn the costume five times already and knew exactly what was guaranteed to have Harry as randy as a goat within seconds.

Hermione’s blush grew deeper.

“Do you think he’ll like me? We... we’ve practically lived together for seven years, he never made a move,” Hermione said, chewing her lower lip worriedly.

Katie paused, a strand of sleek brown hair still twisted around her finger. She took a second to look at Hermione with a critical eye, setting aside her own attraction for the girl. She was cute in the perfect girl-next-door way. Shorter than her but just as petite, Hermione might have been less toned than she was given the preference for books over Quidditch but the girl was by no means unfit.

She knew Harry secretly had a thing for damsels with big innocent eyes and shy smiles, something that came effortlessly to Hermione. He also had a thing for smart women, even if he didn’t know it himself.

“He’s liked you for a while now. It’s so obvious. The lingering gazes, the gentle touches. Merlin, he checks in on you every night after you’ve fallen asleep. I’ve lost count of the number of times I saw him adjusting your blanket to make sure you were comfortable.” Katie giggled. “He never made a move because he thought you wouldn’t like the lifestyle he leads with me and because for some weird reason, he thinks you and Ron are meant to be together.” Katie rolled her eyes.

“Men,” Hermione snorted, rolling her eyes as well.

“Men,” Katie echoed with a grin, returning her attention to Hermione’s now sleek brown hair. She finished the braid and secured it with a thin brown ribbon. Before Hermione knew it her hair was in a style she had never worn before. An iconic style that was unmistakable to a Muggleborn like her.

“You know, in the story, she falls in love with the sarcastic roguish bad boy,” Hermione said, unsure if Katie had actually watched the movies.

“Huh. Guess art does imitate real life,” Katie teased, stepping back to allow Hermione to stand. “Do you remember the time Harry told Snape there was no need to call him ‘sir’?”

“I was in the classroom when it happened. Snape was so enraged, his face was so red... Lavender and Parvati were convinced he’d literally explode.” Hermione giggled. She got to her feet and turned to face Katie, her cheeks pinkening as she undid the towel she was using to cover up her naked body. She let it slide down her body, the cloth pooling around her ankles and leaving her bare to Katie’s gaze once more.

Butterflies fluttered in her stomach and her heart hammered in her chest as the older woman’s heated gaze roved over her gentle curves. Hermione subconsciously took a step forward, eager to feel Katie’s calloused fingers exploring her body once more. Before that night the only person who had touched her had been herself and nothing she had done could ever compare to the electrifying pleasure Katie had brought her with a few simple caresses. She shivered as her thoughts drifted over to the fantasy of being sandwiched between Harry and Katie, both of them whispering sweet and dirty things in her ears as they ravished her tiny body.

“Scared?” Katie asked, picking up the hangar holding the costume from the bed. She had cleaned it with a quick *Scourgify* and shrunk it slightly to make sure it fit her perfectly. “I remember my first time. Couldn’t stop shaking. Harry was so gentle,” Katie whispered, helping Hermione wear the stiff metal bra. It was charmed to have extra space for hidden padding, ensuring it wasn’t as uncomfortable as it looked and could be worn for long durations.

“Excited,” Hermione admitted with a quiet moan as Katie bent and gently pushed her legs apart. Her shivering increased in intensity as the cold air blowing in from the tent’s entrance caressed her slick slit. Her arousal dripped out of her, leaving gleaming trails on her thighs as it made its way down her legs.

“He likes it shaved,” Katie whispered, caressing the V that pointed to her bare core with the back of her hand.

“I-I overheard him telling you that once,” Hermione admitted. She had always tried to catch her best friend’s attention, whether consciously or subconsciously. There was no one else for her, even if she had refused to see it until now.

“Mhmmm,” Katie groaned, leaning in to kiss her bare mound. “So hot.” Her tongue darted out, pushing between the pink, plump petals that guarded her core. She lapped up the tangy juices greedily, her tongue swirling around Hermione’s pussy.

“Katieeeee,” Hermione moaned. Her knees buckled and she reached out with a weak hand to grab the back of the chair she had been sitting on to support herself.

She couldn’t help the disappointed groan that escaped her lips as the pleasure disappeared far too soon when Katie pulled away with a massive grin on her face.

“Please!” Hermione whined, stomping her foot in frustration. Katie’s tongue exploring her warm, wet folds felt infinitely better than her own fumbling fingers ever had.

“As much as I’d love to-” She was sorely tempted to keep going, to spend the night exploring every inch of her lover’s soft, creamy skin as Harry had once done for her. “Harry will be back soon and we have a surprise to prepare.”

Hermione huffed. Katie had a point and she suddenly wished Harry would just abandon the food and other essentials he had left to fetch and return immediately so both he and Katie could lavish their attention on her.

It wasn’t rational, but for the first time in the bookworm’s life, her body overruled her mind.

She lifted her feet one by one to let Katie pull the remaining half of the costume up her legs. Once that was done Katie stood and reached behind her to unbuckle the exquisitely crafted black leather collar from around her neck.

“I don’t have the exact collar and leash as part of the costume because a thrall doesn’t take off her chosen collar for anything,” Katie explained, gently securing the leather band around Hermione’s neck before she could object. “That I’m taking it off and giving it to you temporarily is a sign of great trust and acceptance,” Katie murmured, a hint of vulnerability in her voice.

Hermione’s fingers gently traced the collar, the girl worried that any action on her part would damage the precious artifact. She beamed when the significance of Katie’s actions sank in and leaned up to kiss her cheek. “Thank you. For accepting me... for letting me be a part of the bond you share with Harry,” Hermione whispered with a radiant smile.

“Now I know why Harry is such a sap. He gets it from you,” Katie teased to lighten the mood. She playfully smacked Hermione’s firm ass on her way to grab the plain black leash kept on the vanity. She hooked it onto the ring set in the collar and used it to lead Hermione to the king-sized bed she shared with Harry.

Their living space was the biggest out of the three in the tent and could comfortably be shared by all three of them if Hermione wished to move in and sleep with them every night.

Merlin, I hope she does, Katie thought, sneaking a glance back at Hermione. The effect Hermione was having on her was unmistakable. There was a rather conspicuous streak of wetness running down her jeans. Her rosy nipples were rock hard and poking through the thin white t-shirt she wore. And then there were her eyes, unable to stray away from the gorgeous girl she was pulling onto the bed for more than a few seconds.

Once Hermione was safely in bed Katie stood and closed all the curtains around their makeshift bedroom, wanting to ensure their surprise for Harry wasn't spoiled prematurely.

"You know, you're nowhere as ugly as the creature who kidnaps the princess in that movie," Hermione teased.

"Unfortunately Malfoy has something of a monopoly on being a disgusting slug," Katie shot back with a grin. She clambered onto the bed and quickly gathered the pillows she had collected, placing them up against the headboard of the bed. She leaned against the mound before grabbing Hermione's leash and pulling the girl onto her lap, wanting to recreate the scene as accurately as possible despite their limited time and resources.

"Ready?" Katie whispered, pulling Hermione down into her chest.

Hermione nodded nervously, forcing herself to keep her eyes open. Her heart hammered in her chest and she hoped Harry wouldn't keep them waiting too long. Every minute that passed increased her fears that he would reject her, and want nothing to do with her. That he thought of her as nothing more than a friend and didn't want her to ruin the special bond he shared with Katie.

Katie silently caressed her spine with her index finger, her presence providing some comfort. But the intrusive thoughts in her mind persisted and would not be banished until Harry arrived and accepted their changed dynamic.

Thankfully, he did not make her wait too long.

"Hey, I'm back!" Harry said as he walked into the silent tent. It wasn't too unusual for it to be quiet, especially this late at night. He presumed Hermione was buried in a book, trying to figure out a way to destroy the Horcrux dangling from his neck and Katie had turned in for the night. His thrall was a morning person and it wasn't uncommon for her to go to bed well before midnight on most days. Still, the accursed necklace around his neck pulled his mind in a dark direction and Harry set the bags in his hands down on the floor and pulled out his wand, on the lookout for any sudden movements.

"Katie? I got the chocolate you like. There was a bookstore in the village so I grabbed a book for Hermione too. Dunno if she'll like it," Harry said, slowly walking towards the area of the tent he

shared with Katie, his arm extended and wand at the ready. "I spent a couple of hours poking around the village under the Invisibility Cloak. There have been no strange sightings or inexplicable deaths in the county, so I think we're safe here. For now at least," he murmured, ripping the curtains apart.

He heaved a sigh of relief when he realized there were no Death Eaters waiting to ambush him.

"Master Potter." Katie's voice was a low, sinister hiss, the girl trying her best to create the perfect atmosphere for their roleplay. "We've been waiting for you."

Harry jumped slightly, his eyes widening as his brain finally registered the sight in front of him.

"H-Hermione?" he croaked, his throat suddenly dry. Hermione was leaning against a fully dressed Katie, wearing only a metal bikini that he was intimately familiar with. His cock twitched as he took in her bare, slender legs and the gentle curve of her firm ass. Her petite C-cups strained against the shimmering bra, giving him a tantalizing glimpse of her creamy mounds. His pants were uncomfortably tight within seconds when he turned his gaze to the subtle makeup accentuating Hermione's natural beauty and the braided ponytail her temporarily sleek brown hair was secured in.

She had Katie's collar around her neck with a leash attached to it. Katie had wound the other end of the leash around her wrist and tugged on it, causing Hermione to yelp quietly and fall into her waiting arms.

"As you can see, I have your future wife." Perhaps it wasn't the most faithful rendition but Katie was having too much fun to stick to the script. "If you want her, come claim her."

Harry stood frozen in place, unable to believe his eyes. It had to be a dream, a trick of the Horcrux, showing him his deepest desires and trying to tempt him away from his quest.

"So soft," Katie whispered, deciding to keep going with the act until Harry's resolve broke. "The Princess of Gryffindor. The Chosen One's bride." She reached out and shifted the long purple cloth that stretched down from the specially crafted panties, baring one of Hermione's slender legs in its entirety. It was impossible to miss Hermione's thigh gleaming with the juices leaking out of her pussy. The scent of her arousal hung heavy in the air and Harry instinctively leaned forward, wanting to taste the forbidden ambrosia. His heart hammered in his chest as he took slow, deliberate steps toward the bed, his body acting entirely on instinct.

"You want her, don't you, Harry?" Katie cooed. Harry and Hermione remained speechless, breathing heavily as they stared at each other, both unable to believe this was really happening. "You want your perfect princess. You've wanted her for so long..." she whispered, unclipping the bra. It fell to the carpeted ground with a quiet *THUNK*.

Hermione moaned as her pert breasts sprung free, her creamy mounds bouncing slightly as the pressure keeping them constrained disappeared. Her pink nipples were already rock-hard, the stiff pink nubs standing proud and begging for his attention.

“She has waited for you patiently in the shadows, wishing you would notice her,” Katie whispered, grabbing Hermione’s ankle to pull her legs apart. The purple cloth settled in between Hermione’s legs and covered her womanhood, making the whole thing somehow sexier. “Now that you have-” Katie’s hand rested on Hermione’s flat stomach, her fingers gently caressing the soft skin. “Will you deny her your seed? The pleasures of womanhood?”

“No,” Harry whispered, staring at Hermione, entranced by her beauty.

Katie hid her grin behind her hand. If she had known this was all it would take to get them to admit their feelings for each other, she would have vanished all of Hermione’s clothes and ensured the girl wore nothing but the costume in the tent days ago.

Katie reached out and ripped apart the long purple cloth, bundling it up and tossing it away. It was designed that way and could easily be reattached with a simple spell. The panties were crotchless (a minor liberty she had taken to ensure easy access while wearing the costume) and thus Hermione’s pink core and the plump lips that guarded them were now on full display for Harry.

Harry couldn’t tear his eyes away from the hidden treasure that was now revealed to him, watching with wide eyes as a thick trickle of arousal leaked out of Hermione’s gleaming slit and dripped onto the white sheets.

“She wants you to take her flower...” Katie whispered, pushing a hand between Hermione’s spread legs. Her fingers spread her lips, giving Harry an unobstructed view of her tight, pink core.

“Y-you do?” Harry croaked. His gaze shifted to Hermione’s face, searching for any signs of reluctance. He reached the bed and paused, towering over the two girls.

“I do,” Hermione confirmed, her voice trembling with excitement and anticipation. She had always loved him, had internalized that love until it became her very nature and she learned to live with it. Now she wouldn’t have to hide it anymore.

“I think you’re a tad overdressed for the occasion, love,” Katie murmured, grabbing the front of his gray shirt and pulling him down for a kiss. She took advantage of his quiet groan to engage his tongue in a playful duel while her hands moved to the hem of his shirt and worked to pull it free over his head.

Hermione, finally spurred into action, reached out with her hands, her trembling fingers struggling to undo the button holding together Harry’s jeans. She was pinned between her two lovers and that, Hermione decided, was where she wanted to spend the rest of her life once that evil wanker was defeated.

A nice quiet cottage in the woods with lots of books, lots of costumes, and a bed large enough for all of them.

She finally succeeded in unbuttoning his jeans, looking up in alarm at Harry's quiet hiss when she pushed them and his boxers down to his knees.

"It's okay," Katie whispered, quietly reassuring her. "That's the groan of a relieved man. Keep going," she ordered, her hands moving to remove the accursed object dangling from Harry's neck.

When Harry resisted, she glared at him. "Hermione's first time won't be tainted by that thing," she growled, disagreeing with one of his decisions for the first time since becoming his thrall. "The world won't end if you take it off for one night."

Harry pulled away and Hermione groaned, ripped free from her happy place. She reached out with her arms to try and pull Harry back on top of her but he was already out of reach. Just as she was about to work up the courage to tell Katie that she didn't care if he wore the damned thing while he fucked her silly as long as she could feel his hands exploring her body once more he set the Horcrux carefully on the nightstand and returned, the mattress creaking under his weight as he climbed onto the bed.

Katie grinned and leaned back on the mountain of pillows she had carefully prepared, allowing Harry to crawl in between her spread legs. Her hands pushed under Hermione's knees and she carefully bent her legs at the waist, making the girl grab her own ankles and locking her in a mating press.

Hermione's ass and hips pushed up in the air towards Harry, her virgin pussy practically given up as an offering to him. One of Katie's hands moved to grab her hips to pin her in place, the fingers sinking into her creamy skin leaving bruises in their wake. The other hand moved to her labia, spreading her lips to let Harry see just how wet she was for him.

"Tell him what you want him to do," Katie whispered, winking at Harry. He grinned and paused, his hand inches away from Hermione's slick slit.

"I... please!" Hermione moaned, desperately bucking her hips as a gentle gust of cool air caressed her naked pussy.

"Please what, love?"

"Harry, please, Harry I want you..." Hermione rasped, losing herself in the fantasy they were playing out. "Save me... claim me... please..."

"Tell him what you were doing the night Ron stormed out," Katie ordered, noting the slight hesitation in Harry's expression.

“I was watching you!” Hermione keened, her thighs trembling as Katie caressed her clit with feather light touches. “I was watching you and touching myself,” she admitted, moaning quietly, too horny to have any inhibitions. “I wanted you... I wanted to be on the other side of the curtain with you two!”

“Really?” Harry asked, unable to believe what he was hearing.

Hermione nodded and moaned loudly, feeling a familiar pressure build up in the pit of her stomach as Katie continued to toy with her clit.

With that, the conviction that they were just meant to be friends melted away and Harry grasped the base of his cock, guiding its sensitive tip to the warm, wet embrace of her tight core.

Hermione had a vague idea that Harry was *big*. She had spied his massive girth ravishing Katie all those nights ago. But looking at it from afar did not do it justice. Hermione’s eyes grew to the size of pennies as her gaze finally shifted to the veiny, throbbing cock resting on her slit. He would split her tiny body in two, she feared for one irrational second. The fear was replaced with *need* the minute Harry pushed his shaft between her lips and began to rock his hips slowly, teasing her. His skin rubbed against her labia, providing her with the barest of friction even as her juices coated his length.

“Haaary,” Hermione moaned wantonly, bucking her hips in a futile attempt to get him inside her. Her moan turned into a strangled shriek when Katie’s hand shifted from her hips to her chest and she pinched a nipple without warning, slowly twisting the stiff pink nub.

“You’re enjoying yourself aren’t you, Miss Bell?” Harry growled, finally giving the needy girl under him what she wanted. He guided his tip inside Hermione’s tight core, his thick girth stretching out her walls as he pushed inch after inch inside her.

Katie grinned and blew Harry a playful kiss before turning her attention back to the moaning girl on her lap. Hermione was completely out of it, squealing and moaning and begging incoherently as Harry buried inch after inch of his cock inside her.

Hermione took a shuddered breath when he paused, his tip pushing against her intact hymen.

“Should he do it?” Katie teased, slowly rolling Hermione’s clit between her fingers.

“Y-yes,” Hermione groaned, silently begging Harry to keep going with her eyes.

“Hmm. I don’t think Mione wants it, love,” Katie mused, lazily massaging Hermione’s breasts.

“You’re right. She doesn’t sound like she does,” Harry groaned. He ignored every instinct of his body and started to pull out of Hermione. He wanted to bring her out of her shell just as much as Katie did, to teach her that she could share her desires with them without any shame.

“NO!” Hermione screamed, desperately bucking her hips. “I want you! Please!”

Harry grinned and grabbed her hips, slowly pushing back inside her. He paused once more when he reached her hymen, locking eyes with his best friend. “Are you sure, Mione?”

“YES!” Hermione moaned, her legs trembling with anticipation. She closed her eyes as Harry pulled back slightly, only to impale her with one firm thrust. She screamed as momentary pain consumed her, only for it to disappear as soon as it had appeared. In its place remained a dull, pleasant ache, her walls fluttering another Harry’s length as they were stretched to their limits. “Oh god, you feel so good. Please don’t stop!” Hermione begged as Harry’s tip brushed against her G-spot. The pleasure was all consuming and her body demanded more, overriding her shy mind’s demand that she regain her composure.

Instead her moans got progressively lewder as Harry began to slowly rock in and out of her dripping slit. She locked her eyes with his gorgeous emerald ones and everything around them faded as Harry showed her what she had been missing in her misguided quest to pursue Ron.

“How does she feel?” Katie asked, grazing Hermione’s clit with the nail of her thumb. Hermione shrieked, her vision fading as the tension coiling in the pit of her belly got tighter and tighter, primed to explode any second.

“Divine,” Harry grunted, breathing heavily. He pistoned in and out of Hermione’s snug pussy as fast as he could, lacking the patience to go slow and steady. She felt too good. Her walls fluttered around his girth. They massaged his cock, trying to milk him for his seed. Every thrust caused his balls to smack Hermione’s firm ass, the sound of skin slapping against skin filling the room.

“I think she’s a squirter. Let’s find out,” Katie said with a devious grin. She increased the pace of her fingers, massaging and pinching her clit and timing her movements with that of the hand that was assaulting Hermione’s flushed nipples.

Between Katie’s expert manipulation of her sensitive body and Harry’s thick cock slamming deep into her belly every few seconds Hermione lost all sense of her surroundings, her poor mind overwhelmed with the pleasure coursing through her body. “I... oh... I... please! Close!” Hermione moaned, writhing helplessly.

“Cum for us, pretty princess,” Katie coaxed, winking at Harry.

The words and the accompanying pinch to her clit were what pushed Hermione over the edge. “HARRY!” she screamed as she squirted all around his cock, her cum drenching his shaft and balls,

and dripping down to stain the white sheets below them. His thighs were soaked, gleaming in the dim candle light illuminating the room.

Harry kept thrusting, gritting his teeth to try and stay in control although he knew it was a losing fight. Her walls clamped down around his shaft with a vice like grip, trying to keep him buried inside her. Still he kept going for what felt like eternity, his balls tightening with every passing minute. Her pussy was heaven, tight, wet, and seemingly made for his cock.

Harry pushed inside her one last time before he came undone with a loud groan. His throbbing cock shot rope after rope of his thick, white seed inside her, filling her up and painting her walls with his cum.

Exhausted, he pulled out of her once he had regained some strength. He rolled off her and collapsed onto the bed but Hermione stubbornly stayed in position, not wanting a single drop of his cum to drip out of her gaping pussy. It was only after several minutes that she relaxed, releasing her hold on her ankles and letting her cramping legs drop down onto the bed.

“You planned all this, didn’t you?” Harry asked hoarsely, looking up at his thrall.

Katie nodded. “It needed to happen. I was tired of seeing you two beat around the bush,” she teased, gently setting Hermione down on the bed between them. She bent to kiss her sweaty forehead before turning to kiss Harry.

“Thank you. I needed this to remind me what I’m fighting for,” Harry admitted quietly. The Horcrux had been weighing him down more and more as time passed. “I have a good life and that’s what I’m fighting to preserve,” Harry whispered, smiling as Hermione burrowed into his chest.

Katie nodded and covered them all with a blanket, cuddling Hermione from the other side. Life was indeed good, and there was only one thing that would make it perfect.

That’s never going to happen, she reminded herself, forcing her mind away from pondering on what could never be.

6 months after the Battle of Hogwarts:

Katie looked up from her broom at the sound of the door slamming open. She was sitting on the floor of their apartment in Hogsmeade, supplies from her broom polishing kit spread around her as she worked on her broom. It had taken a beating after the last match and it would take her an entire day to get it back into proper shape.

The Harpies had professionals who would have happily done it for her but like Harry, she found working on her broom therapeutic. There was something deeply calming about running a rag over the grainy wood, smoothening and polishing it to ensure it hit its maximum potential in the field.

“You’re back early,” Katie murmured, smiling at the sight of Hermione striding into the living room. “Done with classes for the day?” Both her partners had opted to return to Hogwarts for their last year and unwilling to stay away from her, had opted to rent an apartment in Hogsmeade so they could all live together. It was highly unconventional, especially for the Head Boy and Girl, but who in their right mind would have denied such a simple request from the saviors of the Wizarding World?

“I didn’t go to class today,” Hermione answered, dumping the huge stack of books in her hands on the coffee table. The satchel slung over her shoulder was next and it landed on the table with a loud *THUD* a few books spilling out of the open bag.

“That’s a lot of books, Mione.” Katie grinned at her girlfriend. Some things never changed. “Did you finally convince Harry to let you have a library in the apartment?”

“Not yet,” Hermione grumbled. “No, I was in the Restricted Section all night and all day today.”

Katie raised an eyebrow. “I thought you were having a sleepover with Ginny to catch up.”

“I was. But she said something that gave me an idea. And I had to work on it,” Hermione explained, running a hand through her frazzled hair.

“Why don’t you take a nap, darling?” Katie murmured, adopting a maternal tone. It wasn’t uncommon for the girl to lose herself in her studies or a project and stop taking care of herself, prompting her to step in and take care of her precious bookworm.

“What? No! I did it!” Hermione exclaimed. Despite the dark circles under her eyes they gleamed with excitement.

“Did what?” Katie knew the best way to get her tired ass in bed was to humor her, so she played along. Knowing Hermione, she had either discovered a better way to cut beans for potions or found something that would change the world forever. There usually was no in-between.

“Baby!” Hermione exclaimed. “I figured out a way.” When Katie stared at her blankly, she forced herself to slow down and reorder her thoughts before speaking again. “I found a way for you to get pregnant.”

The broomstick slipped from her hands and clattered to the floor. Katie stared up at Hermione in shock, unable to believe what she was hearing.

“You... found... what?” Katie croaked, her heart hammering in her chest. She had always planned to treat Harry and Hermione’s children as her own. But an opportunity to have a family with Harry, to have them grow up alongside their siblings... hope was a dangerous thing. “Hermione if this is a prank-”

“It’s not. I’ve been trying to find a cure for months now. I didn’t tell you because I didn’t want to get your hopes up in case I failed,” Hermione said, cutting her off with a frown. How could Katie think she’d joke about something as important to all of them? “But I did it. I figured out a way,” Hermione added proudly. “It’s unconventional and I have no idea if it’ll work-”

Katie lunged to her feet and wrapped her hands around Hermione, pulling her into a hug. “Thank you. Thank you, thank you, thank you,” Katie whispered, peppering her girlfriend’s face with kisses.

“You’re welcome,” Hermione said shyly, giggling and squirming as Katie kept planting kisses on her pink cheeks.

“What now?” Katie asked, pulling away after a few seconds. She had a huge grin on her face. Life was good but Hermione had just given her the chance to make it perfect.

“Now we just have to convince the extremely protective man who loves us with every fiber of his being to let us conduct an experimental, potentially dangerous ritual.”

“He won’t say no.”

“How’re you so sure?”

Katie grinned. “I bought a new costume. I’ve been saving it for a special occasion. Guess we found the occasion.”

Notes:

Hi! So, I know a lot of you liked chapter 1 of the story but did not like Katie’s fate. So I thought I’d ask Quill to share this chapter with all of you as well so you can get closure. Katie gets her happy family and children of her own, the same as Hermione. If you wanna chat, I’m in Quill’s server and chronically online. If you want to read more such stories, I also have a Patreon you can join:

<https://www.patreon.com/amagicalworld>