The Succubus

by Miracles79

Summary

Everything you know about Hermione Granger is a lie. At first glance, she would appear to you as nothing more than just another Muggle-born student but that could not be further from the truth. Hermione is special, one of a kind and in time she will uncover the truth and the answer to her one question; who is Hermione Granger?

Heavy smut!

More info at the end of the first chapter.
Disclaimers: The characters used in this Fan Fic are owned by JK Rowling and Warner Brothers (I think?) and are merely used in appreciation of the original author's incredible work. I own nothing apart from the story contained within these words, if that.

Darkness had spread its way through Hogwarts castle; the sun's rays receding to be replaced by black clouds and shadow. A cold chill descended with the fog, a sign that winter had arrived early this time of year. It was not an unexpected phenomenon but most certainly uncomfortable for the few that remained inside the imposing castle. Thankfully, for the occupants that stayed behind, there were none of the usual sounds of late night cramming or whispered conversation in the halls.

And, why should there be?

School had finally finished for the year, students returning to their families in droves. The only people who remained were the more industrious members of the teaching body: Professor McGonagall, Severus Snape and Rubeus Hagrid, to name but a few. Most kept to themselves working into the night to plan lessons or check the attendance sheets for their houses. But on this occasion, and rather out of the ordinary, tonight, Minerva McGonagall could be seen walking through the halls, moving further away from her office. To most, this would not have seemed a strange occurrence but to those who truly knew the professor it would have seemed very out of character.

Minerva McGonagall was a very studious woman; she worked diligently and always kept a close eye on her students whether they were from her house or not. She was also known for rarely venturing outside her office unless called upon to teach or lead rounds about the castle, which was always tedious and uneventful.
A common trend, amongst older, love-struck, students, was to use the empty classrooms as their own personal make out venue. Unfortunately, this idea was almost always accompanied by stupidity; how older students did not have the forethought to use silencing spells was beyond Minerva. Not that she condoned these actions, oh no, in fact, she despised the idea entirely, but her displeasure was only second to that of disappointment.

To think that Hogwarts's oldest students had not had the sense to perform even the simplest of spells; it was embarrassing, to say the least. Did her lessons not sink into their heads or something? But, never the less, and as she had always been reminded, these rounds were for the student's protection. She would endure whatever came if it meant her students were safe and protected.

So, in hindsight, it was best to say; she rarely left her office unless her profession dictated that she must. So it begs the question; why was Minerva walking the halls when she would have much preferred to stay locked up in her office, working?

The simple answer: Albus Dumbledore, the Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, had called for a meeting. The message, like most messages from Albus, was prompt and to the point, the deadline being this afternoon in fact. That was why Professor McGonagall could be seen walking the halls towards Dumbledore's office, her steps calm and measured.

Having reached the entrance to the Headmaster's office, Minerva spoke to the stone gargoyle who only glowered up at her as she approached. Minerva might have been feeling paranoid but the gargoyle always seemed to have that same look of loathing in its eye every time she entered. She doubted it was a personal grudge but it still confused her, although most things which involved Albus Dumbledore would confuse her.

Ignoring the gargoyle, Minerva climbed up the spiralling stairs unperturbed as they revolved and ascended towards a wooden door high above. As she waited, McGonagall pondered on a question she had been asking herself ever since she received the letter from Dumbledore. The question being; why was she called to Albus's office at such short notice?

Were any of the students from her house in danger of being excluded?

Doubtful, that honour, thankfully, resided with Severus Snape and Slytherin House. Snape would often be called to Albus's office to discuss complaints raised, the usual pupils discussed being; Draco Malfoy and Pansy Parkinson. In fact, in an uncomfortable statistic, it was revealed that both Draco and Pansy had received more warnings than all the students in Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw combined. Severus must have had a remarkable way with words as neither had been excluded for their behaviour… not yet anyhow.

So, Minerva doubted it had anything to do with exclusion. Perhaps it had something to do with… behaviour?

Once again that suggestion sounded very unlikely. Aside from a few students who caused frequent disruptions, I.e. Fred and George - Gryffindor was a very well behaved house. There numerous victories, over other houses, in the house cup was a testament to that. Although, if Minerva was being brutally honest, the cup was won single-handedly by Hermione Granger who had achieved at least two-thirds of their house points total.

…

If teachers were allowed favourites then McGonagall would have picked Hermione Granger, from all the students she had taught over the years, in a heartbeat. Hermione was not only intelligent but had a work ethic that beggared belief; she was polite and had been Minerva's only choice for
Gryffindor's Prefect this year. She came to Hogwarts from a muggle upbringing and yet on her first day she had put all other students to shame with her knowledge and understanding of such complex Wizarding subjects. A student this rare was, simply, a treat to behold. The last student with such a rare gift was none other than Chloe Roberts who would go on to become the highest ranking member of the Auror office.

So, behaviour wasn't an option either. Which meant only one thing; it had something to do with the, so called, 'Golden Trio.'

It wasn't a hard deduction because in all her years of teaching she had never discussed students so frequently then Hermione Granger, Ronald Weasley and Harry Potter. She only wondered which member this discussion would involve; most likely Harry as he managed to cause trouble both inside Hogwarts and out. Not that he was a trouble-maker, oh no, in fact, Harry was remarkably well behaved for someone with so much publicity. He was not exactly diligent in his studies though, much like Ron, but he had a level head and a talent for quelling danger whenever it reared its ugly head.

So, with somewhat of an understanding of the situation, Minerva stepped off the revolving staircase and walked towards the door. To her surprise the door was already wide open, and before she could knock to make Dumbledore aware of her presence, the same man's voice called out. "Come in Minerva, have a seat. I fear this conversation may take us a little while so it's best we get started."

Already a bad sign, Albus's voice sounded worn and that was something she did not expect of the usually vibrant Headmaster. Stepping through, Minerva saw Albus feeding a young phoenix on its porch, the fire which surrounded the feathery beast igniting with every mouthful of food. Walking to a chair in front of the headmaster's desk, Minerva took a seat and waited for Albus to follow. The situation sounded important, and if the piles of parchment left on his desk were any indication, the topic would not be easy to digest.

"Before we start; would you like a sherbet lemon?"

"No, that's quite alright." Minerva replied, wanting to get to the brunt of the problem.

"A shame. I have grown quite fond of these since returning from London."

Having said that Albus un-wrapped a small yellow sweet and popped it in his mouth, savouring the taste as he went to sit down. However, as Albus sat in his chair, McGonagall immediately seized upon the name of the city he had mistakenly divulged.

"From London?" Minerva repeated, sensing the subject of this conversation immediately. "So this has something to do with Harry? Is he alright?"

Chuckling, Albus removed his half mooned spectacles and rubbed them against the cuff of his cloak. "As far as I know Harry is quite safe… and living with his Aunt and Uncle, if I'm not mistaken. No, the topic I wish to discuss at this time doesn't actually involve Harry. Better yet, it involves a close friend of his; Hermione Granger."

Taken a back, McGonagall probed on. "Ms Granger? Has she done something wrong?"

"No, no. Quite like always Ms Granger has been an excellent student with perfect attendance and even better grades." Albus's expression gradually turned as he considered how best to approach the next topic. It would be difficult and very hard to explain, not to mention comprehend.

He had only recently acquired this information, from a well trusted source, and even now he was
struggling to come to terms with it. Oversight was one thing but to be completely blind to all of the signs was something else entirely, most unlike the reputable wizard who always kept his priorities in check.

"Unfortunately, this year might prove to be very difficult for Ms Granger. I'm not even sure what will happen, if I'm honest; this is the first time I've ever faced a situation as complex as this."

"What do you mean, Albus? What's going on?"

Looking Minerva in the eye, Albus straightened up and prepared for the worst.

…

…

"Hermione Granger is not what she appears."

"Sorry?" Minerva uttered, all other forms of speech lost to her at the present time. Motionless, a cold shiver spread through Minerva's body, eyes wide as she looked at Albus's stern features. This was not just some joke said in poor taste. Albus was serious, and more importantly he was speaking no word of a lie.

Which meant…?

"It's like I said," Albus continued, cutting off Minerva's reverie. "Hermione Granger is not, in fact, Hermione Granger."

"I'm sorry, Albus, you've completely lost me. What do you mean Hermione isn't… Hermione?"

Looking down at the piles of parchment cluttering his desk, Albus picked up the first one closest to him and showed it to Professor McGonagall. Leaving the parchment in front of Minerva, Albus then picked up a second parchment and placed it beside the first. Confused by these actions, Minerva poured over the contents but was left feeling a little unsure of what she was supposed to be looking for.

"This is Ms Granger's personal information, am I correct?"

"Yes."

Looking back towards the parchment Minerva scanned the contents a second time but everything seemed to be in order. To her well trained eye nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary; her age, gender, birthplace and everything else that was included was right and up to date. So, why did Albus seem so unnerved by these documents?

"I don't see the problem. This information is in line with everything I know about Ms Granger, unless her information has changed all of a sudden."

"It has," Albus muttered, scratching his chin with a sigh of resignation. "Hermione Granger's personal information is incorrect, almost all of it in fact."

"Incorrect? But… how?"

"I will tell you but Minerva, what I am about to tell you must never leave this office. It cannot be discussed with anyone other than myself, am I clear?"

The stern manner in which Albus asked this question caught Minerva off guard. She was one of
Albus's most trusted advisors, he would rarely talk to her like this. The only conclusion she could make was that the matter was of the utmost importance.

Albus only ever acted in this manner when lives were in the balance and if Hermione was in any sort of danger then Minerva would support her in any way she can. Hermione was not only a bright and kind student but she was also one of McGonagall's favourites. She deserved a long and prosperous life and Minerva would ensure she lived to experience it.

"I understand. Now, please, Albus, tell me what's wrong!"

"Thank you, Minerva. Hermione will need all the support she can get," Albus stated, smiling at Minerva before returning to the topic at hand. "Like I said before, the information in Hermione's personal information is wrong. The documents were not forged on purpose; the truth was merely hidden from view. No one knows about Ms Granger's lineage, and that includes Ms Granger herself."

"How do you know it's wrong? The personal information, I mean."

"It was confirmed not only by one of my most trusted advisors but also by the woman who first made the claim." Noticing that Minerva was about to interrupt, Albus raised his hand to silence any questions. "I think it's best I tell you the facts before explaining the source of the problem, if you are agreeable?"

"Of course," McGonagall replied, eager to learn more of the issue.

"Well, to start off with; Hermione is not a muggle."

"What do you mean; Hermione is not a muggle?" McGonagall responded, features stern but her eyes betraying her surprise.

"Well, actually, that is not completely true; she is still a muggle, born and raised, but her blood contains only half the genetics found in muggles. The other half is something far more complicated." Albus stated, looking at the Phoenix that was leaning to scratch its head on the ornament.

"Do you know what the other half is?"

"I know of it but don't know what word would best describe it." Albus thought for a moment and pondered on how best to describe this phenomenon. Several seconds later, Albus nodded his head and returned his attention to McGonagall, having reached a satisfactory conclusion. "I think the best word to describe this phenomenon would be; Succubus. There are other words, of course; Siren, predator, seductress but the most fitting, I find, would be Succubus."

"Are you saying Hermione is a half-blooded Succubus? That's not possible; we would have seen the signs."

"Ah, but we couldn't," Albus corrected, leaning back in his chair. "Because in most cases a Succubus child stays with their parents and is taught and raised in the manner befitting of their kind. But in Hermione's case - and in the case of other half-bloods - she was abandoned." Before Albus could explain further, Minerva suddenly realised the reason for her obliviousness to Hermione's condition.

Without meaning to Minerva interrupted, speaking more to herself than Albus. "Which means the ritual wasn't performed."

"Exactly," Albus said, a hint of pride in his voice as Minerva realised the situation. "As we know,
full blooded succubus's do not need the ritual as their blood awakens naturally by itself. But in Hermione's case, and as a half-blood, her blood would need to be awakened by one of her kind. And, that is why she is in danger? A succubus has marked her and is coming to awaken her blood."

"So, what do we do? Do we hide Hermione inside the castle and double the protection?"

Grimacing, Albus informed Minerva of the unfortunate truth. "It's already too late. The Succubus has already received approval from the clans to 'blood' Hermione and we can't do anything to stop it."

Noticing Minerva's look of outrage, Albus continued on. "I tried, believe me, Minerva; I tried to make them see reason but they are a dying breed and I couldn't convince them to seek out other alternatives."

"So, you gave up? When did you, Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts, cave to the wishes of anyone?" Minerva piped up; her voice rising, outraged that he would not stand for Hermione in such a troubling time.

"The situation is not as simple as you'd think," Albus said calmly, appearing unperturbed by Minerva's glare, which would have silenced most men in the Ministry of Magic no matter their position.

"Then explain the situation. Maybe then I could understand why you shirked your duty."

"They threatened to go to war other the issue, Minerva," Albus said, not troubled by the previous remark. "They told me that war would be waged if I took Hermione away from them. I don't know why but they value Ms Granger above many other members of their clan. They call her 'the miracle child.' For what reason, I don't know, but she is clearly more than meets the eye."

"'The miracle child?' I wonder what that is."

Placing his chin in his hands Albus mulled this over for a while. "It could mean a number of things but there is no way of knowing until the clans wish to reveal it. They are already suspicious of my intentions; just the thought of losing Ms Granger was enough to enrage them beyond the point of reason. In wonder, what would bring an entire species to the point of war?"

"To think they would wage war over a single succubus. Surely that's just talk, Albus. Their numbers are too few. They wouldn't risk extinction over Ms Granger?"

"Not only would they risk extinction," Albus continued, standing up and leaning against his chair. "But they would also take thousands of wizards and muggles with them."

"There would be no positive outcome, would there? If we win we'd have wiped out an entire species, and if we lose then we would also lose Ms Granger. No matter what, it's a losing scenario." Minerva concluded, watching as Albus paced behind his desk in controlled strides.

"You see my predicament. And, in any case, I can't risk an international incident while the Death Eaters are rebuilding and Lord Voldermort is regaining his strength. We cannot fight on two fronts and expect to win. I'm sorry Minerva, but if I moved to protect Ms Granger then I would have risked the lives of everyone."

Shocked by this sudden revelation, Minerva stared into space. Fear and understanding gripping her being to the point of physical pain, she realised now that Albus had no control over the situation. "No, I... I understand now. The lives of the many must come before the life of one. So, what will we do? Can we support Hermione or would it upset the Clans?"

"That is where I have some good news," Albus said, sounding more cheerful than before.
"Hermione will not be moving to the Clans but will instead stay and study at Hogwarts. They refused my initial request, understandable since they would want to keep her safe. But after showing them her grades they seemed far more accepting of the idea."

"Why would they care about her grades?" Minerva asked, confused by the Clan's sudden change of plans.

"Well, naturally, because one of their own would be in a better position to influence legislation at the Ministry." Seeing Minerva's raised eyebrow, Albus included his obvious omission. "I might have, also, let slip that Hermione was hoping to work in the Department of Magical creatures when she's older. Once I let that slip, negotiations seemed to go on with very little hindrance. They were practically begging me to take Ms Granger off their hands, couldn't imagine why." Albus said, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Hmm, very clever."

"Not too clever it would seem. The clans have asked that one of their own be present to monitor Hermione's progress." Albus informed, returning to his seat.

"What? And you refused them I'm sure. Albus, we can't have another succubus on the grounds; that would put even more lives at risk."

"The Clans and I discussed this at length and managed to reach an agreement. Rather than a succubus coming to our school, Hermione will be monitored by an impartial advisor; in this case, a siren."

"Aren't sirens and succubus's one and the same?"

Laughing, Albus glanced towards his papers and said. "Hmm, that is a common misconception. Sirens and succubuses are closely related, yes, but they aren't one and the same. Sirens have learnt to control their desires and can function within society without prejudice. The effects of mating with a Siren are also less harmful. For instance, a Succubus can kill if left undisturbed during the mating cycle while a siren can only cause a loss of consciousness. Considering the alternative, I think I worked out a mutually beneficial deal."

"And I take it this Siren will be living in the lake? Students will need to take different routes to herbology and care of magical creatures if that's the case."

Standing to pet the Phoenix, which was making a loud chirping noise, Albus replied. "That will not be necessary. The Sirens are sending one of their best. We have agreed upon certain conditions to protect the students. To start with, she will remain under the water for the duration of classes and only have contact with Ms Granger, you and me. Ms Granger will also need to report any changes, whether physical or psychological, to the siren once a week and that is mandatory."

"So, we'll need to inform Hermione about this then."

"There will be no need. The Siren will make contact with Hermione first; the clans do not want us involved at all. We're lucky they even allowed her back to Hogwarts."

Sighing, Minerva looked at the clock stationed behind Albus's desk and realised how late it was. She still needed to finish that letter to the ministry.

"Oh, and the ministry, must not catch wind of this. If they find out that Ms Granger is a Succubus then she would be blacklisted from all positions in their employ. That cannot happen, Ms Granger has the potential to change the face of this world for the better if she so desires. I won't let her talents
be shunned because of mere squeamishness.” Albus said, sounding as if this was obvious and not out of context whatsoever.

Minerva was about to question Albus's ability to read minds when she saw the look on Albus's face. He looked drained, overworked and this new headache would no doubt cause more discomfort. It was not a common sight, the great man usually put on a front while in the company of others. But it seemed this most recent problem had caused his facade to crack, if only slightly.

"We must place our trust in Hermione. We cannot disrupt her life or make any attempts to sway her away from the clans. The Siren will know if we do, they have a remarkable ability to hear things no matter the distance. My hands are tied, and that is something I do not like."

"Is there anything we can do? Do you think the Clans will allow Hermione to live as an independent woman when she leaves?"

"I hope so. Hogwarts was, after all, created to educate young minds and create all the opportunities they could desire. Ms Granger's independence must come before the whims of the clans; we can't allow her to fall prey to their doctrine."

Sensing the disgust in his voice, Minerva voiced her concern. "You know something, don't you, Albus. What aren't you telling me?"

"The clans… they want her to be married to a member of their clan, and to procreate as soon as she bleeds. I will not allow that to happen; Hermione deserves far better than that. I will not leave her to become a…"

Noticing Albus's voluntary silence, Minerva suddenly became frenzied. "Albus? You don't think…?"

Grimacing, and rubbing his forehead, Albus replied. "I do. Ms Granger will be used by the clans so that they can use her intelligence to their own benefit; that much I am sure of. But this other ability of hers is what worries me. I need to learn more about this 'miracle.' There must be something she can offer the Clans that no other Succubus can. I have my suspicions but I don't feel comfortable voicing them, they are too ghastly to imagine."

Minerva sat in silence, realising the line of thinking Albus was going down. She had feared this the moment Albus had made mention of 'the miracle.' For what did a dying race need more than an injection of life?

"Ms Granger will be safe until she leaves Hogwarts, and that won't be for another few years. Until then I will place my full confidence in her. She will do what's right and I trust her to control whatever urges she feels while at school. She'll be alright…" And yet, as Minerva watched the Headmaster stare with a steadfast determination, she couldn't ignore the underlying hint of concern hidden beneath his rimmed glasses.

…

…

Little did they know that in the darkness, hidden in a thicket of trees, outside the Granger household, stood a Scarlet Succubus preparing to make her move. Her eyes trained on the slim figure of a woman who sat on her bed, reading a heavy tome. This was it! After many years of searching, she had finally found her. Hermione Granger. Now, finally, the blood ritual would be complete and a miracle would be born.
Author's Note:

Hello, all! I hope you enjoyed the first chapter of my new story. It has been in my mind for quite some time now and I finally found the time to write out the first chapter.

I'm going to give you a little background on this story now; what to expect, the people involved and basic stuff like that. No spoilers!

Firstly, this story will focus on romance first and foremost. The main character will be Hermione Granger and there will be romantic interest in her not by one but by many female characters.

**Hermione x multiple female characters.**

As you can see this story is aimed at a mature audience. There will be a lot of smut and sex in this story; the situations Hermione will be involved in will be unique and I am hoping never before seen in any previous Harry Potter story. I'm going to be quite creative, to say the least.

Hermione will be involved with eight other female characters. I am not going to reveal the identity of these characters because I want you to figure them out as the story progresses. However, feel free to make suggestions for characters you want to see included in this story. They would have to be female, and if a particular character is heavily favoured then I will include them in the story.

For fans of a good story; I'm hoping the forthcoming plot will be to your liking. I am trying to write a smutty story with the inclusion of an interesting plot… only time will tell if I succeed.

I know a big question for you readers out there will be: how did Hermione come to be a succubus and how will she be affected by this. Don't worry; you will have your answers in chapters 3 and 4. Updates between chapters may take some time, due to Empty Places being a higher priority, but I'm hoping to make this story just as big. The Succubus will be my second main objective, writing wise.

Chapters will be between 3,000 to 5,000 words unless more detail needs to be included. 3,000 to 5,000 is the target and this will hopefully lessen the time between updates, and I mean hopefully. On another note, there will be no male involvement with Hermione, in regards to her romance situation. Harry, Ron and the usual cast will turn up as support but will not be included in the romantic situation; more will be explained in the 4th chapter.

I've probably left a lot of stuff out but I'll cover that in future chapters. Well, I hope you enjoyed this chapter and are looking forward to some very hot scenes that will be coming up soon. All the best and apologise for the writing, it wasn't up to my usual standards but I hope it was still eligible. Any offers for Beta reading will be gladly accepted, I do need the help.

Thanks once again, and I'll be writing soon :D
In a small cramped room, on the outskirts of London, Hermione Granger trained her eyes on a heavy tome that rested against the surface of her pillow. It was a sight many in Hogwarts had grown used to, and more so expected, of the renowned book worm. Turning the page, Hermione bit her lip, making notes on a separate piece of parchment whenever she came across a difficult question.

In the past, these questions would have been few and far between but on this occasion, and as evidenced by the length of filled parchment, Hermione was struggling. This was not unexpected, however. She was, after all, studying subject matter and magical theories far beyond her current year. Believe it or not but this was nothing more than a typical pass time for Hermione. Whenever she came back home at the end of the School year, Hermione would always read up on the forthcoming syllabus... as well as the years that proceeded it.

The book, which rested against her pillow, was an old, encrusted tome and considered mandatory for Ancient Runes, according to the book list she received early this month. Of course, studying the practical applications of spells, in subjects, such as; defence against the dark arts or charms, was not immediately possible. After all, Hermione was still only 16 and therefore unable to perform magic due to the law passed down by the Ministry of Magic. This could easily be worked around once she returned to Hogwarts, but, in the meantime, Hermione had no choice but to explore the theoretical aspects of her subjects.

"So, then that means...? No, that's not right." Hermione murmured, aggravated by the lack of clarity this book offered.

Flicking over the page, her fingers covered in dried ink, Hermione scribbled down some more notes on the parchment. On the rare occasion, when her mind could not solve a problem, Hermione would jot down some of her musings, in hopes of connecting stray thoughts to together to find her answer. This was a tried and tested method. Ever since she was as little as four, Hermione had developed this technique and found great success. These problems, Hermione spoke of, didn't just centre around studying, though. In her younger days, before she knew Hogwarts even existed, Hermione would
document ways of improving her social skills, as well as her confidence.

You may find this surprising, considering Hermione's straightforward and to the point nature, but there was a time when Hermione did not feel quite so confident. There had been many a time when she felt alone, friendless... and outcast because of her remarkable intelligence and eagerness to learn. Many in her old Primary School saw her as a show-off, a teacher's pet, while parents of other children saw her as pretentious.

In time, after moving to Hogwarts, and realising her good fortune, Hermione started to make real friends, such as; Harry, Ron and eventually Ginny too. They all befriended her of their own fruition and, as a result, Hermione no longer felt alone. Finally, after years of silence and loneliness, Hermione knew what it truly felt like to be valued. The emptiness of her youth, nothing more than a reminder of how far she had come in such a small space of time.

Ginny, in particular, was a unique ray of sunshine to her everyday life.

She couldn't figure out why, but, she really looked forward to the time they spent together. Perhaps it was because Ginny was her first ever female friend? Hmm... Possible. But, regardless, unknown to Ginny, Hermione would always count the days until they could meet up and see each other again.

As for the boys... Well, she found that they would often talk about things that did not interest her, in the least, the main culprit being Quidditch. There were also times when Harry and Ron had neglected to do their homework, leaving it till the last possible minute. An unfortunate pattern which showed no signs of abating despite Hermione's insistence that they do their homework together with her, on the day it was set.

They, of course, said no...

How utterly frustrating...

And yet, despite all this, Hermione still loved the pair deeply. Harry and Ron, the two of them were like... overly protective big brothers, standing up when people called her Mudblood among other derogatory terms. Their constant love and support was something Hermione truly cherished, something that gave her comfort when all else failed.

Of course, as a result of her life transitioning to that of the magical one, Hermione's relationship with her parents had become... strained, to say the least. Long absences and so few answered letters had led to this unease. But this was something Hermione had expected, something she hoped to fix later on when her life wasn't so hectic and dangerous.

For now, Hermione was comforted in the knowledge that her parents were incredibly proud of her, of her accomplishments and strength. For years in her youth, Hermione's parents had been her one and only source of strength, comforting her when she grew upset when no one else would. They were grateful to see their daughter smile, so happy and full of life. Something which had not been
present for even a single day during her childhood.

Writing down some notes on her parchment, Hermione closed her eyes and breathed deeply, her mind processing all the information she had collected in the past five minutes. With each practised breath, Hermione removed a strand of irrelevant data, compiling the information that was important and pushing it to the forefront of her mind. Using her hands, Hermione wafted the irrelevant data away before dragging the rest to the centre. In time, comprehension finally dawned and, with a flicker of her eyelids, Hermione was returned to the present, her page filled with bullet points and text.

Smiling, Hermione put down her pen and stretched her arms high into the air, her back creaking as she completed the motion. It seemed sitting in one place for six hours was not good for one's health. Eyes drawn to the darkness, Hermione looked out the window. Night had fallen and the wind was starting to whip up a light storm, the bushes outside her house bristling under the relentless pressure.

Sitting, idly, Hermione took a moment to watch nature at work, a feeling of calm settling into the pit of her stomach. She had always like to observe nature at its finest, at its most spectacular. It couldn't be considered a hobby, as that would be weird, but it was certainly a passing fancy. Rain, in particular, was Hermione's favourite... unless she was caught in it, of course.

Yawning, a hand rising to cover her mouth, Hermione rubbed her eyes. "... It must be late. What time is it?"

Turning, to locate the clock beside her bed, Hermione grabbed the alarm clock and pulled it towards her. Pushing the button at the top, the clock read; 01:13. Pondering on this, Hermione decided she still had a a little time before bed, and, with it being the summer holidays, there was no need for an early night. So, returning to her textbook, flicking through the pages to reach the content page, a sudden sound caused any such movement to halt.

Attention no longer divided, Hermione stilled, the deafening silence pressing against her ears doing nothing to calm her beating heart. Breath slowed, Hermione listened to her surroundings, searching for the noise she had heard just a moment before. Placing her book down, Hermione straightened up and walked towards the window.

... Nothing.
There was nothing.

... Nothing out of the ordinary and nothing, seemingly, out of place.

And yet, such thoughts did not sit well with Hermione. It was unmistakeable. Something felt wrong... very, very wrong.

Of course, it could have been Hermione's irrational mind playing tricks on her, brought on by her frequent battles with Lord Voldemort and his death eaters, but that did not change the facts. Something was amiss. While surrounded by the familiarity of her home, Hermione felt as if something had been left askew, out of place, not in keeping with her normal muggle surroundings.

An uncomfortable feeling, which did not dissipate with the passage of time. In fact, it had the opposite effect. With time... came certainty. Something was most definitely wrong and, worst of all... Hermione could feel eyes watching her.

The eyes did not appear to be friendly either, watching her from the safety and security of their unknown hiding place.

As seconds passed, the hairs on the back of Hermione's neck bristled her features hardening to maintain the image of an untroubled girl. It was best to keep up pretences, after all. To not let this unwelcome intruder know that she was aware of their unsettling stare.

That was if she was even being watched at all. Hermione hoped she was wrong and even tried to convince herself of it, many times. But she had too much experience of situations like this, she could not be fooled so easily.

As Hermione returned to her bed, her hands reaching for the book left discarded on her bed, Hermione felt the oppressive silence settle over her. The silence made the whole situation feel that much worse, that much more... unnatural. It was common for birds to nestle in the trees outside her window, braving the weather to whistle their favourite tunes.
... But they did not come today.

She had expected to hear the sounds of the wind, whipping the branches of a nearby tree against her window... but the expected sound never came. Even when she turned and watched the leaves and branches brush against her window... no sound came. There was nothing.

... Just silence.

.
.
.

Then, as suddenly as the world had been submerged in disquiet, sounds began to return at a pace. The once familiar sounds of wind rustling through the trees slowly began to weave its way through her ears, before a car alarm proceeded to cut through the silence like a blade. Everything had returned to normal now, and yet, Hermione was not convinced.

Glancing towards her suitcase, the one she used specifically to transfer her items from and to Hogwarts, Hermione considered her options.

1). She could forget the noise ever existed and go about her business without concern?

2). She could take up arms, hide in her room, and stay up all night until she was certain the danger had passed?

3). She could turn off the lights and wait an hour before giving up and going back to bed?

4). Or, she could go downstairs, lock every door and inspect the house all the way to its foundation.

...

...

In the end, after careful deliberation, Hermione concluded that option four was the only viable option left open to her.

That matter was settled. She would go downstairs and inspect the house as thoroughly as she was able, and, if she did happen to come across an intruder, then she would defend herself, whatever the cost. Underage magic may have been illegal, but, when you were known by your enemy to be a
supporter and friend of Harry Potter, you could not take chances. The world was cruel, and the Death Eaters would not lose any sleep killing her if they deemed it necessary.

Fortunately for Hermione, her parents were not actually in the house today. Circumstances dictated that they would be needed elsewhere; attending a wedding to a close personal friend who worked at their dental practice. Hermione had met this friend, Cecilia, if she recalled correctly, on a number of occasions when she was but a child. However, the last time they had met, Hermione had still been a student of a Muggle Primary School.

A great deal of time had passed.

Which was why... Hermione was not required to attend the function. She had even been given the choice but, wisely, choose not to. After all, why would she go? Hermione did not wish to feel like a wedding crasher, someone who was brought along in order to fill up a vacant seat.

No, her time would be much better spent studying, increasing her knowledge in the subjects and materials she would be learning next term. Hermione had been as productive as ever, over the holidays, and that would not change... no matter the circumstances. Her parents were, notably, aggrieved to learn of this as they had hoped to spend more time together as a family. Hermione, too, tried to make time for her parents, setting aside time in her hectic study sessions, to come down for some familial bonding.

But it was tough.

Just like Cecilia, and all the other friends her parents had brought to the house this month, Hermione did not really know her parents well. In some respects, Hermione felt as distant to them as she would with any stranger she came across on the street. She hardly knew her parents anymore, her vibrant and chaotic life in the wizarding world had left her detached from the Muggle one, and thus, her family too.

...

But...

Things would not stay this way...

...

Hermione had promised herself as much, hoping that one day she could rectify the distance she herself had created. Her parents had been an integral part of her childhood and she did not want to lose the bond that had developed during that time...

But now was not the time to be concerned with such things...
She was becoming distracted, her troubled mind rushing to the deepest and darkest fears housed in her subconscious. The fear of never seeing her family again.

Shaking her head, Hermione focused her attention on her surroundings. Switching off the light to her room, Hermione carefully moved over to the window and pulled down the blinds. With this action, the room became engulfed in darkness, but this did not faze Hermione. No, this was, after all, her room. She knew the layout off by heart, the sections that could trip her up if she was not careful.

Navigating past the piles of paper on the floor, the results of hours of hard work, Hermione made her way over to her suitcase, lying directly underneath the bed. Pulling it up, Hermione spared no time and pulled out her wand before rising to stand, pushing the suitcase back underneath. Now, adequately equipped, Hermione tiptoed towards her bedroom door, opening it an inch so she could look down the hall.

The only sounds that reached Hermione's ears, as she narrowed her eyes, inspecting the hallway, was gentle brushes of branches against her window. Then, with this understanding firmly planted, Hermione pushed open the door and stepped out into the hallway, her wand trained on various objects in the environment.

Moving forward, Hermione arrived at the first door, her parent's room. Stepping to the side, back pressed against the wall, Hermione whipped open the door and pointed her wand towards the darkness.

To her relief, no movement could be seen further in, the room lit up by the moonlight which only ever seemed to reach her parent's room. Breathing in, Hermione moved forward, turning on the lights in order to search every crevice within her parent's room. But there was no signs that anything inside had been tampered with, or knocked over. A good sign.

Maybe it really was just her mind playing tricks on her.
Closing the door, Hermione continued down the hallway, the subtlety in her movements gone as she threw open door after door in her search. All that was left was the kitchen, where the back door could be found. That damn door had caused Hermione no endless amount of grief. Not only was it faulty, opening with only the slightest push, but the wooden structure was decaying by the day. Hermione had begged her parents to mend or replace the door but the response was always the same.

"Hermione. We do not need to spend money on fixing that door. It has been with us for years and has not failed us yet. If you would like a new door, Hermione, then we are happy for you to pay for it. Until then, the door stays, end of story."

Yeah, her mother, Ellen, had a habit of repeating this same answer whenever she dared to ask. One repeated question would always get you a repeated answer. That was just how her mother was.

...

Moving down the stairs to the landing below, Hermione prayed that she would find the door to the Kitchen firmly shut. Because, if it was not, then that could mean one of two things. Either, the door had opened of its own fruition, forced open by the gale raging outside, or, it had been opened from the outside...

The latter was what worried her the most. Even with a wand in her hand, and magical energy running through her veins, a regular thief could easily jump her when she least expected it. Hermione was hardly the strongest, physically, and it would only take a matter of seconds before she was overpowered. Without a wand, Hermione would be completely defenceless and left to the mercy of the perpetrator's whims.

...

... She had to stay low, tread carefully...

...

... Her ears were tuned to even the slightest sound of movement further in, her wand ready, a special on the edge of her tongue, should she need it.

...

... Hermione had even lowered her rate of breathing, reduced her heart so that she could focus on everything around her.
She was ready... No matter what lay beyond, she was ready.

Moving around the bannister, feet stepping on the wooden surface, Hermione reached the entrance to the Kitchen. Keeping close to the wall, Hermione listened out for any sounds beyond the closed door. The sounds of the wind the only thing to greet her ears, yet again. So, with one final exhale, grip tightening around her wand, Hermione pushed open the door and entered with her wand drawn.

... It was empty.

... And better yet, the door at the back of the Kitchen was closed.

"It was nothing," Hermione breathed, a relieved sigh escaping her rigged body as she lowered her wand and stared through to the Kitchen, "It was just my imagination. Seriously, what has gotten into me?"

Taking some precious few seconds to catch her breath, and berate herself, Hermione stowed her wand back into the pocket of her shorts and left the Kitchen. Turning off the lights as she passed, Hermione marched upstairs, yawning as exhaustion finally caught up with her. It seemed six hours of sleep a day was not cutting it. Despite her reservations, Hermione reluctantly allowed herself to be drawn to her room, and, more importantly, the bed that was calling her home.

Stepping through her bedroom door, Hermione turned to close the door behind her when she was suddenly halted in her actions. Standing before her, eyes fixed upon her, was a cloaked figure with feminine features and bright yellow eyes. The stranger, for that, is what she was, was remarkably beautiful, her hair flowing behind her head to rest at her lower back. The colour of her lips resembling that of her hair, a deep, crimson red. Crystal white skin could be seen through the cloak, skin appearing smooth and unblemished, not that she dared to touch it.
And yet, despite the woman's unmistakeable beauty, the most heart rendering thing about her were what all these individual qualities amounted to.

Individually, these qualities were simply beautiful, but collectively they were simply breath-taking. In fact, the word beauty was not worthy enough to describe such a radiant and beautiful creature. This woman must have been some sort of goddess.

A well-proportioned body - from what little could be seen through the black layers of fabric - and features which were not only seductive but fierce also. Two of life's most dangerous and desired qualities found inside one body... and Hermione was the one who had been graced by such a presence.

Staring, Hermione blinked, mouth drying as the breath was knocked out of her.

Could such a woman really exist?

Of course, in this instance, Hermione did not have the presence of mind to process all this, and the only word that was screaming through her mind... was 'Danger.'

This woman had appeared in her room without her knowing and without a single revealing sound. The house was securely locked, and yet, this woman had somehow managed to smuggle her way inside without setting off any alarms. There could only be one explanation for such a feat... This woman was clearly no muggle.

In fact, if Hermione deduced correctly, from the woman's appearance, and the strong aura that radiated off her, this woman was no witch either. It was only a stab in the dark, an uninformed guess, but Hermione was almost positive that the woman standing before her was some kind of magical creature. Which one? She did not know, but whatever she was... she had no business being here.

"Wh-Who are...?" Hermione stuttered, falling silent when the woman's eyes began to sparkle in her direction. "W-What!?!"

Staggering backwards, her hands reaching into the pocket of her shorts, Hermione pulled out her wand and rounded on the stranger. But, before Hermione could even utter a single incantation, her hands were swiftly grabbed... the force used causing her wand to slip through her fingers and crash against the floor.

The sounds of her wand hitting the floorboards woke something up in Hermione, her predicament
becoming clearer as her eyes turned to the figure that held her. Here she was, Hermione Granger, being held against her will, defenceless, and now at the mercy of this stranger. Only she wasn't completely defenceless because, with a certain degree of fear pushing her forward, Hermione attempted to lash out and free herself from the woman's hold. Struggling, knocking into the cupboards and walls of her bedroom, Hermione felt the moment her captors grip around her wrist began to falter. A new sense of belief rushing through at this unexpected turn of events.

"G-Get off of me!! Get your hands off me!!"

Then, as suddenly as the words had left her mouth, Hermione was pulled towards the woman, their bodies pressed firmly against each other, flush. Shocked by this action, and the large breasts pushing against her own developing chest, Hermione stiffened in the hold, thoughts no longer focused on escape.

Taking advantage of this fact, the woman wrapped an arm around Hermione's shoulder, and a hand rose to lift up her chin. The contact forced Hermione to look up, to stare into those beautiful yellow eyes that were clearly not human. Becoming increasingly familiar with how beautiful this woman's face looked, so up close, Hermione's cheeks began to redden... The woman's breath doing little to help as it fell against her crimson features.

Growing weaker by the second, Hermione looked up from the woman's lips to those eyes once again. Those eyes were fixed on her, locked on her, those yellow eyes never blinking as they searched inside her very core. With a blink, the woman's features changed in an instant, a shiver of... something, racing down Hermione's back.

The woman's previously passive features were no longer present, the longer she stared the more changes Hermione saw. The woman appeared focused, eyes drilling into her, teeth gritted. As time passed, the woman's stare gradually turned angry. Although, quite why that was the case, Hermione did not know. She had no right to be angry, after all, Hermione was the one who should be angry...

...

And then, without warning, and in a completely unexpected turn of events, the woman suddenly leaned forward and captured Hermione's lips with her own... a hand resting against the back of her neck to draw Hermione in.

...

A stranger...

... Someone Hermione had never even heard of or seen before...

... Was taking her first kiss...
... And what's more...

... 

... A part of Hermione liked it.

...
"Mmm!?” Hermione groaned, eyes wide, staring into the closed eyelids of this stranger. A stranger whose lips were, now, connected to her own. Space never growing as the older woman pulled the brunette against her body, arms circling her midriff to keep her close and tight.

… And, as all this was happening, all Hermione could do was watch... in horror.

She couldn't move. Her body had become stock still, her fingers spread and outstretched while the woman's unique taste engulfed her mouth and senses. Arms bristled at the contact, an unpleasant shiver running down her spine as this stranger pressed further, not letting up for even a moment, lips persistent.

This had to be a dream!?

No, not a dream... a nightmare!

It had to be.

It was the only way to explain this terrible situation she now found herself in.

... And yet, even when she closed her eyes, begging this to be a dream, Hermione could still feel moistening lips pressing against her with a feverish intensity.

... Her once chapped lips becoming soft and malleable to the woman's touch.
... The woman's heavy breathing sending all kinds of signals to her brain, and a pleasant tingle down her spine.

... And yet... this all felt wrong!

So very wrong!

This wasn't how her first kiss was supposed to be!

Hermione was, after all, a human being with many complex feelings on the subject of love and firsts... She was hardly the asexual creature that many of her classmates viewed her as. She may not have given the subject as much consideration as someone her age tends to do, but, that did not mean she never thought about it. In truth, Hermione had always imagined how her first kiss would feel like... how it would happen and play out.

In her thoughts, Hermione always imagined a romantic setting, the sunset or moonlight acting as a backdrop to make the moment that much more special. The scene surrounding her would often change but the kiss... the kiss always remained integral to the piece, the one constant. Of course, the identity of the person she would share this kiss with had always been a mystery, not having met a suitable candidate in her early life. But, that didn't mean the hope wasn't still there. It was there on the moment her mother, Ellen, had sat her down on her lap and read stories of princes and princesses at such a tender age.

Her first kiss was supposed to be special, and now...

Now it felt tainted.

This was not how she had envisioned her first kiss taking place. She had never even considered the possibility that her first kiss could be stolen from her, and taken by a woman no less. The fact that her first kiss was taken by a woman didn't trouble Hermione. She was, after all, quite open to the idea. But the fact that it was stolen in the first place... That understanding not only troubled her but it also enraged her too.

Feeling her body unharden, her fingers and toes coming back to life, Hermione raised her hands and tried to pull the stranger away by gripping the neck collar of her shirt. The action succeeded at first, the woman's lips detaching with a wet pop, but once she recovered her breath, the woman busied them once again. Being kissed once again, Hermione groaned her protest and gripped the sleeve of
the woman's robes. No effect. This woman, whoever she was, appeared to have strength that surpassed her, admittedly, ample frame and easily ignored Hermione's attempts at escape.

"W-What are you doi...!?" Hermione gasped, head tilting back to speak, her lips then recaptured by the woman who did not allow for movement or breathing it seemed. Gasping under the intense kiss, Hermione yanked her head away yet again... but this act only gave her one more moment of respite. Because, with another tug, Hermione fell into the stranger's body and her lips became preoccupied once more.

"S-Stop... Stop it!" Hermione protested, her laboured breathing causing no end of pain.

She could hardly breathe, this strange woman wasn't allowing her to. She appeared abnormally persistent, driven to do nothing more than kiss, and did not allow for protests or the simple act of breathing. The heat the woman was generating was another cause for concern, it made Hermione uneasy... This strange warmth was placating that need to escape.

This wasn't normal.

Why did she feel like the woman's body temperature was drawing her in?

The older woman's lips tasting sweeter and sweeter by the second, the slightest movement easily parting through Hermione's meagre resistance.

Hermione could feel the fight leaving her body, a most strange occurrence, as she had proven often enough that she not only had Gryffindor courage but also the fortitude to never give up, no matter the odds. This... This wasn't how she would react, Hermione would never give in and succumb to nothing more than this woman's taste. Some supernatural force was playing with her mind, clouding her judgement, and masking her thoughts from view.

This knowledge provided a new ounce of strength, and a desire to distance once again, not only for her protection but for the protection of her virtue too. So, pulling back, gasping a much-needed breath, Hermione held the woman at bay. Licking her sore lips, tongue drawing across the bruises, Hermione heard a stifled gasp come from the woman before she connected their lips once more. The stranger took no chances this time and wrapped her arms around Hermione's neck, keeping her in place, deepening the kiss with a remarkable dexterity. Then, when Hermione made to whine her protest, the woman slipped her tongue into her open mouth, and Hermione could only grimace in response.

Squirming, Hermione felt the hold around her body tighten, drawing her closer, resulting in the stranger's bountiful breasts crashing against her own. The lack of air was becoming a real concern for Hermione now, but the stranger only allowed her moments of respites, devoted entirely to breathing, before continuing the kiss yet again. This proved to be nothing more than a repetitious and endless cycle but, according to the clock overhead, no more than two minutes had passed. To Hermione, however, it felt like hours.

"Enough!" Hermione gasped, inhaling what little air she could find to force out the words. "G-Get off me! Enough!"

But the woman did not rest and, what's more, without a moment's pause, she returned her attention to the delicious prospect of Hermione's lips. Fighting valiantly, Hermione pushed against the stranger's shoulders and managed to pull her face away, taking deep and hurried breaths. Unfortunately, the cycle continued anew, and, with one hand, the stranger pushed the back of Hermione's head towards her and their lips connected once again.
She couldn't escape.

No matter how hard she tried, or how often, Hermione could not get away. This realisation was confirmed when Hermione felt saliva run down her chin, whether hers or the strangers... Hermione did not know, nor care. The kiss, even to Hermione's traumatised mind, was nice, and the woman who kissed her... She appeared even more beautiful upon second glance.

A skilled kisser, without a shadow of a doubt, and yet, this information only made Hermione feel that much worse. She felt sick, almost to the point of throwing up, but there was no bile to bring forth. Hermione almost wished there was because it might have helped distance herself from this awful experience. She'd have tried anything at the point, as long as it aided her escape.

Reconnecting their lips, the stranger's tongue lapping against Hermione's retreating tongue, the latter could only form the basis of questions.

Who was this woman...?

Why was she being kissed by a complete and utter stranger...?

... And...

... Why did this woman's presence feel so... familiar?

... Suddenly, and with great force, Hermione felt the woman push her back until her back made contact with the bedroom wall - all questions disappearing as she was now recognised her position. To her horror, Hermione felt the woman's hands rest just below her ass and then, without warning, her body was hoisted up in the air, her body pressed high against the wall and feet dangling, precariously.

Allowing little time to adjust to this position, the kiss was reignited by the stranger, the sweet yet displeasing taste spreading inside her once more. In a moment of sheer panic, Hermione bit down, hard, on the stranger's tongue, which had been rubbing against her gums, and the stranger moaned in response. Only, this was not of a pained sort, as she had been hoping. No. It was far worse that that. The moan was of a feral nature, the sound of enjoyment and pleasure.

Her tongue now ceased by Hermione's teeth, the strange moved in closer, hips pressing against Hermione's, legs parted and coming to rest around her waist. Feeling the fight drain from her body, Hermione succumbed to the exhaustion. Several minutes had passed - seven in total - and the brunette reclined against the stranger, completely at the whims of her assailant.

She was motionless but that didn't mean the older woman gave up any ground. Oh, no. In fact, it was quite the opposite. In response, the stranger tightened her hold around Hermione's lower back, the brunette's legs tightening against either side of the woman's hips, while her tongue inspected every corner of the brunette's mouth.
In Hermione's comatose state, she could feel the woman's every move... as if from some far away distance. When the woman's tongue slid across her front teeth, Hermione felt it. When the woman drew her hips away, arching her neck to kiss more deeply, she sensed it. And, when the woman began to caress and rub every pore of her shapely form... Hermione shivered.

... This wasn't real.

... It couldn't be real.

... This had to be some kind of nightmare.

... She'd wake up soon.

... Alone... and afraid... but safe.

... Any moment now.

... Any moment...

These thoughts were brought to an immediate halt, however, when the stranger, releasing Hermione's lips - a finger trailing the soft texture one last time - suddenly bit into the brunette's lower lip, drawing blood.

The pain jostled Hermione back into consciousness, her senses heightening to normal levels when she felt the stranger sucking on her bloodied lip. The stranger's entire mouth now encased Hermione's lower lip, and, every time she tried to pull away, it only succeeded in pulling her sore lip to its limit. The stranger refused to relinquish her grip, refused to let go. She would not let go until she was fully sated.

Now, in a state similar to that of an out of body experience, Hermione felt the stranger's tongue slide across the swollen cut on her lip. The blood trickled down her lip, matting her chin and that of the stranger's too, but the latter did not seem to mind. After drawing her tongue across the cut, several times, the stranger returned to sucking on Hermione's lower lip, drawing out the blood which was contained within.

Struggling against the stranger's hold, a feeble attempt to escape going unfounded, Hermione attempted to comprehend what was happening to her. She was disgusted, naturally, and horrified by what was happening... but the kiss made this experience so much worse. In some twisted way, and despite her lip becoming bloodied, the kiss still retained its softness and flavour... making this kiss not entirely unpleasant.

That made the situation even more unpleasant though, her thoughts continue to betray her because deep down... Hermione knew this was not what she wanted. These thoughts, allowing for positive reflection on the kiss, were not her own. They felt foreign as if her mind was being invaded by another presence entirely. She couldn't think straight, and any attempt at rational thought seemed to
bear no fruit.

Pulling away, the red-haired woman held Hermione's chin in her open palm and stared deep into her eyes. Unfamiliar green now stared into mocha brown, and even Hermione could not deny the beauty that seemed to pour from this goddess's eyes. She really was beautiful... but at this moment, Hermione could not have cared less. This woman had taken her first kiss and, in some senses, her first sexual experience. Although the woman had not gone beyond kissing and a bit of heavy petting...at least not yet.

Meanwhile, noticing the fresh trail of blood running down Hermione's chin, the stranger drew her tongue out and collected the drop, savouring the taste to the brunette's horror. Why was she doing this!? This thought raced through Hermione's mind but she had little time to deliberate on such matters.

…

Then, in a slow, almost caring fashion, the stranger manoeuvered Hermione's body away from the wall and placed her on top of the nearby bed. The mattress conformed to her feminine shape until she found herself resting comfortably, her body still, breath shallow. In the moment, Hermione simply stared upwards, eyes focusing on the ceiling... all other forms of interaction and communication were lost to her as a new sensation swept over her.

But, what was it...?

Hermione could not attach a name to this feeling... but she could feel it rising from her gut, heating her entire body.

…

… What was happening to her?

...

Once confident that the brunette was comfortable, the stranger sat beside Hermione and leaned over so that they now stared at one another. Their breath intermingled, a sweet fragrance intertwined, before the familiar taste of this stranger was upon her again. Hermione struggled at first, instinct demanding that she fight and protect herself at all costs... but as time went by that will to fight became lost to her.

As the stranger deepened the kiss, a gentle side showing through, Hermione noticed her wand resting beside her on the bed and her fingers stretched to take it. How it had moved from the floor to the bed was anyone's guess but Hermione didn't question, she was desperate enough to do anything at this stage. So, as her fingers fumbled with its edge, flicking the wand further and further away, inadvertently, the stranger caught on and captured Hermione's wrist when she finally grabbed the handle. Taking the wand, pushing it out of Hermione's reach, the stranger looked down at her and, for the first time since the unexpected kiss, she spoke.

"I have to be sure, please be patient."

The voice was... soft and yet aggressive all at the same time. An impossible combination and yet the only opinion Hermione could form upon such an utterance. Like before, the voice caused this strange sensation to was over her; a feeling of security and familiarity that had no place forming inside her. This was something Hermione was unused to, considering her friends; Ron, Harry and Ginny, were the only ones she trusted and felt this way about. So, why did some part of Hermione trust this
woman? Why, when she asked for patience, did Hermione lower her guard and welcome whatever was offered...

Having said that, however, Hermione had no intention of kissing the stranger back, if that was what she wanted. She would never reciprocate. Hermione felt disgusted every time this beautiful creature placed her lips against her own... but she would endure if need be. As long as things didn't go too far... She would not fight this woman's advances. She... trusted this woman...

Yes, for some reason, she did, and, despite the situation, Hermione would allow the woman the benefit of the doubt.

Allowing the woman to kiss her, Hermione began to feel a sudden rush of fatigue seep into her brain. Her eyelids drooped, her breathing became laboured and her body grew weak by the second. A short while later, Hermione began to wheeze, the stranger taking note and halting the kiss immediately.

Holding the brunette's head so that she could not look away, the stranger focused her gaze on Hermione's eyes, her features stern and expecting.

"Change!" the woman commanded, voice growing more demanding with each utterance. "Change! Change! Change!"

Eyes focused on Hermione, the strange repeated the word like a mantra. Hermione wasn't sure what was being said, it was all white noise to her ears, but by the expression on the woman's face... something had happened. Only, what was it? Why did she look so happy, relieved... excited?

"It's true," the stranger murmured, mouth agape. "It really is you!"

And then, suddenly, and with what looked like tears in her eyes, the stranger wrapped Hermione in her arms.

Hermione, meanwhile, listening to the sounds of the stranger's relief and happiness, was left completely dumbfounded. The woman muttered things, indiscernible things, which made no sense to her equally traumatised mind.

"Um," Hermione mumbled, her voice wavering as she opted to converse with this tearful woman.

"W-What's... What's happening? W-Who are you?"

Surprised, the older woman leaned back to look at the young brunette. "'What happened?' Didn't you feel it? The temporal shift? The subtle changes in your environment… nothing?"

"I… um,"

"It's fine. These things take time," the stranger continued, head returning to rest in the crook of her neck, unaware that she had interrupted the brunette. "The changes will happen. Your eyes proved it."

"My eyes?" Hermione repeated, feeling like a primary schooler taking an exam geared towards High school students. "What about my eyes?"

"They changed, sweetie. Your eyes used to be brown but now they are like mine, look."

Having said this, the woman leaned back and closed her eyes, Hermione watching while feeling a little unnerved by the spectacle. The woman did not move, her features set in concentration, and eyes remaining closed as they fluttered unnaturally. Then, when Hermione was about to interrupt, with another question, the stranger's eyes opened and what was once green had turned gold once more.
"Do you see," the woman said, smiling. "My eyes changed. These eyes that you see, here, are exactly the same as your eyes now. Eyes that belong to someone of my kind, and my kind alone. Don't you see? You are one of us."

"One of you? Are you saying...? No, I'm a muggle-born. You've made a mistake."

Turning serious, the stranger's focus turned towards the locked window, eyes surveying the darkness beyond, before returning to rest on Hermione, again. "I'm afraid not. You are one of us. There is no denying it now. I'm sorry."

"What are you talking about? You think you can just barge into my house, shag me and then placate me with this ridiculous story!? And you think I'll just take your word for it!? Do you even know me!? I was conceived by my parents - muggles - and looked after and cared for by them."

"They are not your real parents, little one. Well, actually one..."

"Rubbish!" Hermione interrupted, fuming as she stared down the older woman. "We look nothing alike and... That's beside the point. I know who my real parents are. So, you can... Get out! Get out! I will not listen to this any longer!"

"Listen to me! You are one of us and I'll prove it! When we kissed," Ignoring Hermione's grimace, the red head ventured on. "Did you not feel something? A familiarity of sorts? A strange indescribable feeling in your stomach followed by warmth the likes of which you had never felt before."

Stiffening Hermione tried to keep a passive expression. She had felt all those things, in abundance, but, regardless, Hermione refused to cave to this harlot's convoluted story. It was a lie... a lie!

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You can't fool me, little girl," the stranger said, almost menacingly. "Regardless of whether you felt our connection or not, your eyes give you away. A person's eye cannot change colour on their own. You have a gift. A gift that is unique to our kind, passed down through the generations. There's no escaping the reality you are faced with. Little one, you are no mere muggle."

Panicked, Hermione pushed forward with a response. "L-Lies! It's a trick! My eyes haven't changed colour, you're just saying that!"

"Oh, give me strength!" the older woman groaned, grabbing Hermione by the elbow and positioning her in front of the full-length mirror. "You see, your eyes are golden. This is not a trick and I speak no word of a lie. Now would you grow up and behave like an adult, I honestly expected better from you."

Stunned, Hermione stared into her full-length mirror... and what she saw frightened her to her very core.

In place of mocha brown eyes was a sharp, golden tint that overpowered what was once there, the brightness displayed causing Hermione to close her eyes and face away from the mirror.

"No," Hermione stuttered, golden eyes scanning her room for anything she could cling on to as her own. "No, I am a muggle. My parents are here and I was born and raised in London. I won't be tricked. This is magic, isn't it? So, what did you do? Poison my breakfast when I wasn't looking? Am I under a spell? Come on, tell me! What did you do to me!?"

With a look of disappointment, the red haired goddess responded. "I have cast no spell on you. See, I
didn't even come equipped with a wand. And as for drugging you, I am sorry to say that I am inept at potions. I wouldn't know where to even begin to brew any such potion. In fact, you'd probably know more about it than me."

"Making a potion isn't that hard, even a novice could procure one."

Laughing at the young girl's desperation, the red-haired beauty couldn't deny her urges and, without asking for approval, Hermione was swept up in another hug. "H-Hey? What are you…?" But Hermione's worry was tempered slightly when the older woman began to gently rock her from side to side.

Her chin resting on the top of Hermione's head, the stranger sighed deeply. "I have done nothing to you, sweetie. I hope, in time, you will understand. Your home is not here in London. But with me, and my clan, you will learn to accept this one day and I look forward to the day when you do. The day you return to us."

"You speak of clans rather than families. You aren't just a witch are you?"

Surprised, the goddess stopped her motions and glanced down at the small girl. "Very astute of you! No, I am not, as you put it, 'just a witch.' I'm not a witch at all, in fact."

"I thought as much."

Smiling, the stranger nudged Hermione to continue. "You sound very sure of yourself. Keep going; let's see if you can figure me out."

"W-What?"

"Go on," the stranger laughed, eyes glowing with… pride? "Impress me."

"Uh, okay!" Hermione mumbled, at a loss for how they had reached this point. Well, it beat being kissed by this woman. With this thought in mind, Hermione continued. "Well, I can tell, just by gauging my own exhaustion, that you have some sort of ability which incapacitates your victims."

"Possible, but how do you know I'm not just a really good kisser?"

Grimacing at the memory, and the taste of her lips, Hermione replied. "I don't want to even think about that. And you value your skills far too highly; it was not an enjoyable experience."

"If you say so," the stranger said with a teasing glint. "So, keep going. What else do you have for me?"

"Well, through a process of elimination I've managed to narrow down your species to magical creatures, alone. More importantly, creatures who are not averse to sex or who are simply incapable of controlling their urges," Ignoring the stranger's quirked eyes brow, Hermione continued. "This left me with a few options, but it was the side effects of the kiss that sold it to me. Dizziness, loss of cognitive functions, loss of strength; these could only mean one thing."
"You are a Succubus."

Mouth hanging open, the stranger could only clap at Hermione's accurate deduction. "I… wow! I had heard you were clever but I never thought… Yes, you are right, I am a Succubus, and as it so happens… so are you,"

"I am not…"

Silencing Hermione with a finger against her lips, the stranger spoke. "There is no mistake. You are a Succubus and do you know how I know this?"

"H-How?"

"Because it was destined. I have been looking for you since the day you were born. And now… here you are! I knew I would find you eventually and my… How you have grown. You look just like her?"

Blinking in bewilderment, Hermione responded. "I look like who, exactly?"

"Your mother, silly," the red head replied, chuckling at Hermione's cute expression. "You look just like her, taste just like her. Exquisite!"

Confused, Hermione asked. "I'm sorry but who are you? And what do you mean I taste like my mother!?"

Surprised by Hermione's outburst, the red head's features softened and she moved to cup the brunette's cheek but Hermione pulled away upon contact. This would not be easy, the stranger thought bitterly.

"I see, you haven't been told. Well… this might very well come as a shock to you,"
"I doubt you could do anything more to shock me than you already have!" Hermione piped up, memories of before playing through her mind.

Unconcerned by the young girl's outburst, the stranger continued unabated. "And you have to understand that there is no room for interpretation here. The kiss, the blood… they all confirm what I am about to tell you."

"They confirm what exactly? Spit it out!"
"Hmm, it seems impatience runs in our family." The stranger mused, a sigh leaving her lips as she looked at Hermione.

"Runs in our…? What do you mean?"

"I'm afraid… we are of the same blood."

... 

... 

"W-what?"

Smiling, leaning forward till their faces were an inch apart the stranger whispered. "That's right, I am your mother. More specifically… your other mother."

---

**Important Author's Note:**

Hi, everyone, I hope you are all enjoying my story, The Succubus, and will continue to enjoy what I have planned in the coming months. It means a lot to know that there are people out there that not only appreciate my work, but even bookmark, offer Kudos and subscribe so that they can be kept up to date. The amount of support you have shown has been nothing short of amazing.

... 

However, the reason why I am talking to you directly, right now, is that I want to discuss something that has been bothering me for a while. It has nothing to do with the story, everything is going well in that regard, but there is an issue taking place that I need to discuss. I need your help.

A few months ago, I decided I wanted to take my writing more seriously, to create original stories whether they be full length or short. In order to achieve this, I decided I needed to make certain steps
forward. So, I have created two stories:

One, being... 'The Siren's Calling' (Which is a story about an abandoned Siren and a male human.)

The other... 'At Night, I Cast No Shadow (Which is a story involving two female, first year, University students that get caught up in something that changes their lives, and the lives of the people around them, forever... full lesbian story.)

Having created and planned these two stories out, I decided I would release chapters on a monthly basis through a membership platform called Patreon.

However, the process has been nothing short of insanely difficult. Which is why I am here, writing this, now...

If anyone has used Patreon, or are a creator themselves on that platform, can you please help me understand how tax works on this thing. I live outside of the United States, so the process may be different for you. But, any help you can provide would be so welcome.

I have no idea what I am supposed to do, and there is so little information out there. I, apparently, have to talk to a Tax Professional but I do not know what they mean... Are they talking about the IRS or am I supposed to hire an accountant?? I opted to use Patreon because a friend of mine said it would be easy but it has been anything but.

Any support you can offer would be very much welcomed. I really want to write for a living and I believed this was a possible avenue... Unfortunately, the process has lowered my expectations. Hopefully, someone can fill me in and tell me exactly what I am supposed to do. Then, I can start writing and producing work that is my own, my intellectual property.

Well, anyways, I hope you enjoyed the most recent chapter of The Succubus and come back soon, because I believe the next one will be out sometime soon. Until then, have a pleasant day and I wish you all the best.

Byeeeeee :D
"Y-You're my what?" Hermione shrieked, mouth agape and eyes bulging at the meaning behind those words.

"Your mother. Did you not hear me, girl?" The Succubi responded, arms crossing below her breast.

"Y-You're… You're my… my mother?"

"That is correct," the woman replied, her voice trailing off as Hermione's expression showed no signs of ceasing. "Are you okay? You're looking a little pale."

With a gasp, Hermione withdrew herself from the Succubi's side and backed away. Staring at the woman, who had made such an outlandish declaration, Hermione created as much distance between them as was physically possible within the boundaries of her room. As she retreated those same words repeated over and over...
"... I am your mother..."

This woman...

This woman... was her mother?

No!

This couldn't be happening!

The idea was absurd!

Ludicrous!

She already had a mother, and a caring and loving mother at that.

Her mother's name was Ellen Granger, and she was her one and only mother. It had been Ellen who had supported her throughout her childhood, through the good times and bad... not this woman. Ellen had been the aspiring figure, the person she looked up to most, and wished to emulate in her youth... not this Succubi. Ellen had been the one to allow Hermione to foster and nurture the independence she had craved, to acquiesce and allow her only daughter to leave their home and pursue opportunities in a truly magical world.

No...

This woman, the one who spoke of a familial bond without any proof, was not her mother... could never be her mother.

No...

This woman had never been there during those difficult times, had never offered comfort and warmth when she had been bullied in Primary School. She had never done the things a mother would do like her one true mother had done, time and time again.

How dare she claim to be something she was not! Ellen Granger was the woman who gave birth to her, the pictures she had looked through on many trips to her grandparents were proof of that. Hermione did not know this woman, had never even met this woman.

Which begged the question...

Who the hell was she... really?

"W-Who are you?" Hermione stuttered, anger bubbling to the surface.

Confused, the Succubus turned her gaze away from the room that she had been inspecting and directed her attention to Hermione. She could see the tension in her daughter's body, her flushed face and fists that were clenched so tight that the knuckles turned white. The woman watched and pondered, considering her next course of action.

"My apologies, I'm afraid I do not understand the question. I have explained who I am, already. What more do you wish to kn-"

"Who are you!?" Hermione snarled, eyes narrowing as the woman refused to answer.

"Like I said before," The Succubi continued, unfazed by her daughter's interruption. "I am your mo..."
"WHO ARE YOU!?'" Hermione screamed, her facial features becoming even more dangerous by the second.

"..."

Unconcerned, the Succubus leaned back against the nearby wall and crossed her arms below her chest, her eyes focused on Hermione. The woman did not speak for some time, merely looked towards her daughter, eye to eye. Neither flinched under the other gaze, Hermione's eyes did little to conceal the anger that brimmed within, a heat unmatched, but even that did not dissuade the Succubi one bit. She looked almost... amused...

"I am your mother," The woman sighed, her features hardening after exhale. "And a word of warning; I do not like repeating myself. If you ask me this question again then I will lose my patience with you. Believe me, you do not want that."

"You're not my mother!" Hermione spat back, the gold tint in her eyes growing darker.

"I am your mother, and what's more I have grown tired of your attitude, now," The Succubus murmured before lifting a hand aloft, fingers parting in Hermione's direction. "Sit and be quiet."

"I will not..."

Then, before Hermione could muster another word in defiance, her legs suddenly buckled out from under her and she fell backwards against the floor. Surprised, Hermione looked up and watched as the stranger turned and continued her perusal of the room in silence. The woman taking in the environment where her daughter had lived, slept and dreamed since the moment of her birth.

"Sit silently and do not move from that spot. As much as I have missed you, dear daughter of mine, I would rather you not ruin this moment by speaking."

"What makes you think I'll do as you say?" Hermione stuttered, struggling against some invisible barrier that pressed down against her lips.

"You don't really have much choice in the matter. I am your mother and because of that I hold power over you,"

Turning back to face Hermione, the Succubi narrowed her eyes at her daughter's ignorance. Surely... Surely she of all people must have realised by now!? Hermione Granger, her daughter, and who many considered the smartest witch of her age.... She must have realised, must have sensed the bond between them!? What it entailed!?

Leaning down towards her daughter- their faces centre metres apart - it didn't take long for the Succubus to register the confusion that was apparent on Hermione's face. And, with this knowledge firmly lodged in place, a small spread to her luscious red lips and laughter echoed from her opened mouth.

"You- You don't even know, do you? About our connection? Nothing?" The woman said, laughing so hard that she clutched at her stomach to quell the strain. "Oh, my little sweetie, let me explain. You see, If I truly wished it, I could control your every action, like a puppet on a string. I could make you dance to my every tune, to my every whim. But have no fear... I have no wish to control something so beautiful."

"You don't control me! What are you talking about?"

"Oh, but I do, or rather, I can, little one. In fact, I could decide your every action, control your every
thought, if I so wished it. I could make you do anything, all because of our connection... because of
my power over you."

"What power?"

"Why, our bond of course. My superiority and your... subjugation... is all a part of our bond. It is an
innate trait among our people," the Succubus said, moving a hand to rest against Hermione's
shoulder. "To ensure the safety of our children we have an ability that allows us to manipulate their
cognitive functions. This connection only works one way though. Only a mother can control their
daughter, it does not work the other way around."

"Why would you control your own kind!?" Hermione asked the question asked through gritted teeth
as the muscles in her jaw did not permit her to open her mouth.

"Our kind, darling, our kind." The Succubus reminded, tapping Hermione's nose with every
uttered word. "And I wouldn't call it control, more like... mental suggestion. Our kind are born and
bred with certain cravings and these craving often lead us down a well worn and destructive path.
So, we adapted, we forced change where none would be had for many years."

"What do you mean?"

"What I mean, dear one is that we couldn't wait for evolution to catch up. If we waited, our kind
would have died out many years ago. So, to avoid this unpleasant ending, we created a doctrine that
has since become law among our kind. We exist for one single purpose, now, and do you know
what that is?"

"Copulation?"

Laughing, a modest and yet beautiful sound issuing forth, the Succubus returned her gaze to
Hermione. Taking a moment to lose herself in the sight of her long lost daughter, the Succubi
carressed the brunette's cheek with the back of her fingers, the touch feather light, almost loving. The
touch sent a wave of powerful emotions racing through Hermione, eyes closing to enjoy the pleasant
sensations. Within seconds, however, her conscience was awakened and brought back to this
moment by the sounds of the older woman's giggling.

"Copulation? No, silly. We exist to survive... our one single purpose in life is to survive and by any
means necessary. We groom our young to continue this tradition but for this to be accomplished
many must be... tamed first."

"Tamed?"

"Yes, unfortunately, our young find it... difficult... to control their impulses and often fall prey to their
desires. We have lost many. Too many..."

"But I have no such desires," Hermione said, confusion evident in her tone. "I've never felt anything
like that before. So how could I be a Succubus?"

Moving forward, the Succubi closed the distance between herself and her daughter until they were
but a finger width away. Then, as if such an act did not require permission, the Succubi raised her
hands to either side of Hermione's head, palms laid flat against the wall behind her. Hermione
flinched at this, eyes moving to her wand which was left discarded beside her bed. The Succubi
noticed... but said nothing, eyes focused on the form she had created, the heat it was permeating.

Smiling at this, the Succubi tilted her head to the side and pressed a finger to the bottom of
Hermione's chin, raising her daughter's face to equal eye level. "You never fell prey to your desires...
because... well, you never had any."

"I - What?"

"You're a half-blooded Succubus, sweetie. There are certain drawbacks and this just happens to be one of them."

"What does that mean!? What drawbacks!? I can't understand if you don't explain these things to me."

Laughing, the Succubus moved forward and pressed her body against Hermione's, head tilting forward to breathe in her daughter's familiar yet... different aroma. The smell calmed her, it had been so long since she had been engulfed by such a fragrance.

"Fine. You wish to know more? Then, I will explain everything to you."

"..."

"A half-blooded Succubus cannot feel love, it simply can't. I wouldn't call it an emotionless husk because it can feel pain and joy, just as any human can, but it cannot feel amorous love. That connection is cut off because of the mixture of blood in their veins," The Succubus remarked, sighing at the confusion written on Hermione's face with but a few words spoken. "A half-blood can only exist… unless awakened it can never truly love."

"Awakened? What is that?"

"The awakening? It's a ritual held by very few among our kind. So sacred that only high ranking officials are permitted its usage. Through the awakening, a pure-blooded Succubus can claim ownership of a half-blood that they have sired, and activate the blood that lays dormant within them. Through this method, the half-blooded would become like us, just without any of the drawbacks attached."

Raising her arms to settle around Hermione's shoulders, the Succubus kissed the top of her head and smoothed the loose strands of hair which popped up. It was a very loving motion, that of a mother caressing their child, but to Hermione it was sickening. The woman's close proximity was strangely disorientating, the feel of her skin somehow scolding to the finger tips.

Noticing Hermione's lack of movement, the Succubus looked down and leant back to get a better view of her daughter's beautiful face. "Sweetie? What's wrong? You haven't asked me a question in the last three seconds. Are you alright?"

"I-I'm fine," Hermione snapped, pushing the woman's hand away when it came to caress her cheek. "And don't call me sweetie!"

"Then what should I call you?"

"Nothing! We are done! I don't want to talk to you anymore. So just... Just leave!"

Sighing, the Succubus wrapped her arms around Hermione's midriff and lifted her into the air. Feet unable to support her body, Hermione struggled in the hold as the woman, easily, turned around and walked towards her bed, depositing her atop without the slightest loss of breath. The woman did not stop there, however. As Hermione attempted to regain her faculties, the woman walked around the bed, studying her, seeing her from every angle she could.

Then, as the woman paced, Hermione felt her eye lids grow heavy, exhaustion seeping into every
pore of her body. Falling backwards, back resting against the cushions, Hermione felt the bed beside her conform to a new presence, a shadow falling over her mattress. Sitting beside her, knees but a few inches from her head, was the Succubus, fingers trailing through brunette hair, a small present with every gentle brush.

The feeling of being cared for... of being, dare she say... mothered... was not a bad one. In fact, it was quite nice. The soft trails that the woman's fingertips left on her scalp were oddly comforting, calming. When the Succubus stroked her cheek, Hermione smiled in response.

What was this feeling...?

...

Whatever this feeling was... Hermione liked it, and, at this admission, the will to fight slowly began to drain from her body, with every feather light touch. Everything was silent, the only sounds she could hear were that of her own heartbeat and her light breathing.

"I cannot leave you, little one. To leave you now would do us both a great disservice. I have much to tell you... much to teach you about our kind and you must know it all if you are to survive the change."

"What do you mean? What change?"

"You've been awakened, my dear. I have performed the ritual and now... your dormant blood has emerged. You will become like me... soon."

"W-What!?" Hermione gasped, her momentary lapse of calm forgotten as she shot up from the bed. "What do you mean I've been awakened!? When? How?"

"Please, stay calm, little one. Control is something you will have to learn early on in the process. It is an important part of surviving what is to come and I'd much rather not lose my only child."

"I am not your child!"

Exasperated, The Succubus sighed. "Unbelievable. You still don't believe me. Never mind, you will come to believe me in time. But that is not important, right now. You wanted to know about the awakening, correct?"

"... Yes." Hermione answered, unsure whether she even wanted to hear what this woman had to say, but her own curiosity won out in the end.

Nodding, the Succubi continued. "About what it entails and so on?"

"... Yes."

"Alright, I'll explain everything, but you have to trust me, okay? If I tell you to do something then I expect you to do it, understand?"

With Hermione's nod of approval, the Succubi rolled up her left sleeve and, taking a moment to look back at her daughter, she pressed her right hand against her left forearm and dug her nails deep into the skin.

Shocked, Hermione almost retreated from the behind, eyes staring at where the woman had penetrated her own arm with her finger nails. "W-What are you doing!?"
Without time to cover her eyes, Hermione was forced to watch as blood seeped from the open wound, the woman's nails grinding into her forearm deeper, twisting and turning with a sickening squelch. The sight of thick trails of blood issuing forth from the wound, puddles rather than droplets falling to the ground was sickening to every one of her senses. But, what was perhaps more disturbing about all this, was the Succubi's reaction throughout this ordeal. Or, maybe it would be more appropriate to call it a lack of a reaction. Because, despite the pain which should have surely been present on her face, the Succubus showed not even the slightest hint of discomfort.

Then, when the sounds of nails twisting ceased, and the horror in Hermione's expression subsided, the Succubus wiped off her blood stained fingers on the cuff of her sleeve. Turning back to look at the wound, rather than what the Succubus was doing, Hermione saw the damage that had been dealt. Upon inspecting the apparent gaping hole in her arm, Hermione almost lurched. It was disgusting, what the hell was wrong with this woman!?

However, before Hermione could prepare herself to battle the acidic taste threatening to spew from her mouth, the Succubus turned towards her and snatched her arm, bringing it towards her.

... Then, with a look of remorse, the Succubus plunged her nails into the brunette's skin and Hermione's mouth opened in a scream.

... Screaming, the feel of the Succubus's nails writing inside of her skin, Hermione stilled. Every gasp of air was laced with a hint of fear, her eyes wide and mouth whimpering pained mumbles for what would surely come. With reluctance, Hermione opened her eyes, the sight of the ceiling above her suggesting that she had looked away from the wound on instinct. Then, against her better judgement, Hermione turned her gaze to her arm.

... This wasn't right...

This wasn't natural...

What the hell was going on...!?

Why... Why wasn't there...

... Startled, Hermione put her hand on top of the Succubi's. Upon contact, the woman ceased her actions and looked back at her daughter, whose eyes now appeared larger than they had ever been. The silence stretched between them, only ever interrupted by the sounds of blood dampening the carpet, and Hermione's frantic breathing.
"Why... Why is there no pain?"

"There wouldn't be any, not for now, at least," Turning, the Succubus dragged her finger along the cut as she spoke. "For the next few weeks, you will be unable to feel physical pain. You know what this means, surely.

"..."

"The transformation is starting to take effect but that's not why I opened your arm, look down at the floor."

Following her command, Hermione turned towards the side of the bed and looked down at the floor. What she saw, sizzling, below was something that was truly out of this world. The blood was... burning...!? The blood, a liquid... was burning! How was this even possible!?

As if on cue, the Succubi answered her question without sparing a single glance in her direction. This was all mundane to her, after all. Why take interest in things you learned about and had seen as a little child. "Your blood has reacted to my taste, I have unlocked, brought to life, what was once dormant. This is something only a blood relative can do... something that a pure-blood mother can do for their half-blood child to make them... pure. As you can see, our blood had become one and, in time, you will become like us... a Succubus."

"... No... No! I-I'm not..." Hermione stuttered, her head throbbing from everything that had just transpired.

"If you do not believe me then I would suggest reading up on my kind. It will clear your mind of any confusion," Turning to look at the blood, which still burned, the Succubi continued. "The easiest way to discover your parenthood, among our kind, is through this method. If your blood had not reacted, had not been engulfed in flame, then you would not have been my daughter. Luckily for you, I already knew you were, so the test was safe. And, now, as you can see, your blood has reacted with mine, the evidence is irrefutable... you are of my blood, you are my daughter."

"This proves nothing!" Hermione screamed, wrenching her arm from the Succubus's hand. "How does this prove anything!? Our blood was set alight!? What the hell does that have to do with me being your daughter!? I am not your daughter!"

"I can understand your confusion, girl," The Succubus replied, her hands tightening in her lap. "But do not question our ways. We are different to the kind you have pretended to be, to the humans. We have many customs and traditions which would seem alien to you. Our blood, for example, reacts if mixed with that of our children or relatives. I don't know why it does this, it just does. It may seem strange and unbelievable but know that your ways are as foreign to us as ours are to you."

"But it makes no sense..."

"I know, little on," The Succubus replied, leant forward to nestle Hermione's head against her chest. "Perhaps, you can find answers in the books you so love; maybe the answers can be found within. I know you want to learn, know more, about our kind but... I'm afraid... that this will have to be a conversation for another time. I did not come here to talk and inform you of our people. I came here for two reasons. One, to complete the ritual, which I have done. And, two, to deliver a warning."

"A warning?" Hermione queried, senses heightening at the mention of the word. "Am I in danger?"

"Yes, you are, in a matter of speaking. With the awakening comes... certain dangers but not of a physical kind. There will be no monsters out to get you, no villain seeking to end your life. Your life
will not be threatened by this. But that does not mean that the danger is no less real and no less deadly." The Succubus replied, rubbing her chin in contemplation.

"W-What is it? Why do you look so scared?"

"I'm scared because I don't want to lose you. It took me sixteen years to find you and I... I can't lose you ever again or be the cause of discomfort and misery. I'm going to protect you as best I can but the majority of this rests on your shoulders. You will have to fight against urges you have never felt before, control both your conscious actions and unconscious ones every day of your life. There is a lot I must teach you but not all can be taught in one night."

Looking wistful, the Succubi moved further into the embrace, relieved to know that Hermione was either too tired or confused by this whole event to push her away. It had been so very, very long since she had last seen Hermione. In dreams, she had seen her daughter many times, but the face and figure was always shrouded in darkness. Now, the young girl she had dreamed of was lying in her arms. A mother supporting their child...

"In two weeks... your struggle will begin. The ritual I performed was the first step, now you must burden what will follow. Two weeks, Hermione. In two weeks, your whole life will change, as will you," Noticing the concern and confusion staring back at her, the Succubi elaborated on her point. "Have no fear, little one. You will still be... you... only there will be another voice vying for supremacy and dominance in your mind, attempting to implant suggestions, alter your vision and indoctrinate you in to doing things you would normally never do.

"And... what happens if I can't control this other voice?"

Sighing, the discomfort clear to hear from such a simple act, the Succubi fixed her eyes on her daughters. "Then you will become a slave to its whims. You will hunger for sex and the pheromones we excrete by doing so..."

"..."

"And... in time... I will be called upon to end your suffering. It is a mother's duty to kill a daughter who falls prey to their desires; it is... punishment... for our failures. If we cannot guide our children, show them the way, then we are the ones who must correct our mistake, bear the burden of ending the life of what we hold most precious."

"..."

Hermione could not say a thing.

What was there to say?

If this woman spoke the truth - and as much as she hated to admit, her arguments were not wholly unreasonable– then she really was this woman's daughter. What happiness could be found in that knowledge? She was daughter to a mother who had abandoned her and then returned only to bring with her death and misery. How was this fair?

"I-I..." Hermione mumbled, her thoughts clouded by doubt and confusion. "I still don't understand."

"Understand what, love?"

"How I became a Succubus. You spoke of a ritual but I don't remember you saying any incantation."

"That's because this ritual has no words," Believe the conversation was finished, the Succubi stopped
but was forced to continue when she viewed Hermione's patient gaze. "Do you really want to know? It is not overly important considering the situation."

"No... I-I want to know."

"Okay... I guess I'll tell you then," The Succubus replied, eyes turning to the night sky outside of the window as she was lost in contemplation. "A half-blooded Succubus can only be awakened by their mother, as you well know. We are a female only race but for some reason we cannot mate with males from any species. We can only mate with women and, in turn, are only attracted to women."

"That has nothing to do with what I just asked! Stop going off topic! Just... answer the question."

"Patience, I'm just giving you some background, little one. It never hurts to have a better understanding of our kind," The Succubus sniggered, amused that her daughter was still glaring at her despite the obvious exhaustion that the ritual brought along with it. "Simply put a mother must infect their daughter's dormant tissue with both blood and saliva. The safest way to do this is by kissing. Unfortunately, the process is long and it can take a while before the blood is activated. You might not have noticed but when we were kissing, before I bit into your lip, I bit into my lip. My blood and saliva seeped into your open wound and, after that point, the ritual was complete."

"So, that's why you kissed me," Hermione whispered, comprehension dawning on her before horror took its place. "That was my first kiss! You took my first kiss! Why would you do that!?"

"I kissed you for many reason. One was for the purposes of the ritual, another was... another... was because of how closely you resembled Ellen and, well, you looked far too delicious to not sample just a little taste," Smiling, the Succubi licked her lips, savouring a taste which was both familiar and foreign all at the same time. "Your taste is... intoxicating, little one. I may be a pure-blood Succubi but even I have to fight the urge to kiss you."

"Wait! B-But you said I was your daughter!? That's sick! Why would you want to kiss your own daughter!?"

Laughing, as she had long expected to hear this response, and had even prepared for it, the Succubus answered. "Because, unlike human traditions, incest is not frowned upon by our kind. I wouldn't say we welcome it, as there are few benefits to sleeping with our own, but it is not out of the question. I have known of many families who marry from within, sisters and daughters tied together to ensure the family stays strong and uninfiltrated. But have no fear, that will not happen with us. I have no wish to control, to dictate your life or your preference. I want you to be free, to live your life the way you want."

"How can I be free to live my life when you infected me with this... affliction!?"

"Becoming a Succubus is not an affliction, little one. In fact, for most half-bloods, it is seen as completion. You cannot even begin to fathom the wonders our kind posses, the power and sway we can hold over people. In time, you too will understand. Of course, that would mean you must first tame the Succubi's desires, its wants. Do this... and the rewards will be plentiful."

"What do you mean by the Succubus's wants?" Hermione asked, her understanding on this topic waning with each utterance from the Succubi. "I thought I was already a Succubus?"

"It's hard to explain, little one. You are right but... you are also wrong. I think it would be better to say that the Succubus is an entity all of its own."

"What do you mean?"
Sighing, uneasy with this line of questioning, the Succubus elaborated. "Once the ritual is complete... your blood activates and, in two weeks, the Succubi will emerge from your subconscious. You see, this entity has always been a part of you, ever since birth, but it has been tethered and lays dormant within. It is conscious, to a degree, but can only flitter inside your mind on the rare occasion. Never to indoctrinate or suggest, but to observe, it has been doing this from the day you were born... studying, learning."

"..."

"However, now that the ritual has been performed, the Succubi will have full reign over your mind. It cannot force you to do anything, merely suggest and intice you with images or heightened tactile senses, among other things. This existence will co-exist alongside you and seek to crush what restraint you have left."

"How will it be able to do this?" Hermione asked, confusion still etched across her face despite the woman's explanation.

"Simple. You will hear two distinct voices in your mind, once the Succubus has achieved full consciousness... one your own and the other taking the form of many. You will have to distinguish between which one to listen to because they will all sound alike but some might have ulterior motives all of their own," Laughing, the Succubus continued. "We Succubi are complex creatures but in time I'm sure you will come to understand us."

"How can I not know my own thoughts? This is ridiculous! You are trying to scare me with little to back it up!"

"Oh, no," The Succubus muttered, suddenly sounding very serious and very worried. "No, now is not the time to doubt me! Do not act like this! You have no idea what you are up against! This Succubus will seek to control you. If it accomplishes this then you would be its play thing, you would seek sexual encounters at all times for the hope of getting a high. You would become a junky, plain and simple. Do not underestimate this threat! I'm being fucking serious!"

"..."

Shocked, Hermione could say nothing. The older woman looked desperate, her hands clawing at her own. She was scared? Why would she be scared when her own welfare that was not in danger?

"Listen… Hermione," The Succubus said, using her name for the first time. "I know you doubt me but please! Whatever you do, do not underestimate the danger you are in."

"What danger? How can a voice possibly place me in danger?"

"Hermione… listen to me. Please listen because I don't have a lot of time left!" The Succubus said, hand gripping her forearm. "In two weeks your life will be over and your struggle shall begin. The previous life you led will be nothing more than a forgotten memory."

"The Succubi inside you will be subtle at first, you might not even realise it is there. But, believe me, it is. The creature is clever and will want to get an idea of how you operate before it makes its move. But you have an advantage, something that you have that the creature does not."

"What do you mean?"

"The Succubus... will not be able to sink into your memories. It will see through your eyes and feel your thoughts but it will not remember what happened when you slumbered. It has no idea who you are and will patiently watch to find your weak points. Only then will it test your boundaries and see
how susceptible you to the women you have come across."

"Does it have to be women?"

"Yes, the Succubus will only be interested in women, as will you," The Succubus answered, a little annoyed at being interrupted. "Like I was saying. The women around you will feel the Succubus’s thrall and be affected by it. The Succubi is looking for an appropriate mate and until it finds what it is looking for… it will drive the other women insane. They will hunger for you, desire you but the process will be gradual. You must protect everything you hold dear, Hermione; your life, your thoughts and even your virtue."

"Wait? The Succubus is looking for a mate!"

"Yes and an appropriate one at that. Once it has found a mate, someone the Succubus would consider its sole mate; the creature will direct all its attention on her. This is the difficult part, however. The mate, that the Succubus has chosen, will be unaffected by its thrall. It would be up to you to capture her and make her fall in love with you. But remember! You have a say in things, if you do not feel the same way as the Succubus then you can fight it."

"B-But… What if I can't?"

"You can! Remember, unless you succumb to its wishes, the Succubus will have no power over you. It cannot control your body without your permission. It can only make suggestions, plant information which you will stumble upon and consider your own."

"So I can win!"

"Yes but it will not be easy. The Succubus will stop at nothing to acquire its sole mate. It will focus all its attention on her, for the rest of your life. Unless… you tame it!" Hermione eyebrow arched at this, how could she tame something that would gnaw at her for the rest of her life? It was impossible. The thought of battling against a threat for years upon years felt exhausting. And it hadn't even started yet.

"Hermione! You can tame the Succubus and make it conform to your way of thinking. It will take time but this process will happen naturally on its own. If you can battle your desires for a year then you will have won."

"How can I assure victory?"

"You must protect your virginity and that of the other girls you face for at least a year. You will not be able to avoid sexual encounters as they will happen, I assure you. But do not allow them to penetrate you. If they succeed in this then you have lost. And whatever you do, do not penetrate them. If you deflower someone then you would have lost also. After that point you will crave sex so whatever you do… fight your impulses!"

Noticing the blood that stained Hermione's lip, the Succubus leaned forward to clean it with her thumb but stopped upon noticing something on the back of her palm. Eyes widening, the Succubi retreated from Hermione's side and staggered towards the window, her fingers jerking unnaturally all the while. It was almost as if... the Succubi was in pain.
"I have to go!" The Succubi howled, covering her hand as she backed away from her daughter.

"Wh-What? Why!?" Hermione asked, startled, rising from the bed.

"There is no time. There is a conversation for another day, I need to leave, now. Goodbye, little one, I will see you again, I promise..." 

To Hermione's surprise, her body moved to follow the Succubi and she caught the woman just as the older figure had opened the window to her bedroom. Then, with a hand tugging on her sleeve, the Succubi turned around and looked back at Hermione. This could very well be her last chance. This woman, this Succubi, apparently played a significant role in her inception. So, how could she allow her to leave without knowing such a simple thing...?

...

"Wait!" Hermione called, raising her voice above the showers spreading outside. "W-What's your name!?

Smiling the woman turned to face her. "Rose. My name is Rose. I will see you again, Hermione. Stay safe and remember if you ever have need of me... I will be there. Just... call for me."

And with that... she was gone.

The mother Hermione had never known was lost in the darkness once more.

Author's Note: Hope you all enjoyed. The next chapter should be up soon, depending on time and work, etc. Also, if you are interested I will soon be publishing the first chapter to my first original writing project. The book will be called, The Siren's Calling, and I will more information for you soon. If you are interested, or simply want to drop me a review or critique, then feel free to contact me below. I will try to answer your questions in as little time as possible. Hopefully the next day. Anyway, all the best guys and I hope you are ready for what is to come in this story :D
Disclaimer: The characters used in this Fan Fic are owned by JK Rowling and Warner Brother Studios (I think?) and are merely used in appreciation of the original author's incredible work. I own nothing apart from the story contained within these words, if that.

Author's Note: Apologies for the unfinished state of this chapter, as you will find, later, it doesn't read particularly well, but I had to get something up. My friends have, once again, surprised me by announcing that we are all going to Paris on Tuesday and that we have to start packing things all of tomorrow. I was planning to write and edit this chapter tomorrow, but, instead, I have spent a great deal of tonight writing up the updated version of this chapter. I am hoping it is alright but, honestly, this will be a good look at the state of my writing upon first, rushed, draft. It is not very pretty. When I come back from my holiday I will edit this chapter, I promise. Until then, goodbye, and I hope you enjoy Chapter 5 of the Succubus. While you are reading this I will be watching Battleground with my mates, byeeeeeeeee :D
"Oh! My! God!" A second year Ravenclaw whispered, her friends forming a circle around her, giggling in excitement.

"You got Chloe Roberts! No fair! She's a rare card too…"

"I know, right!" The same girl sniggered, holding the card close to her heart and away from prying eyes.

Having seen this overly protective act, the group immediately narrowed their eyes and glanced at one another in question. It was almost like looking through a mirror. Every single member of this small knit group carried the same scowl, the same posture... and even the same emotion... jealousy. They were all jealous of the young Ravenclaw and with good reason. Because, against all the odds, she had managed to obtain one of the rarest Chocolate Frog cards in existence.

Luck didn't even begin to cover it. Especially when the card held the renowned, and highly thought of, Chloe Roberts. Considered by many to be one of the greatest witches of her generation and of the many that preceded it. She was so famous, in fact, that only four cards had been found as of yet. And this Ravenclaw would now be the fifth proud owner of a Chloe Roberts, rare, card.

"You're so lucky!"

"I know, right. I can't believe my luck. She's my fuc… I mean," The Ravenclaw stuttered, recognising a member of the Teaching body standing close by. "S-She's my hero. My freaking role model!"

"How is this fair?"

"Who knows?" the Ravenclaw shrugged, eyes never leaving the face of Chloe Roberts for she knew it would disappear should she look away, never to return. "But, hey, you won't hear me complaining. She's amazing and, so, ridiculously beautiful that it is not even fair! The total package!"

Scowling, one of the girls crossed her arms and looked away. "Alright! We get it already. No need to rub it in. She's our role model too, you know."
"Sorry," the Ravenclaw replied, realising how upset many of her closest friends appeared to be. "It's just... Things like this never happen to me. I mean, she considered one of the five greatest witches and wizards of our age. And to think... I got her card. Me. I got one of the famous five."

Scratching the back of her neck, the other members of the group shifted nervously, watching their two friends - who had been inseparable since their first year - avoid each other's gaze. However, before either could say so much as a word, the smallest member of the group had moved forward, cards in hand. Shuffling them, the young girl considered the selection before removing three from the piling and holding them up in the second year's direction.

"I know this might be a long shot but would you consider parting with Chloe Roberts in exchange for Albus Dumbledore, Salazar Slytherin and... Harry Potter?"

Laughing, the young Ravenclaw turned towards the occupant of the voice and shook her head. "Na ah! I know Albus Dumbledore is one of the five but you can get his card without even trying. I mean, I found his card on the floor a couple of weeks ago in Diagon Alley. He is the easiest of the five, even though he is ranked first. And, as for Harry Potter... Why would I want his card when I can see the real thing? He's much more flattering in person."

"Ha, like you'd know," The close friend chortled, arms unfolding, as she recalled the last time they had met. "You can't even string two words together when he's around. You go all red and stutter like crazy."

"I do not!"

"Guys," Another member of the group announced, speaking over the raised voices of the two who were in the process of bickering. "I don't care about Harry Potter at the moment. I've been collecting these cards for the last year, hoping to get Chloe Roberts, and that is no longer possible. Will you not agree to anything?"

...

In the throng of students - that had been segregated into the all too familiar shades of reds, yellow, greens and blues - Hermione glanced at the small group nearby. She had long since grown used to the endless giggling, the never ending gossip that would have been better placed in study and discovery, but this time... something was different. As of now, her back straight, posture mature and professional, Hermione could not help but observe her own eyes move from one girl to the next.
Now, the reason why Hermione was so attentive had nothing to do with the subject of their conversation, or even the nature of it. In truth, the reasons were far more peculiar than that, and, in Hermione's mind, somewhat alarming. You see, the girls, who were now whispering to one another, could be found on the opposite end of the station from where she stood. The distance between them was insurmountable when it came to auditory processing, and yet, Hermione could hear every single word with absolute clarity.

...

How was such a feat possible…?

No human being could listen in on a conversation that was taking place at such a great distance...

No one should have been able to possess such a skill, whether they be a muggle born magic user or a pure blood...

So, then… How could Hermione hear their every whispered word…!? 

...

How could Hermione listen through the rasping wind which left cloaks dishevelled and hair unkempt…?

How could she hear through the din of other voices, each amplified and yet separated to allow the recognition of each individual word and voice…?

...

The answer was simple…

...

The 'awakening' had begun.
Hermione could feel it in her veins, could feel her blood pumping through her body at an elevated rate, the likes of which she had never experienced before. The feeling was incomparable. She had never felt like this, not even during her skirmishes with the Dark Lord and his followers had her heart pumped so quickly.

Nothing could have prepared her for the numerous, dizzying, sensations which had come over her ever since she had met Rose. Despite not having any proof, Hermione knew that the blood inside of her was different, felt different. Now, her body ached and itched as the blood became white hit underneath every surface of her skin. The scars of finger nails across her arms were covered by her long sleeved jumper, but they were there none the less.

Despite Rose's reassurance, the change had been a cause of great discomfort for Hermione. The promises of feeling no pain for months had proven to be nothing more than a lie. Whether this was an intentional lie or not, Hermione did not care. All Hermione knew, as of this moment, was that the change was placing a heavy burden on her body, and her health.

However, as time progressed, the pain slowly began to ebb away to be replaced with a new level of consciousness the likes of which she had never seen, documented or otherwise. Now, all of a sudden, Hermione's senses had become heightened. Her eye sight, for instance, had improved considerably in no more than a days time. She could now see with greater clarity and comprehend information at a sub conscious level, meaning her capacity to retain knowledge had increased beyond the bounds of human capabilities. Hermione's brain could now operate at a far greater velocity too, decreasing reaction and response time, to the point that the world slowed down while Hermione moved at her usual pace within that space.

Hermione's field of vision was magnified also so that when her pupils dilated Hermione could identify an object from a far off distance. It was a skill she had to master at first, as her pupils would change erratically without her approval, causing many an accident and sickness. But, eventually, through nothing more than perseverance, Hermione had learned to control this ability.

The last few days had been difficult, one unexpected problem arrived just as the previous issues had been dealt with. In fact, there were often times when the learning curve became too steep and Hermione had to suffer for days on end, with no reprieve. If it had not been for Hermione's lustre for knowledge and will to fight against any odds, the young Gryffindor may not have seen out the week.

However, in no less than a week's time, Hermione had been able to regulate all matters to a satisfactory condition. She still felt sick on occasion, her head delirious, but for the most part,
Hermione had a handle on the situation. This was true, except, for one small thing...

Hermione's sense of smell had become almost unbearable...

Even early on, Hermione knew that this would be a problem. The morning after she had been 'awakened' by Rose, the woman who claimed to be her mother, Hermione had picked up on a certain smell. The stench was putrid and coming from an unknown point of origin somewhere inside the house. It was so strong that Hermione was forced to go out in search of it, desperate to locate and nullify whatever was bringing her to the point of retching. Unfortunately, despite covering the area of the house, Hermione was unable to locate it. The smell only ceased when she had closed her window for the night, a window that was directly above the pile of garbage that would have to be collected tomorrow.

In time, Hermione had no doubts that she would get a handle on her sense of smell. She had already made several steps to improve it, and, had learnt ways to ignore such smells as long as they were minor. There were still occasions when strong, and unidentifiable, smells would cause Hermione's body to become hot but that had been few and far between.

Still...

The question remained...

How was any of this possible...!?

This had all been achieved without any effort on Hermione's part. It was an involuntary act. She did not need to close her eyes and focus her efforts on sorting through the noises around her. No, something inside of her was deciphering all the information for her. There were hundreds of speech patterns and conversations taking place, which needed to be processed, and yet it was all done so easily. She could listen to ten, twenty... a hundred conversation all at one and not even suffer something as minor as a nose bleed. She could have recited every word they uttered and only get a handful of words wrong.

...

... Impossible, you might say.
… Unrealistic.

... A Childish fancy.

...

… Well, not on this occasion.

...

On this occasion, it was all very real and, in some cases, very, very scary.

...

Hermione had changed, far beyond the expectation of her family, her friends and even teachers that now waited at Hogwarts Castle. No one had expected this, not even the great Albus Dumbledore. There was no plan, no contingency in place in the event of possible failure. Hermione was no longer the young teenager she had once been...

Which begged the question...

Who was Hermione Granger...!? 

...

If Rose was to be believed... then she was no mere human. She was a Succubi... not that Hermione dared to believe such a possibility existed. But it would explain many things... However, believing such things would be a betrayal to everything she knew and stood for. So, Hermione chose to ignore such inklings. To deny the facts, for the first time in many years....
… After all, if Rose spoke the truth, then not only was Hermione a Succubi... but she was also something more...

... Something unique...

... Special...

...

… The last hope of the Succubus...

...

She was all of these things...

But most importantly, at the end of it all, she was still Hermione Granger.

The book loving, gentle and caring… Hermione Granger.

That was the one thing that did not change, would never change. Hermione had made a promise, on the night of Rose’s appearance, that she would stay true to her values... and not betray the woman she had become. No matter what she faced, Hermione would not change.

Allowing her mind to wander - the throng of students busying themselves in wait for the Hogwarts Express - Hermione returned her gaze to the group of girls some distance away. They all appeared to be quite young, around twelve to thirteen if her deductions did not betray her. She could see the young Ravenclaw girl, a card held against her chest, looking warily at her friends, friends who seemed not best pleased with her.
This very fact was something Hermione would not have noticed before, having been more familiar with the pages of a book than actual people. But, ever since the 'awakening', Hermione had grown more intuitive, especially when it concerned the mannerisms and behaviour of the people close to her. This was something that Hermione had very little knowledge of in the past, the memories of Ginny and the Chamber of Secrets was still a fresh wound. But now, without even trying, Hermione could pick up on even the smallest visual cue.

Once again, this was not something that Hermione actively pursued. She just... noticed these things. The signs could be obvious or subtle but Hermione caught every last one. Nothing escaped Hermione's notice, even the things she would rather not see.

In a matter of days, Hermione had acquired knowledge which would have taken the best part of one's adulthood to attain, and, for once, she had not earned it. It was a strange feeling for Hermione, to have acquired something incredible without putting in the hard work. She didn't like it but there was no option of refusal. This was, after all, an innate trait among the Succubi, having the ability to read and decipher body language - as well as physiological changes - and it had proven most useful for creatures of a seductive nature.

Yes, Hermione had read up on such things in books concerning Magical Creatures, ever since Rose had appeared in her life. However, while all the evidence fit, Hermione would find answers elsewhere, answers more in keeping with her beliefs. Rose could not be her mother, she could not be born a Succubus... Hermione would find a means of disproving this, not for Rose's sake, but for her own.

However, as she stood in wait, surrounded by her peers, Hermione could feel eyes watching her, coming from a particular group of the student body. Hermione had been concerned about this, such an issue had come up several times when she had gone out to get groceries for her parents, and it seemed the same things were happening now. It seemed... that all of these talents were being directed towards one specific gender and one gender alone... women.

As far as Hermione knew, no man had been affected by her change. In fact, as Hermione turned to look at a group of male students nearby, she could not help but feel sickened by the sight. It was not their fault, however, they were doing nothing untoward or worthy of disgust, but men just didn't seem to measure up in her mind anymore. Suddenly, and without any adequate reason, Hermione had started to view women in a new found light.

Any previous crushes - such as Ron and a young boy in her Primary School days - could not even compare to the comfort she felt when surrounded by women. It was unbelievable. This sudden revelation had turned her world completely on its head, certain urges she had never felt before were now becoming immediately apparent. Women were just... it. There were no alternatives anymore. It
had to be a woman. Although, the identity of such a woman still remained a mystery. The only thing she was sure of... was that her future partner could only be someone of her own sex. That much was clear.

Turning to observe the young Ravenclaw and her group once more, the sight causing her cheeks to flare and body to heat, Hermione felt the stares increase two fold. It wasn't unusual to be stared at so intently, she was a member of the famous 'Golden Trio' after all, but it was the nature of these stares that brought on new levels of discomfort. One by one, eyes seemed to gravitate towards her, hungry eyes which ceased upon the moment of Hermione's discovery. Everyone was watching her. Students, both young and old, could not keep their eyes off of her.

To all the members of the female population, Hermione Granger was suddenly... desirable.

Was that it...!?

It must have been. All of the eyes which preyed upon her seemed to be coming from the female section of students, not a single male eye to be seen. How strange... It was almost as if Hermione was exuding an aura which had the power to entice women to her and, as a by-product, ward off men. Perhaps that was it! Rose had talked about changes but had never been specific with details. Could this be one of the benefits of activating Succubi blood...!? No, there must be another reason behind this. Something that didn't lend credence to Rose's absurd claims.

It was possible Rose had infected her with something... something that could turn her into a Succubi...

And this story, of Rose being her mother, was nothing more than mere fabrication.

Yes, that sounded possible, if not terrifying at the same time. But better, safer.

...

As if infatuated by the sight of the young Ravenclaw, and the group that surrounded her, Hermione turned to face them, a smile gracing her lips when she saw a smile emerge on the face of said Ravenclaw. They were all so adorable and, for once, there was no feeling of desire or attraction towards any of them. It was as if the human part of her brain had suppressed the Succubi within her.
She had no interest in girls of the younger variety. For there to be any interest, the female students would have to be close to her age, by a year or two, otherwise, Hermione held no interest in them. Hermione was grateful for this because, other than the obvious, it meant that the human side of her was still very much alive, and there was more to her than whatever Rose had done to her.

'They all look so happy,' Hermione thought, crossing her arms as she watched the group converse. 'I wonder how long that will last. When the war comes, when Lord Voldemort re-emerges, will they look so... Delicious!'

Startled, Hermione gasped aloud, a hand flying to her mouth as the stray and intrusive thought pierced through her conscience.

What the hell was that...!? That was not what she had been thinking of...

Where the hell did that come from...!?...

Looking around her vicinity, Hermione sought out the location of the voice, refusing to believe that such a thought had come from her own mind.

'I didn't mean that... I meant happy, happy!'

'Why the hell would I say that!? I would never say that!'

'They're too young and it is just plain... HOT...'

'No it's wrong, it's plain fucking wrong!'
Breath intensifying, her mind consumed by terrible thoughts, Hermione tried to overload her brain with her own ruminations, silencing that stray yet weak voice.

It was a strange voice, one which closely resembled her own and yet, at the same time, it appeared completely foreign to her ears. As time passed, and Hermione's mind focused on that voice, Hermione began to feel queasy. The voice was now suggesting things which went against everything she stood for. To touch someone so young, regardless of the reason, was wrong, just plain sick and wrong.

Those were the kinds of people that would find themselves burning in hell, and she was, most certainly, not among them. Hermione was the most loving, compassionate and caring person you could ever hope to meet, not a dislikeable bone to be found. So, you could, perhaps, understand why this voice was causing no end of anguish.

Returning to her thoughts, in an attempt to alleviate her moral conscience, Hermione voiced her dissent to the ideas that were now swimming inside her mind.

'Now, you listen here. They are not delicious nor are they hot. They are children! Young, impressionable children! You're supposed to look after them, support them, but never take advantage. To do otherwise is…'

'Haha… Young… Y-Hungry… Why?...H-Here?'

'W-What?'

'Feed… Tired…No…Here?'

Puzzled, Hermione kept her silence, listening to the voice which sounded oddly strained. It was as if the voice had just woken up, barely conscience. Murmuring the words the voice had spoken, under her breath, Hermione was unprepared when her eyes began to dilate and a white heat spread down her throat. Blinking, Hermione staggered, her body swaying before she righted herself, groggily.

Something was wrong. The control she once had over her powers was suddenly waning. Without even intending to, Hermione's eyes gravitated towards the female students that surrounded her, her
gaze locking onto skirts, breasts and lips, one after the other.

"S-Stop it..." Hermione whispered, attempting to close her eyes but bristling when the attempt caused her eyes to burn underneath her lids.

'Why?... You?... Are... Taste…'

'What's happening? What the hell is going on?'

Then, without warning, mocha brown eyes turned golden, lips which were previously chaffed became smooth and inviting, and a figure that was once slight became fuller, more mature. And, this was all achieved in the span of thirty seconds, right under the noses of the students that now chatted amongst themselves. No one seemed to realise what was happening, despite Hermione's staggering and cursing. It was almost like a veil of invisibility had been cast around her because, despite earlier attentions, no one seemed to notice her now or even look in her direction.

Coughing and spluttering, a hand caressing her throat, Hermione grimaced as saliva began to descend towards the floor. The sensation that coursed through her body was unbelievable. Heat, which seemed to generate from her very being, had begun to spread to all corners of her body, a body that she was no longer familiar with. The changes were subtle and would not be enough to draw immediate attention, due to the baggy nature of her clothing, but Hermione definitely felt it, and the change was very much unwelcome.

'W-what is this!? Is this the Succubus? Has it woken up!?'

'Tired...Need?... No... Desire...Time…'

'Shut up!' Hermione moaned, eyes shifting from mocha brown to golden behind her closed lids.

Then, without warning, the veil appeared to break of its own accord, eyes turned towards her, one after the other, concern and worry evident on every feature she eyed. Realising this, Hermione quickly regained her posture, hoping to appear unaffected by what was happening to her. Offering a kind smile to those that still looked concerned, Hermione stood up straight and looked ahead, ignoring the commotion that surrounded her.
Meanwhile, as students returned to their discussions, and their continued appraisal of Hermione, the person in question attempted to appear composed and undaunted while the transformation within slowly began to ravage her body. Most seemed to buy it, none even batted an eye lid when she started to cough, relentlessly, but inside everything had become chaos.

'Go away!' Hermione screamed internally, attempting to centre herself and keep her features neutral against the surging pain. 'Why won't you go away!? It is too soon! You weren't supposed to wake for weeks!'

'Tired…Sleep… Not… Time…'

'Then go to Sleep…And leave me alone! Hunger…Stop it! Why won't you… Sleep…'

Then, as suddenly as the voice had emerged it suddenly became silent, returning to Hermione's subconscious to awaken at a more appropriate time. But, the voice did not leave without leaving a mark on its host, both in the physical and psychological sense.

It was unavoidable now…

Everything had changed, even Hermione's body. Without even touching her frame, Hermione could tell she was thicker and yet... still retained the curvaceous edges which the brunette knew so well. Her stomach appeared taut and slim, proportioned perfectly to accommodate a modest pair of breasts. The breasts were not too large, but they could hardly be called small either. They were, for lack of a better word, perfect.

Hermione now had the frame that many a model could only dream of having, where the only option to attain such a figure was through expensive surgery aimed at the rich and superficial. And yet, Hermione had the real thing. This was what Hermione body would have looked like in five years time if she kept to her eating habits and continued to take care of her body. All the Succubus had done was speed the process along.

Hermione was young, intelligent and now... She was outrageously beautiful to any woman that viewed her, both figure and facial features combined into one breathtaking package.

...
... All the girls within the train station could see her now - students, parents, guardians, sisters...

... And as a result, more than anything, they wanted her...

...

Little did Hermione know but this was not where the changes ended for the young Gryffindor. The Succubus had not been so kind as to leave the changes just to her body, no, the creature had trespassed even further. Now, Hermione's lips felt soft and almost pliable to the touch. But, more astonishing than this, when Hermione wet her lips with her tongue, an overwhelming and intoxicating taste overcame her, causing her breath to shudder.

'Okay! Okay, now, breathe,' Hermione repeated, taking deep breaths as she wrapped her arms around a taut stomach. 'This will all go away, now. People will stop staring at me as if they want to eat me and I'll return to the scrawny little know-it-all everyone is used to! Any moment now...'

"Mione!" A loud voice boomed out of nowhere, the occupant of said voice drawing closer at a sprint.

"W-Wha-!?"

However, before Hermione could even finish her sentence, a small body crashed into her, arms wrapping around her neck. Startled, Hermione stumbled backwards and, acting on instinct, held the figure close to keep them both upright. When her feet finally came to a stop, Hermione attempted to turn her head to look at the perpetrator, ready to give this unfortunate person a stern telling off for exhibiting such inappropriate behaviour.

But this plan was halted when she felt the figures head nestle into the crook of her neck, the sound of laughter passing her lips. To Hermione’s surprise, the figure continued to laugh, oblivious to the audience they had amassed in the span of a few seconds, eyes that looked on in envy and disdain. Not that Hermione noticed this, she was too busy with the figure pressed against her body, a feeling of calm and happiness spreading within her, despite their current situation.
"Um," Hermione murmured, not used to this sort of contact, even from close friends such as Ron or Harry.

"Hehe..."

Cocking her head to the side, the sounds of a familiar voice entering her ear, Hermione's eyes widened and her arms quickly rose to wrap around the figure's shoulders, completing the hug. It was so obvious. Who else could it have been...? Who else, in all of Hogwarts, had the cheek to hug her without warning or reason? Who else would have taken the risk when everyone knew of Hermione's dislike of prolonged physical contact...!? 

The answer was obvious.

And, when a lock of red hair brushed against her cheek, a familiar scent providing comfort to her still beating heart, Hermione instantly knew the figure's identity.

"Ginny!" Hermione smiled, pulling back to see the youngest member of the Weasley family.

...

However, just as Hermione leaned back, taking in Ginny's face, a sudden bolt of electricity surged through her body. The sensation was immediate, growing by the second without rhyme or reason. It became so intense, in fact, that Hermione was left with little choice then bite down on her bottom lip, quelling the moan that threatened to issue forth. Hermione's hands, which still pressed against the small of her friend's back, were now gripping the fabric of Ginny's sweater. It was as if a part of Hermione feared the separation, feared the end of such pleasant contact.

The stimulation did not end there though, because, within mere seconds, the strands of electricity raced to converge upon Hermione's pelvic region. Within seconds, Hermione was enraptured in unmitigated pleasure, her eyes closing to enjoy the sensation. Even in this state, Hermione knew that what she was feeling was far from normal, especially for an act as simple as a hug between friends. This was not right. But... Hermione did not know what to do, how to react or even how to process what was a quite incredible feeling. This sensation was new, foreign to her, not even the many books in Hogwarts Castle could aptly describe what was happening to her.

...
... This was all new...

...

... What was this feeling..?

...

Hermione did not know...

...

She had never known, or felt, pleasure like this...

...

Unsurprising, as Hermione was far from the adventurous type when it came to such matters. She had not even reached the stage of self-gratification, after all...

...

As if sensing an opportunity for further embarrassment, Hermione's knees suddenly buckled out from under her. The movement no doubt surprised Ginny and, in an effort to protect Hermione, she was forced to re-adjust their positions mid-descent. In fact, had it not been for Ginny's reaction and intervention, Hermione might have ended up slumped on the floor, quite possibly joined by the fiery redhead moments later.

"W-Woah! Careful!" Ginny yelped, pulling Hermione up until she was on her feet. Looking up, Ginny laughed and smiled at Hermione's bizarre antics, believing this to be some kind of game on her best friend's part. Few people knew this but Hermione could be a great deal of fun when she wasn't pushing others to take their studies more seriously.
As Ginny stared, her smile growing as she took in more of her best friend's beautiful face, she suddenly looked away and coughed nervously. She had been staring for too long. Something that happened often when Hermione was around. Ginny never could get over how pretty her best friend had become.

Shaking her head, Ginny turned to look back at Hermione. "Hey... You alright?"

Surprised, as the voice broke Hermione of her state of arousal, the brunette's eyes darted back to Ginny who remained pressed against her body. She could feel her best friend's arms around her neck, the faint perfume wafting towards her. Hermione was, once more, transfixed. The sight of Ginny's supple lower lip being gnawed at by a set of pearly white teeth was something Hermione could watch for hours on end.

....

... Wow...

... When had Ginny become so...

... No, gorgeous didn't even begin to describe her...

... Smoking hot would have been a far better descriptor for someone of Ginny's appearance and character.

...

Yes, the comparison was sound. Ginny was not only hot, and the desire of almost every man in the School proved this, but she was also feisty. A dangerous and yet alluring combination. And, boy, was Hermione interested, her thoughts consumed by the thought of Ginny's lips moving against her own.

As the image took root in her mind, the filter in Hermione's brain disappeared. All thoughts, which would have been removed, were now flowing freely. The sight of Ginny's unique and vibrant hair was also hard to avoid. It was a beautiful shade of red and only added to her best friend's allure. Ginny was, what many students called, smoking hot... and the hair just about proved it.
"Hello?" Ginny laughed, waving her hand in front of Hermione's face, frowning when such an act received no response. "Hello? Someone in there?"

"Huh?"

"Oh, so someone was in there," Ginny prompted, flicking her best friend's forehead with her finger and smiling when she scowled in response. "Geez... You had me worried there for a moment."

"Why would you be worried, Gin?"

Eyebrows rising, Ginny smirked in reply, a hand resting against her hip.

'My god that is sexy,' Hermione thought, ignoring the flutter of butterflies rising in her stomach. 'Smiles like that should be made illegal.'

"Why would I be worried? Seriously?" Ginny asked, shaking her head as she spoke. "You basically collapsed in my arms, Mione. I mean, what was up with that?"

Flushing crimson, Hermione tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear and avoided her friend's gaze. "S-Sorry, I just... I didn't expect you to jump me out of nowhere. You took me by surprise."

"Hardly. And, even if I did surprise you, that still doesn't explain you falling into my arms. I mean, come on. You would never do that. Nothing scares you."

"Well, apparently, you do." Hermione retorted, features fixed as she fought down the urge to laugh at Ginny's look of disbelief.

"O-Oh, I see," Ginny remarked, smiling, looking around her vicinity before leaning in. "Do I make you weak at the knees, Miss Granger?"

Alarmed, Hermione leaned away from Ginny, her brain short-circuiting so that her mouth opened and closed without a single word uttered. Upon seeing this reaction, Ginny laughed aloud before
pulling her best friend into another hug which Hermione completed on instinct. The warmth and feel of Ginny's body pressed so intimately against her own felt wonderful. The need to protect, nurture and love quickly took hold and Hermione sighed, contentedly, as Ginny nestled further against her neck.

"You are so cute, do you know that?"

"Y-Yeah, right..." Hermione replied, afraid to elaborate on whatever her heart was trying to communicate.

As Ginny moved away, Hermione's hands lingered a second longer on her best friend's body and her eyes took in the face she knew so well. She had known Ginny for three years now, the pair having grown close during their times at the Burrow and the Quidditch World Cup. And yet, all of a sudden, Hermione was seeing Ginny in a completely new light.

Hermione had been blindsided. Ginny appeared so much brighter and radiant. The mere sight of the redhead causing Hermione's heart to beat that little bit faster.

The jokes Ginny had made, her play mannerisms, were suddenly on par with a professional comedian. Or, at least, Hermione's howls of laughter would have made it seem as such. Ginny didn't even need to try, a half-assed joke would receive the same amount of laughter as a Monty Python sketch. Even the same tired old joke that Ginny repeated, over and over, would receive a laugh.

Ginny's constant teasing, something that once irked and annoyed her, had become cherished time together. Hermione would keep a stoic expression during the teasing but, when the redhead skipped away elsewhere, Hermione would be left smiling, uncontrollably. This wasn't like her. She never reacted in this fashion to Ginny's childish behaviour.

…

And that was not all. There was Ginny's appearance too, her posture and her cheek. To put it simply... Hermione found Ginny to be nothing more than utterly desirable.

…

It was a ridiculous notion. Ginny was supposed to be her best friend, after all, and nothing more. But
these affectionate thoughts continued to persist, intruding upon her mind and causing a fair share of heart ache. Hermione did her best to ignore these unexpected thoughts, convincing herself that they were nothing more than the product of an overactive brain. It was the only logical answer. She couldn't actually like Ginny in that way... could she...?

No, of course not. The idea was absurd. Not only was Ginny straight, as evidenced by the numerous boyfriend's she had had in her young life, but she was also unattainable to all but one. And that one person just happened to be her best friend, Harry Potter. The two were known, in various circles around Hogwarts, as the destined duo. They would almost certainly end up together, married and happy. Hermione had even hoped and supported them from the shadows on occasion. But now, if she was being completely honest, Hermione wasn't so keen on the idea.

"Hermione?" Ginny repeated, her stare turning concerned as her best friend's features soured noticeably. "Is everything alright?"

"What? Oh, y-yes. Everything is fine."

"It doesn't look like it to me," Ginny said, her hands rising to meet Hermione's until they were clasped in her own.

Surprised by the contact, and watching as Ginny's thumb rubbed against the underside of her palm, Hermione gulped and fought down the new wave of sensation settling over her. Ginny was touching her. This was not out of the norm. Ginny was, after all, very fond of tactile contact, especially when it concerned her best friend, Hermione Granger. However, something felt different this time and both fell into silence as Ginny continued to caress and stroke her palm.

"G-Ginny?"

Startled, Ginny quickly removed her hands from Hermione's before cramming them inside the pockets of her winter sweater. With the warmth having diminished, both wished for the contact to have gone on longer but neither voiced their displeasure. To do so would have been too reckless, too open... too honest. Rejection was not something they wanted to receive from each other, ever.

"Ah, sorry, Mione," Ginny mumbled, her face heating up as she stared at the ground between their toes. "I didn't mean to cling to you. I know how you feel about... Well, you know..."

"It's fine. Like I always say, no harm... no foul."
Laughing, at the bizarre statement, Ginny raised her head to look at Hermione, a smile plastered on her lips. "What!? When have you ever said that?"

"Just now, if you must know," Then, as the sounds of a train drew closer, Hermione turned to find the Hogwarts Express pulling into the station. Instinctively, Hermione sought out Ginny's hand and pulled her closer, not wanting to be parted as the hustle and bustle of students descended upon them.

"Come on, Gin, let's go. I want to get a good seat on the train, away from everyone else."

Smiling, Ginny looked at their joined hands and then back up to Hermione, as if to make a point, her eyes brows raised in question. "Why so eager? Do you want me all to yourself? You little devil..."

Despite this, Ginny held Hermione's hand tight, clutching onto it like a lifeline as her best friend directed her towards the edge of the platform.

"Haha," Hermione pretended, smiling at Ginny who merely shrugged in reply. "I haven't seen you for weeks, Gin. I want to hear about your holiday, silly. I want to know what you have been up to in my absence."

"... I see," Ginny offered, fighting her way through the crowd that was currently packed with students.

"So, we better find a good spot because otherwise... We'll be stuck with a bunch of nosy students who will want nothing more than to spread and twist everything we say."

"Good point! Stand back, Hermione." Ginny called, pulling Hermione behind and away from the bloated sea of students and readying herself in a sprinter's position." Don't you worry. I'll get us a compartment... or die trying!"

"What do you mean? What are you planning?"

However, as the train pulled into the station, its door beginning to open, Hermione's confusion was answered with one look at Ginny's face. At that moment, she knew Ginny's plan. Hermione saw it coming a mile away. Which was why she was left unsurprised when Ginny sprinted forward and
 barged through the crowd, making it to the front before leaping onto the train, timing it perfectly so the doors of the station opened the moment her feet left the ground.

And, as she watched Ginny sprint along the small hallway, through the windows of the train, Hermione could only smile in acknowledgement. When Ginny spared the time to look in her direction, offering a wave and cheeky smile, Hermione's heart skipped a beat. Time seemed to slow down, the sight of Ginny's smile and the echoes of laughter in her head, causing a hand to rest above her heart. From that moment on, Hermione had become enamoured.

And then, suddenly, without her permission, another stray thought intruded upon her mind. Although, whether this thought belonged to the Succubus, or was indeed her own, Hermione could not say.

The words that left her lips surprised even herself, and she remained rooted to the spot as the students around her looked to cram themselves into the Hogwarts Express. As silence reigned down upon her, her eyes wide and unfocused, the words Hermione had uttered reverberated inside her mind, over and over again.

... 

Because, despite the weight, Hermione had spoken the undeniable truth...

...

From this moment on, it was settled.

...

...

"... I want Ginny..."
Author's Note: I hope you enjoyed this chapter. If you have any questions or would like to offer praise or criticism then feel free to contact me. I am always happy to discuss anything you might wish to, whether that be negative or positive :D

I will get back to you soon, in a day or two, usually. Until then, goodbye, and I will see you in a few weeks.
Sitting in silence, her focus directed towards the countryside that sped passed the window, Hermione continued to ignore the increased bickering from within the compartment. The commotion had been going on for what felt like hours now, and it was showing no signs of abating anytime soon. Sighing at her predicament, Hermione redoubled her efforts, staring through the window and away from her friends... unaware that her every movement was being scrutinised by someone nearby.
As she stared outside, her tongue moistening her dry, chapped lips, Hermione felt a shudder from the occupant sitting beside her. The unexpected jolt broke Hermione from her contemplation, the skin above her jean line tingling when Ginny - inadvertently - pressed against it. Gulp, her cheeks reddening due to the pleasant sensation, Hermione turned to face her best friend. But when she looked across at her friend, Ginny appeared none the wiser - unaffected by the brief skin contact that had passed between them.

In fact, the youngest Weasley was leading this... 'debate?' ... with the fierceness and intensity that many had come to expect. Ginny seemed to be her usual self, she showed no signs of discomfort, unlike Hermione. Although, come to think of it, why would Ginny have any kind of reaction!? It was just a passing moment of contact, nothing more.

That's right! There was nothing more to it. Plain and simple, without an ulterior motive of any kind. Just an innocent brushing of skin on skin.

...

So, then... Why did Hermione's body still tingle minutes after the fact? Why did her hands itch with the thought of Ginny's skin so close to her fingertips?

Cheeks aflame, Hermione turned her attention back to the window, her breathing both shallow and uneven. That image... That image of Ginny; her serious, combative expression, those familiar yet unique locks of auburn hair and those delicious, full lips... were such a breath-taking combination. In fact, Hermione was so enamoured that it caused a sudden feeling of light-headedness to overcome her.

...

What was happening to her, now...?

Why did her body feel so hot...?

...

"Oh, come on!" Ginny said, ripping through Hermione's inner thoughts.
Blinking, Hermione's surroundings shot back into view and, to her surprise, she found herself staring at Ginny again.

Wait! When did that happen...!? Why was she staring at Ginny again, after having turned away from her!?

Was her body, perhaps, acting on instinct?

"No! That's never going to happen..."

Smiling, despite herself, Hermione focused on Ginny, her features softening at the sight of her favourite redhead every change of facial expression. She really was something special. Not only was she great company - Ginny was, after all, one of the few people who could get Hermione to burst out in laughter, regardless of mood - but she also had certain quirks that were both adorable and enticing. It certainly didn't hurt that Ginny was quite something to look at...

Now, that's not to say Hermione was one to judge people on their appearances. But on many occasions, even Hermione had to admit that Ginny was far more than simply attractive. In fact, if Hermione was to be considered the smartest witch of her age then, in the brunette's mind, Ginny had to be considered the best looking witch of her age. There just weren't that many girls like her around at Hogwarts. She was unique; her fiery red hair, smallish figure and the perfect formation of her facial features had often been the talk amongst many of the boys.

But it was only now, in the company of her closest friends, and family, that Ginny showed a more honest side of her personality that very few got to see. A side Hermione secretly treasured despite her fiery attitude and, often at times, boyish behaviour. It seemed even in a room full of boys, Ginny could make her voice heard, loud and clear. She did not back down from any challenges and, at this time, Ginny could be seen mincing words with everyone inside the compartment.

"How can you say that?!" Ginny screeched, a chorus of disagreement following her words. "The Chudley Cannons have no chance this year!"

Picking up on the flow of conversation, and hearing the same exhausted topic, Hermione returned her attention to the window. She had heard this so many times before. It was all they really talked about, outside of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named and Professor Snape's outrageous treatment of them. So, Hermione allowed her mind to wander, knowing that she would not be missing anything of any importance. It was just Quidditch, after all.
"Get off it, Ron! They have NO CHANCE!"

Scoffing at his sister's rebuttal, Ron challenged with his own, fairly balanced, opinion. "Oh, please! The Chudley Cannons have this year sewn up! It's in the bag, Gin. Just accept defeat like the rest of your team."

"What are you talking about?! The Holyhead Harpies aren't out of it yet… and you've still got to play Puddlemere United."

"Puddlemere United!? Are you actually being serious, right now!? How is that a challenge!?"

"Uh! Yeah! Aren't you forgetting something?"

Turning to look at Harry and Neville, Ron shook his head and motioned towards Ginny. "Do you see what I have to deal with? Sis, it's over, face it."

"No, it's not! Wilda Griffiths will be back from injury to face your ugly cannons. Do you really think you stand a chance with Wilda around?"

Laughing, in such a way that even Harry – his best friend - wanted to deck him, Ron crossed his arms and faced his irate sister. That was Ron, though. He was always so full of himself while in the company of his friends, this kind of pompous attitude rarely showed itself outside of the Golden Trio. It seemed familiarity bred confidence because, despite Ginny's seething expression, Ron remained unaffected.

"Yeah, right! With the way Puddlemere United are playing, how can we not win! Just face it, Ginny, it's over."

"Oh shut up, Ron! Stop saying it's over! You're such a child!" Ginny groaned, her eyes rising to the roof of her forehead as she slouched in her chair, arms crossed beneath her breast.

"Whatever do you mean, lil sister of mine? After all! We are the champions, my friend!"
"Ron!" Ginny warned him, her restraint slipping as she watched her brother wrap his arms around a bewildered Harry and a defenceless Neville. Then, with his two captors in tow, Ron began to sway from side to side, his voice catching the attention of Hermione who watched on, disbelieving.

"We are the champions, my friend! We'll keep on fighting... to the end!"

"Ron, I mean it!"

"We are the champions!"

"Ro-!"

"No! We are the champions!" Ron screamed at the top of his lungs, giving Hermione a new appreciation for all things she had previously considered poor singing.

"Ron, you are really starting to piss me off!"

Adding insult to injury, Ron pulled away from his friends and leaned towards his sister, the fingers of both hands in the shape of an L. Flushing, due to equal parts embarrassment and anger, Ginny stiffened in her seat. Ron was really starting to push her buttons. Ginny had been completely serious earlier - brother or no brother - Ron was seconds away from meeting her patented 'bat bogey hex'.

Just gonna have to grin and bear it! Ginny thought, reluctantly. Although, maybe shutting Ron up will be worth one 'howler' from Mum, hmm?

"No time for losers! Cause we are the champions… of the world!"

Smiling triumphantly, believing the matter was now settled, Ron turned away from his sister. Sensing opportunity, Ginny was about to reach into her jeans pocket when her progress was halted by a hand resting against her wrist. Surprised, Ginny traced her eyes along the expanse of smooth and pale skin, all the way till she met those sparkling brown eyes. The sight, which had seemed so much more breath-taking than normal, caused her pink cheeks to darken even further.

"Ginny, don't even think about it!" Hermione whispered, her hand clasping Ginny's and pulling it
away from her wand.

"W-What? I wasn't doing anything."

"Really…” Hermione drawled, eye brows reaching into her bushy mane of hair. "I've known you for four years. Don't think you can get one past me."

Sighing dramatically, Ginny held up her unoccupied hand, indicating her surrender. Hermione looked at her closely, her gaze and thoughts wandering as she held Ginny's innocent gaze. With her hand held in Ginny's, Hermione found her attention stary. The fine line of her jaw, the soft nape of her neck, the pink tint of her cheeks suddenly coming into renewed focus.

'S-So beautiful.'

All of Hermione's actions from this point on were led by nothing more than pure impulse. There was no prior thought to her actions, no motive, other than providing comfort and support. And yet, the feel of Ginny's soft hand brought on a new found sense of euphoria. The likes of which she had never experienced before.

Focus coming to rest on Ginny's fingertips, Hermione moved to intertwine them with her own. A small gasp of breath was all that came with this sudden, hidden action.

Why did this feel so nice?

They had held hands before, even hugged, but this simple act, here and now, was worth more to her than any of their previous exchanges. For such a small and simple thing to mean so much... Hermione could not even describe how bizarre and wonderful this all felt.

This new found comfort and intimacy scared her. Her feelings for Ginny scared her. She wanted to let go, to rid herself of this uncertainty and pretend it never existed. But, at the same time, a small voice spoke to her from deep within.

She wanted this. Hermione Granger, the smartest witch of her age, wanted to keep their hands locked together, for as long as possible.
Seconds passed, their friends unaware and untroubled by the silence and gaze that passed between them. They were all just continuing their previous conversation, sharing Quidditch cards and chocolate frogs with each other. Completely unaware of what was forming between their two closest female friends.

These thoughts all crossed Hermione's mind - all of them focused on Ginny and what could be...

But a part of her knew...

It knew that these thoughts did not belong to her...

That they were not her own...

...

'Girl… Young… Strong… Shapely… Possibility…? Maybe…?'

The voice weaving in and out of focus, arriving one moment only to be gone the moment Hermione wished to question it. Hermione did not have the time to consider the creature's thoughts, however, as Ginny lips had moved. They did not open to words but instead a continuation of her shallow, rhythmic breathing. The sight of Ginny's glistening lips now had Hermione's undivided attention and, despite the warning bells going off in her her, Hermione could not look away.

'Wow…'

'I never noticed before…'

'... but Ginny has really beautiful lips.,'

Wait!

Where the hell did that come from?
This was Ginny she was talking about… Ginny! Ginny was – and would always be - her best friend and nothing more. To expect more would... No, there couldn't and shouldn't be more than that between them. Why risk a friendship - a strong and valued friendship - on something like... whatever this was, Hermione didn't even know what it was.

...

No. This was wrong. This wasn't like her. She had never, in all her life, felt this way about Ginny. They had always been friends, nothing more, nothing less. Of course, that did not mean Hermione was blind to what was obvious. Ginny was a stunning woman. She was beautiful. Words once spoken in appreciation... now spoken with... longing...

Longing...?

Was that it…?

Did she now desire Ginny?

No. Ginny was… Ginny. They had known each other for years, through the good and bad. Feelings of... love... would not manifest themselves after such a long time. Surely not. Too much time had passed. If they had been interested in each other then surely, surely, there would have been an earlier inkling.

"Hermione?"

Gasping, her sight taking in the action as well as the words, Hermione looked up from Ginny's lips. When their eyes locked, all movement was halted.

How could someone she had known for years become so much more beautiful without having changed one bit? How could that same person have existed for so long and yet no feelings of love had formed before this very moment?

'Hunger… Feed… Why…? No… Wait…? H-U-N-G-E-R…'
"Hermione!"

Startled, Hermione refocused and removed the sweat from her forehead with the palm of her hand. She was so hot, her face must have been bright red, considering the amount of sweat she had collected with one brush of her hand. Exhaustion plagued her, it swept across her entire body, limbs grew heavy and the act of breathing was starting to prove difficult. Leaning back, for fear that Ginny would recognise her own nervousness, Hermione cleared her throat.

"Uh… Y-Yes, Ginny? What is it?"

Looking concerned, her teeth scraping her bottom lip in contemplation, Ginny gave a reassuring squeeze of the brunette's hand. "Is everything, okay?"

"Sorry?"

"It's just… something feels, um, off about you."

"Oh. I'm fine, Ginny, perfectly fine. Just... feeling a little under the weather, that's all." Hermione said, leaning back against the seat and closing her eyes to fight down the nausea closing in around her.

'People…? Door…? A… Contraception…? Seat… Touch… Soft…'

Shaking off these intrusive thoughts, Hermione pressed her forehead against the cold glass of the window. However, when she opened her eyes to look towards the countryside, she was met by another sight entirely. In her vision, staring back at her but a centimetre from the glass was a figure. A female figure, pale and willowy.

... Brown eyes, white skin, full and red stained lips, brown and fuzzy hair... these were all sights Hermione had seen before, recognised as her own. But something was different, out of place. In the reflection, Hermione noticed a thin drip of red liquid start to descend from the pores of her hair. One by one, they fell, merging with one another until the figures face was covered in blood.
The blood covered her like a second skin. The figure's lips, which she, at first, thought had been painted red, were in fact covered in blood. As Hermione stared at her reflection, the window began to creak and crack. Lines of cracked, encased glass were spreading in increasing number, the sound amplified and threatening to her ears.

...

What was happening?

(Crack…)

(Crack…)

(Crack…)

(...)

(CRACK!)

The moment the glass shattered - Hermione recoiling from the many shards which descended upon her - everything around her suddenly became still.

(...)

When not a single shard of glass pierced her skin, Hermione became confused. Opening her eyes, unaware of the commotion going on around her, Hermione turned to look at the window. Only to find the spanning fields of the Countryside appear once more as if they had been there all along. The glass remained, sturdy and unshattered. And the figure... the figure had disappeared.

The other Hermione had disappeared.
"OW! Hermione!" Ginny screamed, moving away from Hermione after the latter had collided, hard, with her shoulder. "What the hell was that?"

"..."

Despite being a trained Quidditch player, the unexpected collision caused a small welt to develop on Ginny's shoulder. It bloody hurt - which was evidenced by Ginny rubbing the affected area - and she was not happy. And yet, despite every fibre of her being demanding that she react angrily, Ginny forced herself to draw in a deep breath.

She did not want to shout at her best friend, and there must have been some reasonable explanation as to why she had almost jumped out of her skin. One way or another, Hermione was incredibly fortunate. Because, if it had been anyone else, other than the brunette, Ginny would have unleashed hell on them without a second thought.

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry, Gin," Hermione hurried to apologise, a hand rising to rest on her best friend's shoulder, rubbing it gently. "Are you alright? I didn't hurt you, did I?"

Feeling the hand on her shoulder, Ginny rose to meet it, instinctively, her fingers halting Hermione from continuing to rub the bruised surface of her shoulder. Instead, Ginny wrapped her fingers around Hermione's, parting them so she could fit inside. Hermione did not seem to mind but she still looked apologetic none the less. Ginny would have to reassure her, but not now, now, she needed answers.

Shaking her head, Ginny looked her best friend in the eye as she spoke. "Hermione, do not dodge the question. What the hell was that? Why did you almost jump into my lap?"

"W-What?!" Hermione screeched, shocked by the implication in her words. "I didn't jump into your lap. What are you talking about?"

"Yeah, you did Hermione," Ron replied, looking both concerned and unsure of himself. "You were silent for a moment and then you just… I don't know, spased out on us."
"Nice one, Ron." Harry sighed, shaking his head. "Your tact has proven you well, once again."

"What do you mean?"

While two-thirds of the Golden trio broke out into a separate conversation, Neville watching on feeling both lost and confused, Hermione turned back to face Ginny. She was still staring at her, Hermione could tell without even acknowledging it, but that did not stop Ginny from shuddering when brown eyes locked on to her own. Despite a moment of embarrassment, Ginny quickly regained control of her emotions and spoke.

"Alright, listen... Ignore those two and tell me what's going on with you."

'Name…? Can't… Remember… Is there… Need… For a… Name…?'

Blinking, a sudden vision of a bloodied Hermione tied up and writhing in a white room, a smile plastered across her face, flickered through her mind without reason or warning. As Hermione tried to regain her faculties, that one image continued to flitter in and out, appearing as snippets. The sounds of laughter ringing in her head, no doubt coming from the other Hermione who rolled around in a pure white room.

... 

What... What the hell was that just now?

Why had she been laughing?

Why had she been smiling?

...

Emptying her mind of all irrelevant thoughts, Hermione turned and faced the youngest Weasley.
"Ginny, it's nothing. It's like I said before…"

'HUNGRY… FUCK… OW… Calm… Feed… HUNGRY!'

"I'm just a little under the weather. It will pass in time. Please, don't worry about me."

Having finished his conversation with Harry, and ignoring his best friends advice of thinking before he spoke, Ron felt honour bound to point something out. It had been bugging him for a while now, and he was going to avoid saying anything, but his curiosity had finally won out... he had to know. Of course, the thing he wanted to point out was something Ginny, Harry and Neville had noticed too, but had decided to remain silent about. It was an omission on their part and an unspoken agreement that they would not approach that... particular... topic.

Unfortunately, it seemed Ron had not gotten said memo.

"Hermione?"

Relieved to avoid Ginny's disbelieving stare, Hermione smiled at Ron. "Yes, Ron. What is it?"

"Well… I guess it's nothing but… did you know… eh, well, obviously you don't know. You don't have a mirror, after all, and…"

"Ron," Hermione said, interrupting Ron's strange mumbling. "What is it? You are not making sense."

"Well, I mean. It's not serious or anything but… you are bright red."

Surprised by this response, Hermione's hands rose to rest against her face but, upon inspection, she found nothing wrong.

...  

What was Ron talking about?
Her face didn't feel hot to the touch, so how could it have been red otherwise?

Maybe Ron was seeing things or teasing her?

This assumption was tested, however, when both Harry and Ginny kicked Ron in the shins.

"Ow! What the hell was that for?"

"For being a stupid, fucking, moron, you dense idiot," Ginny shouted.

"W-What are you talking about? I didn't do anything."

Sighing and shaking his head in frustration, Harry patted Ron on the shoulder. "This is what I was talking about. 'Think before you speak.' otherwise, things like this will happen."

"Maybe if you weren't such an idiot you would understand the mood. Please, shut the hell up and let the adults deal with this!"

Surprised by Ginny's fiery outburst, Ron leaned forward evading his sister's personal space with only centimetres between them. "I am your older brother. Don't…"

But Hermione never heard Ron's next words, instead a high pitched and sickening laugh rose and stretched throughout the compartment. Stiffening, the laughter causing unease to creep up her skin, Hermione looked around for the voice but found nothing. It was only when she noticed her friends, continuing their conversation, uninterrupted, that Hermione realised where the voice was coming from.

It was coming from inside her own head.
"HaHahAhAhHaHHaHaaHAA… Name! NAME! HaHHAaaghaHhahaHHAHaa… Ginny!"

"W-What…?"

"GINNY! HAHaaHahHAhaaHHHha… Name… Desire… HUNT… Feed… FORCE… TARGET!"

"G-Ginny has nothing to do with this! Don't ever say her name again!"

"GINNY! AHHAHHhaahHaaAhHahaha… FIRST…Target… Succumb… DEVOUR… ENSORGE…DEFILE!"

"N-No! No, no, no, no! Get out of my head! You have no right! Ginny is off limits… as are my friends!"

"Time… WILL… Soon… Time… Come… Cum… HahahahahaHAHhaaHa"

"Okay guys," Harry mediated, Hermione's eyes racing to him at the sudden, unexpected, interjection. "Enough's enough. We still have an hour left before we get back to Hogwarts, so just calm down. No point risking detention on your first day, and I just know Snape will be looking for any excuse to give us one. So, please settle this another time."

Scoffing, turning away from Ron, Ginny complied. "Fine. As long as he leaves the talking to me. Mr Eloquent can talk to Lavender Brown… it'll be like two peas in a pod."

"Oh, yeah, talking," Ron said dangerously, his eyes hinting at something that few knew. "Just like you and a certain blonde in…"

"Ron!" Ginny shouted, launching herself and pinning her brother against his seat, wand pressed against his neck. "If you open your big mouth again I'll fill it with worms, do you understand me!?”
Taken a back by Ginny's behaviour, Ron nodded frantically, his hands raised in surrender. Ron was not the only one who looked surprised, both Harry and Hermione watched the interchange with looks of equal parts confusion and intrigue. Or, in Hermione's case, a sudden case of unexplained blood-thirsty anger… the thought of Ginny with someone else was simply unforgivable.

Ginny belonged to her, pure and simple.

No one could have Ginny except Hermione Granger.

The thought, while foreign, did not raise any alarm bells in Hermione's mind because she believed, without a shadow of a doubt, that it was her thought and not the Succubi's. She did not feel or even recognise the discrete and subtle alterations that were taking place inside her brain. The chemical imbalance that shifted hormones from a calm state to that of a frantic one. All of these changes were happening to her, now, and Hermione, the brightest witch of her age, was none the wiser.

"Okay, Okay! Sorry, I'll be quiet. Promise."

Glaring, a scowl etched across her features, Ginny pushed Ron back against the seat and walked back towards her seat. As Ginny sat down, the room having become deathly silent now, she avoided her best friend's attempts to catch her eye. It was only when she was properly seated, eyes focused on her hands that were now curled in her lap, that Ginny finally whispered something to Hermione.

"Please, don't … me what…"

"Sorry?"

Sighing, her fists clenched in her lap, Ginny turned to face Hermione. "Please, don't ask me what he meant. It's not something I want to talk about. Just don't ask, please."

Hermione understood, of course. She wanted to know, desperately, but she would not pry into Ginny's life. She had promised, after all. That she would never cause harm to Ginny and, at this present moment, her best friend required ignorance to that of clarity. And, was that not what best
friends strived for? To support their friends in whatever way they desire, through thick and thin.

Hermione could do that much, at least. After all, Ginny had done this same thing tenfold. So, that was her answer, Hermione would let the matter go, for now, just like Ginny wanted, and at a later date, when her best friend was ready, she would seek answers. But not now. Right now, Ginny needed her to be ignorant... and that was what she would be.

…

…”

Those were the words that passed through Hermione's lips.

Surprised by the refusal, Ginny's eyes widened and the entire room turned to face Hermione in equal parts astonishment and disbelief. As the seconds rolled by, an eerie silence weaved its way into the room, making the occupants inside tense and uneasy. It was so unexpected. Not only had Hermione refused Ginny's request - the first instance that such a thing had happened since they had met - but Hermione had spoken with conviction... and anger.

"W-What?" Ginny replied, unsure whether what she heard was real or not.

"I said... no. I want to know. Why should Ron know and not me?" Hermione replied with a stern expression, her voice eerily calm and even.

As she spoke, a part of Hermione was left dumbstruck by the words that left her mouth.

…

This couldn't be real, right!? This couldn't be happening!?
Why was she being so rude to Ginny?

...

She had no reason to be this upset and yet... every fibre of her being, every urge and need, was telling her to hurt Ginny.

...

Why?

...

Why would she do this to her closest friend?

...

"Hermione," Ron croaked, coughing to settle his voice. "It's honestly nothing. You don't have to worry about..."

"I'm not worried. I'm angry, Ron. I thought I was her best friend... but I was clearly being led on," Hermione said, face still remaining impassive. "How long have you known this?"

'LIARS... ALL OF THEM... DECEIVE... HARM... MANIPULATE... UNWORTHY!'

Stuttering once again, Hermione's expression hidden behind dark shadows and loose hair, Ron struggled to voice a reply. "H-How long? Um, I... I..."

Before Ron could continue, however, he was silenced by another raised voice. The voice cut through the room, sharp, an underlying hint of anger hidden beneath a calm veneer. To say Ron was relieved would have been an understatement as he had been but seconds away from spilling the
beans then and there.

"Don't say anything, Ron. Remember your promise; you are not to tell anyone."

And with that Ginny had finally gotten over her momentary surprise, she was even prepared to go toe to toe with Hermione if she dared to press on. But still, in the back of her mind, behind the outrage and fury, concern ebbed and flowed through her mind. She had long feared this conversation, about the night in the common room between herself and a certain older blonde. It was always going to crop up, at some point, but she had never expected this kind of reaction from Hermione.

"Actually, Ron, ignore what she just said. Tell me what happened, now." Hermione interjected, her eyes never leaving Ron.

"I…"

"Do not even think about it, Ron. If you open your mouth, I swear, I'll close it with my fist," Ginny said, pointing at her brother before turning to face her best friend. "Hermione, what the hell is wrong with you?"

Turning to face Ginny, a smirk rising to the corner of her lips, her dark complexion suddenly broke of its own accord. The lights of the compartment finally came into focus, blinding her as she had been in total darkness but moments ago. What the hell had happened to her? It was like her body had been under some sort of hypnosis.

Groggily, Hermione looked back towards Ginny and paled at the look of anger she was unused to seeing directed at her by her close friend.

"Go on, then," Ginny said, her voice daring and begging for conflict. "Out with it. What has you so pissed?"

Startled by this new side of Ginny, Hermione steeled what little resolve she had left. "I'm sorry. I-I don't know what came over me. Why did I say that?"

Looking between Ron and Harry, equal looks of confusion and worry evident on their faces, Ginny leaned towards her best friend and laid a tentative hand on her shoulder.
"Hermione?"

"Y-Yes?"

"What's going on with you? You haven't been yourself lately."

Surprised by this, Hermione looked at both Harry and Ron who nodded their heads in affirmation, the latter looking a little frightened by her.

"Hermione, something's clearly not right. Let me help you."

Surrounded by concerned faces, Hermione finally had enough and stood up. The act resulted in all of her friends recoiling; the action was not only unexpected but performed at inhuman speed.

"Hermione?"

"I… I," She stuttered, looking at all areas of the compartment before her eyes rested on the entrance. "I have to go."

Then, suddenly, before anyone could properly assess the situation Hermione walked towards the door and passed through it. Ginny - noticing this – staggered up and tried to grab a hold of Hermione before she left. The thought of Hermione leaving at this moment caused a strange feeling of loss to overwhelm her, something she did not wish to feel despite the situation. But, as she grasped at Hermione's trailing shirt, all she met was air.

Then, in the span of a few seconds, Hermione hurried down the corridor and disappeared from view.

"Wait, Hermione!" Ginny shouted, hurrying outside of the compartment only to find that her friend was nowhere to be seen. "H-Hermione!"
Author's Note:

Hi, everyone, and thank you for taking the time to look at this Author's Note. I will try to be as quick as I possibly can as there are a lot of things I would like to talk about, so bear with me.

You may not be aware of this but for the past five years I have been writing stories on FanFiction, this story included, plus many others, and during that time updates have been very slow. Months upon months will pass when this story, and others, are left for so long that many believe the story has been abandoned.

Now, I will not lie to you, the pressures and rigours of work have robbed me of what little social time I have. Time which I want, desperately, to be spent on writing and nothing else. But, when I come back home, or Saturday rolls by, I am far too exhausted and worn out to even consider writing anything, not even my other projects.

I want to write.

I need to write, not just Archive of Our Own stories but original content too.

So, after much deliberation, I have decided to take a chance and see whether I can make writing a bigger part of my life then it has ever been.

They way I am hoping to achieve this... is through Patreon.

Now, I know what you some of you are thinking, you are thinking; how dare you charge me for The Succubus or other stories when you do not own the rights to their intellectual property, those belong to the original writers. And, you would be absolutely right to be outraged, if that was the case. Hell, if another Fan Fic writer announced this for a story I followed, I would unfollow immediately.

So, before you hit that unsubscribe button, I want to make one thing clear. I am not, and will never, charge for any stories that are found on FanFiction. These stories, The Succubus and others, will be written and updated regardless of my Patreon's success. You have my word.

Instead, I am using Patreon to submit original content. I currently have two stories, planned and ready to be written.
The two stories are:

1). **The Siren's Calling** - A story about an abandoned Siren and a male human. There will, however, be a prominent lesbian couple in this story, and they will be involved in many of the big story beats. The lesbian couple will not start out together, however, instead, they will grow closer throughout the story.

2). **At Night, I Cast No Shadow** - A story about two, female, first year, University students who end up moving into the same dorm room. However, many weeks later, something happens and their lives, and the lives of those around them, change forever. This story is 100% lesbian themed and has many situations you might find quite inticing.

The first story, 'The Siren's Calling', you already know about.

However, my new story, 'At Night, I Cast No Shadow', only came to me recently, and I have spent the last four Saturdays and Sundays working out the entire plot, characters and scenarios. I honestly cannot wait for you to read this story. I consider it my best work, to date, without exception.

Warning though, it is very, very different from what is currently out there. This story will have a lot of sexual scenes, intense moments and a number of unexpected twists and turns. As well as elements that some might consider very dark, but, I promise you that all of these things will make for a compelling story.

In addition to these two, long, stories, I will also be writing short stories, which involve lesbian characters and such, in many situations and unique scenarios. There are also many other options open to people that are interested in supporting me and my writing. For example, if you were to support me, for the right amount, I would write whatever story you desire, whatever theme... the choice is all yours. You will find more information on this, and more, on my Patreon Page.

For those who are interested, my Patreon name is the same as my Archive handle... Miracles79

With your support, I believe that I can move from full-time to part-time work and thereby devote all that extra time to my writing. If you were generous enough to support me then I can assure you, all of your money will go to my writing projects and rent. Your money will not be spent on lavish accessories or anything frivolous. End of the day, I want to be a writer, I want to write... that is all I
want to do. So, your money will be directed towards that endeavour, as well as my rent, which will allow me to work less and, therefore, write a lot more.

More information can be gleamed from my Patreon Page. If you have any questions, please, submit them here or on my Patreon Page, if you would prefer. I would be happy to answer any questions and set your minds at ease if you have any concerns.

I hope you all have a wonderful day, and, at least, consider looking through my Patreon Page, just to see what it offers. Either way, I hope you enjoyed this chapter of The Succubus, and I will hopefully update some time soon.

P.S: The first chapter of 'The Siren's Calling' and 'At Night, I Cast No Shadow' will be free on Archive of Our Own as a taster for people that might be on the fence about either story. After that, chapters will only be found on my Patreon page, exclusively.

The first chapter of 'The Siren's Calling' will be uploaded at the end of this month. The first chapter of 'At Night, I Cast No Shadow' will be uploaded on September the 13th, or a little before depending on editing.
'What the hell is wrong with me?'

"Hermione!" A voice called, the sound never registering as Hermione walked through a small cluster of Gryffindor students.

Ignoring her surroundings, Hermione quickened her pace, desperate to lengthen the distance between herself and her best friend. As she walked, many a worried glance followed her, echoes of concern spoken just within ear shot. But Hermione took no notice. She was deep in thought, traumatised by words and actions which could not have been her own.

... It made no sense...
How could she treat Ginny, her best friend, so unfavourably...?

Why did she say such horrible things without logic or reason...?

Why had she not listened to the voice inside that told her to stop...?

Rather than the other, foreign, voice that told her to cut, deep...?

Allowing her feet to carry her, with no particular destination in mind, Hermione could feel unease swarm inside her. A current of negative and degrading thoughts festering until the world around her succumbed to darkness. The world was dead to her now. No sounds reached, no contact could be felt and the only sound she heard was the increased pounding of her own heart.

Staggering against a nearby wall, Hermione closed her eyes, attempting to force down the bile that threatened to issue forth. She felt so sick, and it had all happened in a matter of seconds. How strange...? Was this because of her treatment of Ginny? If it was, then this could not be considered a normal reaction to what was, admittedly, a rather small argument.

'Greed… Hunger… Betrayal!'

Hell, this wasn't even their first. Hermione had argued with Ginny many times in the past and those times had been far more volatile than what had occurred moments ago. During those times both sides had exchanged unpleasant words, cut each other deeply, but by the end of the day, they would always find time to apologise and ask for forgiveness.

So, why did this feel so different?

Why were her emotions so low that she could now be found walking along the corridors of the Hogwarts Express like a traumatised ghost?

'Why did I say those things to her?'

'Betrayal… Secrets… Human… Nature…? HahAHaGHahEaheAAgh!'

'She's my best friend and I-I… I treated her like she was nothing…'

'Nothing… She…Ginny… Nothing!'

As Hermione continued down the corridor, eyes downcast, the words of the Succubi dripped into her conscience. But not a single word registered. She could not hear the creatures voice, even though it spoke so clearly, as its words were not meant for her ears. They were intended for something else...

The Succubi had awoken to a new degree of consciousness and found it had untapped power just waiting to be explored. Control. The creature felt it, it had become aware. Control could be exerted upon its host but great care would be required. Less the host realise what was happening, whether consciously or unconsciously.
With this knowledge, new possibilities arose and multiplied by the second. New methods of control... How could it resist the chance to experiment?

... And that was what the creature had done...

It had tested Hermione's resistance, awareness, and found it wanting.

...

Hermione had no knowledge of what was transpiring in her mind, the shifts and changes that were taking place. She was not aware that the Succubus had been the cause of such an unreasonable outburst. The connection between her strange reaction and the Succubi's existence should have been the most obvious conclusion.

Yes, it would have been most obvious... if the Succubi had not blinded the young brunette to its involvement.

All thoughts that passed through Hermione's mind were now being filtered by the creature, its invisible tendrils nullifying any stray thought, any sign of resistance. And there was much resistance. It was clear that some part of Hermione's sub-conscience had become aware of the intrusion - and far too quickly for the Succubi's liking. It would not be long before the creatures control over Hermione evaporated, it was still too weak, too strained... too tired to wake.

But, until that moment, the Succubi would continue to remove any suspicions the mud-blood might have. Any thought that could, possibly, place blame at its feet would be removed. And, any thought that played into Hermione's fears or worried would be prioritized, heightened until it was the only thought that consumed the brunette's mind.

'So... Easy...? Control... Delicious... More...? Tired... Must... Sleeep...'

It seemed Hermione, the brightest witch of her age, really was no different from the other students that milled around her. They would have been overcome just as easily too.

That was it. It was easy. Hermione was easy...

Easy to control. Easy to manipulate...

It was all too easy...

With this thought, any control the Succubus had over Hermione finally snapped. Feeling both tired and thoroughly exhausted the creature returned to its slumber, elated to know that any suspicions that could have been placed at its feet had been removed. It would come again, of course. It would be stronger and it would feel pleasure one day... soon. So many virgins were present on this train, so many beautiful, young women, ready to be devoured, punished.

It couldn't wait.
"I saw her! I swear I saw her! She was here… Chloe Roberts was on this train!"

"No, she wasn't! You're clearly off your rocker! She's in Albania, you idiot, it's been reported all over the Daily Prophet! Some sort of secret mission for the Ministry of Magic, or something."

"I'm telling you, I saw her!"

Brushing past the squabbling students – who seemed unaware of her presence – Hermione continued along the corridor. Each step brought with it an increasing feeling of disappointment, she had always detested cowardice and – by her own account – her actions had been pretty cowardly.

"I'm not worried. I'm angry, Ron. I thought I was her best friend… but I was clearly being led on,"

Why had she said such things? To be so incensed that someone else knew something of Ginny that she would lash out. Even to Hermione's mind, that was ludicrous. Everyone has secrets, things they can only share with family. And yet, for some reason, Ginny's reluctance to confide in her felt like a knife in her back.

Anger and sadness still vied for dominance, even now, resulting in a small group of girls retreating further down the corridor and into their compartment. She looked like a woman possessed; hands clenched, hair flowing around her shoulders with every heavy stomp of her feet. This was not the Hermione they had grown used to seeing... and it was rather unsettling, to say the least.

'I'm overreacting! This is nothing! God, I'm behaving like one of the Patil twins!'

'…'

If Hermione had not been so preoccupied with this subject then she might have found it quite laughable. For years – in fact, ever since she entered Hogwarts – Hermione had been known to criticise the Patil twins for constantly overreacting to the most mundane of things. And now, she, Hermione Granger, was behaving in a manner just like the people she had once criticised.

As time passed, this double standard started to grate on her. She never wanted to be compared to the Patil's and Lavender's of this world. People who were obsessed with gossip and appearances. She was Hermione Granger…

Avoiding a second year who had, unexpectedly, bolted out of a nearby cubicle, Hermione continued to walk along the narrow hallway. In fact, Hermione was so lost in thought that she didn't even notice the sudden change in uniform worn by the students. What had once been a crimson red tie and lining was replaced with a distinctive blue.

Blue…?

Stopping to look at a nearby student, Hermione focused her gaze on said uniform and her eyes did not deceive her.

There could be no doubts.

...

It seemed as if Hermione had - at some point - crossed the unspoken border between Gryffindor and Ravenclaw. Of course, there was no rule that said students had to sit in their assigned houses but most never mingled with anyone outside their School colours. It was well-known that most houses
remained segregated, by this point.

It was one aspect of School life that Hermione still felt appalled by. To think that such prestigious houses, such as; Gryffindor, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, and Hufflepuff still refused to socialise with one another. This was not the only sign of division, however.

Despite years of development, there was still a troubling divide between pure-blood’s and Muggle-borns. This divide had existed for centuries, well before her arrival at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Before the School’s very inception, in fact. One of the goals of Hogwart's, and many other Wizarding Schools, was to bridge that gap. To bring pure-bloods and Muggle-borns together. So that society could continue without petty struggles and outdated views.

Of course, in Hogwart's, only Hermione was aware of this fact having read 'Hogwarts: A History’ on numerous occasions. Few knew this but ever since Hogwart’s creation, the topic of blood superiority had been a divisive one. Many claimed that mud-bloods - as Muggle-borns were crudely referred to - would infect the magical world and cause magic to be lost forever. A moronic hypothesis to say the least, but, many pure-bloods were still so stuck in the past that they could not see the benefits that Muggle-borns could bring.

That was not to say that all pure-bloods shared this view, the Weasley’s, in particular, were one of the few that had out-grown this outdated belief. But, for every Weasley, there would always be a Malfoy waiting around the corner to brag about their family legacy and superiority. People like Malfoy were a common problem in wizarding society; they drowned out the more intelligent and progressive voices with the same tired rhetoric.

…

"What is she doing here?"

"Shouldn't she be with the rest of Gryffindor?"

…

These curious voices never registered as Hermione continued to contemplate certain matters; her mind a maze of confusion and worry. However, before she could become lost in deeper topics, a strangely pleasant voice cut through her deliberations. The blurry figures that surrounded her coming back into focus. The strange mist that had engulfed her eyes dissipated, the composed and lucid Hermione Granger returning to the fore.

"Hello, Hermione. It is a pleasure to see you again, and so soon." The figure in front of her greeted. The only discernable features that Hermione could make out being strands of long blonde hair, the rest of her body still appearing hazy and blurred.

Suddenly, realising that the figure was standing but a finger span away, Hermione looked up into the smiling face of…

"Luna!"

Smiling in response, Luna nodded in affirmation, the hand that had rested against Hermione's elbow, to keep her upright, retreating from view. Hermione, meanwhile, suddenly recognised a rather strange and uncomfortable sensation building on her right knee. Looking down, Hermione felt a slight twinge whenever she shifted her weight from one leg to the other. Far more worrying though was the obvious crook in Luna's leg, as if she was trying to apply as little pressure as possible.

Suddenly connecting the two bizarre circumstances, Hermione hurried to speak.
"Luna! I am so sorry! I wasn't looking where I was going and... I didn't mean to walk into you, I promise."

Luna's smile, having never left her beautiful face, merely widened at such a response. "It's not a problem, Hermione. No harm, no foul."

Not completely taken by this response, Hermione frowned and took another look at Luna's leg. As if sensing the inspection, Luna lowered her foot to the ground and maintained her wide grin, genuinely pleased to find an acquaintance of hers so early in the School year. It usually took a couple of weeks before Luna could talk to someone, usually Ginny. So to be visited by Hermione was quite the delightful treat.

Now, Luna would never be so forward as to call Hermione a friend - as she had very few of those - but she liked to think that the brunette viewed her as more than a stranger. If she was permitted to think as such, of course. If Hermione every voiced displeasure at the idea - which she wouldn't - Luna would have had no choice but to place her in the stranger category.

Forgetting what she was doing, Hermione stared at Luna again, the smile causing her cheeks to grow pink with every passing second. Feeling Hermione's eyes on her, Luna gently swayed to the sounds of a humdinger singing nearby, a song that only she was permitted to hear. She had nothing else to do really, and it was always a treat to hear the humdinger at its finest. Such a lovely tone and pitch, if only her acquaintances could hear it. It was such a shame that they couldn't because it was so lovely.

Meanwhile, relieved that she had not hurt Luna, Hermione smiled – feeling it rude to stare for too long – but was taken aback when Luna's smile brightened even further. She really did have such a beautiful, innocent smile... like a puppy that hadn't seen its owners in weeks. So damn cute, so effortlessly adorable...

'Whoa! Hold on there! Where had those thoughts come from!?'

Frowning at her own thoughts, Hermione noticed Luna's smile wither at the expression which was now etched across her face. Silently berating herself for ridding Luna of her smile, Hermione avoided her gaze and returned her attention to the ground.

She didn't know what to do, Luna had always been... difficult to converse with. A lovely young girl, without a doubt, but she would always be distracted by things that simply did not, and could not, exist. Being friends with and recognising imaginary things was something Hermione had outgrown when she was four, and Luna still seemed to suffer from it.

As much as she hated to admit it, Hermione would sometimes feel embarrassed being noticed in Luna's company. The girl would talk about humdinger this and humdinger that – how could you converse with someone who still had the mind of a child?

"L-Luna!" Hermione stuttered, suddenly realising something that she had spotted before. "Why... Why do you have one shoe?"

"I'm sorry," Luna replied, her mind far away with the fairies. No seriously, I mean real sparkly fairies. They entered the Hogwarts Express only seconds ago and flew around her head. Such troublesome minx's they were, they would always tease and embarrass her in front of people.

"I didn't quite hear you, Hermione. Could you repeat what you were saying? I'll get it this time, I'm sure of it."

Sighing as she watched Luna's eyes shifting from her own hazel eyes to something above her,
Hermione reiterated. "Why do you have only one shoe on, Luna?"

"Oh, that. Someone from my year wanted to play a game. So he took one of my shoes and my school bag, he said he'd give it back before we reach Hogwarts, though. So it's nothing to worry about."

A smile still plastered on her lips, Luna looked at Hermione with a hint of confusion. Why was she staring with her mouth wide open? Concerned, Luna looked around her vicinity, her eyes scanning the nearby cubicles before she turned her body fully to look down the corridor.

There was nothing there? Oh, maybe there had been something there and it had disappeared the moment she turned around. yes, that was probably it. She had been too impulsive and had scared it away. She would do better next time, Luna was sure of it.

"Luna! What do you mean someone took your shoe and school bag?"

Surprised by this utterance, Luna turned to face Hermione. The concern she had previously felt intensified as Hermione's features came into view. The brunette was clearly distressed, her eyes pierced together and her teeth gritted. What had made her acquaintance so angry?

Wait, maybe the creature she had missed had been more deadly than she had initially anticipated. Phew, that had been a close one; she would have to be more careful from now on.

"It's like I said," Luna said, scratching her elbow absentmindedly. "Someone came into my cubicle and asked if they could borrow my stuff for a game they would be playing."

"And you said, YES!" Hermione screeched, her eyes almost popping out of her sockets.

"No, not at first. Initially, I refused their request because I needed my shoe and my school bag at the time. Not only that but they already had a shoe and a school bag. So, I asked them why they couldn't play with that instead."

Shuffling nervously, Hermione hastened for Luna to continue when she had abruptly stopped her explanation midway through. Recognising the signal, Luna continued.

"And, well. They said that they didn't have a shoe small enough and that the school bag had to be from a girl who believed in the Crumple-Horned Snorkcack. And, seeing as I filled those two criteria, I decided to give them what they wanted."

Amazed, Hermione blinked repeatedly, her ability to form a coherent sentence failing her for the moment. How could Luna be so… trusting? It was an incredibly stupid thing to do and, considering the results Luna had received in her school work last year, Luna was far from stupid. So, why had she given those people her belongings?

Who in their right mind would want to play with a shoe and a school bag?

"Luna! W-What? They weren't looking to play a game with your belongings! They were planning to hide them from you! Why did you give them your stuff?"

Confused, and slightly exasperated that she had to repeat herself, Luna replied. "Because I am the only one in the school who believes in the Crumple-Horned Snorkcack. If I hadn't given them my belongings then they wouldn't have been able to play their game. I didn't really see another option."

"Luna…" Hermione moaned, stretching the name as far as her tongue could carry it. "Do you know who took your belongings?"
"Why would you like to know?"

"Because I'm going to get them back, and teach them a lesson at the same time." Hermione seethed, as strange energy began to emit from her body.

Hermione was furious. To treat one of her friends so badly, to prey upon another's weakness; now, that was something she despised above all else. Without her knowing, a power began to rise from within her. A power that had remained dormant since her birth. It had always been there, a part of her, and yet, it also belonged to something else entirely.

Suddenly, invisible tendrils of energy slipped through the surface of her skin and spread through the corridors around her, setting off in multiple directions. Despite her eyes remaining focused on Luna, Hermione could see everywhere along the train's corridor. Wherever the tendrils went, her eyes followed. Multiple subjects identified and processed in a matter of seconds, faster than the human brain could possibly manage.

Whispered conversation almost deafening to her ears, and yet easily ingested. The intangible tendrils slipped through all manner of surfaces, whether they be; metal, wood or even human skin. Any barrier in her way could easily be passed through without anyone's notice, and she continued to do so until she finally found what she was looking for.

"Hermione, are you okay?" Luna asked, concerned when Hermione's smile twisted uncomfortably.

"Luna?" Hermione said, her eyes flashing from brown to golden.

"Y-Yes?"

"What colour is your bag?"

Stunned by the sudden change in conversation, and Hermione's vocal inflection, Luna could only stutter a reply. Something felt very off about this situation, but most worryingly of all… Luna felt like she had seen this before. This all felt very familiar, this sudden transformation that had come across Hermione was identical to something she had seen before. Something, a memory, locked deep within her mind…

... 

"W-What colour is it? Um... I-It's black… with splashes of blue…"

"And has a picture of the Quibbler on it, am I right?"

"Y-Yes!"

Smiling, Hermione whispered one final word before she retreated into the power of the tendrils. The words, "Good." Passing her lips before all of the tendrils converged on that one point, circling the
room, menacingly and yet unseen. She could see everything; the group of boys laughing with one another, throwing Luna's shoes at each other as if it were contagious. So, annoyingly childish. So, annoyingly human.

"Eww! I don't want to be infected by Luna's stupidity! Take it back!" One of them laughed, throwing the shoe back at his friend.

"Oh, but Steven, the Crumple-Horned Snorkcack made me do it," another boy chimed in, staring into space dreamily to a chorus of laughter.

Hermione's neck twitched and her mouth jerked, a crick in her neck emitting around the narrow corridor. Luna, unaware of what was going on, clasped her hand around Hermione's forearm. Looking deeply into the Golden eyes of her friend, Luna pondered on stray thoughts.

... Where had she seen this before?

The transformation Hermione was undergoing felt nigh on familiar to something she, herself, had seen...

What's more, she felt like she had seen this same scene early on in her childhood.

How did any of this make sense?

Why did she feel like this distant knowledge could be the difference between life and death at this very moment?

...

Luna was terrified, and the thought of being terrified scared Luna that much more because very few things scared her.

"Whoa, have you seen the shit she has in her bag. What the fuck is this?" Retreating from the bag Steven, wiped the remains on his friend's trousers. The group of five retreated from the bag until one finally stepped up the courage to empty it on to the floor.

"We have some twigs, don't know what that is, parchment, don't know what that is, looks like a Quill and oh," the boy said, picking up a small white object. "Looks like a picture of her family."

Moving towards the boy, the group circled him as they observed the picture together, unaware that several tendrils were also filling the small space, waiting to solidify at a moment's notice. The process took time, unfortunately, and required a lot of patience it seemed but Hermione wasn't even straining herself, she was reveling in the intoxicating power.

"Holy shit! Is that Luna's mother!"

Interested by this development, Hermione moved one of the tendrils towards the picture in question. And, what she saw warmed her heart. She had never seen Luna's mother before, never knew that Luna had kept the past with her all this time. They looked very much alike, kind and open. She had no doubts that Luna's mother was looking down on her daughter, and was proud of what she saw.

"Yeah, and that must be Luna's father. This was probably taken before she died," Noticing his friends looks of confusion, the boy explained. "Didn't you know, Luna's mum died when Luna was about nine. I saw it in the Daily Prophet. She was experimenting with spells or something. It was
never very clear."

"Such a shame," Another voiced, nodding while attempting to hold back his smile. "She would defo
be worth a bang!"

Finding the entire situation hilarious the boys laughed as one, practically rolling over themselves at
their friend's disgusting admission. "Dude, what the fuck!? You're heartless man."

"So, what?" Steven repeated, unable to contain his giggles. "She's fucking hot. I swear if Luna looks
like that in the future I might have to reconsider my opinion of her."

Creases forming all over Hermione's face, her teeth gritting until a vile snarl escaped her lips, Luna
retreated again. The pieces were finally coming together, loose strands of memory floating to the
surface, but there was something she was missing. Hermione's eyes were now a bright Gold, her face
dark and creased in unadulterated anger… the sight scarier than any dementor's kiss.

"Are you serious? Luna – fucking – Lovegood. I mean, she's alright to look at but she has nothing
upstairs."

"What do you mean," Another rather chubby friend supplied, knocking one of his friends out of the
circle, accidentally. "Brains or rack?"

"Both, you moron. She's as flat as a board and has the mind of a moron. Who the fuck would want
to screw someone like that?

"Well," Steven suggested, the tendrils slipping around each group members ankles. "I could always
put a bag over her head, and fuck her from behind. I could say I'm looking for the Blibbering
Humdinger; she'd probably be desperate for me to find it."

"Hahahahahahahahaha!"

"Oh, Steven," The boy mocked, moaning and imitating Luna while in a rather unflattering position.
"Yes! Deeper! Deeper! Did you find it!? No, well keep going! Flood me! Draw it out with your
cum!"

Hearing the laughter once more, Hermione's patience had finally snapped. With a sick and twisted
smile, Hermione felt the tendrils slowly begin to form in the room, solidifying while remaining
invisible to the naked eye. She would make them suffer and what's more, she would make Steven
suffer the most. Oh, she had a great idea on how to… please him.

'HAhaghhaGaGHFA! There's a… first time for… everything!'

"Dude, you're sick! I wouldn't touch Luna if my life depended on it; she's worse than a mud-blood."

Obviously elated by this turn of events, the Succubus began to laugh and cause Hermione no end of
distress. This was becoming too much! Too many voices… so many sick and twisted words flowing
into her brain. She couldn't take it.

How dare they talk about Luna in that way? Men, they were all the same… unclean and repulsive,
Hermione would never allow any of them to touch something so beautiful, untainted. And, what's
more, the Succubus agreed… men were sickening but women, now that was something entirely
different.

'HaGHGahAGhagHaggH! To… dirty something… innocent… nothing like it!'
"Haha dude you are too…"

...

That was it… enough was enough. Hermione was going to hurt them; she was going to actively pursue the most painful option open to her. She was going to rip and tear into them. No one would treat Luna like this and, if they did, they would be made to pay. But before Hermione could prepare a plan, or think of more heinous acts, a voice suddenly shot straight through the fog of her conscience.

"Hermione!"

...

"Hermione!"

...

"Luna, w-what is it?" Hermione asked, blinking, noticing the speaker and the environment that surrounded her for the first time in quite a while. Confused, Hermione turned to look around. Where was Steven!? Why was she... How did...

...

What the hell had just happened to her?

Why did she say those things!?

...

She, the sweet and caring Hermione Granger, had been seconds away from tearing apart another student. This was crazy! She wasn't a monster that took pleasure in others pain, no, Hermione was a law abiding Muggle.

...

What had come over her!?

Where had that power even come from!? Why did…

...

"Hermione, listen to me," Luna repeated, a hand resting on Hermione's chest.

"Luna." Hermione reiterated, noticing, for the first time, that her expression had turned very serious.

"Did something happen to you? You looked like you were in some sort of trance."

"W-What do you mean?"

"From the very beginning... I noticed it. You've changed. There's an aura around you that wasn't quite so strong the last time we met. I mean, it was always there but now it's... overwhelming."

Staying deftly silent, Hermione froze when she felt Luna's hands inspect her body. Luna's touch was much like how she was normally, innocent and gentle. To the brunette's surprise, Luna's hands roamed all around her body, the touch gentle and calming in contrast to the rage that pulsed within
her veins. Never venturing too far into untested waters, or into places that would have been considered inappropriate, Luna continued as a soft glow began to emit from beneath her fingers.

Luna's hands continued to trail along Hermione's, fingers tracing the line of her palm while the other hand swept along her dainty forearm. Despite herself, Hermione closed her eyes and allowed this feeling of tranquillity to wash over her. The previous anger which could not be tamed had inexplicably vanished, tamed by a beautiful heart and kind soul.

This was blissful… and she wished it would last forever…

"Hermione," Luna said, her hands grasping Hermione's tightly. "No matter what happens, no matter what difficulties you face, remember that you do not have to shoulder these burdens alone. I am here for you, as are your friends. If you ever need to talk, to vent grievances, then speak to me. I will always be here to listen."

Surprised, Hermione stuttered a reply. "Luna, what's going on? What do you mean? What difficulties?"

"I recognise a change in you. One you cannot control. Just know that I will be here for you when other turns on you when others need more than you can possibly give them."

Hermione's confusion was further compounded when Luna unexpectedly reached up towards the brunette and wrapped her in a tight hug. Unresponsive, Hermione tried to take stock of the situation but was rather distracted by Luna's rhythmic breathing against her ear. It was like music to her ears, so soft and gentle. That summed Luna up pretty well, soft and gentle. She could have spent the whole day holding Luna and not a moment would have been wasted. In fact, Hermione had half a mind to do just that.

"And thank you for finding my school bag and shoe," Luna whispered.

Surprised by this utterance, Hermione broke away from the hug and saw a shoe and school bag clutched in Luna's hand. Stuttering and looking from Luna to her bag, Hermione shook her head.

What the hell was happening to her today? Everything seemed to be passing her by. When had Luna found the time to retrieve her bag from those bullies? The simple answer is she couldn't! What the hell was going on?

"It wasn't me. I didn't do anything."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that," Luna whispered, offering Hermione one last hug. "Thanks again, Hermione. I'll see you around…"

And with that, Luna pulled away from the hug and continued along the corridor. Hermione's eyes following the beautiful blonde down the hallway, a smile plastered on her lips.

'No need… To… Thank… Me!'
Having spent the last hour in an unused compartment, Hermione was about to change into her robes when she suddenly realised something. She had neglected to bring her Gryffindor clothes with her when she had ended the squabble between Ron and Ginny. Sighing, Hermione knew it would only be a matter of time before the Hogwarts Express arrived at Hogwarts, and so exited the compartment at a pace.

Avoiding various students milling around the hallways, some wearing their robes, others not, Hermione navigated her way towards the cubicle. She didn't make it far, however, as, by accident; Hermione had collided into someone who had to stumble to keep her balance. Hurriedly rushing to apologise to the poor woman she had almost bowled over, Hermione quickly stuttered to a halt upon inspection.

"Daphne?" The figure said, never turning to face the person who had knocked into her.

"Yes?" Daphne Greengrass replied, turning to look at her friend and then Hermione.

It was, however, at this moment that Daphne was halted in her tracks. Staring openly at Hermione, her eyes scanning the brunette's flushed cheeks and the bountiful breasts which heaved from some unknown exertion. The sight caused Daphne to wet her lips, eyes betraying all the thoughts that ran through her head.

*My, how the mud-blood has grown,* Daphne thought, her eyes roaming every available piece of luscious skin she could find. Despite her pure-blood leanings, Daphne couldn't deny that mud-blood or not, Hermione had just become the hottest thing on the table.

Hermione - and it really hurt to say this - looked absolutely delicious, so delicious in fact that Daphne had to bite down hard on her lip to stop a moan from passing.

When did this mud-blood become so ravenous to the eye...?

Quickly returning to the present situation, however, Daphne caught on to the end of her friend's reply.

"… Who was it that bumped into me?"

Turning to face Hermione again - whose eyes had widened at both the Slytherin's - Daphne smiled teasingly. This would be fun. Daphne was sure that her friend would tear Hermione a new one, she always had in the past.

And, what Daphne wanted to see most of all, was the sight of this beautiful creature trembling in front of her. That would surely get her aroused because, mud-blood or not, Daphne couldn't help but imagine a variety of situations where Hermione's discomfort would turn her on. The thought was, admittedly, twisted but that was the kind of person Daphne was…

"It was the mud-blood, Granger, Pansy. I believe you know each other…"

"Granger!" Pansy muttered, a slew of curses following, whispered under her breath. But, when she was about to tear the unfortunate Gryffindor a new one, she was suddenly stunned into silence. The moment Pansy turned in Hermione's direction, she was a goner; all words had been forced out of her. Pansy merely stared at Hermione, her eyes scanning her facial features while her mouth hung wide open.

"Why did…" Pansy mumbled while a flush steadily crawled up her neck. Aware of this, Pansy tried
to keep her composure while her face reddened and her lips became dry. The few words that escaped from Pansy were almost breathless; the sight of Hermione had clearly affected her in some unforeseeable way. It was a bizarre sight, to say the least, for all that passed Pansy by.

"You... shouldn't... have..."

Silence followed these words, a quivering lip entering the fray. This was too much. Why was Pansy, the Slytherin Princess, left speechless when she had the advantage to press ahead? Hermione was in the wrong, for once in her life, Hermione deserved to be criticised. But Pansy couldn't find the words, her lip trembling and her eyes slightly watery as she looked down at the floor.

"I mean... are you oka... What...? I..."

Nervously, her face flushing completely red, Pansy started to wring her hands together, attempting to regulate her frantic breathing. She could feel eyes on her, the eyes of both Hermione and Daphne. Why where they looking at her like that? Nothing was up, she was fine. Why were Hermione's stunning eyes searching hers? Why did Daphne look at her in embarrassment and horror?

Finally, unable to bear the pressure of this situation, Pansy carefully brushed past Hermione, her face turned down towards the floor the whole way.

"L-Look where you're going, next time." Pansy huffed, embarrassment clear in her voice. She didn't stop walking, afraid to turn and see Hermione's expression once again.

...

What the hell had happened to her?

Why was she breathless?

And, why in the name of God, was she touching her lip with her fingers!?

...

"Hey! Hey, Pansy," Daphne called, giving one last, confused, look towards Hermione before chasing her friend. "Wait up! What the hell was that about!?"

Watching Daphne chase Pansy down the corridor, Hermione remained stock still, a hand rising to her lips without her knowledge. Confusion swarmed through her mind once more, Hermione's eyes quickly scanning her vicinity to make sure no one had seen what had transpired.

What would they have seen anyway?

What the hell had happened?

Despite herself, Hermione voiced the only thought that had raced through her mind when she had seen Pansy in all her glory. The one thing she had never expected and would probably be haunted by all through the night. Were these simple words...

...

"I want Pansy!"
Author's Note:

Here's another Chapter of The Succubus. I hope you liked it. Apologies for the late chapter, work started up again and I had to deal with an increased workload which always happens in the first two weeks. But, thankfully, things seem to have calmed down. So, I can get back to writing more regularly.

By the way, the first chapter of 'The Siren's Calling' is up and I would be very grateful if you could give it a read through. You can find the story in my Profile. To those who have read the chapter, the next chapter will be published on Wednesday, I did promise Monday but work has been insane. Overtime has been a real problem too. I will also be publishing the first chapter of 'At Night, I Cast No Shadow' sometime in October. September will just be the three, free, chapters of 'The Siren's Calling.' This gives me a little more time to write and edit the story people seem to be really interested in. The story with a number of lesbian characters and smut. Fingers crossed you like it.

Anywho, thanks very much for checking out this chapter and feel free to leave me a comment. I love talking to my readers and getting an idea of how they view this story. It helps, believe me :D

All the best, everyone. I think the next chapter of The Succubus will be out sometime next week. But, it really depends on work. If I have a lot of overtime, like the last two weeks, then there is little chance of that happening. However, I have been assured that I will not be doing overtime this week. Although, they have said that in the past and those words were found false. So, we will see.

P.S. I just finished Vikings, season 4, and all I can say is... what an incredible piece of television. I think Travis Fimmel might just be my favourite actor of all time, just from his performance as Ragnar. It is between him and Peter Capaldi, that is for sure :D
"Now, if all first year students could turn their attentions to me, please." Professor McGonagall announced, a hand resting on the sorting hat. "Thank you. Then we will begin the sorting. Many of you might be familiar with our methods of placing you into a House but to those of you who are not, please, listen closely. The process is very simple. To begin with I will call out your names in alphabetical order and when you hear your name all you need to do is sit on this stool. The Sorting Hat will do the rest, as you will find out shortly."

Allowing a small, reassuring smile to grace her lips Professor McGonagall reached into her robe pocket and pulled out a parchment from within. Many of the students – both new and old – held their collective breath. This was going to be the start of what could only be described as a wonderful yet chaotic life. Everyone in the School knew it, and each house waited tentatively preparing to celebrate the newest additions into their Family.

Licking her dry lips, Professor McGonagall allowed her eyes to leave the parchment and wander towards the Gryffindor table. It didn't take long before her eyes found her favourite pupil, none other than Miss Hermione Granger. Only this time something seemed very off about her. This wasn't the Hermione Granger she remembered, at least from appearances sake.

Albus had talked about changes but Minerva had always believed such changes would be more of a psychological nature and not, as it happened, that of a physical one. In the short time the student had been present, Hermione had already managed to gain quite a bit of attention because of her new and, admittedly, improved appearance. A troubling turn of events, no doubt.

But, on the bright side, Hermione's sudden blooming only appeared to affect the female members of the student body. If the boys had been affected too... Well, then Miss Granger would not have been able to attend School anymore. And the world would never have prospered from her superior intellect, kindness or made us of her ability to make the correct decision while under mounting pressure.

Allowing the problem to shift to the back of her mind, Professor McGonagall returned to her duties. "Abbie Clement, please step forward."

Meanwhile, sitting among the students situated along the Gryffindor table, her nails scratching along its wooden surface, Hermione remained mentally absent. In previous years, Hermione would listened to these speeches with bated breath, hanging on Professor McGonagall's ever word and clapping enthusiastically when a new Gryffindor joined the ranks. But today... something seemed amiss.
She tried to remain attentive, or, at least appear so, but she couldn't muster the effort to accomplish this rather simple task. To all eyes that watched - and believe me there were quite a few - Hermione appeared disinterested, her gaze clouded, her focus placed solely on the table in front of her.

"... Gryffindor!"

As the Sorting Hat announced the name of her House aloud - the Gryffinor table erupted into cheers as Abbie nervously made her way towards her new house. While Harry, Ron and Ginnt jumped out of their seats, clapping hysterically and offering their congratulations to the new girl further down, Hermione continued to claw her nails into the table. Nothing registered.

In Hermione's world there was no sound, just an endless wave of eerie silence. She was practically hypnotised by the sight before her, the wooden surface conforming to her nails harsh progress, the repetitive motion soothing her in ways that did not seem normal. Even in her periphery she could sense something was going on, but it did not matter. Nothing mattered more than the inscription on the table.

"Alice Flanagan." Professor McGonagall called.

Sitting back down at the table, Ginny turned towards Hermione on instinct and was surprised by the lack of a reaction from her best friend. In fact, Hermione wasn't even moving. She wasn't blinking. She was just... looking at the table, transfixed...?

Concerned, Ginny edged closer to Hermione and ignored the cheers that erupted from the Hufflepuff table. "Hermione?"

Once again, Hermione didn't move. She didn't seem to register anything, continuing to stare, blankly, at the table. Feeling curious as to what Hermione found so distracting, Ginny leaned to the side and glanced towards the section of the table, covered by the brunette's shadow.

It was hard to tell but there was definitley something there. She would have gotten a better view but Hermione's hands kept obscuring... whatever it was.

"Hermione? Are you okay?" Ginny piped up, resting a hand against the brunette's shoulder.

Suddenly shocked into wakefullness, the oppressive darkness draining from her eyes, Hermione had little time to register what was going on before she was assaulted on all angles. In the space of a few seconds a loud cheer had erupted from nearby, the sound causing a jolt of fright to creep up her back. Then, as one stimulus was registered, another popped up without delay. Before she could acclimitise to these mounting shifts a sudden shiver ran along her left arm, originating and transmitting from her shoulder of all places.
Without looking, Hermione slapped the offending hand away from her before moving away from whoever had felt it necessary to place it there.

Startled by the unexpected rejection, Ginny's hand hovered in the air, her eyes fixed on Hermione's retreating form. The look of hurt, missed by Hermione, who was busy dealing with her return to consciousness, evident on her face.

... 

What the hell just happened...?

Why was Hermione - her best friend - cowering away from her...?

Why did she look so terrified and unsure...?

...

With no answers coming to mind, Ginny lowered her hand, her eyes never leaving Hermione's form.

"I-I'm sorry, Ginny," Hermione stammered, brushing a few locks of hair from her eyes. "You startled me... I didn't see you and... Eh, I'm sorry for touching you..."

Bemused, Ginny spoke before she could stop herself. "For touching me? Why would you be sorry about that?"

'Touch...'

'Fuck...'

'All the...'

'Same...'

"It's nothing," Hermione replied, ignoring the voice which was swaying in and out of her consciousness. "Please forget it. I'm just... really tired."

Leaning closer to Hermione, Ginny carefully rested a hand on top of her friends. She waited patiently, allowing the brunette to dismiss the action, if she wanted to, but when she found little resistance Ginny pressed on. "Hermione, is everything alright? Do you want to talk about what going on with you? You know, I'm always here if you need me, right? Please don't you ever forget that."
Feeling her temperature rise, as she looked into the beautiful eyes of her best friend, Hermione smiled and gripped Ginny's hand that bit tighter. When the pressure was returned Hermione couldn't help but feel flushed. Ginny's hands were so soft and warm...

...What was it about Ginny that made her heart skip a beat?

How could she so easily provide comfort even in her times of silent desperation?

And...

When... When had Ginny's lips looked so soft and desireable...?

...As time passed, the sounds from the other students no longer registering, Hermione focused solely on the cherry red lips that surrounded pearl white teeth. Wow. That was the only thought that passed through Hermione's mind.

...How did Ginny manage to make her lips glisten like that...?

They looked so smooth, so inviting...

...A strange thought to say the least but one that seemed to permeate throughout her entire being. The thought of Ginny's lips against her own... was a thought that excited Hermione to overwhelming lengths, despite the number of students present around her. Ginny's lips were unique, so many different shades of red, dark along the edges but resembling something of a softer red further towards the middle.

How was that even possible...?

..."Hermione?" A voice called, those supple lips mimicking the words as they entered her ears.

"...Huh?"

"Hermione, you're doing it again."

With much effort Hermione managed to remove her eyes from Ginny's lips, focusing on the mocha brown of her pupils instead, a difficult task as the sight was equally as breath-taking. "D-Doing what?"

"You're spacing out again." Ginny laughed, reaching out to playfully nudging the brunette.

"A-Am I? Sorry, like I said it's... it's been a long day."

Giggling and unaware that she was now half sitting in Hermione's chair, Ginny turned to face her
best friend once again. The distance between the two could have easily been breached by nothing more than the slightest leaning of their bodies, but both girls seemed unaware of this as they continued to stare deeply into each other's eyes. In this moment, Hermione and Ginny simply breathed in the other's beauty without realising that the other was doing the exact same thing.

"I bet it has. Now, what could make the Great Hermione Granger space out like this, I wonder?"

Aware that her lips were dry – but too afraid to lick them should her tongue come into contact with Ginny's lips – Hermione could only stare at Ginny. Every breath was laboured and her nails were now so deep into the table that you could no longer see them at all.

How could someone so beautiful, so stunning and gorgeous demean themselves by drawing this close to her...?

She was no one, just the bookworm known as Hermione Granger, and yet Ginny, her best friend - and the best looking girl in Gryffindor, by some distance - was evading her personal space willingly. How best to describe this moment?

In Hermione's mind, it would best be described as either utter and total bliss or unrelenting torture...

"I-I-It's nothing. Please, Ginny let it go."

"Oh, no. No, no, no. I don't think so, Miss Granger. I haven't seen you like this since... Well, honestly, I've never seen you act like this. So spill. What's been making you space out? Is it a guy?"

Surprised by this, and Ginny's unreasonable persistence, Hermione removed herself from Ginny's proximity and returned her attention to her hands. "It's nothing, like I said. And it is certainly not a guy. I'm just tired, please, let it go."

"Come on, Hermione," Ginny groaned like that of a child, her body reclining on the table dramatically. "How can I let this go? The last time someone looked at me so intently was when they were about to stick their tongue down my throat. You can't expect me not to take interest in whatever your thinking. So, come on. Who is it?"

Flushing to an unhealthy shade of pink, Hermione turned her face away from Ginny and scowled. She hated these kinds of conversations. She hated it when she had to listen to Parvati and Padma argue over which boy would make their top twenty, and, what's more, Ginny knew she hated this kind of talk.

It was frustrating. She just... wasn't interested in that kind of stuff. I mean, she was too young and had other things to deal with that took priority over needless distractions.

Love, attraction... She had no time for such things. And, in secret, Hermione wondered if she ever would...

"Enough, Ginny. I said I'm not going to talk about it. So, I'm not going to talk about it. You've had your fun. Now let me be."

Realising she might have pushed too far, Ginny held her hands up in surrender. "Alright, alright. I give in. You can keep your secrets. But, seriously, if you ever want to talk about whatever's on your
mind, come see me. I am always happy to listen."

"I know." Hermione whispered, her scowl lifting to be replaced with a smile. "Thank you."

At the mention of her name, Ginny turned around to converse with another girl from her Year further along the table. Hermione did not know her name, or even recognise her, truthfully, but she was grateful for the timely distraction. Now that Ginny was preoccupied, Hermione could get her faculties together.

Feeling a strange numbness in her fingers, Hermione discreetly turned to look down at her hands resting on the table.

In an instant, Hermione's eyes registered the marks scratched into the wooden surface, crude words written by her own hand no less. Alarmed, the young Gryffindor covered the words and carefully inspected her vicinity for prying eyes. When she was met with no hesitant or guilty looks, Hermione returned her focus to her forearms, covering the words, and grew quiet.

'Oh My God…'

'When did I…?'

'But I couldn't have…'

'I would have known…'

Lifting her forearms to inspect the offending words in more detail, Hermione freaked and immediately slammed her hands back against the table. This action, of course, earned her a number of confused glances from people along the table but that was as far as it went. A relief because she honestly didn't know whether she could maintain her composure while people asked what she was doing... or hiding. Not when she had written such things onto the table, the proof apparent on her fingertips.

Lifting her hand from the table, nonchalantly, Hermione looked at the words one more time.

'FUCK!'

'SHAG!'

'PENETRATE!'

'DOMINATE!'

'PREGNATE!'

All of these words had been scratched into the table by her own hand. How and when had she even done this? Hermione had no idea but the evidence was there for all to see. It stained her fingers and she was the only one who had sat in this space. Turning and looking around her vicinity, Hermione knew she needed to act quickly. She had to remove this writing somehow.
But, how? She could use magic of course but that would require a wand which would be far too obvious. She did not have the knowledge or ability to perform wandless magic, and what's more very few wizards or witches could even accomplish such a task.

Only Albus Dumbledore, Shirley Temple and Lord Voldermort could manage such a thing in this day and age, not even the Auror's or other equally powerful Death Eaters. No, wandless magic simply wasn't an option in this situation. It was an option that could only be afforded to magical… magical…

... 'Wait…'

'Wait a minute…'

... That was it. The only species that could perform wandless magic – the only species that could acquire such ability through an innate trait – were powerful magical creatures. Like her.

If the Succubus was to be believed then she too would have this power. A Succubus was a powerful magical creature, after all. They were up there with the Sirens and the Veela who could all access the flow of magic through just their fingertips.

That was it. She could save herself from the embarrassment of others finding out what she had done by erasing it with wandless magic. She was saved…

... But, wait… How could she even access this ability? She had read many books on wand less magic, having been interested in the theoretical aspect of it, but the problem with the books were that they offered very little in terms of how to access this ability. The books she read simply stated that witches and wizards could not access the flow of magic without the use of a wand acting as the medium.

All of the really useful books on wandless magic were in the restricted section of the library and, while she was curious on the subject, her need to aide by the rules won through. She had nothing... this too was no longer an option. What would she do then...?

She had to think. She had always been considered the brightest witch of her age. Now was the time to prove it.

... 'I KNOW…'

'What?'

'I-I-I... KNOW... WAND... LESS... MAGIC…'

'How? You're not even a real thing.'

'You're just the vocal representation of the Succubus inside my mind, you're barely even lucid. How could you help me?'
'I HAVE... TEMPERED...'

'Oh for god sake, don't stop now. What were you saying? Speak up!'

'I HAVE TEMPERED... YOUR MAGICAL... ABILITY... TO PREPARE... BUT I CAN... PROVIDE ACCESS... TO WANDLESS... M-MAGIC...'

'Really!? You could do that? How?!'

'NO...'

'What?'

'I SAID... CAN... NOT... WILL...'

'Oh for fu... You are beyond useless. Are you just here to torment me?'

'YOU ARE NOT... YET READY... POWER MUST... BE GIFTED... GRADUALLY... OTHERWISE... DEATH AWAITS...'

'Then, please, do something. You caused this, you wrote this. So, undo it.'

'NO...'

'Oh, come on! We share a body now which means you have to take responsibility for your actions.'

'...'

'If we are to live as one entity then you must clean up after yourself. It is only fair.'

'HMM... SO... ARE WE... EQUALS?'

Pondering on this and the bond that she now shared with this Succubus, Hermione breathed in deeply. She knew what she had to do. This Succubus was a child, uncontrolable at times and prone to its own desires but still a child none the less. This much she had come to realise only recently.

It was nothing more than a theory at this point but she believed in its authenticity all the same. She had spent a long time mulling over the existence of the voice inside her head and had finally reached a suitable conclusion.

The Succubus was simply new, thrust into the world before it was ready or had grown accustomed to the way of things. It did not know right from wrong. Maybe this was what Rose, her mother, had been hinting at earlier.

To control the Succubus... Maybe you had to learn to nurture it first, like a mother to a child.

Could the answer really be that simple?

Is this the reason why her mother acted the way she did...?
Because the Succubus inside had been nurtured, treated properly and made to understand the ways of humanity?

...

Was this what her Mother spoke of...

What she wanted her to learn, under her own power...?

Did she leave some clues behind which led her to this discovery...?

...

Nevertheless, these questions did not matter now. What mattered was a choice, a choice that Hermione had to make. A choice that could leave her tethered to the Succubus, forever, or, that will signal the start of a constant struggle between her human side and that of the Succubus. Two distinct yet difficult choices.

Tethering herself to the Succubus had a number of drawbacks. Accepting of what it was and the nature of its... her creation, was merely one of those. But, on the opposite end, could Hermione really battle this Succubi's desires for the rest of her life, if she spurned its existence and turned out to be wrong. Angering the creature that lay dormant inside her.

This was a choice that required time, time she did not have, but Hermione would allow herself a single minute. Either way, this choice would stay with her for the rest of her life.

Till death do us part...

'Yes... We are equals... And as equals we must learn to co-exist, do you understand me?'

'...'

'Do you understand me?'

'... Yes...'

'Then help me...'

'...'

And then suddenly, without warning, a strange warmth began to course through her veins, residing in the hands which rested against the table. Looking around nervously, fearing that someone could see what she was doing, and draw attention to it, the heat in Hermione's hand bubbled to the surface of her skin.

It felt...hot. The ache in her fingers never settling as the pressure and heat increased with every passing second. She was now beginning to sweat, a feeling of drowsiness stirring to the surface, washing over her.

Then, as suddenly as the heat had come, it instantly disappeared. Feeling in control of her body once again, Hermione moved to remove her hand from the table... only to find it was stuck there,
unmoving. It seemed whatever was going on underneath her fingertips had not quite finished. The voice even told her as much, sounding annoyed by the persistance shown by the brunette to its actions.

After a few seconds the tension in her arm began to recede, and she could now remove her hand from the table.

...It was gone.

... The marks on the table had disappeared.

Sighing in relief, Hermione leaned forward and pressed her head to the table, that familiar yet strange warmth still emanating from its surface. She didn't care though. Relief was still washing through her, causing a smile to grace her lips.

'Thank you…'

'… YOU'RE WELCOME…'

Having finished her conversation with Stephanie, who was more of an acquaintance then an actual friend, Ginny leaned back and turned to face Hermione. To her surprise, her best friend could be found with her head resting against the table, a content smile rising to her lips. With a sigh, Ginny pouted and stared, her arms crossed in evident contemplation.

What the hell was going on?

This was getting ridiculous. Something was clearly up. The fact that Hermione was being so painfully evasive was enough reason to grow concerned now. But enough was enough. She had grown tired of Hermione's lies, tired of being shut out. Hermione Granger was her best friend, someone she loved dearly. She needed to know what was bugging her.

... What could bother Hermione, the aformentioned brightest witch of her age...?

...?

... Could it have something to do with romance...?

Something that, as Ginny knew all too well, Hermione had never held much interest in...

...?

That would explain the sudden change... her moments of wistful contemplation... The nervous looks whenever Ginny caught her acting peculiar...

...?

That had to be it.
Hermione was finally interested in someone... but who...?

She had to know. She had to find the person first. So she could convey a very loud, and stern, hands off-warning to them in person.

... No one was good enough for Hermione, no one, and she didn't care how childish or insane that sounded. She would only give Hermione to someone deserving and she had not yet found anyone who filled such a criteria. Not even Ron, her own flesh and blood brother, deserved Hermione's constant attention. In fact, as of now, no one did.

"Hermione?" Ginny whispered, her temper beginning to boil at the mere thought of someone interesting her best friend.

As if on repeat, when Ginny's hand made contact with Hermione's skin, the brunette jumped in her seat. Only this time with an added exclamation in the form of a startled shriek, which spread along all corners of the Hall.

All noise in the Hall came to an abrupt halt, even Professor McGonagall, who had been reading out the next name, had been shocked into silence. All eyes moved towards her, hands pointing her out to many of the newcomers in attendance. Even Ginny stared, wide eyed, as Hermione looked back at her equally as in shock at what she had just done.

…

"Whoa! What the hell was that?"

"D-Did you hear that? Was that Hermione!? Holy shit!"

…

"Wow! She's got a nice pair of lungs on her, that one. I wouldn't mind hearing that in my bed..."

"Wait! W-What?! The hell, Zoe! You've got a boyfriend already. And, you do realise you're talking about a girl, right!?"

"I… I-I was… joking…Yeah, joking... You know me. I like to go too far…"

"… Why are you blushing, Zoe?!"

…

Clearing her throat, realising the predicament her favourite student now found herself in, Minerva quickly brought proceedings back into focus. "Ehm... Next we have... Jack Stephenson. If you could please walk towards the stool. Now, please. Students, if you could keep your attention on the Sorting. We will continue."

Relieved that the focus had shifted away from her, and that Professor McGonagall had taken control of the situation, Hermione tried to avoid Ginny's eyes. She could feel their pressure, their scrutiny. Ginny had not even blinked once, still staring at her best friend who had screamed in fear at her touch.

It had been unfortunate timing on Ginny's part because, just moments before, Hermione had come to the realisation that her underwear had become sticky with evidence of her own arousal. That was the trigger for such a loud, and unrefined, scream. She was left feeling incredibly embarrassed by what had happened and, worst of all, knew that Ginny would not rest until she had answers.
Answers that she did not have...

...

When... When did this happen...?

It shouldn't have happened.

Regardless of the thoughts and vivid images which were still circulating in Hermione's mind.

...

One by one the images flooded her senses.

The image of Pansy's naked body, her Slytherin uniform being used as a makeshift bed on the hard ground, a body that writhed and delighted beneath hers... That image had no place occupying her mind and it shouldn't have made her feel this horny.

The thought of Hermione's teeth tugging on Ginny's plump lips, a finger circulating before penetrating her virgin cunt, shouldn't have caused this much wetness to accumulate inside her panties.

This was all wrong... And not all the images were as complimentary as the ones mentioned above. Some were downright heinous and yet strangely intoxicating all at the same time. It was wrong to feel horny as thoughts of a young Gryffindor, who she knew by appearance but not name, fought her wandering hands, tears dripping down her cheeks, begging her to stop, but the beast inside liked all kinds of intimacy... whether right or wrong.

All these converging thoughts, amplified by the intrusion of fingers pressing against her bear skin, had been the cause of Hermione's sudden scream. She felt replused by thoughts which were foreign to her, not of her own making but that of the Succubus inside. The thought of forcing herself on a young, innocent Gryffindor frightened and sickened her.

...

Why was the Succubus doing this, now, after they had reached an accord...?

Why did Hermione sense that it was somehow... upset...?

What had she done to anger the creature all of a sudden...

...

Despite her wanderings, the visual and images kept coming in a endless wave of erotic situations before being shattered when Ginny reached out a hand to settle of her own. Now, staring into the eyes of her friend, Hermione was afraid. Afraid of what she might do if Ginny came any closer.

"Hermione?" Ginny murmured, massaging the back of Hermione's hand with her fingers. "What the hell is going on? What was that?"

"It was nothing, Ginny. You just... startled me is all," Hermione stuttered, her mind reeling to come up with a reasonable excuse. "I mean, anyone would have screamed if someone touched them unexpectedly."

"No, Hermione. No. They really wouldn't. That is not a normal reaction to being touched by someone, no matter how prepared they were."
"Ginny, please, just let it go. This is already really embarrassing and I don't want to embarrass myself even further. People are already talking about me..."

"Let them talk," Ginny piped up, motioning towards everyone which earned a scowl from from Professor McGonagall who had been interrupted mid-flow. "I don't care about them. I care about you. What's been going on with you lately? You've been jumping at shadows and lost in thought all day. Hell, I know it's a load of bull, but people have been saying they saw you walking along the Slytherin section of the Hogwarts Express. That you sent Pansy - freaking - Parkinson running, for god knows what reason. Be straight with me. What is going on?"

"Ginny, seriously, it's nothing. I just had a long holiday and haven't had much sleep. That's all. I'll feel better in a couple of days, I promise."

"Did something happen to you on your holiday? Are your parents treating you right?"

Stunned by such an unexpected question, and Ginny's persistence, Hermione leaned away from her friend. "N-No, nothing happened during my Holiday... And my parents have been great. I mean, it's been a little awkward recently but that's to be expected, isn't it?"

Letting the moment pass into silence, Ginny scanned Hermione's features, looking for any signs of discomfort that could clue her into whether or not she was lying. It had always worked before, Hermione's resistance would always crack when it came to the youngest Weasley's searching stare. This time would prove no different. Ginny was confident of this.

"You're lying to me, Hermione."

"I-I'm not..." Hermione whispered turning her face away from Ginny's disappointed gaze, a sight that had undone her many times in the past.

Sighing at Hermione's antics, Ginny waited a moment before she leaned towards the brunette's ear. "We're going to have a little talk, tonight. I know something's wrong and you are going to tell me everything. There's no escaping this; I don't care if I have to fight you into submission. I want answers. One way or..."

'HehEhEhAHaHAhAhAhaHa!'

As Ginny's lips moved, forming words that her mind could not decipher, the world around her shifted and changed. The interior of the Great Hall, at the students within, falling into darkness to be replaced by a single bed, covered in red sheets. Two figures moved atop the bed, Hermione watched, her feet drawing closer without her consent or permission.

There was no mistaking who the two figures were, the familiar brunette and ginger locks appearing somehow intertwined as heavy breathing issued forth from hungry mouths. Looking down, Hermione watched as Ginny and what could have only been a perfect copy of herself gasped into each other's mouths, sweat permeating their skin as their fingers clutched at pliant flesh. The image was vivid... and Hermione could not turn away from it.

Ginny's breath, the heat coming off of their bodies, felt real. She could hear it, see it... and practically taste it, calling to her. The young red head was open, her body drenched in sweat and yet such a thing did not perturb her as she ground her core against the other Hermione's, hands moving to encase the brunette's ankles as she hoisted them in the air for a better angle. Brown hair was splayed out all over the pillow, heavy breaths leaving the prone figures red and sore lips.
... She never knew a body could bend that way...

Let alone her own...

The image before her was incredibly arousing, causing Hermione to rest a hand against the bed's pillar to keep her upright. Eyes turning in envy towards her copy, Hermione was taken-a-back by her beauty. She had seen herself in the mirror many times, plain and boring, but she looked nothing like that now. She looked different, her face defined by gentle features and flawless sun-kissed skin, contrasting with the deep red that painted her lips.

Turning away from her copy's face, Hermione looked further down their bodies, taking in her copy's filled frame which spoke of hidden pleasures that few could find anywhere else. Perfection. That was the word Hermione was looking for. Even as she observed her clone, Hermione could not help but be enamoured by the sight. She was beauty personified, a forbidden fruit that one could not resist even with the stoutest of hearts.

With an aroused moan, Hermione's eyes were pinned to the source of her clone's delight. She watched as Ginny released her hold on the clone's ankles, falling uselessly to the bed, and proceeded to wrap her arms around the clone's upper body while her left knee nestled in between to rest against her core. With another cry, Ginny thrust her knee against the clone's sex while cradling the older woman's body against her own, lips pressing against skin in soft promises and whispers.

Hands resting against Ginny's lower back, to press her closer, moved and came to rest on the back of the clone's head, pulling up so that their lips could meet in a searing kiss. Hermione watched as dark red lips encased light pink, melding and morphing until a pink tongue could just about be seen, dancing between the two. Pearl white teeth descended on the dark red intrusion and pulled, a soft moan forcing its way between soft lips, although as to whose... Hermione did not know.

"Hermione? Hermione, you're doing it again!? God, that's it! I give up! We'll talk about this some other time!"

Blinking, the sight before her extinguishing in a matter of seconds, Hermione refocused her attention on her best friend... The image of Ginny's naked body still fresh in her mind. Nodding in reply, unsure of what words were said, Hermione was relieved when Ginny turned away and refused to look back in her direction. Normally such an action would have upset her but, with her thoughts still consumed by such intimate images, Hermione was grateful for the reprieve.

Unbeknownst to Hermione, however, Ginny did not consider the matter settled. She would retreat, for now, but by the end of the night she would get the answers she seeked. Little old Ginny had a plan and that plan involved staying the night and interrogating her best friend, denying her sleep until whatever was bothering Hermione was out in the open. And, dare she admit it, Ginny was looking forward to it.

Ginny never mentioned this but she very much enjoyed taking every opportunity she had to sleep beside her friend. A warm body to rest beside her own always felt nice, and not just any body. Hermione's body always had a habit of offering a strange sort of comfort and familiarity that she could not find anywhere else. She would never admit it to the older girl but she craved their connection and would do just about anything to be closer to someone she truly cherised and admired.
Hermione, meanwhile, unaware of the plans being concocted by her best friend, had other problems to contend with. What was once nothing more than a light drip against her panties had now resulted in the cloth becoming stained beyond belief. She could feel the icky wetness every time she moved her legs and it felt incredibly uncomfortable. God, she hoped this Sorting would end soon... Please, let it end soon.

"Wesley Lawson." Professor McGonagall read out, almost as if on cue.

Sighing in relief, Hermione crossed her legs and prayed that she could get out of this with her dignity and reputation intact. Knowing her luck, however, Tom Riddle was probably waiting behind the corner with his band of psychopaths with the intention of flipping every woman's skirt just to see if they were clean. It would be just her luck, wouldn't it?

Noticing a prolonged absence of Professor McGonagall's voice, Hermione looked up and was surprised to find her sitting behind the staff table. Had the Sorting concluded already? Was - what was his name - Wesley? The last person to be called up from the first years? It seemed so. However, just as she was about to relax, she felt a new set of eyes on her and it didn't take Hermione long to realise where they were coming from.

'Okay...'

'Why is Professor McGonagall staring at me...'

'Was it because of that scream...'

Well, she certainly looked concerned about something, Hermione concluded as their eyes finally met.

It was a look Hermione was foreign to, especially coming from her favourite teacher, but Professor McGonagall did seem to be watching her more closely then usual. In fact, her suspicions were confirmed when the Professor turned to face the Headmaster and whispered something in confidence. Once the one sided conversation was finished, Minerva brought her gaze back to Hermione, unperturbed by the fact that Hermione had caught her discussing something with Albus that must have concerned herself. Raising an eye brow, perhaps in challenge, Minerva maintated her eye contact with a look of concern evident on her face.

As things grew more uncomfortable, Hermione was relieved when Professor McGonagall's focus shifted to Albus who stood up to face the students. Relief was a common emotion Hermione had familiar with since her adventures with Ron and Harry but she did not know why such an emotion was more prelevant here, at this moment. What words had been shared between Professor McGonagall and Professor Dumbledore...?

Regardless, this was the moment she had waited for, soon Albus would speak and then the food would arrive. After that she could scamper away from the Great Hall, clean herself up and change her panties in her dorm. Perhaps even lock the door so Ginny couldn't get in. She had it all planned out.

Unfortunately, somethings don't always go to plan...
Hope you enjoyed this new Chapter of The Succubus and apologies for the long delay. For the last year, my own personal life and commitments had to take priority over anything Fanfic or Archive related. However, I am back now and I still intend to write this story up to its conclusion.

I hope the wait wasn't an arduous one and that this chapter will wet your appetite for what is to come in the future... Suffice to say, I have decided to streamline this story and get to the good stuff as quickly as possible. Numerous characters will get their introductions soon, circumstances around their interest will be explored etc and then we can get to the really good stuff ;)

All the best, feel free to leave a comment and I will get back to you in a day or two :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!