

Chapter 2

Harry was once again floating in mist, watching as strange scenes played out in front of him. For the last week, this had been happening every night. As soon as he fell asleep, he found himself in the same odd place, watching what he was certain were the dreams of other people. Over the last week, he had been experimenting with what he could do. He found that he could move to the dreams of anyone he wanted to, all he had to do was think of them. As long as they were asleep, and dreaming, he could find them. It also soon became apparent that he could change nearly anything thing he wanted to. The time, the place, he could change any of it with a thought. People were easily manipulated, they believed anything that he told them without question to a ridiculous degree.

While he had explored many dreams over the last week, none of them were as exciting and memorable as the first. It took a while for him to come to terms with it, especially in regards to his conscience. He'd felt a sense of guilt for days afterwards, like he had forced Katie to act the way she did. After several days of thinking it over, he finally decided that it was only a dream. Nothing that he was doing would actually hurt anyone. It's not like any of it was real. Right?

Now, Harry was once again looking into the swirling mist, watching the scenes that played out in the whirlpool of colors, though only one held his attention. He'd avoided going into her dreams, his conscience holding him back every time he considered it. He'd spent days trying to justify it to himself, constantly wrestling with his conscience until the temptation finally proved to be too much. For a while now, had had noticed how beautiful she had gotten, the wonderful curves of her body, her beautiful face. Watching her, it was easy to see that Hermione had grown into a beautiful young woman.

Reaching out, Harry touched the mist and fell into the dream. Hermione was in one of the greenhouses, wrestling with a Whipvine plant. As she tried to trim the leaves, the long, thin vines of the plant would whip around smacking her on the arms and back, one even wrapping around to hit her in the ass. As she was doing this, the rest of the class laughed and jeered at her while Professor Sprout looked at her disapprovingly.

"If you are unable to complete the assignment, Ms. Granger, I'm afraid you will fail this class." Sprout said firmly, hands on her hips.

"I can do it, Professor." Hermione said frantically, wincing as another vine struck her arm.

Harry shook his head and smiled. For Hermione, this was probably one of her worst nightmares. He looked over at the plant, and raised his wand. Without a word, the rest of the dead, brown leaves fell to the floor and the plant stilled, the vines coiling around its body. Hermione breathed a heavy sigh of relief, looking over at Harry and smiling brilliantly at him. Professor Sprout and the rest of the class turned and drifted away as he walked over to her.

"Thanks, Harry." Hermione said, pushing a lock of hair behind her ear.

"No problem." He said with a shrug. "C'mon, let's go get you cleaned up."

Placing a hand on the small of her back, Harry led her over to the door. Opening it, they walked out onto the grounds, and he led her over to the Black Lake. Although, it didn't look like the Black Lake anymore. The dark, murky water was now crystal clear, the surface glinting in the bright sun. The grassy, muddy shore had been replaced with a pristine, sandy beach. Before stepping on to the sand, Harry stopped and took off his shoes and socks, Hermione copying him. Leaving their shoes at the edge of the grass, he removed his robe, revealing his bare chest, only wearing a pair of board shorts underneath.

Looking over, he watched Hermione remove her robe, and drop it onto the grass. Under it, she was wearing a small, white two-piece bikini. Her medium sized, perky breasts jutted from her chest, filling the cups of her top. His eyes drifted down her flat, toned stomach to her long, muscular leg and thick, round ass, stretching the white material over her smooth skin. Reaching out, he took her by the hand and led her onto the beach, the soft sand shifting under his feet and working its way between his toes. As they walked towards the edge of the water, small waves lapping on to the shore, he looked over at Hermione. He watched her firm breasts bounce with each set for a moment before looking at her face, unable to resist the enticing sight.

"Let's get you cleaned up." He told her as he pulled her into the water.

Once the water reached up to his waist, Harry pulled Hermione closer to him, placing his hands on her waist. She placed her hands on his arms, biting her bottom lip cutely as she looked up at him. Reaching down, he picked up a clothe that was floating on the water and started to wipe the dirt and grime from her arms and neck.

“Hermione, if I ask you something, will you be completely honest with me?” He asked.

“Of course.” She said, looking at him curiously.

“Have you ever thought about us, you know, getting together?” He asked, hesitantly.

Even though he knew this was a dream, it was something that he had been thinking about a lot lately. He knew that her answer here might not be the same in the real world, but he didn't quite have the courage to ask her when she was awake just yet.

“Oh!” She exclaimed, surprised. “Um, well...”

“Hermione, you said you'd be honest.” He reminded her.

“Well, I mean, of course I've thought about it. You're my best friend, and I *do* find you quite... attractive.” She admitted blushing lightly. “It's just, I didn't think you ever saw me that way, and even if you did, what if something went wrong? What if we broke up? You're my best friend, Harry. I, I just don't want to lose you if, if things don't work out.”

“But, you do like me, right?” Harry asked, licking his dry lips.

“Well, yes, I-”

The rest of Hermione answer was cut off as his lips pressed against her. Hermione grunted in surprise against his lips but didn't pull away. Sliding his hands around her back, he pulled her

closer to him, her hands sliding up his arms and around his neck. Her lips began to move, kissing him back and her fingers threading through his hair. They continued to kiss in the water for several long moments before Harry pulled back, grinning hugely as she smiled brightly back at him.

“One more question.” He said, sliding his hands down to rest on her large, round cheeks. “What’s the deepest, darkest fantasy you’ve ever had?”

“Harry!” She exclaimed incredulously, a blush returning to her cheeks.

“You said you’d answer honestly.” He reminded her, again.

Hermione bit her lip, and looked away embarrassedly. “Um, I... I’ve always had this fantasy of a handsome guy just grabbing me, and, and having his way with me.”

“Did you ever think about me doing that to you?” Harry asked, feeling himself becoming erect at her admission and the images running through his head.

“Yes.” She confessed quietly.

“And, where are we when this happens?” He asked, pulling her firmly against his body, pressing his mostly hard cock against her.

Hermione’s face reddened as she looked down at his chest. “The library.”

Harry chuckled and smiled widely. “Of course it is.”

Suddenly, they were no longer in the lake and were now standing in the library. They were dry, with Harry wearing nothing but a pair of boxers, and Hermione’s swimsuit had become a pair of white bra and panties. Reaching up, Harry hooked two fingers between the cups of her bra and

yanked, easily tearing it from her body. Hermione gasped and her breasts bounced when they were released. Harry stared at the beautiful mounds, topped with pale, puffy areolas, and slightly darker, hard nipples.

“Harry! What if someone see us?” She asked worriedly.

“That’s part of the fun.” He told her.

Grabbing her ass tightly, he lifted her into the air and pressed her back against the bookshelf behind her, her breasts level with his face. He leaned forward and the tip of her breast into his mouth, his tongue swirling about the nipple, her soft areola giving way under his tongue as he sucked lightly. Hermione moaned and grabbed his head, pulling his face into her chest. Turning, he carried her over to one of the long tables and lowered her down until she was sitting on it, her nipple popping out of his mouth.

Kissing her on the lips briefly, Harry reached down and grabbed her damp, white panties. With another yank, just like her bra, he ripped the panties off her body with ease. Hermione gasped as her bald pussy and taut, damp lips were put on display. She tried to close her legs, but he grabbed her thighs tightly in his hands and forced them apart, his strong arms pinning them in place. Spreading her legs, he watched a drop of her arousal trail down her tight slit

Harry licking her pussy from bottom top, the tip of his tongue pushing between her lips and flicking across her clit as he got to the top. Hermione threw her head back and gave a long, wanton moan as his tongue caressed her, tasting her. A red flush ran from her chest, up her neck and into her cheeks as she stared at him with wide eyes. Several more times he ran his tongue between her lips, her arousal gathering on it as he pushed it deeper into her hot, moist core. Running his tongue up one more time, he flicked it over her clit before he sealed his lips around it, sucking lightly.

Hermione arched her back, gasping and moaning as she laid back on the table, her head landing with a soft *thump*. Her hands grabbed his head, fingers tightening in his hair, and she pulled his face forward, hard. As Harry sucked and licked, he felt the muscles of her legs tense under his hands, her breathing growing harsh as she pulled on him even harder. With his nose pressed hard against her smooth mound, he flicked his tongue rapidly across her clit, attacking it from

all directions. Hermione began to twitch and quiver above him, and he knew she was on the edge.

Parting his lips, Harry pressed them around her clit and sucked hard, his tongue pressing down hard as he unglutated it against the little nub. Hermione's hand clenched in his hair, pulling it painfully, and her back arched off of the table.

"HARRY!" She screamed loudly.

Her entire body tensed and his arms struggled to hold her thighs apart. Drops of her arousal dripped from his chin as he continued to rapidly flick his tongue across her clit, prolonging her pleasure. Finally, after several long moments, her body relaxed, her hands now pushing him away from her pussy. Her body continued to twitch as she lay back with her eyes closed, breathing as if she had just run a marathon.

Standing up straight, Harry wiped the drops of her moisture from his chin and pushed his boxers down his legs. His rigid cock sprang up, the long, thick shaft standing away from his body and his engorged, purple head aimed at Hermione's vulnerable slit. Harry grabbed her by the legs, his arms wrapping around them, with his hands resting on the tops of her thighs, her knees bend over his shoulders, and pulled her to the edge of the table. As his head pressed up against her taut slit, Hermione raised her head up and stared at him. Her eyes going wide as her tight lips were spread wide around his large head, popping into her tight pussy.

Hermione gasped and stared down at his cock, watching raptly as his shaft slowly disappeared between her moist pink lips. Harry groaned as his hips touched the back of her thighs, her wet pussy stretched tightly around him. Pulling his hips back slowly, they watched as he pulled half his cock out, her pink lips grasping him tightly. Harry paused for a moment before thrusting forward, sinking his cock back into her with a groan. Hermione moaned, staring down at where they were connected with an open mouth, as if she couldn't believe it was actually happening.

His shaft shinning with her arousal, Harry continued to pull out slowly, and then sink back into her grasping cunt quickly. Gradually, his pace increased, pulling back faster and thrusting forward harder. Hermione's breasts bounced, her hard nipples jiggling up and down rapidly with each thrust. Soon, he was slamming back into her with a wet slap when their bodies

collided. Hermione dropped her head back down on to the table and cute grunts were forced from her lips on every thrust. Her pussy began to flutter around him, spasming around the rigid shaft of his cock.

Thrusting into her hard, one last time, Harry yanked his cock out of her pussy. He grabbed her hips and muscled her into rolling over until she was face down on the table, her legs hanging over the edge. Hermione squealed in surprise and looked back over her shoulder at him as he lined his cock back up with her entrance. Harry pushed the head of his cock back between her lips and gripped her large, firm cheeks tightly in his hands, spreading them wide.

“Your pussy is so pretty, Hermione.” Harry said, flexing his cock and making the head swell as it rested in her entrance.

Hermione whined in embarrassment and buried her face in her arms, but he could feel her walls flutter around him in excitement. Suddenly, Harry slammed his cock into her, bottoming out with a loud slap as his hips smacked against her ass and making her cheeks ripple from the impact. Hermione’s scream was muffled by her arms as Harry set a fast, brutal pace, his hips smacking loudly against her ass as he fucked her. Moving his hands to her hips, Harry used his grip to pull her back onto his thrusting cock.

Hermione’s hands reached out to grab the edge of the table in a white knuckled grip as he drove his cock into her hard and fast. It wasn’t long before he felt her pussy tightening around his girth even more. He felt her flutter around him as she let out a high-pitched keening sound, slowly gaining volume. As she tightened around his cock, her muscles tensed, her neck straining, and her legs trembling. Harry kept up his brutal pace, panting from the effort as he drove his throbbing cock into her wet, gripping pussy.

Suddenly, Hermione screamed, her muscles locking up except for her legs, which trembled violently, her ass jiggling from the movement. Harry grunted as her pussy clamped down on him tightly, holding his cock in place deep inside of her and not allowing him to move. Her second orgasm lasted even longer than her first, her body tensed and legs shaking until she finally collapsed into a sweaty heap. Her legs continued to spasm even after her orgasm had ended, making it feel like she was vibrating around his cock.

Harry still had yet to reach his own peak, but smirked down at his best friend as an idea popped into his head. A moment later, they both heard the door to the library open and two sets of footsteps growing closer. Hermione's head shot up, holding perfectly still in fear as the steps grew closer, stopping just on the other side of the bookshelf. They heard the scraping of chairs as they took a seat, just feet away from where Harry and Hermione were, hidden only by the tightly packed bookshelf in front where Hermione was looking.

"Parvati, did you do that essay for Potions yet?" Came the familiar voice of Lavender Brown.

"No, not yet." Parvati replied. "Maybe you should ask Hermione."

Hermione's pussy clenched around his throbbing shaft when she heard them say her name. He smiled down at her back, surprised at how kinky his normally uptight friend could be. Harry's hands slid down and gave her ass a squeeze, making her head snap around to look at him over her shoulder, her eyes wide with fear and excitement.

"You might want to try and keep quiet." Harry told her with a smirk.

Hermione looked at him incredulously and opened her mouth to say something, but, before she could get the words out, Harry started moving again. Harry moved in long, deep strokes, pulling nearly his entire cock out of her before sinking back in. Hermione gasped quietly, her hands shooting up to cover her mouth as she rocked back and forth from his thrusts. As Lavender and Parvati continued to chat on the other side of the bookshelf, Harry slid his cock in and out of Hermione as fast as he could without making too much noise. It wasn't that he was scared of the girls hearing them, he could make them ignore a rampaging dragon if he wanted to, but he didn't want to ruin the game.

Harry felt his orgasm starting to rise as he slid his throbbing cock in and out of her tight, hot pussy, biting his lip to keep from making any noise. Hoping to get Hermione to cum one more time, he spread her cheeks open with one hand, and ran his thumb over his tight puckered hole with the other. Hermione spasmed around him even as she looked back at him with wide, fearful eyes. He toyed with her asshole as he stroked in and out of her, his end rapidly approaching. Harry's cock swelled against her walls as he fought to hold back his orgasm.

In a last-ditch attempt to make her cum, Harry pushed his thumb down harder until it popped into her asshole, sinking in to the knuckle. She flexed around him again, causing him to burst. His cock pulsed and jerked as he came inside of her, spraying her walls with jets of hot cum. Apparently, that was enough to push her over the edge as Hermione clenched around him, squealing into her hand to cover the noise. Harry leaned forward, draping himself over her back as his hips jerked, driving his cock as deep into her as possible as he came.

“Did you hear that?” Lavender asked.

Hermione whimpered as her orgasm waned, her pussy fluttering around him one last time as he finished pulsing inside of her. Harry collapsed against her back, pressing light kisses to her shoulders and neck as she recovered. Hermione moaned quietly under his weight, panting to catch her breath. She turned her head to the side, and he caught her lips in a gentle kiss.

“Love you, Hermione.” He said quietly after pulling back.

“Love you, too, Harry.” She said back, smiling brightly at him.

Standing up, Harry pulled his deflated cock out of her and smacked her ass loudly, leaving a light pink hand print on her pale skin. Hermione yelped, her hand moving to protect her cheeks from more abuse as she stared at him in shock. With a mischievous smile, he walked around the table, and toward the table where Lavender and Parvati were sitting.

“Harry!” Hermione whispered urgently.

He ignored her and kept walking. Lavender saw him first, staring wide eyed at his naked body, her eyes dropping down to his half hard cock flopping between his legs. Seeing her reaction, Parvati turned around and stared just like her friend when she saw him.

“Hey girls, would you mind helping Hermione back to the common room? She’s a bit worn out.” He said, smiling to himself as he walked away, leaving the girls gob smacked.