

Knut for Your Thoughts?

Summary: When a spell goes wrong, Harry and Hermione find themselves mentally connected. The only problem is, they can't control what they do and do not hear. But it's not like either has anything to hide, right? Hogwarts starts at 15.

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Harry let out a loud groan. Leaning back into the winged back chair, he desperately tried to stretch out some of the knots that had formed in the hours he's spent sitting still. It was Saturday and he came to the library today with the same mission he had every day: Find a bloody spell to beat a dragon. Thus far he'd only found a few new general defense spells and one charm that makes a person believe they're a dragon for a few hours. He did jot that one down for later. Could be useful for getting back at Ron for being an ass.

A pile of books slammed onto the table in front of him followed by a familiar bushy haired brunette in the chair across from him.

"The bottom two contain some interesting methods for creature containment using temporary wards schemes. Though I wouldn't suggest that as your plan A. It's a really complex topic, this one however is quite interesting. The author goes into detail about a certain practice used by Brazilian magi-zoologists. Essentially it involves a series of-" she chattered out speedily. Harry just smiled. He knew she was worried and was running herself ragged trying to help him come up with a plan for the first task. But even exhausted and stressed beyond belief, she still found ways to be fascinated about magic. She still had that same wonderment and passion for it that she found in their first year.

Ever since his name came out of the goblet a lot changed at Hogwarts. It was reminiscent to the infamous "Heir of Slytherin" debacle. Everywhere he went now, glares and whispers followed. Except this time there were the glares and whispers of one of his best friends as well. When Ron had turned on him with the rest of the school he thought himself lost. Abandoned. But the next day when he descended the stairs into the common room, there she was. Two pieces of toast in one hand and a book on magical contracts in the other. She greeted him with a smile and in that moment he felt a little bit of hope return to him.

Because if there was only one thing Harry believed in, he believed in her.

"-but combining an Ossification Curse with a runic array like that could lead to-Harrrrrryyyyy. Pay attention! It's important we cover every option no matter how theoretical or down right impossible it might be. I- I don't want you to get hurt." she said mournfully.

Shaking his head, Harry reached forward and covered one of her hands with his own. "Hey I'm going to be fine yeah?" he claimed, even if he didn't believe it truthfully. "Besides, I've got THE Hermione Granger in my corner. There isn't a problem or

puzzle out there she can't solve." He meant to move his hand from hers but stopped himself at the last second, deciding to just enjoy it for a few moments longer. She made no move to end their small contact either.

She smiled at him yet it didn't meet her eyes. Letting out a huff she laid her head down onto the table. Right on top of their joined hands.

"There's not much good I can do during the task though. Outside help is forbidden and measures will more than likely be put into place to prevent it." she mumbled, "If only there was a way I could be there with you. Even if I couldn't help with a wand I could at least help devise a plan based off what dragon it is. It almost be easier to-" she stopped abruptly, lifting her head from the table in a flash. He raised an eyebrow at her.

"Be easier to do what 'Mione?" he questioned.

"There's a spell, well not really a spell more of a ritual but with a little twist of charms added to it. We learned all about it in Ancient Runes last year. At least a basic version of it anyway, but it was an interesting topic so I decided to research its more advanced forms. Interestingly enough though the basic version is the most powerful one compared to the advanced ones. A famous runes scholar, Albatrius Bowlin, theorized it could be due to the Gaelic rune set utilized-"

"'MIONE!" the girl stopped her rant at the shout. "Just tell me what the spell does." Harry said calmly after a moment, leveling her with an awaiting gaze.

Taking a breath the bookworm said, "It lets two people communicate telepathically in a sense. Temporarily at least. I'd be able to give you more information from the stands and you would hear it as if I were right beside you."

Harry let out a soft gasp, "Hermione Granger, helping someone cheat. What has the world come to?" he said morosely. The slap to his arm that followed only made him crack a wide smirk at the brunette. "What do we need to do?" he asked still somewhat laughing.

"I don't know Harry. I've never attempted an actual ritual before and this one could potentially be dangerous if not done perfectly."

Harry sobered from his mirth quickly and made to reassure her, "Hey, I trust you yeah? 'Sides maybe if I'm too banged up from a botched ritual they'll get someone else to compete. I think I heard Ron muttering yesterday about how he'd be a better champion anyhow."

Rolling her eyes the girl responded, "Just meet me after dinner on the 3rd floor, in the old transfiguration classroom." She stood and gave him one last look, "And bring the cloak and map too. It'll take awhile and we don't want to run into any prefects on

our way back." He grinned before calling after her, "Now she's talking about breaking school rules too! Oh the humanity!"

If she shaking of her head was any indication, his last joke was met with a similar tolerance as his first.

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Dinner was served and yet Harry did not enjoy it from the great hall. These days he spent many of his meals secluded in the kitchens when possible. The house elves didn't mind and Dobby took great pleasure in serving him food personally despite the teens protests.

After he ate his fill, the boy who lived donned his cloak and began making his way to the 3rd floor. Curfew wasn't for another few hours but since he needed to pass by the Hufflepuff dorms on his way out the dungeon, he figured it was a safer bet to be out of sight at the moment. Many of the 'puffs had taken offense to his announcement as Champion, feeling as if he was trying to steal Cedric's glory. It had gotten better, especially after he tipped the older boy off about the dragons, but only marginally.

Ascending the final steps to the third floor (after he had to circle back twice thanks to some inconvenient steps changing positions) he took out the Marauders Map from his pocket. Checking to ensure no one else was around and that Hermione was indeed inside the classroom up ahead, he cleared the map once more and made his way to the door. Knocking once, it was soon flung open by the aforementioned girl.

She glanced around once before whispering out his name. He responded in kind by quickly removing the cloak, becoming visible before her eyes. The brunette let out a small sigh of relief before waving him in.

"I've got most of the preparations complete. We only need a couple more things before we can begin", she said leading him into the old classroom. The center of the room had been cleared with the old double desks shoved to the side haphazardly. The area around the center had also been cleaned as it was the only part of the room without a decently sized layer of dust and grime. Hermione lead him to the outer ring of a chalk drawn circle with two diamonds inside of it, drawn on opposite sides. The diamond shape met in the middle where a large symbol he didn't recognize joined them together. On the outer side of each of the remaining points were more symbols. These however had certain items lying atop them.

Seeing him glance at the ingredients on display, Hermione raised her hand and pointed at each one by one.

"Fern for magic and bonds, Edelweiss for Courage and Loyalty, and finally Hippogriff feather." she listed out.

Raising an eyebrow in confusion Harry questioned, "Hippogriff feather?"

"The spell requires evidence of challenge overcome by both participants. Our fight to save Sirius seemed like a good selection. Plus, I sort of kept a few of Buckbeak's feather anyway. As a memento.", she stated shyly.

"We were pretty wicked that night," he grinned, "What else do we need then? For the ritual."

"Just a bit of blood from both of us and..."

Seeing her dip her head down after she trailed off he grew concerned. The concern turned to confusion however when he caught a glimpse of her red face. "What is it?" he asked. She brought her head up but her eyes remained downward. Now with a full view of her face he was able to see the bright blush she had trailing down her face.

"In order to get the best results I decided to use the...matrimonial version of this. It should only last until the day after the first task so it was made for a couple's wedding night where their connection could grow even stronger during the...intimate parts."

"Oh" Harry stated eloquently, "So we have to..."

"NO!" the girl shouted before pulling back. "No the ritual is just to make that part er-better? To perform it we only need to remove our clothing. The text says that we have to bare ourselves as 'No marriage should begin with secrets or guises.' Essentially we can't hide from each other, metaphorically."

Harry nodded in understanding, though he tried to ignore the small disappointment he felt at the explanation. He'd been fighting a crush on the girl for the better part of a year now. Could you blame him? The girl was his best friend and had quite literally saved his life time and time again, how could he not develop any feelings? The fact that his teenage brain had very quickly started to notice how good her bum looked in her favorite pair of jeans had a little to do with it as well. Not that he would admit it.

He supposed it was for the best. Even if Hermione returned his feelings, having a shag just for ritualistic purposes probably wasn't her idea of an ideal first time. He was sure she didn't return them anyway. He never made it obvious anyhow. Always took a step back and tried to hold her a bit at arms length. Though these last few weeks had crumbled his resolve a little. She was his only source of light right now. With the whole school labeling him an outcast once again, he only had her to turn to for any sort of comfort and she never complained or turned him away. Without her, he would've probably ran for the hills long ago. Though even with their newfound closeness he knew it could go no further. His life was hell and he refused to drag her down any further than he had. Images of her petrified body from 2nd year still

haunted his dreams some nights. No, he would keep her safe even if it meant letting her go.

"If you are uncomfortable with it we can try another version tomorrow." she said, breaking him from his thoughts. She was nervous he concluded. Gazing at her he could see all the signs. She was absentmindedly running a strand of her hair between her hands. Her lips were pursed and she wouldn't quite meet his eyes either.

"No it's okay I trust you 'Mione. If you say this is our best bet then I'm definitely not going to argue.", feeling a bit brave at the moment he added on, "Plus what kinda of idiot would dare turn down the chance to see a pretty girl naked."

She glared at him halfheartedly and slapped him on the arm once more, though there was hardly any strength behind it. Closing her eyes she sighed before nodding her head.

"Okay, then let's get started. No sense in wasting time right? Though could you maybe turn around while I get undressed?"

Nodding his head at her request he turned around swiftly and began undressing himself as well. Layer by layer he took off before he was just in his boxers. The act suddenly felt a lot more real to the wizard and he couldn't quite manage to fight the blush from rising to his cheeks. Taking a moment to mentally psych himself up, the teen quickly pulled down the thin material and was greeted by a sudden cool draft. He deposited his clothes to the side before standing back up and waiting.

"You can turn around now Harry." the voice of his best friend sounded seconds after he finished undressing.

Turning slowly, the teen was greeted by a most heavenly sight. Hermione stood not five feet away, her body bare to the world. His eyes, with a mind of their own, traveled down her body. Taking in the sight of her firm and perky breasts. She was no Susan Bones, but damn anyone who would dare call her flat-chested. Her tits were capped off by pale pointed nipples atop quarter sized areola. His eyes moved south roaming over her taut stomach and ending at the junction between her thighs. Her legs were crossed covering the sight of her virgin cunt. However, Harry was still able to see a small strip of hair trailing up from her crotch, settled nicely between her wide hips. It was not long before Harry could feel the blood in his body rushing south very very quickly.

Realizing what he was doing, he swiftly brought his eyes back up to her face, preparing himself for a telling off. However, when his gaze met her face he quickly realized her eyes were traveling across his body too. He saw her bite her bottom lip quickly, while her hands raked through the same strand of hair earlier at a faster pace. She too seemed to realize that she was molesting her best friend with her eyes and she quickly snapped them back up to his face. Realizing she had been caught

she averted her gaze to the side while her face burned bright red.

"Ahem...um sh-shall we get started?" she asked, still refusing to look at him.

He couldn't help the smug feeling from invading the back of his mind. He wasn't the bulkiest guy in the school, but his body was somewhat toned from the years of rigorous quidditch practice. That and his size wasn't anything to scoff at either. He turned to the circle before looking back over at her. His traitorous eyes dashing back to her body for another glimpse before he could stop them. "Er- what exactly do we need to do? You haven't really explained that part yet."

"Oh!", she exclaimed, "Right, yes. We'll each need to kneel down in the diamonds opposite each other. I'll cast the spell and at its climax- I mean ending! At its ending we both pour a drop of our blood onto the joining ruin."

Humming with confirmation, Harry stepped forward and knelt on the diamond to his left. He looked up at the still standing brunette with an expectant look on his face. She snapped out of her thoughts quickly enough before she looked down at his kneeling form waiting for her. She quickly moved over to the diamond opposite of him and knelt down. He simply gave her his best relaxing smile and she matched it sheepishly. She reached over to side, grabbing a small bag he hadn't seen before. From the bag she produced two small potion knives. Nothing fancy, with a similar design to that of a knife one would find in a kitchen. She passed one over to him before explaining, "We can't use our wands to cut ourselves for the blood sacrifice. Any magic not specifically used for the ritual could change the outcome vastly." Nodding in understanding he took the blade from her.

"Now, I'll start the spell. Only present the blood right before the spell ends. I'll let you know just in case."

The girl took a few calming breaths before raising her wand and moving it in a slow clockwise motion.

"Amor aeternus, ama rectum. Da nobis tuae lucis aeternae donum!", she chanted, repeating the sentence again and again. With each rotation of her wand a golden light seemed to grow brighter and brighter. On her seventh chant the ingredients surrounding them suddenly burst alight with flames.

"Now Harry!", she exclaimed quickly cutting a small strip on her index finger. Harry quickly followed suit, fumbling with the knife for half a second. He raised his hand up to the middle with hers before a single drop from both their wounds dripped down onto the rune below. When the drops met the floor the rune began shining the same bright gold before quickly spreading to encompass the whole ritual circle itself. Suddenly two streams of light shot out from the center ruin and hit both teens in the chest. Harry flinched slightly expecting pain but it never came. He was instead enveloped in a warm feeling and the air around him filled with a pleasant aroma. It

smelled of citrus and old books, of pine needles and fresh linen.

It was the scent of Hermione.

He looked at her now, their gazes met and bright smiles etched across both their faces. They felt each other in that moment, their minds brushing against each other sweetly. They felt safe. They felt peace.

The moment was not to last however. In that instance the ritual circle around them began to flicker. The golden light that had surrounded them before dying slowly. Hermione looked around in distress with fear in her eyes. Suddenly the circle went dark and all was quiet.

Harry looked around with confusion before turning to address the girl, "I don't understand. What happ-". The light returned with a flash. The intensity blinding the two teens. An unseen force came with it and threw them both back, ears ringing from the pressure. And just like that the room went quiet once more, the air only filled with the smoke of the burned ingredients.

If Hermione had had a bit more time researching the ritual and a couple more years into her Ancient Runes and Arithmancy studies, she would have realized that the ritual required only the power of the caster to work and any outside magic would overload her schema. Normally this was of no consequence. The magic found in nature or even in magical homes would be negligible at best to the ritual. It wouldn't have even considered it as an alternative fuel so to say. Yet the magic of Hogwarts was different. The castle was filled to the brim with magic. After over a thousand years of playing host to hundreds of witches and wizards at a time, the castle was saturated in wonderful and bright magic. Magic such as this and in such large quantities could not be ignored. And so when Hermione initiated the spell, the ritual quickly grabbed onto the very magic in the air and fed. It did not take long before the schema couldn't keep up with the torrential flow of powerful magic.

Harry sat up disoriented. His head felt like it had been split in two and a few new bruises had formed very quickly. A soft groan emanated from across the room before the telltale voice of his friend filled his ears.

'I don't understand what went wrong'

"Me neither but it bloody hurt whatever it was.", he responded wincing at the sound of his own voice.

'Harry?' "Harry?", Hermione called out, sounding as if she was in an echoey hall.

'Weird' he thought before responding. "I'm over here. Are you alright?", he said. 'Please be don't be hurt'. A soft beat of silence passed before she sounded out a response. "I'm okay, promise." 'I wonder...'

"Wonder what?" he responded, standing up quickly before adjusting the glasses on his face. He hoped they weren't broken...again. 'Are your glasses okay?' Hermione's voice sounded in his ears. He turned to where he thought she was, finding her looking down at the now scorched circle.

"Yeah they're fine mostly. Good thing to cau-", he stopped suddenly. He hadn't said anything about his glasses out loud. Merely in his head. "Wait if you heard that then that means..."

Hermione looked up at with a wide smile, her voice filtered in once more yet her lips stayed still. 'It means it worked!' she mentally exclaimed. Harry's face matched her grim before concentrating, 'Test test, can you hear me?'

The girl let out a soft laugh before nodding 'He's so cute when he's excited like that.' "Yes Harry, I can hear you.", she said.

Grinning at the unexpected compliment he returned back a cheeky reply, 'I'll have you know I'm always cute madame and to assume otherwise is quite rude.' The small blush on her face made him laugh quickly but he missed the look of confusion that then covered her features. Shaking her head she stood. "Come on we can play around with this later. We need to get back to the common room before anyone notices we're gone."

She walked over to her pile of clothes. Harry fought a valiant fight but in the end his eyes followed the round bum of the brunette as she bent over to pick them up. With the new view Harry was finally able to catch a full glimpse of her lovely pink pussy. Oh how he would love to play with that pretty ass instead. Mesmerized by the sight of her virgin cunt and full round globes, he didn't see the girl tense up suddenly. He finally snapped out of his mind locked state when she started to stand up slowly, the clothing on the ground forgotten.

She turned towards him, the small blush from before had morphed to cover her entire face. "W-what did you just say?" she asked hesitantly.

Confused, he just shook his head. "Nothing. Why what's wrong?"

"I think-," 'No surely not' "I'm not sure, but did you mean for me to hear about your thoughts concerning my- uh- nether regions?", the girl asked.

Horrified the teen started to splutter in embarrassment. 'Fuck, oh god she's gonna hate me' "Hermione I am so sorry! I didn't mean to project that to you!" 'She probably thinks I'm a creep now'

Shaking her head the girl stepped forward and placed her hand upon his arm comfortingly. "No Harry it's okay, I promise. We don't quite know how this new power

works, which is why I did it so soon. So that we could practice and train with it.", she reassured, before she realized how close their naked bodies were to each other. Her eyes flickered down his body quickly enough that the boy didn't even see it. In that moment she was able to take in the sight of his inflated length up close. 'Oh my, it's so...big' she thought sultrily. She idly wondered how it would feel in her hands.

A soft gasp from the boy in front of her made her eyes snap back to his face.

"You didn't mean for me to hear that either did you?", he asked. Hermione's eyes widened as she finally understood what was happening.

"Oh god Harry, the spell didn't work! It went wrong very wrong! Now instead of just sending the thoughts we want to each other, we're--"

"Sending all of our thoughts, yeah. I heard you figure it out in your head before you said it." he finished softly.

"I'll figure this out Harry, I promise! There has to be some way to reverse it or at least control it to some degree." she muttered starting to pace back and forth thinking. It was a weird feeling for him. He finally got to experience what it was like inside Hermione's mind, literally. A million thoughts raced all around him, echoing out in the girl's voice as she ran through several theories simultaneously. It was a bit jarring to say the least but more so, it gave Harry a new appreciation for the girl. He watched on as, experiencing her mind and feeling her walk herself through the scenarios at the same time. Clothes or no, in that moment Harry couldn't believe the absolute beauty of the girl he loved.

'Do you mean it?' her voice drifted into his head. All the others had stopped abruptly at that moment as well, and the girl now stood still, staring back into his eyes. His heart began to race. His mind had begun to wander while watching her and he had accidentally admitted the one secret that he had kept for over a year now.

"Hermione I-" the boy who lived began.

"No Harry, don't try and give me an excuse. I can hear you trying to come up with one. Answer me truthfully: do you mean it?" she said fiercely, walking back up to him and poking a finger into his chest.

'Yes.' "Yes" the boy echoed back twice. She nodded once, lips pursed before suddenly her hands grabbed either side of his face and claimed his lips with hers. His mind short circuited for a moment before he responded in kind. The feeling was exhilarating. He knew snogging Hermione would be an enjoyable feeling, but now, with their minds practically as one it was heavenly. Her presence was all around him, filling his mind with not just her thoughts but her very being itself. Their mouths melded against each other, clinging desperately as if it was their last moment together ever. Neither wanted it to end but the need for air separated them in the

end.

Harry looked down at the witch in his arms. He faced flushed and chest rising and falling rapidly. She had tears in her eyes and the smile on her face widened before he heard the words in her mind that made his heart soar.

'I love you too'

That was all it took for him to capture her lips once again hungrily. She responded in kind and their dance began again. It wasn't long however before both sets of hands began to wander. It started off innocent enough. Harry began to rub up and down her back lovingly while Hermione rested her hands upon his chest. Yet on one pass, his hands dipped too low and passed over the top of her beautiful bum. She gasped softly at this contact and he heard her voice quietly filter in among the haze of her presence, 'Keep going'. Not needing to be told twice the teen continued southward until his hands wrapped around the two full globes. He sunk them in deeper, kneading the soft cheeks with his hands.

A groan left the girls lips and her own hands continued southward. She raked her nails down his abdomen sending shivers up the black haired teens spine. Further down they went before finally the girl fulfilled her early wish and held his hardened cock in her hands.

A brief thought flashed through both their minds and neither knew who it had come from. 'We should probably stop' it said yet both seemingly ignored it quickly. Under normal circumstances, the two were level headed enough to push aside teenage hormones and think logically. They would have stopped there with both thinking they were not ready yet. However, these were not normal circumstances. Both of them were quite literally drunk off the other's mere presence. It filled their entire mind and delved deep into their hearts. It drug them down deeper into the other's soul and nothing could part them at that moment.

So when Hermione grasped his thick shaft with her slender hands, they both gasped out, one from pleasure and the other in arousal. Their eyes met and there was no hesitation, no apprehension, just love and more than a little bit of lust.

Tightening her grip Hermione started to stroke him slowly, taking his lips with hers once more. Harry groaned into her mouth, the small motions sending waves of pleasure through him. He ceased his ministrations on her bum and snaked his hands around her body, latching onto one of her perky tits with one hand while the other made its way down to her moist slit. Hermione released her own moan at the contact, the callouses of his hand brushing against her nipple making it harden under his palm. The feeling of his fingers exploring her snatch was even better, making her cunt wetter with every second. Suddenly his fingers found the small nub between the top her lips and flicked over it gently. That single touch caused the girl to throw her head back in a low throaty groan with a sharp pulse of pleasure shooting up her core.

Harry took this chance to latch onto her neck, sucking lightly on her pulse while he focused his attention on her clit, causing the girl to release his cock and hold onto his shoulders for support.

"K-keep go-going!" the girl exclaimed around quick gasps of ecstasy, her legs feeling weak, 'Please never stop' her voice echoed inside his head almost begging. The messy haired teen continued his ministrations with renewed vigor. He moved his hand down further, sliding his middle two digits into her hot wet cunt. He began rocking his hand back in forth, pumping his fingers in and out of the soaked tunnel while grinding his palm against the witch's quivering clit. The girl wrapped around him tighter at this, flinging her arms desperately around his neck. Her chest fluttered quickly against his, mashing her breasts tightly against him.

The bushy haired girl began to jerk wildly with each pass of his hand. Hearing her breath become even more ragged and her thoughts become in comprehensive with each passing second, Harry could certainly guess what was about to happen. Deciding to cheat a little, he brought his other hand back up, wedging its way between them before claiming her breast once more. He massaged the ball of flesh for a few seconds before moving his fingers to her hardened nipple and pinching it between his digits. Just as he had done that, his hand pumping into her sopping wet pussy made another pass into her depths, causing his palm to grind hard against her clit. This combination proved too much for the girl and cause the ball of heat that had been building quickly in her core to come undone instantaneously.

She desperately grasped his face and mashed her lips against his, screaming out her moan into his mouth, her orgasm short circuiting her mind making her just want to cling to him in any way. Her arms had flung back around him and she raked her nails down his back gouging bright red scratches down his spine. Harry kissed her back just as fiercely, continuing to pump in and out of her sweet cunt as more and more of her juices spilled out.

It soon became too much for the girl and she desperately pushed his hand away from her pussy. Legs daring to buckle underneath her, Harry had to reach his hands under her full bum to support her.

They pressed their foreheads against each other. Hermione gulping down huge breaths of air for her burning lungs. They stood their content for a few minutes, both enjoying the feeling of the other close. Finally Hermione spoke.

"That was..." 'amazing, astounding, mind shattering' "...guh hh." the girl trailed off, her mind still having trouble functioning.

Harry chuckled at her outward incoherence and mental rant and just kissed her forehead quickly. The girl smiled at the act before frowning. She could still feel his warm shaft pressed against her thigh and when she looked down between them she

saw he was still impossibly hard. Feeling guilty, she realized she had stopped her own ministrations on him when his own hands gave her such glorious pleasure.

Harry dragged her chin up awards with his hand, turning her gaze to him smiling face. Through their link she felt and heard his understanding. He didn't expect anything from her, and in fact quite enjoyed himself while brining her to a writhing mess in his arms.

She smiled back at him before a scowl marred her features. Before he could read her intentions through their bond, the brunette quickly dropped to her knees in front of him. Coming face to face with his big cock she felt a flash of intimidation pass through her before shaking her head and grabbing the shaft in her hands.

Harry watched in rapt fascination as the sexy bookworm leaned forward and wrapped the lips around his engorged head. The feeling was even better than her hands and she sank her hot mouth further onto his cock. With her inexperience, the girl accidentally forced her self too far down his shaft. The head hitting the back of her throat caused her to gag loudly and sling herself off the meaty pole. She coughed loudly and had to support herself on his thighs. Sensing thoughts of concern from them the girl quickly shook her head with a few more small coughs before bringing her lips back to his tip.

Harry watched her swallow his cock once more, this time only taking the top half of him into her mouth while she stroke the bottom half with her hand. She bobbed along the top of his cocked quickly, using her tongue to brush against the sensitive glans of his tip. Shocks of electricity went up his spine from the feeling and he quickly found himself groaning loudly in pleasure. Still he watched the girl. Faster and faster she went, frantically sucking his cock like her life depended on it, her hand working furiously in tandem with her lips. He guessed she felt determined to make up for her failed first attempt at deepthroating him and wanted to instead have him erupt into her mouth as quickly as possible.

She would soon get her wish as Harry, between the waves of pleasure, felt a pressure building in base of his cock. He gasped out a warning to the girl, "'Mione I-I'm, oh fuck, I'm c-close!''

This seemed to spur the girl on as she worked even faster, hollowing out her cheeks every time she drug her mouth back across his cock creating a vacuum. The girl even brought her other hand up and massaged his swollen balls. The teen didn't last much longer and with a furious moan he erupted into the girls mouth. Jets of cum coated the girls throat. She struggled to swallow it all and a few little dribbles managed to escape, leaking out the corners of her mouth. Finally after the last streams of cum had leaked out, Hermione gave one last long suck to his deflating shaft before swallowing the remains of his seed loudly. Smiling up at him with a coy grin she leaned forward one last time before giving the tip one last kiss.

"I am so bloody glad you found that spell!" Harry breathed out deeply.

The girls bright laughter was his only response.

Authors Note

That's a wrap for this chapter. This was intended as a one shot but I believe I'll try to make into a sort of multi chapter fic. Perhaps spin it to feature other girls as well. Let me know what you guys think I should do in the comments!

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