

Mind Over Matter

Harry and Hermione were secluded in the library at Grimmauld Place, looking for books on Occlumency. With his struggles learning the mind art and the dislike between him and Snape, Hermione had stepped forward, determined to help him learn how to protect his mind. Harry sighed and tossed his book to the side, another useless text with only a passing mention of Occlumency or Legilimency. The stack of book left to go through was getting smaller than the pile of book they'd already checked at an alarming rate. Finding anything useful was looking more and more hopeless as time went on. With each book he went through, he felt his temper rising and his pulse pounding in his eardrums. The worst part was, he didn't even know why he was angry, and that only made him angrier.

"I got it!" Hermione exclaimed excitedly, pulling Harry out his cycle of rage inducing thoughts.

"What?" Harry asked, tossing his book to the side.

"Here, look." She said, sliding the book towards him.

Harry scooted closer to her, their shoulders touching as they shared to book. Reading through the first few paragraphs taught him more about Occlumency and how it worked than Snape did in their first few meetings. Apparently, there was a lot more to it than controlling your emotions and clearing your mind.

"Harry, look at this." Hermione said, pointing to a paragraph further down.

Both elements of the mind art, Occlumency and Legilimency, work hand in hand. It is impossible to understand one without understanding the other. When trying to learn even the basics of Occlumency, it is highly recommended for the student to first learn the basics of Legilimency in order to properly understand what to defend against. While learning a singular art is possible, doing so is much more difficult and time consuming.

"Yeah, that's great, Hermione, but who's going to teach me Legilimency? Snape sure as hell won't." He said with a snort.

"He doesn't have to, and don't swear." Hermione scolded him, flipping back a few pages. "All the instructions we need are right here."

Hermione turned the book towards him, pointing to a list of instruction on how to learn Legilimency. Then, he noticed something that might pose a problem.

"Uh, Hermione, this says I need to actually cast Legilimency on someone to learn." He pointed out.

"Well, of course." She said, as if it was obvious.

When she didn't elaborate, Harry sighed in frustration.

"Who are we going to get to let me read their mind?" He asked agitatedly.

"Me, of course." She said, turning back to the book.

"Oh." He said blinking in surprise.

"Here." Hermione said, pushing the book towards him. "Read this, then we can get started."

Sighing, Harry grabbed the book and spent the next fifteen minutes reading a couple of pages. The instructions were surprisingly simple. Keep eye contact, say the incantation, and focus on a clear thought of what you want to see in the other persons mind. He was pretty sure it would be quite as simple as the book made it sound. It insisted that you learned with some you trusted, given the fact that it was quite easy to see a person's most private thoughts. Finishing the last sentence, he closed the book and passed it back to Hermione.

“Ready?” She asked, setting down the book she had picked up to read.

“I guess.” Harry said with a shrug, drawing his wand.

“Come on, Harry. You need to be more confident. You’re really good at magic. Just think of it as another spell to learn.” She said, nudging his shoulder with a smile.

Harry smiled back, standing from his chair and offering his hand to Hermione. She took his hand, letting him pull her to her feet.

“Where should we do this?” He asked.

“Can’t we do it here?” She asked back.

Harry looked around the cramped library, full of cursed and dangerous books that Sirius had yet to go through. Thinking back to his sessions with Snape and the way he was tossed roughly around the room from the spell.

“Yeah, that’s probably not a good idea. How about we go to my room?” He asked.

“Okay.” She said with a shrug.

Leaving the library, he led her upstairs to the third floor. He was grateful Sirius had given him his own private room, despite Mrs. Weasley’s arguments to the contrary. With everything going on in his life, it was a relief to have a place he could go to be alone every night. That, and after four years, he was getting sick and tired of Ron’s incessant snoring. Harry was surprised it was late enough to be dark out as he passed one of the dust covered windows. With how dark and gloomy the house was, it easy to lose track of what time of day it was. Walking into his room, Hermione closed the door behind her as she entered behind him, looking around curiously, having not seen his room before.

“Er, Harry?” She asked, pointing at one of the posters of scantily clad women plastered on the walls.

“Oh, uh, yeah. This used to be Sirius’ room.” He explained awkwardly.

“Oh.” She said, turning away from a post of a particularly busty brunette sitting on a motorcycle.

Rubbing the back of his neck self-consciously, he grabbed his desk chair and pulled it over to the bed. Sitting down in the chair, he gestured to the bed. Hermione sat down facing him, biting her lip nervously.

“Alright, I’m ready.” Hermione said, squaring her shoulders.

Harry nodded and drew his wand, taking aim directly between Hermione’s eyes.

“Legilimens.” He incanted.

Harry’s vision narrowed, focusing on Hermione’s warm brown eyes as he felt himself falling forward into her mind. Images flew past at breakneck speed, all of them featuring her at places like Hogwarts, Muggle classrooms, libraries, her home in Crawley and a number of other places he didn’t recognize. Most of them were moving far too fast for him to get a good look at. He tried to focus on a single memory, but by the time he picked one, it was already zipping passed. Harry started to panic when he couldn’t find a way to stop the images or leave her mind. Finally, with a desperate push, he yanked himself out of her mind, sending his back crashing painfully into the back of his hard, wooden chair.

Both Harry and Hermione clutched their heads and groaned in pain as their vision spun and a throbbing headache pounded in their ears.

“Ugh, what was *that*?” Hermione asked, rubbing her eyes.

“I don’t know.” Harry groaned, feeling a stinging sensation at the back of his eyes.

“Did you focus on what memory you wanted to see *before* you cast the spell?” She asked, narrowing her eyes.

“Er, no. I forgot that part.” Harry admitted sheepishly.

“Harry.” Hermione said in exasperation. “You need to concentrate.”

“Sorry.” He said apologetically. “You want to take a break?”

“No, I’m fine. Let’s go again.” She said, squaring her shoulders again.

Harry raised his wand and aimed it at her, preparing to cast the spell again.

“Remember, focus on a specific memory and don’t get distracted.” She reminded him.

He nodded, adjusting his grip on his wand and focusing on the memory of Halloween in first year.

“Legilimens.”

Again, Harry vision narrowed, pulling him into her eyes and sending him tumbling into her mind. Dozens of memories and thoughts streaked passed in a blur, forming a spinning tunnel of images around him. This time, however, he kept his focus and he saw a single memory at the end, waiting for him. In moments he was there, falling into the first-floor girl’s bathroom, quite literally in this case. As he entered the memory, he was at ceiling height when gravity seemed

to suddenly decide it want to work normally again, causing him to fall painfully flat on his back. Coughing and wheezing after having the wind knocked out of him, he crawled to his hands and knees, gasping to catch his breath.

Pushing himself up to his feet, he looked around the empty bathroom, the only sound was that of a younger Hermione sobbing in a locked stall. Even just hearing it in a memory made his heart break, but he knew there was nothing he could do. Moving over to one of the sinks, he waited and watched as the memory played out. As he did, he realized he wasn't just watching what was happening, he could feel Hermione's emotions as well. He felt her terror as the Troll lumbered into the bathroom, her shock as she watched the famous boy that she barely knew jumped on its back to distract it, and her stunned disbelief as his stunning spell, fired through the Trolls nose, knocked it unconscious. He smiled, watching her horrible attempt at lying to Professor McGonagall, trying to protect him. In hindsight, he didn't know why she even bothered, it wasn't like he would have gotten into trouble for coming to help her in the first place.

As the memory came to an end, Harry felt himself drifting backwards, leaving her mind much more gently than he did the last time. Everything went blurry and he was suddenly sitting in his chair in his bedroom. It was a little disconcerting, but nowhere near as bad as his first attempt. Hermione blinked as if coming out of a daze before she smiled widely.

"You did it!" She exclaimed happily, jumping up to give him a tight hug.

Harry smiled over her shoulder as he hugged her back, feeling a sense of relief and accomplishment that he was finally able to learn something about the mind arts. Hermione pulled back and sat back down on the bed, her smile still in place.

"Let's try it again." She said enthusiastically.

Over the next half an hour, Harry went through three more of her memories, and each time it became easier and easier. When her pulled out of the last memory, watching himself fight the Hungarian Horntail from Hermione's perspective, she bounced excitedly on the bed and grabbed the book they were learning Legilimency from.

“You’re doing really well, Harry. I think we can move on to the next step.” She said, flipping through the pages. “Ok, the book says that the next thing you need to learn is how to find a memory when you don’t know what it’s specifically about.”

“Er, isn’t that what happened the first time?” Harry asked worriedly.

“No. The first time, you weren’t looking for anything. This time, you’re looking for a memory that happened at a specific place or time, but it can’t be about some you saw, or were present for.” She explained.

“Like what?” Harry asked, looking for clarification.

“Like, if you want to know what happened on my vacation to France last summer. You know where and when it happened, but you weren’t there for any of it.” She told him.

Harry nodded and decided to just go with that. Raising his wand, he aimed it at her, waiting for a nod to tell him she was ready.

“Legilimens.”

Harry was sucked into her mind once again, feeling much more comfortable with the whole process now that he had been through it a few times. This time, as memories swirled around him, there were a number of memories waiting for him at the end of the tunnel. Glancing at them he was drawn to one in particular, where Hermione was sitting on the beach, reading a book, while surrounded by numerous topless women. Stepping into the memory without a conscious thought, he looked around the beach, trying to control his excitement as he looked around at the wonderful breasts on display. To his surprise, this included Hermione’s mother, Emma, who was sunning herself topless next to her daughter. It was somehow even more arousing to see someone he knew topless. Covered in tanning oil, her full, round breasts glistened in the shining sun.

Tearing his eyes off of Emma, he looked at Hermione. He knew she was beautiful, but it really drove the point home to see her in such a revealing bikini. While her breasts weren't as large as Emma's, they were still large enough to fill his hands, her cleavage was slightly red from being exposed to the sun. His eyes traveled down her tight stomach to her smooth, muscular thighs. It surprised him how fit she looked considering how much time she spent reading. When he thought about it, he realized that carrying such a heavy bag around the castle, and up and down several sets of stairs every day, would definitely give her legs a work out. Looking around the beach and at Hermione for a couple of more minutes, he pulled back from the memory.

Instead of leaving her mind completely, he pulled back just far enough to look at her other memories. This time, he decided to look at a safer memory, and found one of her laying on her bed at her home in Crawley, reading a book. Falling into the memory, he glanced at her briefly as she turned a page of her book before looking around the room curiously. Unsurprisingly, two of the walls were covered in tall bookcases, stuffed to overflowing with books, both Muggle and Magical. One the wall opposite the bed, there was a clean, well-organized desk sitting in front of the window with a wardrobe on the right and a dresser with a mirror on the left. On the desk, there were two framed pictures, one of Hermione and her parents with what looked like a ruined Greek or Roman building behind them. The other picture was oddly out of place in that it moved, feature him, Ron, and Hermione, smiling with their arms slung around each other with Hogwarts behind them.

Smiling at the picture, he remembered it had been taken just a couple of months ago, right before the Third Task of the Triwizard Tournament. Then, he noticed another framed picture, hidden behind the one he was looking at. He tried to move the Hogwarts picture out of the way, but his hand passed right through it. Sighing, he bent over and tilted his head to the side to get a better look. It took him a few seconds to recognize it as a picture of him and Hermione dancing at the Yule Ball. They hadn't gone together as dates, with Harry going with Parvati, and Hermione going with Krum, but they had danced together once. He didn't even remember the picture being taken, and wondered where she had gotten it from, and why she had it hidden. Harry had to admit, they both looked happy in the picture as he twirled her around playfully.

There was a moan behind him, and he froze in place, feeling like he had just been caught snooping before he remembered he was in a memory. Turning around, he was shocked and embarrassed to find Hermione was *really* enjoying her book, one hand had slid into the waistband of her tight blue shorts. He stared at her in stunned disbelief as she bit her lip, her hand leisurely rubbing between her legs as another moan left her lips. Suddenly, she set he book down and sat up, lifting her shirt up and over her head. Without hesitation, she reached behind her back, unclasping her plain white bra, sliding it down her arms to reveal her perfect,

perky breasts. Grabbing the waistband of her shorts, she peeled them, and her light blue panties, down her legs and tossed them to the floor with her shirt and bra.

Hermione laid back on the bed with her legs spread and her knees bent, giving him a perfect view of her bald, wet slit and taugth lips. One hand slid down between her legs to rub her core while the other massaged her full, round breast, her book forgotten off to the side. Harry swallowed thickly as his erection strained against the fabric of his jeans. Shaking off his shock, he felt a profound sense of guilt for intruding on such a private moment, even unintentionally. It was time to go.

“Oh, Harry.” Hermione moaned, arching her back and squeezing her breast harshly.

Any thoughts of leaving were driven from his mind when he heard that. He couldn't believe Hermione was fantasizing about him. He desperately wished he could see what she was imagining. Just as he thought that, the room around him blurred and he found himself in a strange, dream like world. Everything around him was hazy and indistinct. Has was in the library of Hogwarts, and right in front of him, there was another Harry who had Hermione bent over a table, plowing into her from behind. Walking around the table, he had a perfect view of Hermione as she moaned, her hands clutching tightly to the table and her breasts bouncing wildly as her body jerked with each powerful thrust of the Harry behind her.

As he watched, the scene changed, shimmering around him until it solidified into an entirely different dream. Now he was standing in the Great Hall during the Yule Ball with dozens of faceless students crowded onto the dance floor. Suddenly, another Harry, dressed like one of the men on the cover of Aunt Petunia's novels with his shirt unbuttoned halfway down his chest and his hair waving in wind that only affected him. The other Harry strode up to Krum, who was dancing with Hermione, shoved him out of the way, and took Hermione into his arms, spinning her around the dance floor.

“You're mine.” He growled before kissing her possessively.

The crowd, Krum, and Harry and Hermione's clothes vanished like smoke blown away in the wind. The other Harry lifted Hermione up and pinned her against a wall, her long, muscular legs wrapping tightly around his body.

“Say it, you little slut. Tell me.” The other Harry demanded.

“I’m yours.” Hermione breathed.

Harry smirked and slammed into her brutally, causing Hermione to throw her head back and moan loudly. He noticed the other Harry wasn’t as large as he was, and he felt a little insulted she thought so little of him. Everything went blurry again, but before the scene could coalesce into something new, he was thrown backwards by an invisible force, ejecting him out of Hermione’s mind and sending him crashing back into the real world. Harry was thrown back with so much force that he tipped backwards in his chair, causing him to crash to the ground. Looking up, he saw Hermione blushing furiously, looking anywhere but at him.

“I think that’s enough for one day. I-I need to go.” Hermione stammered.

Standing up, she clutched the book to her chest protectively and headed for the door. Harry scrambled to his feet, racing to block her from leaving.

“Hermine, wait!” He yelled, skidding to a halt in front of the door. “I’m sorry, I just, I had no idea you felt that way about me.”

“Well, now you do.” She said in a sad, bitter tone. “Look, can we just pretend this never happened? I really don’t want this to ruin our friendship.”

Hermione made to walk around him, but Harry stopped her, spinning her around and pinning her back to the door before he even realized what he was doing. She gasped, staring up at him with wide eyes.

“Harry?” She said in a shaky voice.

With his hands resting on her hips, Harry leaned forward, his lips pausing just millimeters away from hers. Hermione's chest rose and fell sharply, her eyes wide as he pressed his lips to hers. She let out a whine against his lips, kissing him back with just as much passion as he was kissing her. Sliding his hands from her hips down to her ass, Harry picked her up, carrying her back over to the bed where he sat her down, her legs wrapping around his waist. Breaking the kiss, Harry rested his forehead against hers, staring deeply into her eyes.

"Say it." He growled.

Hermione stared at him with wide eyes, her breath hitching. She bit her lips saying nothing. Harry reached up, stroking her hair gently before grabbing it roughly and tugging her head back so that she was staring up at him as he towered over her.

"We both know what you want, Hermione. Now, say it." He told her in a deep tone.

"Make me yours, Harry." She said breathily.

With a dark smirk, Harry kissed her again while reaching down to pull her shirt up. When he reached her head, he pulled back just long enough to pull her shirt over her head and toss it to the floor. Kissing her again, he reached back and unclasped her bra and tossed it to the floor to join her shirt. He wasted no time in cupping and squeezing her breasts. Hermione moaned into his mouth, pushing her chest forward and more firmly into his hands. Taking her stiff nipple between his thumb and forefinger, he pinched it firmly. She gasped, pulling her lips away from his and trembled in pleasure.

"Someone likes it rough." Harry said, smirking at her.

Hermione blushed and looked away, biting her lower lip cutely. He twisted her nipples and pulled, stretching her tits away from her chest. She whimpered, arching her back and rubbing her thighs together. Harry let go, allowing her breast to spring back into its natural shape. Quickly taking off his shirt, He smirked at her as he reached for his belt.

“You know, Hermione, I was really impressed with your imagination, but you got one thing wrong.” He told her smugly.

Hermione gulped and looked down as he opened his pants and dropped them to the floor, along with his boxers. Harry’s rigid cock leapt free, bobbing in the air as it jutted straight out from his body. She stared open mouthed at the throbbing member pointing directly at her.

“Wow.” She breathed.

Without realizing what she was doing, her hand reached out and her long, delicate fingers wrapped around his thick shaft in a light grip. His cock leapt in excitement and she jerked her hand back, looking up at him nervously. Harry smiled at her reassuringly, grabbed her wrist and place her hand back on his length. Hermione wrapped her hand around him again and started stroking him slowly with hesitant, unsure movements. Running a hand through her shoulder length, bushy hair, he gripped it tightly, causing her to close her eyes and moan as he roughly tilted her head back and kissed her possessively. Her hand gripped her more tightly, moving faster and more confidently. Breaking their kiss, Harry took a step backwards while pulling Hermione forward with him by the hair. She ended up on her knees in front of him with her face less than an inch away from the red, swollen head of his cock.

“Uh, Harry, I’ve never...” She trailed off, staring at his intimidatingly sized member.

“That’s okay, you’ve always been a fast learner.” Harry said with a smile.

Pushing his hips forward, nudging her lips with the head of his cock. Hermione parted her lips, allowing him to push the first couple of inches of his length into her mouth. Her lips stretch around the girth of her shaft. She didn’t do anything other than hold him in her mouth at first, while he used her hair to move her head back and forth.

“Suck on it, Hermione. Use your tongue.” He directed her.

She finally started using her mouth on him, a bit uncoordinated at first, but quickly gaining confidence. Soon, she was bobbing her head on her own, sucking his tip while her tongue slid along his length. She looked up at him with a wide eyed, questioning gaze. Harry smiled, stroking her hair gently.

“You’re doing great, Hermione.” Harry told her.

Her eyes smiled up at him as she bobbed more vigorously. Remembering how the Harry of her dreams had treated her so roughly and degradingly, he decided to give it a try.

“I knew you’d be a great little cock sucker.” He said, using his grip on her hair to push her further down his shaft.

Hermione moaned, causing her mouth to vibrate pleurably around his cock.

“Merlin, Hermione, I never thought you’d be such a slut.” He said, tugging her hair roughly and pulling her off of his cock to take a breath.

“Only for you.” She gasped, her beautiful chest rising and fall as she panted.

Harry smiled at her, getting a smile in return until he pulled her to her feet by her bushy hair. Pulling her forward, he kissed her hard, his tongue invading her mouth.

“Take off your pants, slut.” He whispered against her lips.

She did as she was told, unbuttoning and taking off her jeans as he continued to kiss her. When she kicked them to the side, he pulled back and spun her around by the shoulders. With his hand between her shoulder blades, he pushed her forward, bending her over the bed. Hermione had a fantastic ass, full, round and muscular, it jutted out toward him, stretching her light blue panties over her smooth, pale skin. Harry grabbed her thick cheeks, groping them firmly and squeezing the juicy mound in his hands. Hermione grunted while biting her bottom lips and

looking at him over her shoulder. Meeting her eyes, he grabbed the waist band of her panties and pulled them down her legs, the gusset sticking slightly to her damp mound.

Smack!

Hermione yelped, staring at him with wide eyes after his hand came down to smack her perfect ass sharply, leaving a faint pink hand print on her porcelain skin. Grabbing both of her cheeks, he spread them apart as he dropped to his knees, putting her tight, wet lips on full display. He leaned forward, kissing her glistening slit and causing her to gasp in a combination of pleasure and surprise. Sticking out his tongue, he drove it between her tight lips, sliding it up and down her slit. She moaned again, clutching the bedding as she buried her face in the blankets. Normally, he would be more than happy to drive a girl mad with his tongue, but, right now, she had him far too excited to wait. He spent only a few more moments on his knees, making sure she was ready for him before he stood up.

Harry grabbed the base of his cock and smack the top of his length up against her pussy a few times. Grabbing her hip with one hand, he pressed his head against her entrance. He waited for a few seconds, giving her a chance to stop him if she wanted to. All she did was whine and wiggle her hips in anticipation. With both hands on her hips, he pressed forward, sinking his length into her slowly. His cock was surrounded by her tight, wet heat, causing him to close his eyes and groan at the exquisite feeling. Hermione trembled and moaned as she was stretched and filled.

“As good as your fantasies?” Harry asked, smacking her ass playfully.

“So much better.” Hermione moaned.

Harry smirked, smacking her ass lightly before he began thrusting into her, slowly at first but gradually gaining speed. He loved the little gasps, grunts and moans left her mouth as he fucked her clutching core. His thighs bounced off of her ass, causing her round globes to ripple with each impact.

“You gonna be a good little slut for me Hermione?” Harry asked, pulling her hips back sharply as he thrust forward.

“Oh, Merlin yes.” She hissed. “I’ll be anything you want, just don’t stop.”

“It’s always the quiet ones.” Harry joked.

Gripping her hips tightly, he slammed into her harder and faster, making her cheeks jiggle while a loud slapping sound came from between their bodies. Hermione gave a quivering, wanton moan, throwing her ass back at him in time with his thrusts. Burying her face in the blankets, she muffled the sounds she was making. Harry wanted to hear her, so he grabbed her by the hair and pulled her head back harshly, arching her neck and causing her loud moans to echo off the walls.

“Oh fuck, Harry. I’m cumming. I’m cumming!” Hermione screamed.

Her hot, smooth walls spasmed around him as she screamed out her pleasure, his hand holding her by the hair the only thing that kept her from collapsing on her face. With her legs quivering uncontrollably, her arousal drenched his thrusting cock. As soon as her climax was over, he let go of her hair, allowing her to fall face first onto the mattress. Harry pulled out of her, and climbed onto the bed. He stroked Hermione’s back for a little while, giving her a chance to catch her breath before pulling her on top of him and slapping her ass lightly.

“Come on you little slut, ride my cock.” Harry told her.

With a groan, Hermione sat and straddled his hips on her knees. Raising herself up, she bit her lip as she lined him up with her entrance and dropped down on him, moaning as she descended down his length. Harry sighed as her hot, welcoming core swallowed him, reaching up to cup her breasts. Planting her hands on his muscled chest, she stared riding him, her thick, round ass bouncing off of his thighs with a satisfying slap. Sliding his hands down her sides to her hips, he slid them around to her ass, squeezing and groping firmly as he watched her breasts bounce and jiggle with her movements. Watching her stiff pink nipples tremble up and down, he couldn’t resist sitting up and wrapping his lips around one.

“Harry.” Hermione moaned, wrapping her arms around his head and running her fingers through his messy hair.

Switching to the other nipple, he sucked on it before taking it between his teeth and biting down lightly. Hermione hissed and her tight walls fluttered around his cock, her nails digging sharply into his shoulders. Pulling back, his teeth scraped over her sensitive nub, causing her to shiver and moan. Laying down on his back, Hermione fell forward, putting her arms on either side of his head to stop herself from crashing down on top of him. Her dangling breasts bounced wildly as she threw her ass back onto him. Dipping her head down, she kissed him fiercely, her nipples brushing against his chest. Harry reached around and grabbed her ass, helping her to slam down on him harder. As he began thrusting his hips up, driving his cock into her faster than she could drop down on him, she laid down on his chest, her face buried in the crook of his neck and allowed him to use her as he wished.

Bending his knees and planting his feet on the mattress, Harry grabbed her hips and began jackhammering his throbbing length into her as fast and as hard as he could. Hermione made the most erotic sounds imaginable, gasping, moaning and squealing into his neck as his fat cock filled her over and over. His cock swelled as his climax rapidly approached, his balls roiling with the need to fill her to the brim. He could tell she was close as well, her walls tightening around him while the pitch of her moans grew higher.

“I’m gonna cum, Hermione. I’m gonna fill your tight little pussy so full you’ll be leaking for weeks.” Harry growled into her ear.

Hermione moaned as she shook on top of him, her walls quivering around his thrusting cock. Harry raised his hand and brought it down on her ass with a loud, resounding *slap* that sent her cheek jiggling as her pale skin slowly turned red in the shape of his hand.

“Come on, bitch. Cum for me. Let everyone know who you belong to.” Harry demanded, straining as he fought back his own orgasm.

“Oh, oh, oh, Harry!” She screamed as she reached her peak, her entire body tensing and shaking as she came.

Harry ignored the ringing in his ear from her scream and pulled her down onto him hard as he reached his climax, flooding her core with the most powerful orgasm of his life. The edges of his vision darkened as he continued filling her, his cock pulsating over and over. Jet after jet of hot cum splashed against her quivering walls to the point of overflowing, leaking out around the base of his cock. Hermione collapsed bonelessly on top of him just as his climax waned, and they both panted heavily from the force of their orgasms.

Over half an hour later, they finally got out of bed and got dressed so Hermione could sneak back to her room. Opening the door, she paused and turned back to give him one last kiss before running tip toed down the hall to the room she shared with Ginny. Just as her door closed, Tonks, who was staying in the room next to his, opened her door and popped her head out.

“Hey Harry, late night?” She asked with her familiar smile.

“Er, yeah, Hermione was helping me with my Occlumency, and we lost track of time.” He told her.

“Really?” She asked. “Well, have a good night.”

Harry smiled at her, waved, and ducked back into his room.

“Oh, and Harry?” Tonks called out quietly.

He stuck his head back out of the door, looking at her questioningly.

“Next time, don’t forget to silence your walls and not just the door. You might want to do the floor too. I think the den is right below you. Night.” She said with a cheery wave before ducking back into her room and closing the door with a snap.

Harry continued to stare at her door with an open mouth for several seconds before he slid back into his room and closed the door quietly.

“Fuck.” He groaned, tossing himself on the bed.

She was definitely going to take the Mickey out of them.