

Knut For Your Thoughts? - Chapter 3

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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Greengrass? More Like Great Ass

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Harry's eyes opened blearily. The sharp light filtering in causing the pounding in his head to dial up to an 11. With a groan he screwed his eyes shut once more, trying to fend off the painful lumens.

'Harry?' The sound echoed in his mind, bouncing around his skull irritably. He knew that voice, he just couldn't place it at the moment. A twinge of sympathy rushed into his mind before the loud voice quieted.

"He's awake Madame Pomfrey.", the same voice sounded from his right. He definitely recognized the voice now. His addled mind finally coming into focus and he opened his eyes once more. The light still hurt, but it was much more manageable this time. He found who he was looking for almost immediately, their bond acting as a compass for her physical presence.

"H'rmione?" he questioned, voice gravely like he had just woken from a intense nap.

"Hush now Mr. Potter and drink this!" Another said from his left. He didn't even need to look to know who the voice belonged to, having been reprimanded for his various dangerous escapades by it many times over the years. A clear potion vial was shoved to his lips. Not even trying to fight it, the boy who lived simply open his mouth and swallowed the potion. It wasn't too unpleasant but the bitter taste wasn't exactly enjoyable either.

"There now I'll check over you once more and then you're free to go. Though next time you face a dragon Mr. Potter, please have a better plan in place other than blowing yourself up!" the matron admonished, waving her wand over the teen's body.

Once she was finished she left in a huff and Harry was able to get a good look at his surroundings. He was in a tent not dissimilar to the Champion's one he waited in before the task. However this one was filled with beds and medical cupboards instead of benches and changing areas like before. He sat on one of these beds now and next to him, on a small bedside table, lay his trusty Holly wand and the very golden egg he had fought to obtain.

"What happened to th-"

"To the snakes? I sent them on their way with a fat field mouse each. Now are you insisting we continue to talk about the bloody rat eaters or would you instead like to

explain what the hell you were thinking?!?"

Harry winced. She was very cross, no doubt about it. He had seen Hermione angry before but it was different this time. This time he could actually feel and understand her thoughts and emotions behind it. She was furious but it stemmed from a heaping of worry and fear that she felt for him. Looking closer Harry was able to see the million what ifs rushing through her head. What if his aim was off and he blew off his legs? What if the dragon had simply fired its flaming breath just a little bit sooner? What if what if what if?

Without missing a beat Harry reached over and grabbed her hands, pulling her towards him till she sat on his lap. He didn't say a word. He simply wrapped his arms around her, bringing her closer into his chest and held her there. He breathed in her scent. The smell of her citrusy shampoo filling his senses. Through their bond he pushed all his understanding and regret into her mind, begging for her forgiveness.

'I'm sorry'

'I know'

The girl sniffled a few times before raising her head once more to peer into his green eyes. 'Though if you ever do something that stupid again then you can forget having sex for the rest of your natural life.' He couldn't help the snort that escaped him at her serious tone when mentioning withholding sex, as if it were an everyday threat.

Their moment was interrupted by the bumbling Ludo Bagman rushing into the tent, followed by Crouch and Headmaster Dumbledore.

"Outstanding! Simply an outstanding performance my boy!" Ludo exclaimed, not even batting an eye at the current position of the teens. Hermione jumped up in embarrassment, face flushed red. Behind Bagman, Dumbledore let out a small chuckle but said nothing. "Parselmagic! I had always thought it was a myth! Something told through scary bedtime stories for young witches and wizards yet we beheld the first ever verified performance right in front us!"

Harry narrowed his eyes. He didn't know what the hell the former beater was talking about. Sure he hissed at the dragon a bit but he didn't know anything about Parselmagic, if it was even a real thing. He made to say something but Dumbledore beat him to it.

"As I said outside Ludo, I do not believe young Harry performed what you so say is Parselmagic. I highly doubt it even exists. I think perhaps we were witness to a very fine show of misdirection and creativity. I believe I even saw a few of the Weasley twins favorite prank spells during your performance, correct Harry?" the old wizard questioned, a slight smile on his face.

Harry smiled back at the headmaster, grateful for the save and change of topic. "Yes sir. Fred and George taught me a few last year." he said sheepishly, not mentioning the fact that they had only taught him after he agreed to help with a few of their pranks. The charmed snowmen who threw snowballs at passing students in the courtyard was quite fun to set up though.

Dumbledore chuckled, "As I thought. A great showing my boy and I applaud you for your resourcefulness."

Crouch, who had stood silent till now, finally grew impatient and pushed his way forward.

"Yes, yes we're all very proud. Now Mr. Potter since you were unconscious during the scoring, it is my responsibility to tell you that you earned 40 points in total. You are now tied for first place with Mr. Krum going into the second task. You may find a clue for the task in the egg you collected from the dragon. I advise against opening it here however. Now! If that is all, I bid you good day gentlemen, miss." Crouch monologued, before turning about and exiting the tent stiffly.

"Forgive old Barty! He seems to be so stressed with the tournament. I believe we'll take our leave as well Harry. Congratulations!" Bagman laughed out, taking the teen's hand and shaking it vigorously. He left whistling an off key tune. Dumbledore merely chuckled at the teen's bewildered face before sending over a wink and following the aged beater out of the tent.

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The walk back to the castle had been eye opening to say the least. Many of the same people who not 24 hour earlier cursed his name and would take every chance they could to hurl a few insults now greeted him with smiles and kind words. He shouldn't be surprised really. It was similar to second year where one day everyone glared and couldn't stand to be around him and the next, after saving Ginny from the chamber, they all applauded him and gave him words of praise.

It sickened him really.

The real punch to the gut though came in the form of a gangly red head. Ron had been waiting for them in the entrance hall. He approached them both with his head down and hands in his pockets. Harry eyed him warily at first, the boy not daring to say a word. After a few awkward moments, Ron thankfully spoke up.

"Er, look Harry mate. I, uh, I have a lot to apologize for. I was a prat, the biggest prat in the world really and I know now I was quite thick to actually think you put your name into the goblet. I guess... I guess I was jus' jealous really. Anyway, I'm sorry, alright?"

Ron didn't look up to meet his eyes, simply staring down at the ground in shame. Harry sighed internally. On one hand he was still really hurt at Ron's actions and didn't want to forgive him, but on the other he had really missed his first real friend and his absence had saddened Harry a lot. Hermione simply squeezed his hand in support, assuring him mentally that she supported him no matter the decision he made.

"Ron." he began, causing the ginger to finally look up, brown eyes hopeful. "Your actions hurt me. A lot. It's one thing for our classmates do or say hurtful things, I honestly couldn't care less what they thought of me. But you were one of my best mates. I didn't expect you to join in on their hateful words and actions."

Ron's faced winced in guilt. He knew he had messed up with Harry badly, and he truly did regret his actions.

Harry just sighed again. "But, I know you also do regret what you did. I accept your apology but please just give me some time to really process everything. I did just face a giant fire breathing lizard a few hours ago and didn't mess my pants so I think I need a little bit of space right now." Harry said, adding on the slight joke at the end.

Ron simply smiled at the jest and nodded. "I can do that mate. You were brilliant by the way! Truly wicked!" he said enthusiastically while backing away. Before Harry and Hermione could turn to leave though the red head shouted back, "Oh! And Fred and George are throwing a party tonight in the dorms celebrating your win! Just a heads up!" With that the red head walked off.

Harry shook his head, getting ready to prepare himself for the surely boisterous show that the twins will put on later that night.

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He was wrong, the party wasn't boisterous. It was down right wild. Somehow the twins had snuck in all manner of food and drinks. They even found a barrel of fire whiskey somewhere and were selling pints of it in the corner of the room. Music sounded out from a boosted wireless by the fire and almost every Gryffindor from 3rd year and up were around the room dancing and laughing loudly.

Harry sat in a chair on the far side of the room, watching the scene before him. Various classmates came up to him offering congratulations and asking questions about the task. He simply nodded in thanks and gave them a few short answers before sending them on their way. Hermione had been by his side at first yet was sequestered off quickly by her dorm mates. Lavender and Parvati had dragged the bushy haired girl off to a corner of the room whispering to her excitedly. His musing were soon cut short by the entrance of the party's two hosts.

"There he is!", one twin exclaimed.

"The hero of the day!", the other added.

"The slayer of dragons!"

"The bedder of witches!"

He raised an eyebrow at their antics. "I don't remember slaying the dragon and bedder of witches? You two can do better than that." he huffed.

"Too right Harry my boy. How about bedder of one witch if the rumors are true?"

"What?" Harry asked, snapping his head to the twin on the right.

"Oh yes Georgie you're right. According to a Miss Rita Skeeter, Harry and Granger have been doing the horizontal tango for months now."

"Can't forget Hermione obviously bewitched our poor Champion here with dark magics. Cruelly stealing him away from all the good and proper witches in the world."

"Truly an evil sorceress!"

Flopping back into his chair, Harry grumbled, "I'm going to kill that woman." he sighed before turning to, who assumed to be Fred, on his left, "Think you can ask Charlie for a moment alone with the Horntail. I feel bad for tricking her with Prongs so maybe Skeeter can serve as an adequate meal replacement."

"I don't think Charlie would allow you to feed the dragons junk food but we could always ask!" Fred laughed out.

"But don't worry about her right now mate. Here take a pint on the house! You made us a killing anyway by taking first so you deserve it!" George pipped up, placing a mug into Harry's hand filled with the deep brown liquor. The twins both gave him a slap on the shoulder before making their way back to the party, singing along to the music.

Not even questioning the fact that the twins apparently gambled on his performance, Harry brought the pint to his lips. He had tried fire whiskey before, during third year after a few of the quidditch wins. But he had never had more than a few sips. Taking in a small mouthful, Harry felt the burning liquid slide down his throat. Flames expelled from his mouth when he breathed out. He nursed the cup for a while and before he knew it he had almost finished the drink and a delightful buzz danced through his body.

"Leave you alone for five minutes and you take up drinking." Hermione's voice sounded from next to him. He was surprised she was able to sneak up on him with

their bond, but then again he did have a bit on his mind tonight.

'C'mon, let's go for a walk.' the girl responded in his head. She held up a blanket and a two butterbeers, head gesturing to the door. He got up swiftly and followed her out, not a soul noticing them leave the room. They walked in silence for a while, walking through the school floor by floor until they reached the entrance hall. Hermione pushed open the door and lead on. It wasn't long before they reached a secluded area by the lake hidden by a small thicket of trees and bushes. Laying the blanket down, Hermione cast warming charms around the area before she sat down and patted the area next to her. Harry sat with her, the girl instantly leaning on his side with her head on his shoulder.

They sat content for a while. Simply basking in the shared closeness. They let their thoughts drift, and through the haze of each other's presence their minds melded and neither could tell who thought what.

Neither knew who started it, but soon they found themselves with their lips entwined, kissing slowly. It wasn't a passionate or frenzied kiss. They simply lazily moved their lips together, enjoying the simple feeling. Harry eventually, pushed deeper, running his tongue along her lips asking for entrance. She replied happily and allowed him to delve into her mouth. He explored it deeply. She tasted of butterbeer and for a moment he felt bad as he realized he must taste like the sharp spices of alcohol. Yet the brunette hummed simply at his thoughts and kissed him harder.

Hands began to explore before long and soon Harry found his hand under Hermione's sweater, cupping her firm breast. The girl was not idle however as her hand seemingly freed his hardening length from his trousers without the teen even realizing it. They continued their slow make out session, with Harry kneading her breasts softly alternating between the two and Hermione stroking his cock with long slow pumps.

Harry groaned into her mouth. Even without trying, the girl made him feel amazing. Her soft hand doing wonders on his thick shaft as she gripped him tightly. Oh how he would love to see the girl once more stretch her pouty lips around his meat.

Hearing the boys loud wish, Hermione laughed out at his request before giving him one last peck and moving down to his groin. She eyed his dick with a lust feel gaze. Her warm breath sending small tingles through his length. Her hand still pumped him slowly but soon it was joined by her tongue, lazily tracing its way up and down the underside of his cock. Harry moaned out each time the wet muscle swiped over the sensitive glans of his tip.

"Fuck 'Mione, please." he moaned, hand slipping into the girls long hair.

Stopping her ministrations completely, the girl asked, "Please what?"

Fuck she was hot he thought. Her brown eyes stared up at him, mouth mere centimeters away from his dick head. He knew what she wanted. She wanted him to say it out loud, not just think it. She wanted him to tell the whole world for all to hear what he wanted her to do. His will seemingly shattered when a pretty girl held his cock in her hands and Harry quickly acquiesced her request.

"Please 'Mione, suck my cock."

Giving the head a quick kiss Hermione gave into his pleading, wrapping her lips around his shaft she quickly began descending on him. Her warm mouth felt heavenly, bobbing up and down on his length. Her tongue swirled around the underside of it, adding to the already mind numbing pleasure. It was masterful how quickly she became good at this. After only a handful of blowjobs Hermione was able to turn his mind to mush within seconds nowadays. Her mouth knew just the right way to twist and move. She knew the tempo and speed he loved the most. And she also knew that if she drugged her mouth back along the tip and sucked hard, it would drive him wild causing his hips to twitch and spasm wildly from the sensation. Her hands didn't stay idle either, with one coming up to rapidly twist and jerk what she couldn't fit in her mouth.

Suddenly the sound of a snapping twig echoed out from behind one of the bushes. Hermione was up in a flash, her wand springing out.

"Incarcerous!" she shouted, sending a bundle of ropes flying towards the thicket. A loud "Oof" was there answer as whoever was behind the foliage was hit with the thick ropes of her spell. With another flick of her wand the peeping tom came floating into the small alcove. The individual wore Slytherin green robes with platinum blonde hair. Harry thought for a brief moment it was Malfoy who was spying on them but that idea was quickly dashed when he saw the large curves and the porcelain pretty face of the individual.

"What the hell Granger? You didn't have to bloody tie me up!", Daphne Greengrass yelled, eyes glaring into the scowling brunette. Hermione muttered a quick finite, ending the spell holding the blonde hostage.

"I wouldn't have had to tie you up if you weren't spying on us Daphne! What are you even doing out here anyway." Hermione cried back. The girl in question rose quickly, dusting her robes off.

"I was on my way back from visiting with my cousins in the Beauxbaton carriage for Merlin's sake. It's not my fault I happened to walk by as you were swallowing Potter's cock!" the girl exclaimed, though something was off. Her robes were ruffled but not by the ropes. It was as if they'd been shifted and loosened around her chest and groin. Her face was flushed too, not just in anger but also excitement.

Harry voiced his findings over to Hermione through their link. Hermione quickly

scanned the girl finding the same thing.

"Bollocks to that Greengrass! You weren't just passing by, you were intentionally spying on us. What? You get off on peeping on people now?" the girl shouted.

Daphne's face screwed up in anger once more before she stopped and breathed out. Suddenly the cool mask of the Slytherin Ice Queen was upon her face.

"Look, I apologize for intruding upon your private time. Let's just forget this happened and I'll leave you be to go back to your...well I'll leave you be."

"How do we know you won't tell anyone?" Harry blurted out quickly before the girl went to leave. Turning to him the girl raised an eyebrow at him. "It's just that me and Hermione haven't really told anyone about us. Despite what the Skeeter bitch says, we just started dating and wanted to keep it between us for a while before announcing it to anyone." Not the whole truth, but he and Hermione had discussed keeping their relationship a secret until at least the first task was over and the threat of death by flaming lizard didn't hang over Harry's head.

Daphne just stared at Harry for a moment before sighing. "Fine, Potter. What do you want?"

"What?" the boy questioned.

"I technically owe you for intruding on your's and Granger's alone time. Tell me what I can do to prove I won't go blabbing about it and repay my debt at the same time."

"Well just, uh, Hermione a little help here?"

Hermione rolled her eyes before coming to his rescue. "Do you know Occlumency?" the girl asked. Daphne widened her eyes in surprise before nodding.

"Not a lot of pure blood families still practice it since Legilimency was made illegal years ago, but the Greengrasses have always prided themselves on their proficiency in the mind arts." she expounded.

Hermione just nodded. "Good, then you can teach us. Something happened recently that's made it vital for us to learn it. We tried to glean as much as we could from an old tome we found but the authors instructions were...lacking."

Daphne snorted, "I'm not surprised. It's a magic that requires a lot of in person testing to get right. I'll warn you though, I'm not a master at the subject. Compared to some, my mental shields would be considered slightly above average. The only one I know of who can claim to be a true savant at the subject would be Professor Snape." Harry was surprised at that little tidbit of information but said nothing.

"It's fine. We don't need to be the greatest of all time at it, we just need to know enough to get by." Hermione stated.

Daphne thought for a few moments before answering. "Fine, I'll do it. When and where?"

"Next Wednesday after dinner. Meet us on the 7th floor by the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy."

Daphne nodded once before turning once more to stalk off. Hermione bit her lip in thought and what she had in mind caused Harry's eyes to widen and snap to her.

'Oh come on love, she was obviously watching us and it turned her on, why not punish her a bit for it.'

Harry thought for a moment. It was true that what Hermione had in mind did interest him, plus the bushy haired witch seemed almost...excited at the prospect. With a sigh the teen just nodded towards the girl, who broke out into a smile at his acceptance.

"Oh and Daphne! There is just one more thing. We want to make sure you keep your word just this once so we'll walk up to the castle with you." Hermione called out. Daphne just nodded and cocked her head to the side in a 'well follow me then' gesture. "But you see the thing is, me and Harry were just getting started and we hardly get any alone time as it is. You wouldn't mind waiting for us would you?" Hermione purred out, stroking Harry's chest.

The blonde girl froze at the implication, her cheeks flushing bright red. She made to say something but seemed to change her mind snapped her mouth close. Nodding, she didn't even try to pretend to give them space, instead she layed her school cloak out onto the ground by a tree and sat facing them.

Hermione smirked at the girl, excitement running through her. Harry himself throbbed at the idea of the buxom blonde spectating their love making.

Without missing a beat Hermione practically tackled him to the ground. Her mouth once more on his. The girl was wild, apparently pent up from the days events and excited at being watched. It was a new one for Harry but one he happily obliged. The brunette began working the buttons on his shirt, desperately trying to reach his flesh while grinding her clothed pussy upon him. When Daphne had interrupted earlier he managed to pull his trousers up to cover himself, yet no further. So once Hermione had succeeded in removing his shirt, her hands quickly reached down and deftly pulled his loose pants and boxers off, exposing him once more to the cool night air.

Pulling off his lips Hermione, grabbed her wand and with a wave vanished her own pants and knickers before looked down into his eyes. 'No more waiting, just fuck me. Now!' she screamed in his mind. Happily obliging her request, Harry reached down

positioning himself quickly at her slick entrance. With one thrust he pushed into her, spearing her almost to the hilt.

"Oohhh yesssss" she moaned out to the sudden intrusion. She placed her hands on Harry's exposed chest and began to bounce a top his thick cock. Her legs worked up a storm, this new position proving to be much more physically taxing on the girl but the sensations rolling through her body were worth it. Harry's own hips met hers with every bounce, their skin slapping together hard and the sound reverberating across the lake.

The sensations of a girl on top felt amazing for Harry. To feel Hermione atop him, her tight cunt walls stretching out and tightening around him with each bounce was fantastic. Only one thing could make it better the teen thought, reaching up he tugged upwards at the hem of her sweater. The sexy witch took the hint, pulling her sweater over her head between thrusts. She worked furiously at the buttons of her shirt before Harry too grew impatient and reached up, ripping the buttons apart in one swift movement. Now exposed to the air, Hermione's braless breasts stood out proudly. Her stiff nipples pointed out from her arousal.

Harry couldn't help himself at the beautiful sight. He sat up quickly and took one off the stiff nubs between his teeth, biting and sucking hard. Not forgetting its twin, he brought his hand up to massage and pinch the other between his fingers. Hermione groaned loudly at his ministrations, the tiny shocks of pain joining quite lovely with the pleasure of his length invading her womanhood. Looking to the side, Hermione made to check on their unexpected guest, the sight making her pussy clench hard in arousal.

There sat the beautiful and haughty Daphne Greengrass, hand under the hem of her pants working her clit with a passion. Her crystal blue eyes watched their joining with rapt attentions. Her mouth stood agape, breathing in sharp gasps of pleasure from her fingers quick work.

It was an astonishing sight, to see the Slytherin Ice Queen rub herself like a common slut while watching them fuck. It was a sight that made Hermione tip over the edge almost instantly, her walls tightening impossibly and juices gushing out onto Harry's abdomen.

"Fuuuuuccckkkkk!" she screamed out, her body convulsing at the waves of pleasure wracking her nerves.

Harry reveled in the feeling of her climax, but refused to stay idle. Grabbing her hips quickly, he began to thrust upwards as fast as he could. Hammering into the girl with all his might, fighting to prolong her climax as long as possible. A quiet squeak to his right brought his attention to their on looker. The blonde girl had began to rub herself even faster at Hermione's climax yet the sight of Harry's thick cock roughly slamming into the girls tight pussy from below became her undoing, her own orgasm ripping

through her body as she came hard at the couples love making.

Harry worked even faster at the sight. Hermione had collapsed on top of him, her orgasm plateauing and refusing to come down from the high as Harry kept abusing her pussy. Her only response being quiet short moans at the boys every thrust. For Harry his own peak was building fast, the pressure of his climax building rapidly in his balls. But it wasn't his thrusting that finally made him release. It was a fantasy that Hermione had accidentally played in her mind, of the two of them and Daphne Greengrass with Harry fucking her sweet pureblood pussy from behind and Hermione grinding her wet snatch into the Ice Queens face. The image sent him over the edge, unable to hold back at the kinky thought. With a roar he erupted into Hermione's awaiting pussy. His seed coating her walls and filling her to the brim with his molten hot spunk.

Finally, a while after his climax ended, and all three teens caught their breath, Hermione perked her head up and eyed Daphne.

"So see you Wednesday, yes?"

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Authors Note

A shorter sex scene this time around but don't worry! Next chapter will be full of all kinds of goodness, just wait!