

Dreamwalker

Chapter 1

Harry stood atop a hill overlooking a small village, smiling in perverse pleasure as he watched it light up with flashes of color, followed by the screams of the helpless Muggles who lived there. The air was acrid with the smell of smoke from the many small fires that burned throughout the little town. Above the sound of shattering glass, and the crashing of wood and stone, he heard a multitude of voices calling out, screaming, begging, and pleading mixed in with the shouts of incantations. He turned to the cloak figure standing next to him, moonlight glinting off the silver, skull shaped mask the covered his face.

“Send in the Vampires.” He hissed.

The figure bowed and raised his wand, red sparks shot from the tip, bathing the grassy hill in red light as a dozen shadowy figures leapt forward at inhuman speed. In seconds they reached the village, and he laughed as one of them grabbed a blonde-haired man trying to get into his car. The Vampire moved silently, pinned the man against the door as he fumbled with his keys, and sank his fangs into his shoulder with a gush of crimson.

Harry was horrified, he tried to reach out, to tell them to stop. He realized now he was in Voldemort’s mind, having been able to separate his emotions from Voldemort’s. He struggled, trying to close his eyes, to leave, anything to make the horror end. The laughter mocked him as his anger at the scene built, reaching a level of hatred he had never felt before. With a voiceless scream of rage, something finally snapped. The last thing he saw before he tore himself away, was Voldemort falling to his knees as he grasped his own head, screaming in pain.

Everything went white, and Harry felt a surge of fear as he found himself floating in silence. Trying to calm his racing heart, he looked around and realized he was suspended in a white mist. As he watched, the mist began to swirl and shift, colors and shapes coming in to view. As they became clear, hundreds of scenes played out all around him. A bride walking down the aisle, a young boy playing in the Quidditch World Cup, A wizard slaying a dragon, and countless other scenarios played out before him.

Taking a closer look, he began to recognize some of the people that he saw. He watched as Tonks danced at some sort of concert, Ron was being chased by Acromantula wearing roller skates in the old Ford Anglia, and Katie Bell was putting her broom away after practice. Spinning around, he glanced at the others, recognizing the face of his classmates, teachers, and members of the Order. One he didn't see was Hermione, but just as he thought of her, the scene in front of him swirled and changed. It settled after a few seconds, showing Hermione standing in front of a line of House Elves, handing out knitted hats to each one as they smile at her gratefully. He chuckled at the odd scene.

"What is this?" He asked, his voice echoing strangely as he continued to look around.

Curious, he extended his right hand and ran it through some of the mist, and found himself enveloped by it, turning his vision white for a moment before it cleared, and leaving him standing on a tiled floor, in a room filled with steam. The sound of running water thundered in his ears after the prolonged silence. It took a moment to get his bearing with the sudden change, but he soon realized he was standing the showers of the Hogwarts locker room.

"Hey Harry, come to celebrate?" Came a playful, familiar voice behind him.

Spinning around, he stared in shock as Katie Bell walked toward him, completely naked and dripping from the shower. Her long, dark hair stuck to her neck and back. She smiled as she walked closer to him, her perky, medium sized breasts bounced slightly with each step. Getting over his surprise, he spun around quickly, stammering an apology.

"K-Katie! I'm so sorry, I have no idea how I got here. I-" He stuttered, feeling his cheeks heat up.

He cut off as he felt her slender, damp arms wrap around his torso. Feeling her arms on his bare chest, he looked down and only now realized he was just as naked as she was. His hands shot down to his crotch, trying to cover himself, which was made more difficult by his rapidly growing erection. Katie giggled as she pushed her bare, slick breasts against his back, and her fingers began to trace lines along the contours of his chest.

“That was a great catch today, Harry.” She said in a seductive tone he had never heard from her before. “I think you deserve a reward for winning us the match.”

Her hands slid down his abs, his muscles twitching under her delicate touch, her fingers slid under his hands and she grabbed the base of his cock. Harry groaned as her soft hand began to stroke up and down his rock-hard shaft. With a grunt, he thrust his hips forward when her thumb caressed the sensitive head, drawing another giggle from Katie.

“That’s a big broom you have there. Mind if I take it for a ride?” She asked, playfully.

Tugging on his cock, she turned him around so he was facing her and, using it like a leash, pulled him with her as she backed up toward the running shower. Harry followed her, too dumbstruck to do anything else. His eyes wandered down without thought, taking in her perky breasts with dark pink nipples, and down further, to the small strip of dark hair between her legs. He only looked up when he felt the hot water falling onto him, looking up at Katie’s smiling face and dancing brown eyes.

She let go of him, and wrapped her arms around his neck, pressing her lips against his and moaning into his mouth. His arms jumped to life, wrapping around her waist and pulling her body against his, grinding his hard cock against her stomach. He wasn’t sure how he got here, or what exactly was happening, but, right now, he didn’t really care. The kiss deepened quickly, her tongue slipping into his mouth and sliding along his. Running his hands down her smooth back, he caressed the cheeks of her ass. One of her hands moved from his neck and slid down his body. He relaxed his hold on her as she took a half step back, her hand wrapping around his cock.

Letting go of her cheeks, his hands ran up her sides to grasp her breasts, squeezing the soft mounds as they filled his hands. Katie moaned into his mouth as her hand slowly stroked up and down his cock, her thumb running over the head lightly every time her hand reached the top. As he continued to play with her breasts, his thumb ran over her stiff nipple, moving back and forth over the hard nub. A minute later, she pulled back from their kiss, her swollen lips quirked up into a sexy, playful smile.

“I think it’s time I took *this* for a ride.” She said, squeezing his cock briefly.

She let go of his cock and threw her arms around his neck again. Suddenly, she jumped up, and wrapped her legs around his waist, throwing him off balance. He stumbled forward, and was only stopped from falling when her back hit the tiled wall of the shower. Fortunately, they weren't far away to start with, and his arms took some of the impact. Harry cupped her ass to support her weight as she giggled at the surprised look on his face. Flexing her muscular thighs, she raised herself up a few inches, grabbed his cock, and lined him up with her entrance. Relaxing her legs, she slowly lowered her hot, tight pussy down on him, moaning loudly as she took his entire length.

"Merlin, if I knew you were this big, I'd have done this a long time ago." She said, grinding her hips up and down.

Harry groaned at the incredible feeling of being in a girl for the first time, and rested his forehead on the cool tile next to her. She was hot, wet, tight, and soft in the most wonderful way, better than he ever imagined it could feel. Awkwardly at first, he started moving his hips back and forth in short movements. Soon, he got into a rhythm that worked, moving slowly to luxuriate in the exquisite feeling of being inside her. Just as he started to move faster, pushing into her harder, she stopped him.

"Harry, wait." She said.

Harry stopped, full sheathed in her tightness, and looked at her worriedly, hoping he hadn't done something wrong. Katie moved one of her legs from around his waist and threw it over his shoulder. As she started to move the other one, he adjusted his grip and moved his arms to help her. Now, with both of her legs dangling over his shoulders, she was practically folded in half against the wall. His cock sank even further into her in this position, and they both groaned at the feeling.

His cock throbbed as he looked down at where they were joined and pulled back, watching as his shaft slowly came into view, and her pink lips stretched around him as he pushed back in. He continued to watch as he picked up speed, his hips slapping loudly against the back of her thighs as he watched his cock appear and disappear between her delicate lips.

“Fuck that’s hot!” Katie said.

He looked and saw that she was looking at the same thing he had been. Her ankles locked behind his head as he sped up even more, grunting with effort as he drove into her even faster. Her head fell back against the wall as she moaned, her arms holding on to his neck even more tightly. Katie started to moan in time with his thrusts, her hands gripping his shoulders tightly. Closing his eyes, Harry struggled to hold on as he felt the familiar sensation of an orgasm starting to build. He managed just a few more thrusts before he was overwhelmed.

“Fuck!” Harry yelled as he lost control.

He buried himself deep into her as he came, groaning as his cock throbbed and pulsed inside of her. With a shriek, Katie followed him into euphoria, her pussy clutching around him as he jerked inside of her. They ground their bodies together as they came, trying to extend the pleasure. Both were breathing heavily as they finished, savoring the moment. Sliding her leg off his shoulder, Harry supported her as she unfolded herself and set her gently back on her feet, his spent cock falling out of her. Clapping suddenly sounded from behind them and Harry snapped his head around.

Standing behind them, were Angelina Johnson and Alicia Spinnet, just as naked as they were. Angelina was tall and thin, with black hair, dark skin, large, teardrop shaped breasts, and a round, full ass. Alicia was a couple inches shorter than Angelina, with dirty blonde hair, small, perky breasts and a thick, curvy figure.

“You were supposed to wait for us Katie, we wanted to thank Harry, too.” Angelina said, swaying her hips seductively as she walked into the room, followed closely by Alicia.

Katie giggled tiredly.

“He’s all yours Ange, I need a break anyways.” Katie told her, planting a kiss on his lips before she walked over to sit on the wooden bench along the wall.

Harry stared dumbfoundedly at the two beautiful girls as they each stood next to him and grabbed an arm, hugging them between their breasts.

“How about you?” Alicia asked in a deep, husky voice. “You up for another round, Harry? Harry? Harry!”

Everything around him went white again, he got a glimpse of the place filled with mist once more before it vanished and his eyes snapped open. Standing above him, shaking his shoulder, was the tall, gangly red-head, Ron Weasley. Harry shook him off and sat up in bed, rubbing his eyes and feeling disoriented again from the sudden change.

“About time you woke up. C’mon mate, breakfast is ready.” Ron said with far too much excitement.

Harry waved him off, and Ron left the room with a shrug. As the door closed behind him, Harry fell back onto the bed with a groan. He remembered everything. Voldemort, the village, the strange mist, and everything that happened with Katie. Of course, it must have been a dream, but everything had felt so *real*. Having been around magic for so long now, he knew this wasn’t normal. Something strange had happened to him, he just didn’t know what. There was one thing he did know for certain though.

Ron Weasley was a cock blocking git.

Chapter 2

Harry was once again floating in mist, watching as strange scenes played out in front of him. For the last week, this had been happening every night. As soon as he fell asleep, he found himself in the same odd place, watching what he was certain were the dreams of other people. Over the last week, he had been experimenting with what he could do. He found that he could move to the dreams of anyone he wanted to, all he had to do was think of them. As long as they were asleep, and dreaming, he could find them. It also soon became apparent that he could change nearly anything thing he wanted to. The time, the place, he could change any of it with a

thought. People were easily manipulated, they believed anything that he told them without question to a ridiculous degree.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Well, yes, I-”

The rest of Hermione answer was cut off as his lips pressed against her. Hermione grunted in surprise against his lips but didn't pull away. Sliding his hands around her back, he pulled her closer to him, her hands sliding up his arms and around his neck. Her lips began to move, kissing him back and her fingers threading through his hair. They continued to kiss in the water for several long moments before Harry pulled back, grinning hugely as she smiled brightly back at him.

“One more question.” He said, sliding his hands down to rest on her large, round cheeks.

“What's the deepest, darkest fantasy you've ever had?”

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

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

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

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

“Yes.” She confessed quietly.

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

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

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

Suddenly, they were no longer in the lake and were now standing in the library. They were dry, with Harry wearing nothing but a pair of boxers, and Hermione’s swimsuit had become a pair of white bra and panties. Reaching up, Harry hooked two fingers between the cups of her bra and yanked, easily tearing it from her body. Hermione gasped and her breasts bounced when they were released. Harry stared at the beautiful mounds, topped with pale, puffy areolas, and slightly darker, hard nipples.

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

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

Grabbing her ass tightly, he lifted her into the air and pressed her back against the bookshelf behind her, her breasts level with his face. He leaned forward and the tip of her breast into his

mouth, his tongue swirling about the nipple, her soft areola giving way under his tongue as he sucked lightly. Hermione moaned and grabbed his head, pulling his face into her chest. Turning, he carried her over to one of the long tables and lowered her down until she was sitting on it, her nipple popping out of his mouth.

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

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

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

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

"HARRY!" She screamed loudly.

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

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

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

His shaft shinning with her arousal, Harry continued to pull out slowly, and then sink back into her grasping cunt quickly. Gradually, his pace increased, pulling back faster and thrusting forward harder. Hermione's breasts bounced, her hard nipples jiggling up and down rapidly with each thrust. Soon, he was slamming back into her with a wet slap when their bodies collided. Hermione dropped her head back down on to the table and cute grunts were forced from her lips on every thrust. Her pussy began to flutter around him, spasming around the rigid shaft of his cock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Did you hear that?" Lavender asked.

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

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

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

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

“Harry!” Hermione whispered urgently.

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

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