

## Chapter 25

The moment their mouths connected, electricity shot straight through Hermione. A spark ignited low in her belly and spread outward like wildfire. Goosebumps erupted across her arms and down her back. Her pussy warmed instantly, growing hot and slick between her thighs. Her nipples tightened into hard little peaks, pushing against the fabric of her bra. She gasped into the kiss, her whole body reacting at once.

Harry's mouth moved against hers, gentle yet claiming, and Hermione's head spun. She kissed him back, tentative at first, then hungrier as that electric feeling kept pulsing through her.

He pulled away slowly after a long moment, their lips parting with a quiet sound. Hermione stared at him with wide eyes, her chest heaving. She lifted a shaky hand and touched her own lips, her fingertips brushing where his mouth had just been.

"Harry..." she whispered, her voice breathy and stunned. "That... that was..."

"Yeah?" He gave her a small smirk, his eyes dark with want. "Felt pretty fucking good, didn't it?"

She nodded quickly, still touching her mouth. "I've never..."

Harry didn't wait for more words. He leaned in again and kissed her harder this time. Their mouths crashed together, their tongues sliding and breaths mixing fast. Hermione surrendered immediately. She pressed her body against his, feeling the hot, hard length of his cock smash right against her stomach through her clothes. The contact made her whimper into his mouth. She pushed closer, needing more of that pressure, her hands gripping his shirt like she might fall apart without holding on.

They kept kissing like that, deep and messy. Harry's hands moved to her clothes. He tugged at the bottom of her shirt first, pulling it slowly up her body. Hermione hesitated for a second, suddenly bashful, her arms crossing a little over her stomach.

"Hey," Harry murmured against her lips. "It's just me. You're safe."

She let out a shaky breath and raised her arms. He peeled the shirt off and tossed it aside. Cool air hit her skin, but his hands were warm as they skimmed over her sides. He kissed down her neck right away, his lips and tongue tracing the sensitive skin there. Hermione tilted her head back with a soft moan. Heat bloomed wherever his mouth touched. He moved lower, kissing along her collarbone and the tops of her shoulders as more skin was revealed.

Next came her skirt. Harry's fingers found the zipper and slid it down. He pushed the fabric over her hips, letting it pool at her knees. She sat there in just her bra and knickers, her cheeks burning red. Her hands moved instinctively to cover herself.

“You’re beautiful, Hermione,” he said softly, coaxing her hands away. “So fucking pretty. Don’t hide from me.”

She bit her lip but let him guide her hands back down. Harry kissed every new inch of exposed skin, his mouth hot and slow. He trailed kisses down her arms, over her ribs, making her shiver and arch toward him.

Finally, he reached behind her. His fingers worked the clasp of her bra with ease. The straps slipped down her shoulders. As the bra fell away, Hermione made a small embarrassed sound and pressed herself tight against his chest, burying her face in the crook of his neck. She kissed him there, soft and quick, trying to hide her tits from his view.

Harry chuckled low, the sound vibrating against her. “Come on. Let me look.” He gently pushed her back until she was sitting up again, his hands steady on her shoulders. “You’re perfect. Look at these tits. So soft and round. Your nipples are so hard for me already.”

Hermione flushed even deeper, the pink spreading down her neck and across her chest. But his words hit her like another spark. She moaned quietly when he cupped one breast in his hand, his thumb brushing over the stiff peak. The touch sent jolts straight to her pussy.

Harry leaned down and took her nipple into his mouth. He sucked gently at first, then harder, his tongue swirling around it. Hermione’s hands flew to his hair, her fingers threading through the messy black strands and pulling him closer.

“Oh god, Harry...” she gasped.

Her back arched, pushing more of her breast into his mouth. He switched to the other one, sucking and licking while his fingers pinched and rolled the first nipple. She writhed against him, soft moans spilling out with every pull and flick of his tongue.

He devoured her tits with clear hunger, switching back and forth, squeezing the soft flesh in his hands while his mouth worked one, then the other. Hermione’s head fell back. Her hips rocked a little against him without her meaning to. Every suck and bite made her pussy throb, wetter than she’d ever been.

Harry kept going, praising her between licks. “These are so sensitive. You like when I suck them like this? Fuck, you sound so good moaning for me.”

“Yes,” she breathed. “Don’t stop... please...”

He didn’t. He kept sucking harder, one hand kneading her breast while the other slid down her side. Slowly he lowered her onto her back on the bed, never taking his mouth off her tits. Hermione lay there, her chest heaving and her legs shifting restlessly as he continued teasing her nipples with his lips, tongue, and teeth.

While he sucked, his hands moved lower. He pushed her skirt down her legs and threw it away. His palms stroked over her bare legs right after, warm and firm. Hermione shivered hard at the touch. Her skin felt hypersensitive everywhere.

Harry's hands explored her thighs, stroking up and down the smooth skin. She shook with anticipation as his fingers moved higher, tracing the soft inner parts of her thighs. He got closer and closer to her aching center, brushing teasingly near her pussy but never quite touching it yet. Every stroke made her tremble more, her legs parting a little wider on their own.

She was dripping wet, breathing fast, her tits still tingling from his mouth as he kept sucking one nipple and playing with the other.

He kept stroking her inner thighs with slow, teasing touches. His fingers danced higher each time, brushing right along the edge of her knickers but never quite dipping underneath. Hermione squirmed on the bed, her hips twitching up toward his hand. She was so wet already that the fabric of her knickers felt soaked through.

"Harry... please," she whined softly, her voice breaking a little.

He leaned down and kissed her again. His tongue slid into her mouth as one hand finally pressed against the outline of her knickers. He rubbed along the wet seam, feeling just how drenched she was. The heat and slickness made him groan into the kiss. "Fuck, Hermione. You're absolutely soaked for me."

She moaned against his lips, her body arching. Every press of his fingers sent sparks through her clit, but he kept it light and teasing, making her whine and chase his touch.

After a few more minutes of this delicious torture, Harry sat back on his knees between her spread legs. He just looked at her, taking in the sight. Hermione lay there breathing heavily, her tits rising and falling fast, her nipples still shiny from his mouth. Her skin was flushed all over.

She stared back at him for a long moment, then turned her head toward the mirror on the wall. What she saw made her pussy clench hard. There she was, completely naked except for her knickers, and her legs spread with Harry between them. Her hair was a wild mess, her lips swollen from kissing, and her body marked with faint red spots from his sucking. Clothes were scattered all over the bed and floor. It looked filthy and perfect. She couldn't believe that was really her, here with Harry like this. The sight turned her on even more. Fresh wetness slipped out of her.

Harry smirked as he watched her reaction. He reached down and pulled his shirt off, revealing his toned chest and stomach. Then he shoved his trousers and boxers the rest of the way down, kicking them to the floor. His cock lurched, hard and thick, pointing right at her.

Hermione's eyes raked over his naked body with pure hunger. She drank in every inch of him, from his strong shoulders down to the dark trail of hair leading to his cock. She got even wetter just by looking. Her toes curled and unclenched instinctively. One of her hands came up and cupped her own breast, squeezing it gently as she watched him.

"Like what you see?" Harry asked with a smirk.

She nodded, biting her lip. "God, yes."

He leaned closer, his hands sliding up her thighs again. His fingers hooked into the waistband of her knickers. Slowly, so slowly, he started peeling them down. Hermione lifted her ass off the bed without thinking, helping him. The cool air hit her soaked pussy as the fabric dragged down her legs. Harry pulled them all the way off and held them up for a second. He brought them to his face and took a long, deep whiff, his eyes closing in pleasure.

"Fuck, you smell so good," he muttered.

Hermione moaned loudly at the sight, her face burning. "I can't believe this is really happening," she whispered, half to herself. Her mind spun back through everything. Seeing Harry and Ginny in the tent at the Quidditch World Cup, hearing those sounds, watching from the shadows. All the teasing and flirting after that. Then sneaking into this exact room and using his wand on herself while moaning his name. And now here she was, completely naked in his bed, about to feel the real thing. It felt surreal.

Harry smiled down at her warmly. "You're so beautiful, Hermione. Look at you. All spread out for me like this. So fucking perfect. I've wanted this for a long time."

His praise made her blush hard, the flush spreading down her chest. She felt shy but so turned on.

Harry's eyes dropped lower. He stared right at her pussy. She was completely bare and glistening. Her lips were swollen and puffy, shiny with her juices. Her clit peeked out, hard and begging for attention. A thin string of wetness connected her to the bed sheet.

He moved properly between her legs now. Hermione instinctively spread them wider, opening herself up to him. Her eyes locked on his cock as it hung heavy between them. She couldn't look away.

Harry took his cock in his hand and leaned in closer. He pressed the thick head right between her soaked folds. The heat of it made her gasp. He rubbed it up and down slowly, coating himself in her slickness. The sensation was incredible. Hermione moaned, her back arching off the bed.

"Oh my god, Harry..."

He kept sliding the head along her slit, teasing her entrance, then dragging it up to rub firm circles around her clit. Every pass made her jolt with pleasure. Then he started slapping his cock against her pussy lightly, the wet sounds filling the room. Her juices clung to his length in shiny strands, making it glisten.

Hermione stared transfixed at the sight. His cock looked so big against her, spreading her folds, getting absolutely covered in her wetness. Every slap and rub sent waves of heat through her body. She moaned louder, her hips twitching up to meet him, completely lost in the feeling.

Harry kept teasing her like that, rubbing and slapping his cock all over her dripping pussy, watching her reactions with dark, hungry eyes.

Hermione stared at the sight, breathing hard, her body trembling with need.

"I still can't believe this is happening," she whispered, her voice shaky. "You and me. Like this. Right now."

Harry looked down at her, a little bit surprised as well. He couldn't believe how quickly it had all come together either. He had planned to tease her for days, maybe weeks, taking his time and having his fun. But here she was, naked and dripping underneath him after just one real conversation and a few touches. He wasn't complaining one bit.

In the old timeline, Hermione had ended up with Ron, completely wasted on that clumsy idiot who never really appreciated what he had. Harry hadn't paid much attention to her sexually back then. She was just his brilliant friend. But this time everything had flipped. Ginny had played her part perfectly, dropping those filthy hints and pushing Hermione's imagination into overdrive. He made a mental note to give Ginny a proper treat later. She deserved it for helping make this moment happen.

For Hermione, the rest of the world had completely disappeared. There was only Harry, only this bed, and only the heat building between her legs. Nothing else existed. She spread her thighs even wider, opening herself completely for him. Her wide eyes stayed locked on his cock as he pressed the blunt head right against her virgin entrance. The pressure was intense. She felt so small compared to him.

Harry pushed forward slowly. The head of his cock stretched her open. Hermione gasped sharply, her hands flying up to grip his shoulders. "Harry... wait. Go slow. Please. It's... it's a lot."

"I've got you," he said calmly, his voice low and steady. He leaned down and kissed her softly, staying perfectly still inside her for a moment so she could adjust. "Just breathe. You're doing so good."

She kissed him back, but her breath hitched as he pressed deeper. Another inch slid inside her. The stretch burned a little, a deep pressure that made her eyes go even wider. She stared straight into his green eyes, her own brown ones huge and

glistening. Her chest rose and fell rapidly. Small whimpers escaped her lips with every tiny movement he made. Her pussy clenched tight around him, trying to adjust to the thick invasion. It felt so full already, like he was splitting her open in the best and most overwhelming way. Electricity shot through her whole body again, every nerve ending lighting up.

“Fuck, you’re tight,” Harry murmured against her mouth. He kissed her deeper, distracting her as he rocked forward another inch. Hermione moaned into the kiss, the sound vibrating between them. Her legs shook as she wrapped them loosely around his waist. She felt every ridge and vein of his cock as he sank deeper. The discomfort was there, sharp at first, but underneath it was this incredible feeling of being filled. Of being connected to him so completely.

Harry kept going slow and steady until he finally bottomed out. His hips pressed flush against hers. Hermione’s eyes widened even more if that was possible. She broke the kiss with a loud gasp, her head tilting back against the pillow.

“Oh god... Harry. I feel so full. You’re so deep inside me.”

He stayed there, letting her get used to it. Her pussy fluttered and squeezed around his entire length. The heat of her cunt was incredible. Harry kissed her neck, her jaw, her lips again, whispering soft praises. “You feel amazing. So warm and wet. Just relax for me.”

Hermione nodded, her breathing fast and shallow. The discomfort slowly started to ease, replaced by this deep, throbbing pleasure. She rocked her hips experimentally and moaned at the spark it sent through her.

Harry leaned back a little, still buried inside her. “Watch properly,” he told her, his voice rough. “Look down and see us.”

Hermione obeyed instantly. She lifted her head and stared at where they were joined. His thick cock was stretching her pussy wide open. Her juices glistened all over his shaft. The sight was filthy and beautiful. Harry started to move then, pulling back slowly before sliding back in. The wet sounds were loud in the quiet room.

The pain faded fast. Soon it was nothing but raw pleasure. Every thrust sent waves of heat through her body. Harry picked up the pace, fucking her with long, steady strokes. Hermione moaned loudly, her hands sliding up into his hair. He leaned over her again and kissed her hard. She kissed him back just as eagerly, their tongues sliding together as their bodies moved.

His hands found her tits again. He squeezed them, pinching her nipples as he thrust deeper. Hermione arched her back, pushing her breasts into his hands. “That feels so good,” she gasped between kisses. “Don’t stop touching them.”

Harry fucked her harder. The bed started to creak under them. He pounded into her with more force, their bodies slapping together. Hermione got louder. Her moans

turned into cries of pleasure. "Harry! Oh yes... right there!" She rocked her hips up to meet every thrust, completely lost in it.

They both looked down again. His cock was shiny and coated with her creamy juices. Every time he pulled out, her pussy clung to him. Her wetness was everywhere, dripping down to his balls. The filthy wet sounds of their fucking filled the room. His heavy balls slapped against her ass with every deep stroke.

"I can't believe this," Hermione moaned, her voice breaking. "I can't believe you're inside me. Don't stop. Please don't stop."

"You feel so fucking good," Harry groaned. He slammed into her harder, grinding against her clit on every thrust. "So tight and wet for me."

Hermione's head fell back. She was getting louder, her cries echoing off the walls. "Harry... it's so deep. I feel everything. Oh god, yes!" Her tits bounced with every powerful thrust. Harry leaned down and sucked one nipple into his mouth, biting gently as he fucked her. She cried out, her fingers tightening in his hair.

He kept pounding into her, faster and rougher. The pleasure built higher and higher inside her. Hermione's whole body trembled. Her pussy clenched around his cock like a vice. "I'm... I'm going to... Harry!"

Hermione screamed, her back arching hard off the bed as her orgasm hit her violently. Her pussy spasmed wildly around him, squeezing and fluttering in strong waves. Her eyes squeezed shut then flew open again, completely unfocused with pleasure. She shook and cried out, the orgasm ripping through her like nothing she had ever felt. "Harry! Oh my god... I'm coming so hard!"

Harry was shocked by how intense it was. Her pussy gripped him like a hot, wet fist, pulsing and milking his cock. He kept fucking her through it, slower but deep, pressing his body fully against hers. He wrapped his arms around her, holding her close as she kept coming. Hermione kissed him hard, desperately, her tongue sliding against his as her body shook with the aftershocks of her climax. The kiss was messy and perfect, both of them breathing hard into each other's mouths.

Her orgasm rolled on and on. Harry stayed buried deep inside her, grinding gently as she trembled in his arms. He kissed her again and again, swallowing her moans and whimpers. Hermione clung to him, her nails digging into his back, completely overwhelmed by the pleasure.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, she seemed to start calming down and Harry pulled back from the kiss slowly, his face hovering above hers. He brushed a damp curl from her forehead, his voice soft and concerned. "You okay, Hermione?"

She nodded shakily at first, still catching her breath. Her chest heaved as she blinked up at him. Then a large, radiant smile bloomed across her face. "I've never felt

better in my life," she whispered, her voice full of wonder. "That was incredible, Harry."

He grinned down at her, warmth and hunger mixing in his eyes. "Good. Because we're not done yet." He started to pull out of her slowly. Hermione groaned deeply at the sensation, her pussy clenching around him as if trying to keep him inside. When he finally slipped free, a rush of her juices spilled out onto the sheets. She looked down between her legs and saw his hard cock glistening with her creamy wetness. The sight made her lick her lips without thinking.

Without waiting for any prompt on his part, Hermione pushed herself up onto her knees. She leaned forward and lowered her mouth to his cock. Harry groaned loudly as her warm tongue made first contact, licking along the underside of his shaft.

"Fuck, Hermione," he breathed.

She started licking him thoroughly, cleaning every trace of her own juices from his length. Her tongue swirled around the head, tasting the mix of them both. At first she was a bit awkward, her movements tentative and unsure, but she looked up at him with those big brown eyes, clearly seeking approval.

"You're doing so good," Harry praised, his hand gently threading through her hair. "Just like that. Use your tongue more on the head. Yeah... perfect."

She preened under the praise, her cheeks flushing with pleasure. Emboldened, she opened her mouth wider and slowly took him inside. She wasn't a pro by any means, but she quickly got more comfortable. Her lips stretched around his thickness as she bobbed her head, taking more of him each time.

Harry guided her gently with his hand in her hair, showing her the rhythm. Hermione sucked harder, her tongue pressing along the underside while her hand stroked what she couldn't fit in her mouth. Wet, slurping sounds filled the room as she worked him with growing confidence. She hummed around his cock, the vibrations making him twitch.

Harry groaned and let her go for a while, enjoying the sight of her curly hair bouncing as she sucked him. But he wasn't ready to cum yet. After several minutes, Hermione pulled back with a wet pop, her hand still stroking him firmly from base to tip. Her lips were shiny and swollen.

"Get on your hands and knees for me," Harry ordered, his voice low and commanding.

Hermione's eyes lit up. She loved how dominating he sounded. It made her feel addicted, wanted, completely his. She obeyed eagerly, turning around and getting into position. She arched her back and pushed her ass up toward him, presenting herself beautifully.

Harry squeezed her ass cheeks hard with both hands, then smacked one side firmly. The sharp sound cracked through the room. Hermione cried out in pleasure, the sting blooming into heat between her legs. "Aahhh!" She pushed back toward him. He smacked the other cheek just as hard. She moaned louder, clearly loving it.

"Such a perfect ass," he muttered, squeezing and spreading her cheeks. He teased her for a bit longer, rubbing his cock between her soaked folds without entering, slapping it against her pussy a few times. Hermione whimpered and rocked back, desperate for more.

Harry pressed a hand between her shoulder blades and pushed her down gently but firmly. Her face buried into the pillow, her ass hiked high in the air. From this angle she could turn her head and see everything in the mirror. Harry lined himself up and pushed inside her slowly from behind. Hermione watched wide-eyed as his thick cock stretched her open again, disappearing inch by inch into her pussy.

"God, look at that," she breathed.

Harry started fucking her hard right away. His hips snapped forward, burying himself deep with every thrust. The new angle hit spots inside her that made her see stars. Wet, filthy slapping sounds echoed as his hips met her ass. Hermione clutched the bedsheets tightly, moaning into the pillow.

"Fuck, you're so tight like this," Harry groaned, slapping her ass hard again while he pounded into her.

"It feels fucking hot," Hermione gasped, her voice muffled but growing bolder. "Harder, Harry. I love how deep you are."

He grinned and obliged, gripping her hips and slamming into her faster. Their eyes met in the mirror. Hermione looked back at him with a grin, flushed and wild, clearly enjoying every second. She pushed back against him, meeting his thrusts with her own. "Yes... just like that. Don't stop fucking me."

Harry had never expected Hermione to have this side to her, so vocal and filthy, and he loved it. "That's it. Take my cock like a good girl." He slapped her ass again, the red mark standing out on her pale skin. The intensity built quickly. He fucked her with long, powerful strokes, his balls slapping against her clit with every thrust. Hermione's moans grew louder and more desperate.

She watched them in the mirror the whole time, transfixed by the sight of his cock plunging in and out of her, coated in her juices. "I can't believe how good this feels," she moaned. "Your cock looks so big stretching me open."

Harry reached around and grabbed one of her tits, squeezing it as he kept pounding her. "You're taking me so well. Such a greedy little pussy."

Their fucking grew even more intense. Harry's thrusts turned wild and deep. Hermione clutched the sheets harder, her knuckles white. She felt that familiar warmth building in her pussy again, stronger this time. "Harry... I'm getting close again," she panted.

He leaned over her, his chest against her back, still slamming into her. "Cum with me, Hermione. I'm gonna fill you up."

His words pushed her over the edge. The moment Harry's thrusts grew erratic and he started cumming, Hermione's second orgasm crashed over her violently. She cried out loudly, her pussy clamping down hard around his cock as he shot thick ropes of cum deep inside her.

"Harry! Oh god, I'm coming again!" Her voice broke into a long, trembling moan. Waves of pleasure ripped through her body. Her pussy spasmed wildly, milking every drop from him. She shook uncontrollably, her knees giving out as the orgasm went on and on.

Harry kept thrusting through it, groaning deeply as he emptied himself inside her. "Fuck... take it all." He pressed fully against her, his cock pulsing and shooting more cum with every twitch. Hermione's orgasm stretched out, intense aftershocks making her whimper and clench around him.

The dorm room finally went silent except for their heavy breathing. Harry slumped over her, his weight pressing her down onto the bed. Her knees had completely given out, leaving her flat on her front with him still buried deep inside. He stayed there, still pulsing and releasing the last bits of his load.

Harry wrapped his arms around her, holding her close as he kissed along her shoulder and the side of her neck. Hermione tilted her head to give him better access, sighing contentedly at the soft kisses.

They stayed like that for a long moment, connected and spent, the air thick with the scent of sex and satisfaction.

Eventually, Harry pressed one last lingering kiss to the side of her neck and slowly pulled out. A thick trickle of his cum followed, leaking from her swollen pussy and dripping down onto the sheets. Hermione shivered at the feeling, a small, shaky whimper escaping her as she pressed her thighs together instinctively.

Harry rolled onto his side and pulled her against him, wrapping his arms around her waist. Hermione turned willingly, curling into his chest like she belonged there. Her cheek rested against his damp skin, listening to the steady, rapid thump of his heart.

"Damn, Hermione..." he murmured, his voice rough and low. His fingers traced lazy circles along her spine. "I didn't expect you to be that perfect."

She buried her face shyly in his chest, a glowing smile blooming on her face. "I didn't expect any of this," she whispered. Her hand came up to rest over his heart. "I thought... I thought it would hurt more. Or that I'd be too nervous. But with you... it just felt right. Oh God, I can't believe I really said all those things."

Harry tilted her chin up gently and kissed her, slow and deep, nothing like the frantic hunger from before. When he pulled back, his green eyes were soft, almost wondering as he looked at her.

"You're mine now," he said quietly yet firmly, brushing a sweaty curl from her forehead. "No more hiding. No more watching from the shadows. I want you like this. All the time."

Hermione's breath caught at the possessiveness in his voice, but instead of fear, a warm thrill bloomed in her chest. She nodded, biting her lip. "I want that too. I... I think I've wanted it for longer than I realized."

She shifted closer, pressing her still-sensitive breasts against him, enjoying the way his hand automatically moved to cup one, his thumb brushing lazily over her nipple. They lay tangled together, their legs intertwined, the room quiet except for their breathing and the occasional soft kiss.

After a while, Hermione glanced toward the mirror again. This time she saw a very different sight: her body flushed and marked, Harry's arm possessively wrapped around her, and their bodies fitted together like they'd always been meant to. She looked thoroughly fucked, thoroughly claimed, and happier than she could ever remember being.

Harry noticed her looking and smirked. "Like what you see now?"

Hermione let out a small, breathless laugh and hid her face in his neck, embarrassed but delighted. "Shut up."

He chuckled, planting a kiss against her temple. "We're going to have a lot of fun together, Hermione. This was only the beginning."

She shivered with anticipation at his words, already feeling a faint stir of heat low in her belly again despite how spent she was. As Harry's hand slid down to rest possessively on her arse, squeezing gently, Hermione closed her eyes and smiled.

For the first time in a long time, everything felt exactly right.

To be continued...