

Knut for Your Thoughts? - Chapter 2

Dragons Are Horrible Conversationalists

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In the week that followed Harry and Hermione tested their new power as best they could. With the first task on the horizon they found it imperative to find out all they could on it, which in all honesty wasn't very much.

There didn't seem to be any limit to it distance wise. At first they tried it from separate parts of the castle. Then Harry went all the way down to the green houses while Hermione climbed up to the Astronomy tower. Both with no real effect. The only difference they found was that the thoughts they could hear seemed to be fuzzier when they were out of each other's sight but even then only slightly. They decided to call that part of their testing quits when Harry snuck into Hogsmeade one night while Hermione stayed in the Gryffindor dorms with no real difference in their communication.

They moved on to trying to control what thoughts could be heard and what couldn't. While they had nothing to hide from each other, hearing a constant stream of the other's thoughts became quite disorientating at times. Though, that did not stop Harry from sending over thoughts of their night together just to see Hermione squirm and blush heavily in class. If the times Hermione had dragged him into the nearest broom closets or empty classrooms were any indication, she didn't mind all that much.

They trained their connection every day, despite the absence of any breakthroughs, if only for the assurance that their connection wouldn't suddenly fail while facing against the dragon. Regular magic and spells weren't forgotten however, with Hermione drilling him with spells new defense spells and charms that she had found in the library.

This is where Harry found himself now, falling to the floor of the Room of Requirement in exhaustion after practicing chaining different spells together for hours. The wall opposite him was scorched from his wand work, with a few deep gouges that he was particularly proud of.

This was the last night he had to train, with the first task to take place the very next morning. Hermione had urged him to take it easy but his mind would not. This room was a boon to them, with the ability to be almost anything they wanted and he made sure they had taken advantage of it to its fullest to prepare.

Flashback

It had been a few days since the ritual and Harry and Hermione were currently making their way down toward the kitchens for dinner. The couple had no wish to be around other people at the moment as most still had nothing better to do than glare

at the black haired teen and flash Draco's putrid "Potter Stink's" badges at him.

Harry had tried to tell Hermione he was fine to eat alone and that he did not wish to take her from the company of their classmates in the great hall but it fell on deaf ears. The witch could hear the his warring emotions within his head, especially after the taunts from Malfoy earlier that caused his blood to boil. If Professor Moody hadn't intervened with his humorous display of transfiguration, Harry likely would have gotten several detentions from cursing the now dubbed ferret into a coma.

Though thankfully the paranoid professor did intervene, and since then Hermione had been glued to Harry's hip, sending over soothing words every time she sensed his emotions turn sour.

The duo continued to walk until they finally found themselves at the kitchen entrance. Tickling the pair until the door knob appeared, Harry held open the door for the girl to enter. They were greeted with the familiar sight of house elves running around busying themselves with the dinner preparations. Harry heard the huff from the girl beside him and winced at the sudden influx of disapproval he felt from the brunette.

She was still actively researching for ways to help better the house elf lives ever since witnessing the treatment of Winky first hand. The aforementioned house elf was currently passed out in the far corner of the room with a concerning amount of butterbeer bottles strewn out around her. He sent a nudge over their link, one of the few things they found out how to do in the last few days, trying to lightly inform her of the discomfort the intensity of her thoughts brought him. He felt a flash of sympathy and guilt from her before her mind shifted to other topics. One of which was their bond itself.

They had learned relatively little from their testing and that was in due part because they simply did not have anywhere in the castle to test. Strictly speaking, it was against the rules for student to occupy any unused classrooms or storage areas without permission. The risk of being caught by a wayward prefect or teacher simply too high for continual use and what time they did spend in one they usually spent training spell work (the various snog sessions between classes didn't count). Harry sent over a small pulse of understanding before sighing himself. Sitting down at one of the back tables he spoke, "I know 'Mione, but we'll just have to make do. Not like there's any where else where we can research and train away from prying eyes. Unless you fancy a slide down to the Chamber of Secrets of course. The girl grimaced at that, knowing full well the unpleasant state that Salazar's old hideout was currently in thanks to Harry and Ron's retelling of it.

Suddenly a squeaky voice piped up from beside them, "Dobby knows Great Harry Potter Sir!" the excitable little elf proclaimed, quickly placing a giant platter oof sandwiches in front of the teens. He was dressed up in an oversized muggle football shirt with the words MANCHESTER UNITED emblazoned across the top. Harry shook

his head, deciding not to even bother asking where he got such a garment.

"You know a place we can use Dobby?", Hermione questioned.

The elf bounced from foot to foot, his brightly colored mismatched socks giving Harry a head ache. "Yes Miss Hermy! Hogwarts elves calls it the Come & Go Room but Dobby hears ghosties call it the Room of Requirement!" he squeaked.

Hermione quickly grilled the elf for details about the rooms location. Dobby answered everything with great excitement, happy to help Harry Potter and his friends. In thanks Hermione quickly reached into her bag and handed the elf a deep maroon scarf, hand knitted by the girl herself. Standing abruptly she grabbed Harry's hand and dragged him from the kitchens, their dinner all but forgotten.

Struggling to keep up with the excited bookworm, Harry spied a familiar cabinet in the corridor they were running through. Pulling them to a stop, Harry quickly passed along his intentions to the girl mentally. He strode over to the cabinet and knocked seven times before swinging the doors open and pulling the girl through with him. She looked around in wonder for a moment as they were suddenly on the 7th floor of the castle, though she pointedly ignored the smug mental messages coming from the green eyed boy next to her.

Finding their way to the tapestry Dobby described, Hermione did as he instructed and paced across the blank stretch of wall opposite of the dancing trolls. Before their eyes an intricate wooden door appeared. Pulling it open, they were met with a large room with a fireplace, sofa set, and bed inside. Harry raised his eyebrow at the girl, pointing a look at the bed before she surprised him with a smirk and walked towards it with an exaggerated swing of her hips.

'You're gonna be the bloody death of me', the teen thought. From the tinkling laugh that sounded from the sexy witch, he summarized she heard that

End of Flashback

'Are you just gonna lay there all night?', the very girl he'd been thinking about voice filtered in. He gave a whining groan before sitting up stretching his sore muscles, catching sight of her sitting in her plush chair by the fire, both of which the room conjured. She sat with her legs pulled up to her chest and book on Occlumency in her hands, clad in only pajama bottoms and one of Harry's t-shirts that weren't a Dudley hand-me-down. Neither teen had heard of the obscure branch of magic before, though from what their research told them it was a fairly difficult branch of magic to begin with. They had quite literally stumbled upon this one evening after testing the rooms full capabilities. After trying various forms, Hermione had decided to try something fairly obscure and asked for a room which would help them train with their newfound connection. The result was a completely bare room except for a single book upon a simple wooden podium. That said book was currently in the

hands of the intelligent witch.

Harry approached her, leaning on the arm of the chair while peering over her shoulder. He had tried his best to help her make heads or tails of the complex text yet he could barely understand the foreword.

"No, I haven't found anything useful yet. Beyond 'clearing your mind' the author doesn't give any other damn instructions on how to actually perform the art.", she exclaimed heatedly, answering Harry's unasked question. The boy who lived sighed internally. She was exhausted. After pouring over the same book multiple times with no further progress being made the girl's patience was beyond frayed yet she never let up. It was one of the many things that he both loved about her and made him worry.

Taking the book from her hands with barely a fight, Harry proceeded to pick her up bridal style from the chair. She leaned her head tiredly against his chest and he placed her gently upon the bed he had the room conjure moments ago. After stripping down to his boxers he climbed in as well with the girl quickly curling into his side.

They didn't sleep in the Room of Requirement often as they didn't wish to bring down too much suspicion from their dorm mates. Yet tonight was one of the few exceptions. With the fear of what might happen tomorrow, both teens wished for the comfort of the other.

Harry wrapped an arm around the girl and pulled her even closer. He absentmindedly played with strands of her hair for a while, deep in thought. He was sure the girl heard his mental turmoil as he was aware of hers rushing through her mind as well. For the most part they were able to tune out the others thoughts, similar to how one would in a room with other people talking. But it would never be truly quiet for either as even their dreams were open to the other if the night Hermione awoke screaming to visions of an irate Vernon Dursley was anything to go by. Harry had felt exceptionally guilty about that and hated that he was forcing his chilling nightmares upon her. Yet she quickly reassured him each time he tried to apologize, stating that she just wish she had known how bad they were sooner so she could've comforted him during the bad nights. He fell a little more in love with her after that.

"I don't care about the task, I don't care about you winning or even qualifying, just please Harry. Please just make it out alive", the girl pleaded, her voice breaking through their mutual silence. He looked down upon her face and found her eyes full of unshed tears. Not saying a word the black haired teen simply leaned down and captured her lips with his. Like always her presence filled him, warming his heart with her own inner song. They lay for a while, sharing soft kisses with each other trying to ward away the dark thoughts.

Out of desperation or excitement, neither knew, but soon the kisses turned heated. Their tongues slipping past each other's lips, fighting for dominance. Neither won or

loss and they were decidedly content with that. Hermione shifted before long and came to sit atop of him. Her shapely bum trapping his clothed cock between her cheeks. She stared into his eyes and pressed all her wants and intentions into his mind. His eyes widened at what he heard. They had enjoyed each other's body's yes, but had never truthfully dived fully over the edge. While they were happy to give and receive pleasure from the other's hands or mouth, they had yet to make love. However, tonight it seemed, would be that night.

Rather than answer verbally, Harry simply sat up catching the edges of the girls shirt with his hands and pulled upwards. Her braless tits bounced out, on display for him to see. Hermione giggled at his staring, the boy always having the same reaction when her girls came out to play. She squeezed them together with the sides of her arms, pushing them out closer to the teens face. Not needing any other prompting, Harry surged forward and captured one of her hardening nipples in his mouth. He flicked his tongue over the hard point while using his hand to tweak its twin, the groans and moans from the girl urging him on.

Hermione let him continue attacking her ample chest for a few minutes, enjoying his ministrations. She soon grew impatient however and began to grind herself upon the hardened length in his boxers. Her thin panties and pajama bottoms became damp with her arousal, the sensations driving her mad.

'P-please' her mind screamed at him. She couldn't conjure the words, too drunk on him and the sensations she felt.

Harry gave into her mental pleading, rolling them over where he was nestled on top between her legs. Sitting up onto his knees, he pulled away her sleep pants and knickers in a quick sweep. Despite his haste, Hermione felt it too slow and desperately tried to pry his boxers down as well with a whine. He gave in quickly to her request and shuffled about the bed until he was able to remove the offending material. Now fully bare once more to each other they drunk in the sight.

Harry snapped out of his admiration first and positioned himself at the girls slick entrance. He rubbed the tip of his hardened length between her folds in fascination, his mind alight with excitement. Looking up into his lover's eyes he waited for her permission, which was given with a smile and nod of her head, before he slowly began to sink into her.

It was a feeling like nothing else, the sheer heat and tightness of the girls cunt threatening to drive the green eyed teen mad. It took all his will power not to begin hammering into her like a rutting beast. His resolve held fortunately, and he slowly began to sink into her little by little. After, what felt like years to him, he finally bottomed out inside her. He held himself there for a moment keeping an eye on the brunettes face. Her eyes were closed and her chest heaved with fluttered breaths. He could feel her own wonderment at the sensations and discomfort at the pain his large girth caused.

Finally the girl opened her deep brown eyes, and nodded. He began slowly, lazily pumping in and out of her tight pussy with short pumps. Each push back into her wet folds causing the girl to gasp, as the pain finally began to subside, replaced with the sweet sweet pleasure she desired.

Quickly wrapping her legs around the boys waist she let her intentions know to him. "F-faster" 'Harder' she gasped.

Needing no further prompting, Harry began to pick up the pace. He pulled out of her drenched snatch until only the tip remained before slamming back into her. Hermione cried out in ecstasy at the feeling, his thick cock feeling like it was splitting her in two. The slaps and squelches of their lovemaking in tune with her loud moans. His hips hammered into her like a machine while his pistoning wood reshaped her womanhood.

Hermione's moans grew louder with each thrust and the ball of heat growing in her core. "Oh god! D-don't you dare s-stop!" she cried. Harry grunted in response, the moans of the girl stirring him on. Her tight walls clamped his cock like a vice and the sheer tightness of the girl daring to make him erupt early. Needing more leverage, he pulled himself up to his knees once more and pushed the girls raised legs downwards, holding onto her creamy thighs for support.

The girls eyes bulged at this new position. Essentially folded in half, the girls cunt was pushed upwards slightly causing the tip of her lover's hammering cock to slam into a rough bundle of nerves within her formally virgin cunt. She grasped the sheets hard, the repeated hammering of her new found g-spot causing her eyes roll to the back of her head before her body suddenly jerked hard and she came with loud scream of pleasure.

Harry's cock was sprayed with her juices, coating him in the heavy scent of her arousal.

The fluttering of her walls from her intense orgasm was his undoing, as soon after he slammed hard inside her with a grunt, bottoming out once more before erupting into her awaiting womb. Stream after stream of hot cum filled her abused pussy, her walls milking him for all he had. Finally after filling her to the brim with his seed, Harry slumped forward bonelessly on top of the girl, both breathing heavily with a sheen of sweat across their bodies from their lovemaking.

After a few minutes catching their breath, Harry rolled over with a groan, his deflating cock exiting her cunt with a squelching sound while his seed slowly poured out of the brunette. Hermione snuggled into his side with a sigh of contentment, uncaring of the mess that was dribbling out of her used pussy.

Slowly both teens succumbed to their exhaustion with words of sweet nothings

flowing between their minds.

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Of all the times his rotten luck could have shown its ugly face, the picking of the Champion's dragons would of course been it. Harry cursed under his breath, staring at the miniature model of his future demise prowling around the floor of the Champion's tent.

They had spent a great deal of time pouring through tomes of dragon breeds, looking over each one's strengths in weaknesses. The Hungarian Horntail he would be facing had a plethora of the former and very very few of the latter. He remembered studying them too, thinking there was no way he wouldn't be the one to draw the horrid beast.

From outside the tent he could hear the roars from Krum's own flame-breathing adversary. The crowds oohs and aahs not helping to settle his nerves. Hermione's thoughts were even worse. She had so far witnessed three of the dragons in action and yet knew the one her boyfriend would face would be the worst yet.

The fact that they did not have to fight a dragon but to secure a false egg in the brood mother's clutch was a minor stress relieved but not much of one. Mother dragons were fatally protective of their eggs and surely would not care if even one was fake given enough time to adjust to it. He once more considered Professor Moody's not very subtle hint of using his broom, and while it was a good backup plan, but he had very little doubt even a seeker of his capacity could outfly a dragon.

Hermione had tried to send him calming thoughts but it wasn't very effective considering her own swirling mind of anxiety and fear.

Releasing a sigh the teen stood from his chair. The crowd had gone silent minutes prior after a hefty round cheering broke out. Hermione had confirmed that the handlers were removing the Chinese Fireball and slowly easing in the vicious Horntail.

The canon had sounded moments later and Harry Potter made his way through the tunnel.

It was deathly silent. He could see the crown watching on with bated breath as he entered the arena. The area was covered in jagged rocky outcroppings, and there in the center, stood the hulking figure of the Hungarian Horntail.

Its head was a mess of horns and sharp spikes that trailed down its spine before ending at its blade-like tail.

The dragon was moving its head all around, eyeing the spectators while hunting over a small clutch of eggs. Yet it sooner turned its attention to Harry, sensing his presence. The teen swore he saw the beat narrow its eyes before a low growl escaped its closed maw.

The voice of Hermione filtered through his panic, urging him on to remember the plan. He looked up at where he sensed her quickly. Not wanting to take his eyes off the dragon for long. She sat up in the stands to his right with a large group of other Gryffindors, eyes alight in fear but in that split second she managed to press all her thoughts of faith and determination to him.

Taking a deep breath, Harry began. 'Distraction first', Hermione's voice echoed. Harry eyed the dragon before opening his mouth and hissed out loudly.

"Great and mighty serpent! I come to you with much respect and humbleness! You have been fooled, O great one, for there is an imposter in your clutch that I seek to remove for you!"

Harry had no misconceptions that the Dragon could actually understand Parseltongue, nor would it care what he said. But Harry didn't need it to understand, just hesitate. They had tested the limits of the language in the Room of Requirement. While the language itself could only truly be spoken to and understood by snakes it did have a certain effect on other reptiles. Nothing near basic understanding but it was close to how a partially trained dog would react to English. It couldn't understand or even begin to conceive the words yet something in the back of its mind was tickled at the sound and thus earned at least a few minutes of rapt attention.

Harry continued his long-winded rant. Pushing aside the grandiose speech, he settled on repeating one of Aunt Petunia's soufflé recipes, while discretely brandishing his wand behind his back. With two small flicks of his wrist he silently summoned two grey rat snakes.

He switched his speech back on track, gaining the attention of the confused serpents.

"I beg of you mighty serpents, retrieve the golden mental egg from the nest and a great bounty is yours!" he hissed out loudly, waving his arms around to ensure the dragon's eyes remained on him.

He could have probably ordered the two snakes to get the egg for him but knew first-hand that they were prideful creatures. Stoking their ego a bit and promising a reward would go a long way in convincing them to chance against the ire of a dragon. Apparently he chose the right words however, as the pair of limbless reptiles began to discretely slither towards the scaled flame beltcher, albeit with a bit of grumbling.

Of course not everything could go to plan, as the Horntail chose that moment to grow bored of Harry's display and simply try to incinerate the weird hissing human.

He managed to dive behind a close outcropping just in the nick of time. The heat that

a washed over his cover rage with a great intensity. His clothing became stuck to his skin while sweat poured down his brow. He worried for a split second that the two summoned serpents had been caught in the torrent of flames.

'They're fine. They're about halfway there already.', Hermione reassured from the stands, 'Wouldn't hurt to give them some breathing room though.'

Harry did just that. He flung himself out of cover and began casting. Nothing dangerous or meant to attack the dragon yet, it was already pissed off from all the people, he didn't want to make it livid.

A flourish of sparks in one direction. Sweeping orbs of colorful fairy lights in another.

With a sweep of his wand a few rocks in the arena turned into hastily formed instruments before a quick charm caused them to begin playing. The transfigurations weren't great so the produced sound was akin to screeching metal and crushing rocks but they did the job.

The dragon looked around everywhere, confused and curious at the same time. Just for good measure, Harry called up the memory of Hermione and him confessing their feelings, letting the joy he felt then wash over and consume him. With a wave of his wand and a muttered "Expecto Patronum", Prongs lept from the holly wand shining brightly.

The patronus pranced around the arena, dashing around the dragon's head. The horntail became very interested in the silvery stag and began trying to capture it in its jaws, thinking it was a suitable prey. Harry focused all he could on the spell, ensuring that the patronus stayed just out of reach of the horned beast. The dragon soon grey annoyed of the offending stag prancing away and began to clamber after it, hoping to chase the corporeal spirit animal down.

This proved the perfect outcome as it gave the twin conjured serpents the chance to reach the nest of eggs while the mother dragon was distracted. Harry glanced their way and hissed out quick instructions for the snakes. Hissing back in understanding, the grey colored serpents coiled around the false egg tightly.

Harry braced himself for the next step. He needed to time it perfectly or he would be consumed by dragon fire.

The horntail had finally cornered the offending patronus, and Harry watched on waiting for his chance. The scaled gargantuan acted fast, striking out with its jaws consume its annoying prey. As soon as the giants jaws snapped shut, Harry ended his spell and ran.

"Accio rat snakes!" he cried, flicking his wand towards the nest. The bundle of serpents and metal came flying towards the teen like a bullet. The egg impacted hard

into the teens stomach, the snakes wrapped around it hissing in discomfort, but the boy did not falter, continuing his run towards the arena entrance. Yet just as he thought he would make it, an earth shattering roar blasted through the arena.

The dragon, upon finding no meal between its jaws had looked around confused, hoping to spot the silvery deer. Yet it only caught sight of the tiny human from before, waving one of the hurtful sticks at its clutch. It let out a vicious roar as it spotted one of its brood flying out towards the humans grasp.

Harry's heart clenched at the noise but he dared not to stop running. Glancing back for a split second, he witnessed the hungarian monstrosity clambering towards him, its maw alight with a building flame. Harry knew he wouldn't make it, so he did what it always did in situations like this and came up with a stupid idea. An incredibly stupid and moronic idea.

He vaguely heard Hermione screaming at him in his mind, the girl hearing what his last minute plan was and vetoing strongly against it. Thought for once, Harry could barely hear her, the sound of his racing heart far too loud in his ears.

Without giving it a second thought, Harry spun around and pointed his wand at the ground, jumping back with his eyes closed as he screamed out one of the new defense spells he had practiced.

"BOMBARDA MAXIMA"

The resulting explosion expelled the boy who lived backwards through the entrance. Barely a second later, the place where he had stood became a washed in flames.

The teen's landing left many things to be desired. He remembered crashing hard into the ground before everything went black.

Authors Note

Second chapter down! Things got a great deal more heated both romantic and action wise, and will hopefully continue that trend in the next chapter. Let me know what you all think in the comments!

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