

Entangled

by MHaydn

My first PWP. Fan fiction is corrupting me.

Chapter 1 of 1

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"Ouch."

Hermione had barked her shins in the dark.

"Damn it all, anyway," she swore to herself. The idea of raiding Filch's storeroom had seemed clever when it first occurred to her. The Weasley twins had found the Marauder's map. There must be lots of good stuff hidden away.

But there was no order to anything. It hadn't been sorted, labeled, or stored by someone who knew magic. Now that she was in the storeroom, it occurred to her that some of this stuff was extremely dangerous, nothing she would allow irresponsible brats to have. She began to think it would take forever to find something of value, and she only had a few hours.

There was a noise behind her.

"*Blindo. Incarcio.*"

There was the sound of a body slamming against the wall and the rattling of chains.

"*Lumos.*"

The cone of light revealed Pansy Parkinson blindfolded with her hands chained above her head. Hermione was thankful the storeroom had plenty of restraining devices.

"Okay, whoever you are, what are you playing at?" asked Pansy.

Hermione watched Pansy's body assume a slinky curve. Hermione thought that smart since anyone sneaking around would likely be a wizard, not a witch. To her surprise, Hermione decided it would be very effective. The little Slytherin was both trim and well-rounded. Still surprising herself, Hermione decided to play. She walked toward the bound witch and watched her slink into another curve.

"Well, speak up," said Pansy.

Hermione stepped close and waited silently. She caught the other girl's flash of uncertainty: perhaps this wizard wasn't attracted. Nevertheless, Pansy was entirely too calm. Hermione put her wand on the girl's throat. Pansy gasped.

'That's better,' thought Hermione.

She trailed her wand down the shirt buttons; she was disappointed at the lack of response.

'I'll remedy that,' she thought.

She put her wand on one side of the other girl's neck and slowly trailed it down to the opposite breast. She did the same to the other side of the neck and the other breast.

"What am I doing?" she wondered as she repeated the moves, watching the nipples peak.

She found it odd that her own nipples were responding.

Hermione told herself she only wanted to see how far the other girl would go as she moved her wand to the hem of the other girl's skirt and touched her inner knee. Pansy flinched.

'Better,' thought Hermione. A stirring below her navel wanted to see Pansy move at the touch of her wand.

'I can make it lots better,' she thought, setting her wand to vibrating. She touched the inside of the other knee and heard Pansy's intake of breath.

The wand inched a few inches up the thigh. The skin of the other girl indented slightly before meeting the muscles...smooth and firm.

There was an intake of breath by Hermione.

The wand moved to the inside of the other knee and inched up, the skin indenting slightly still smooth and firm. She thought Pansy sighed. She paused to create anticipation before moving the wand back to the other leg but found she was the one who was impatient to continue impatient to feel the smooth firmness and hear the other girl sigh.

Very slowly the wand went from one leg to the other, pausing between touches and going higher each time. Pansy tilted her head back and parted her legs for the wand. Hermione couldn't tear her eyes from the other girl's shapely thighs. She felt an ache, and her free hand slid under the waist band of her own skirt and into her own knickers. The ache drove Hermione's wand higher and higher over smooth, inviting skin. And the ache drove her hand lower and lower over smooth, inviting skin. Her wand reached the junction of the other girl as her probing fingers reached hers. Pansy groaned and arched forward; Hermione groaned and felt her own wetness.

'You can't humiliate a slut,' concluded Hermione about Pansy.

Then the situation struck her. Pansy had no way of knowing who it was or what it was. She was helpless, but had the presence of mind to adapt the defense most likely to succeed. Hermione doubted she could play it so well. As she yanked her hand out of her own knickers, she realized she could hardly make accusations. Admiration for Pansy welled up inside her, and she felt shame for teasing the girl.

She waved her wand to take off the blindfold and braced herself for a string of well-deserved abuse.

"I guessed it was a girl; I thought it was you," said Pansy calmly. "No boy is that skillful, and I followed you."

Hermione stood in confused, silent amazement. "Followed me?" she finally asked.

"I saw you striding through the halls, trying not to be noticed."

"And how long have you been watching me stride through the halls?" asked Hermione.

"Come closer, and I might tell you."

Puzzled, Hermione stepped closer. Pansy's lips met hers. Hermione jumped back.

Still calm, Pansy said, "My, my, how brave. You'll feel me up with a vibrating wand, but you won't touch."

"You startled me," said Hermione defensively.

"Then I'll let you do it."

Hermione hesitated.

Pansy spoke quietly. "I'm chained to the wall, and you have a wand at my throat."

Hermione stepped close, and then closer. She and Pansy were breathing the same warm air. Hermione tentatively placed her lips on Pansy's and stepped back.

Hermione expected Pansy to mock her, but the other girl waited silently. Hermione leaned in again to let their lips briefly touch. Pansy waited. Hermione leaned in, putting her right hand on the other's waist and the left behind her neck. Hermione tentatively explored inviting lips, grazed a smooth cheek, and nibbled her way down an elegant neck. Pansy was mint and softness and subtle perfume. Hermione liked it. Pansy was silky hair and smooth skin and small sighs. Hermione was feeling heady. She was thinking someone so pretty deserved attention. It flickered into her mind that boys paid attention to this lovely girl, but she pushed the thought aside, certain that boys would be clumsy and unappreciative.

"Stay there, my sweet," said Pansy.

This time it was Pansy's lips that touched the other girl's, grazed across her cheek, and moved down her neck. Hermione was a captured little girl. Pansy liked that. Pansy nibbled the warm skin and breathed in the wild hair. Hermione liked it. Pansy was silky hair and satin skin, nibbling a captured girl with bushy hair and contented sighs. Pansy touched her forehead to the other girl's. Pansy was dark, sympathetic eyes.

When their lips met again, Pansy's tongue parted Hermione's. The invitation released long unanswered needs. Hermione had been lonely so lonely for so long desperate for attention. Now, Hermione's lips were devouring and her grip possessing. Her body reveled in the warm, human contact. She had been starving to show affection. How compatible Pansy was.

Pansy reveled in the attention. A girl she had always envied and admired was lavishing attention on her, needy and demanding attention. Pansy was feeling the contact of two bodies as a wondrous thing a way of expressing their admiration. The other girl didn't have to stop.

But the other girl did.

When a little reason returned and Hermione broke away, her breathing was ragged. The nipples in her bra and the void in her pants wanted more.

A flushed and disheveled Pansy spoke kindly, "I always knew you were passionate."

"Gently, love," said Pansy when the next embrace began. "Do to me what you would like me to do to you."

"Do unto others ...," murmured Hermione. "A good credo."

Hermione had always wanted someone to stroke and admire her hair and appreciate her cute nose and the patrician lines of her face. Pansy was okay with Hermione doing that to her. Hermione had always wanted someone to look deep into her eyes and find a kindred soul and had wanted this kindred soul to slowly unbutton her prim but flattering shirt while her lips followed the progress of her hands. Pansy had no objections to that. Hermione had always wanted someone special to worship her breasts with lips and tongue, to lavish attention on them until she was moaning with pleasure and the taste of her breasts filled the special someone's mouth and the reek of her arousal filled the special person's nostrils. Pansy seemed okay with that, too.

"I think I said the right thing," Pansy told herself. "Oh, I know I said the right thing."

Pansy tilted her pelvis and pressed against Hermione.

This time, it was Hermione's hand, not her wand, which went under Pansy's skirt. The feel of shapely leg was wonderful, incredible.

Pansy nuzzled the other girl and whispered, "I like your hand. It's much better than a wand."

Oh, that soft skin with those firm muscles underneath. Hermione became entranced as her hand made its way higher and higher over curves that compelled her hand to caress them and to follow them to their smooth junction...all soft and warm. She couldn't stop; she slipped a curious finger inside the silk garment.

Hermione gasped. Of course other girls were like her, but she still wasn't prepared for the hot, slick readiness. Of its own volition, her finger slid inside Pansy.

Pansy moaned.

The moan touched Hermione and reminded her how she moaned by herself in the night. Could she do to this girl what she did to herself? The bound witch couldn't stop her. Hermione imagined the other witch writhing helplessly in the grip of sex. A type of power previously unknown to her surged through Hermione's psyche. She wasn't prepared for this, and she couldn't control it. Hermione gripped Pansy's hair and enjoyed the look in the other girl's eyes as she caressed the other girl's most intimate spot.

Hermione remembered the things she had discovered alone in bed. Scissors-like squeezing around the nub had the other girl sighing and dreamy-eyed. Moving two fingers into the welcoming slit had the other girl parting her legs. The two fingers inside and a thumb on the nub had the other girl groaning and moving sinuously.

Pansy had never felt anything like Hermione's hands on her, had never known anything could feel as good as those hungry hands, had never imagined anything would feel as wonderful as Hermione's fingers inside her knickers and then inside her. But then Pansy discovered something better: Hermione's eyes hungry eyes eager to devour her. She would live to look into those hungry eyes.

Hermione's two fingers inside Pansy were moving like the thrashing legs of a witch in the throes of copulation. She wanted Pansy to move like a witch in the throes of copulation. The hand not between the squirming thighs gripped the other witch's hair. She would make Pansy look into her eyes as she took control of her body.

Hermione had never experienced anything like this. Captured by the wiggling of the captured girl. Rendered helplessly unable to stop by the moans of the helpless girl. Bound by the eyes of bound Pansy. Hermione surrendered to her urge to dominate. The rest of the world vanished.

Control slipped away from Pansy, more than she wanted it to, but she couldn't resist. She had never yielded to another person before, but now she was enjoying it, luxuriating in it, letting it carry her away. There was nothing but those fingers, those demanding fingers, and those eyes, those demanding eyes. There was the fire of pleasure too great to bear and then quenched by liquid ecstasy.

Pansy cried out Hermione's name. Hermione's fingers were drenched and then nearly crushed. Too lost to the world to offer help, Hermione felt the other girl go limp and slide down the wall. She did notice that Pansy was breathing heavily, supported only by her chained wrists.

Hermione was stunned by what she had done. Seeing her inattention, Pansy stood and flipped the chain holding her hands up and off its hook. As it came off the hook, it swung over Hermione's head. When it was falling past the middle of Hermione's back, Pansy yanked the ends of the chain together. Hermione's arms were caught, and she cried out in pain. Pansy swung her around. There was the thump of Hermione's back hitting the wall and the clatter of Hermione's wand hitting the floor.

Pansy had her wand out. "*Incarcio*." Leather straps wrapped around Hermione's wrists, raised her arms, and tied her hands to a hook above her head. At her wand's command, the chains dropped from Pansy's wrists.

Unlike Pansy, Hermione struggled.

Pansy watched Hermione struggle and struggle.

Pansy stepped in close with a gleam in her eyes. She licked Hermione's neck. "I like you warm and sweaty," she said. "I like it when you struggle."

She put her hands on Hermione's waist. She breathed in the sharp smell of sweat and fear. She let her hands slowly slide down to the swell of the captured girl's hips.

Hermione continued trying to free herself, and as she did so, she brushed her breasts and groin against Pansy. She struggled, brushing her breasts and groin against the other girl. She was struggling to brush her breasts and groin against the other girl. She stopped, shocked at what she was doing and wanting more.

Pansy whispered, "Did you think I couldn't get away when you felt me up, when you made me come for you, when you showed your true self? Didn't you know it was an act?"

It was Hermione's turn to be calm. "Your writhing for me wasn't an act. Your crying out my name while you drenched my fingers wasn't an act either."

"It was delicious," said Pansy softly. "I'm glad it was you. Are you glad it was you?"

"Yes," breathed Hermione.

Pansy ran her fingers through the other girl's hair. "Up close, you're pretty. You look like the proud witch that you are." She gave the other girl a fond look. "I want to have you. I know I can. I think you'll like it."

It was Hermione's turn to realize that she would yield to intimate affection. She sighed when Pansy nuzzled her, parted her lips when Pansy kissed her, and moaned when Pansy fondled her breasts. She spread her legs when Pansy's hand moved under her skirt and made its way to the damp junction.

Pansy lifted her own skirt. "My knickers are wet, too, sweetheart." She stuck her wand in the junction of her thighs and gripped it with her legs. "This works anywhere, but it's inspired here. It inspires me, too." She spoke the spell. "*Tentaculus Priapus*."

Hermione saw the wand waver and grow. It looked like a bullwhip, a blacksnake.

"What is that?" asked Hermione.

With the transformed wand between their bodies, Pansy pressed against Hermione, kissed her ferociously, and then turned soft again. The tentacle moving between them was the most potent thing Hermione had ever felt. Its muscular strength was incredible. Its power found a primitive part of Hermione and stirred it. Hermione pressed against the other girl as soft and pliable as a stirred bowl of cream.

Pansy stroked Hermione's hair and spoke kindly. "This is the dichotomy of love, my dear: lust and affection, flesh and spirit, getting and giving."

Hermione felt the tentacle encircle the base of one breast and then, keeping the breast encircled, move to the nipple...so tender, so demanding. Hermione felt the tentacle encircle the base of the other breast and then, keeping it encircled, move to that nipple. Hermione made a primitive noise. Pansy leaned in and kissed her lightly. Hermione sighed. The baddest of boys could never make such a strong claim on her body. The nicest of men could never offer such a balm to her spirit.

"You inspire me," whispered Pansy, moving her finger tips across the other girl's face.

"You really inspire me," whispered Pansy. Hermione was aware there were now two tentacles.

Pansy looked almost sad that the proud Hermione would soon yield as, again and again, the two tentacles encircled the base of her breasts and then, keeping the breasts encircled, moved to the nipple.

Hermione was moving against Pansy with the rhythm of the tentacles; she was moaning into Pansy's mouth; she was struggling against the leather straps that bound her arms, not to escape but to embrace the other girl and pull her closer.

Pansy's sympathetic eyes expressed regret that the noble and high spirited girl would soon be at their mercy as the tentacles moved to her knees. Pansy consoled Hermione as Hermione spread her legs for the tentacles that were encircling her thighs and progressing upward.

Hermione pressed against the comforting Pansy as the first tentacle parted her fleshy seam and began a slow undulation. Hermione cried out and tried to escape from Pansy's tight hug as the other tentacle found the pucker of her bum. She yelled and squirmed in Pansy's grip as the second tentacle made its way into her ass. Hermione moaned into the other girl's mouth as the world shrank to what was happening in her pants and her frantic thrashing became an involuntary undulation in synch with the tentacles.

Pansy's firm embrace was Hermione's only anchor to the world as the tentacles tore her, sobbing and writhing, from any rational grip on reality. She felt a pleasure too piercing to endure. She did not endure it.

The crack between Hermione's legs split her being, and her contents spilled out to lie in a puddle at Pansy's feet.

Hermione was sitting on the floor, the leather straps gone and Pansy holding and comforting her. Hermione pressed against her lover as the only solid thing in a universe that had fractured. Gradually, the contact with Pansy became the touch of bonding as the world returned and Hermione floated above it in her afterglow.

The two were sitting comfortably together when Pansy gave Hermione her wand back, waved her own wand over Hermione's chaffed wrists to heal them, and kissed the wrists to make them all better. Pansy stood and helped Hermione to her feet.

But a dark wind blew through Hermione. Turning her back on Pansy, she lifted her skirt, placed her wand, and whispered, "*Tentaculus Priapus*."

She turned to face Pansy. Seeing the look in Hermione's eyes and the tentacle, Pansy raised her wand in defense, but the tentacle whipped it away and wrapped itself around Pansy, pinning her arms to her sides. Pansy stumbled backwards and fell hard. Hermione was between her open legs. Pansy struggled, but even wielded by a novice, the tentacle was too powerful.

'Wait till I show this to the Weaslette,' thought Hermione.

The part of Hermione she had tried to hide from everyone enjoyed the other girl's futile efforts. She calmly watched the girl squirm and strain until she was flushed and panting.

Pansy finally gave up. "What are you going to do?"

Hermione suddenly realized she had no plans, but there was one thing she could do between the legs of a helpless Pansy and with a tentacle at her command. The tentacle pulsed as Hermione ran through mental images until she found the one that made the tentacle elongate. She let the tentacle snake gently, very gently, over Pansy's shirt, then slowly, very slowly, under her shirt, and then softly, very softly, into her bra. She watched the flushing and panting of exertion turn gradually, very gradually, into the flushing and panting of arousal.

But nothing is free. Even though it was with a tentacle, the shape, the firmness, the softness of Pansy's breasts caused Hermione's nipples to respond, and the dark side of Hermione had to fight a sudden desire to hold and cosset Pansy.

Hermione let the tentacle weave down the girl's torso and make its way to an uplifted knee. From there, it made its journey up the inner thigh as Hermione bit her lip at the sight of the rippling flesh. It found the other knee and made a twisting, rippling journey up the other inner thigh. Pansy moaned and spread her legs wider. Hermione's pupils dilated. She was certain the tentacle must be influencing her because she couldn't find the round shape and luscious curves of another girl enticing, could she? Her mouth opened. She couldn't get wet over another girl rolling her hips, could she? Her nostrils flared. She couldn't get excited over another girl offering herself, could she?

The tentacle was pulling Pansy's skirt up around her waist with Pansy lifting her hips to help. It was slithering under Pansy's knickers with the urgency of Hermione's desire. It was snaking across Pansy and pulsing inside her with Hermione's lust. It was driving Pansy wild groaning, twisting, reeking, slopping with Hermione no longer in complete control of herself.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" gasped Pansy.

Hermione tentatively lowered herself, bringing her lips to Pansy's. Pansy kissed Hermione gently and affectionately. Hermione tentatively reciprocated, and then found herself passionately kissing and embracing her beloved Pansy.

Remorse over withholding affection filled her. "Oh, Pansy, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Forgive me. Please, Pansy."

Pansy, in the last stages of the tentacle having its way with her, gave her a helpless smile.

'Oh, I can't believe this,' thought Hermione as she experienced the intimacy of the other girl yielding: the music of sinful groans, the grip of wicked thighs, and the moves of penetrated devil's snare.

Hermione could do little more than hang on as she and her tentacle found the other girl's rhythm and Pansy performed her beautiful dance.

Pansy cried out, her back arched, and her thighs gave Hermione a final squeeze.

In the unexplored world of tentacles, Hermione felt the base of this one slowly press against her. She let out a sigh. It pressed again. This time, her sigh was audible, and her hips squirmed. It did a long slow press. Her body flexed as the wave of its demand went through her, and this time, her sigh was a long groan. Hermione wanted it to do it again. When it did, her eyes closed and her head tilted back as she ululated to the heavens. Hermione knew she was flushed and she was panting and she was pressing her thighs together. She knew Pansy Parkinson was calmly observing the tentacle take her. They both watched it ripple in anticipation of its conquest. One ripple, larger than the others, moved confidently toward the helpless girl, sending a shock wave up her clenched thighs and breaching her intimate place. Pansy and the tentacle savored the look and feel of Hermione Granger in orgasm.

The tentacle was gone; their wands were lying together on the floor; and Pansy was cuddling Hermione when Pansy said, "You'll never have to go alone into that good night, my love."

Pansy turned serious. "You want me, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

"I want you, Pansy."

Hermione wanted reciprocity. "Do you want me?"

"Yes."

"Say it," said Hermione.

"You're the one I want, Hermione."

Hermione picked up her wand, checked Pansy for bruises, and set her wand back down.

"Nights in the dungeon are long and cold," said Pansy.

"I could help you get through them," said Hermione.

"I'll tell Head of House you followed me home. Can I keep you?"

'I have a lot to learn,' Hermione was thinking. 'I didn't do enough with her lovely breasts, not even rip her bra off. I want to feel every flex and ripple of that firm body while I'm doing her. I would have had a prettier view if I had removed her knickers when I had the tentacle in her. And I need to grow two for payback. That Slytherin pervert had me writhing on a tentacle up my ass.'

'Hermione has a lot of potential,' Pansy was thinking. 'Under that bookish exterior lies a passionate woman. I can't believe how fast she mastered the tentacle spell. Maybe we can overcome the House prejudice thing. She'd be a great study partner, and I'd have someone to talk to.'

Pansy's head rested on Hermione, and she could feel the slow rise and fall of Hermione's chest while her own deep breaths took in Hermione's aroma redolent with recent coupling. Hermione rested her hand on Pansy's hair, enjoying the closeness and the lush feel and heady scent of Pansy after sex.

"You won't do this with anyone else, will you?" asked Pansy.

"Of course not," said Hermione without regret. Pansy was special.