

If I Dream I Have You

She felt deliciously warm. It was the most wonderful sensation she could have ever imagined. The press of his body against her --bare skin on bare skin-- was a comfort she decided she could easily grow used to. His muscles, relaxed now that their exertions were through, still had the firmness which recalled the passion they had shared.

His hands were drifting over her body, touching her lightly in places that were still tender their earlier lovemaking. She could not really remember how it had all started, everything was kind of fuzzy in her memory. They had been laughing and holding each other close, comfortable in each other's arms... friends.

There had been something about the twinkle in those bottomless emerald eyes of his, the way his black tussles framed his lean features in an unruly halo. She could only remember staring into those eyes, unable to look away, and then losing herself in his lips, in his arms, his body - not breaking that intimate connection with his eyes until the first of her many climaxes had eclipsed her consciousness.

It was amazing, the things he had done to her, with her. He had shown her things that the other girls discussed in low whispers and hushed voices. He had shown her things that even the late night rumours did not include. He had shown her things that, had she not been so completely entranced by him, would have sent her running for the hills.

A soft moan of remembered pleasure escaped her lips, even as his hands cupped her breasts in a delightful massage, causing her to groan out loud.

Some part of her was vaguely shocked that he wanted to resume, that he wanted more. She would not have thought either of them capable of any more lovemaking for at least a week or two. Another part of her was vaguely shocked that she was even worrying about that when she was about to be elevated to a completely different plane of existence when it came to pleasure. That part of her was suddenly very eager for them resume...

"Ah! Dammit, the floor's freezing!"

She very much wanted to kill her roommate at that moment.

Such impeccable timing seemed to be the bane of her existence, especially at times like this when she had just been getting to the good part - again! She wished that she did not live in a world that perpetually chose to interrupt her dreams like this. Growling deep in her throat she rolled over, the last remnants of her fantasy dissipating as she returned to full wakefulness. Casting the bedcovers aside she sat up on the side of her bed and angrily pulled the curtains surrounding it aside.

"Do you have to shout so bloody loud?!" she swore, her sharp voice momentarily causing the roommate in question to pause in her ludicrous dance - apparently trying to cross the dormitory's cold floor with as little contact to her bare feet as possible.

"Geez, you're definitely not a morning person," the other girl said, just as she reached the dormitory door - no doubt more interested in leaving for her morning shower than getting into an argument.

She glowered at this response, positive of the fact that *anybody* would have been a tad aggravated to be awoken in such a manner and roused from such a stimulating dream. As it was she only now realized how heavy her breathing was, not to mention the fine layer of sweat giving a sheen to her skin and plastering her nightgown to her body. Drawing the curtains closed once more and flopping back on her pillows she closed her eyes and tried to recapture the wonderful warmth and comfort of her dream.

She could picture it --picture his face-- so easily in her mind's eye. His unmanageable hair, blacker than the darkest night. And those magnificent green eyes, burning like emerald fires as he devoured her naked body with his gaze alone. Her mouth parted a fraction and she wet her lips with her tongue, remembering his taste upon them. So vivid had the detail been in her dream that she almost wondered if it had not been something more than a simple dream.

Languidly, running her hands down her body in mimic of his caresses, she felt her body beginning to respond to just the memory of what had happened in that dream. One hand stroked circles on her stomach as the other reached up to trace the curve of her breasts. Sighing as she felt herself relaxing to those touches, the first growing far more intimate as her hand dipped past her belly, she silently called out to her dream lover.

Harry...

Her eyes shot wide open and she stared up at the ceiling above her bed with dawning realization of the exact identity of the boy - the man she had been having such an erotic dream about.

"Oh, great gods this is impossible," she whispered in disbelief.

This was a bolt out of the blue if there had ever been one. The shock alone was enough that she eventually found herself wandering the corridors of the school in a daze, completely unaware of how she had managed to get dressed and leave the dormitory. She blinked at the sudden sense of

displacement that she felt, caused by what seemed like an abrupt change of location, though she knew it must have been a good length of time since she had awakened.

Forcibly grounding herself, or trying to, she turned about and made her way to the Great Hall in the hopes that breakfast was not yet over. Fortunately it was a Sunday, so there was no immediate hurry to get to classes afterwards. Unfortunately, this meant that most of the students were still present in the Great Hall when she arrived. Including the source of her current dilemma.

Harry Potter.

As she watched him eating at the Gryffindor table, his friends sitting together across from him, she felt her breath hitch for a moment. She could feel the heat rising as a flush of want ran through her, her cheeks, her chest... and lower. There was a definite tightening in her loins, a flutter of anticipation at the idea of repeating those wonderful sensations they had indulged in throughout her dream.

Gods! How did he do this to her?

It had only been a dream, yet her body, her mind, her heart, her very soul seemed to cry out and ache for his touch, his caresses. She wanted so much for Harry to touch her, to hold her and tell her how much he wanted her... desired her... loved her?

Her mouth became dry at the thought.

She couldn't be in love with him, could she? Harry Potter? The Boy Who Lived? It had only been a dream. A dream! Nothing to cause such a reaction from her. There was no reason for her to think that he would ever be able, or willing, to feel that way for her. Yet she wanted him to. Almost desperately wanted Harry to reciprocate these feelings she had so inexplicably developed for him in the course of only one night. One dream.

Only, as she soon discovered, it did not remain *one* dream for very long. It took until midday before she was able to "convince" herself that it was an isolated incident. A pleasurable happenstance, something that would not be repeated. Only it was repeated, that very night, and with such enthusiasm and vigour that she was forced to change nightgowns before emerging from behind the shield of curtains surrounding her bed.

Never in her life had she felt more satisfied.

More frustrated.

The dream had been a veritable banquet in the art of pleasure. They had cavorted beneath, between and on top of the sheets for what had felt like an eternity. Once again he had explored her body in every intimate way imaginable. And some that probably weren't! Who would have believed that such intense sensations could be provoked from parts of her body she had never before considered in a sexual manner? Who would have believed that she would have allowed him --allowed anyone-- to perform such a thorough examination? Yet somehow he had managed it.

But there had been something lacking. Something she realized, upon awakening, that she desired even more than the purely physical gratification. It was the closeness to him that she had felt so intensely during that first dream. The feeling that he cherished her being with him as if it were the most precious thing in all the world to him. The sex had been magnificent, to attempt to describe it would have detracted from it, but it did not have that special quality to it that made it something so much more. Something she craved beyond anything else.

His eyes, those brilliant green eyes which could melt lead, had been impenetrable fortresses - forbidding her entry into their depths. His lips, with which he kissed her so tenderly, did not curve up in that soft, vulnerable smile - which she had felt was reserved for her alone during their previous coupling. There had been desire in his features, yes, but no love.

And *that* left a bitter taste in her mouth.

Seeing him at breakfast that morning, not to mention the rest of the day, had been a lesson in exquisite torture that left her feeling as though the floor had abruptly dropped out from beneath her. She wanted him, almost to the point where she would say she *needed* him - would do anything she could to have him. Yet the distance between them seemed as absolute and impassable as a bottomless pit that was infinitely wide.

The remainder of the week was a true torture and definitely not an exquisite one. Every night her sleep was plagued --as she came to think of it-- by the dreams. Every morning she awoke to feel both delighted and anguished. The first because she had once again experienced more pleasure than she thought she could survive, so totally complete that she gladly lost herself within it every time - as if she were addicted to it. The second because the dream was hollow and empty, barren of any form or indication of that indefinable spark which had so captivated her heart and soul that first night.

By the week's end, awakening in her sweat soaked bed on Friday morning, she would have given or done anything to have her dream Harry hold her in his strong arms after they had made love. She would have given or done even more than that for just one moment where he would look into her eyes and make her feel as though she were the very centre of his universe.

Shrugging off the desolate feeling that had begun to settle in the pit of her stomach, as it had for the past several days, she checked the time on her bedside clock. It was still very early, nearly an hour before she would normally be waking up. Silently she snuck out of the dormitory and made her way to the bathroom for a brisk shower before getting dressed. Slipping out of the common room she headed straight to the Great Hall and found, to her surprise, that she was the first student to arrive for breakfast.

Others eventually began to trickle in. She watched silently, ignoring the very few attempts at greeting made by those in other houses as well as the customary greetings from her own housemates. She was far too busy keeping a vigil on one particular entrance to the Great Hall on the other side from where she was sitting. It was nearly an hour before the bulk of the students arrived. And with them... Harry.

She could not tell how long she sat at her house table, staring across at him. She tried to remember the last time she had spoken to him, but quickly

found herself floundering. She hadn't said a dozen kind words to him this year. Heck, she hadn't said a dozen kind words to or about Harry since they had met in first year. Truth be told, and she was suddenly ashamed to admit it even to herself, she hadn't ever said a kind word to or about Harry.

That was almost enough to stop her, but somehow --drawing on every last ounce of courage in her possession-- she managed to leave her place and make her way to the Gryffindor table. It was the longest walk of her life, or at least it seemed that way. By the time she reached her destination her hands were clenched into fists, her nails digging into her palms, and her muscles were quivering under the strain of being restrained from the urge to flee in the opposite direction.

"Um... excuse me?" she began timidly, drawing Harry's attention away from his breakfast. It was not really necessary, as she could feel a great many set of curious eyes around the Great Hall already focused on her. Everyone was plainly waiting to see how this confrontation --which was what they were expecting-- would turn out. Swallowing against her nervousness, aware that both Ron and Hermione were frowning at her, she added uncertainly, "Good morning?"

"Momin'," replied Harry, settling his knife and fork neatly on his plate as he looked up at her from his seat. Those burning green eyes centred on her, thankfully without any visible anger or distrust but rather curiosity, as he asked, "What brings you here?"

"I'd - I'd like to talk to you," she told him, trying not to fidget under his calm appraisal, "if you have a couple of minutes."

From his place opposite Harry, Ron snorted in derision and asked, "Why'd we want to talk to a Slytherin?"

Hermione, sitting beside Ron, elbowed him sharply, "Ron!"

The fiery tempered Weasley scowled unhappily, rubbing at his ribs, but did not say anything further. An uncomfortable silence seemed in danger of forming, while she shifted nervously from one foot to the other, before Harry headed it off by asking, "Aren't you going to offer the lady a seat, Ron?"

"I will if I see one," replied Ron, earning another jab from Hermione.

That stung just as painfully as the Slytherin remark, perhaps more. She bit anxiously on her bottom lip, cutting off an equally biting comeback which immediately came to mind. She did not want to alienate herself from Harry before having a chance to speak with him - and if she knew anything about Harry, it was that he was fiercely loyal to his friends. If she were to insult either of them, he would take umbrage at it and start treating her like his enemy.

Harry, however, loosed a tired sigh that seemed to echo from somewhere down in the vicinity of his shoes - perhaps even lower. He looked heavenward, in what seemed like mock sufferance, and rolled his eyes before directing them towards her again. What she saw then surprised her enough that she sucked in a startled breath. Harry looked almost embarrassed by his friend's behaviour, as well as apologetic that she should receive such a greeting when in his company.

"Please sit down, Parkinson," he told her, indicating the space next to him. "Take a load off."

Pansy blinked, not understanding what he had said. A load off?

"What?"

"Muggle expression," explained Hermione shortly. Clearly, though she disapproved of Ron's less than polite attitude, she was just as unhappy about Pansy's presence at the table as Ron was. She emphasised this by adding, in what was close to a venomous tone of voice, "We wouldn't expect you to know about it."

Harry inclined his head, a faint scowl marring his forehead as he chided softly, "Herm."

Hermione almost immediately subsided, as did Ron at her side, a contrite look on her face. She did, however, fix him a curious and almost warning glance. Pansy was amazed when Harry sent back a passive look, a bland expression really, which quickly caused Hermione to break his gaze and stare down at her breakfast. It was something Pansy could readily understand, as looking into Harry's eyes could be either a captivating or terrifying experience, depending on his mood. From the look of it, Harry was not pleased with how either of his friends were acting.

"So, what did you want to talk about?" he asked her, turning away from Ron and Hermione and motioning once again for her to sit herself by his side.

"I - I - I-" she stuttered, her thoughts swirling around her head as she almost dropped down next to Harry - amidst speculative, worried and even alarmed stares coming from the Gryffindors, as well as quite a few of the Slytherins. Taking a deep, and hopefully calming breath, she tried to apologise for her lack of articulation, "I'm sorry... I just..."

Harry picked up his utensils and resumed eating. "Relax, Parkinson."

Despite herself, Pansy Parkinson --the belle of Slytherin house-- could not suppress the flinch which ran through her as though Harry had physically struck her. Ducking her head low, so as not to meet the questioning gaze which had focused unerringly on her the moment she betrayed herself, Pansy reached for the nearest goblet of pumpkin juice. Taking a sip to wet her lips she asked, almost plaintively, "I'd - I'd prefer if you didn't call me that... please?"

Looking out from her beneath her lashes she could see surprise on the faces of Ron and Hermione, who were seemingly nonplussed by her request. Harry, however, did not even blink as he took a bite of his toast and marmalade. He looked at her and, in a manner which put Pansy very much in mind of Professor Dumbledore, quietly agreed, "Okay, Pansy." Returning the toast to his plate he picked up his own goblet of pumpkin

juice and washed the bite down before pointing at the empty plate which sat before her and asked, "Aren't you going to eat anything?"

"I'm not hungry," she told him, lying through her teeth. Truth be told she was so nervous at the moment that Pansy doubted she would be able to hold anything she ate down.

"Well, you're obviously thirsty," Harry noted, apparently accepting what she said. A faint smile, the sight of which alone somehow managed to calm her nerves. "That's the fourth goblet of pumpkin juice you've had since I came in."

Pansy stared at him in open horror. How did he know that she had been drinking so much in an attempt to quench her dry throat while she had been gathering the courage to come and speak with him? Had he actually been aware of her scrutiny? Had she really been that obvious?

"How do you..."

"I see everything," Harry answered as she left the question hanging unformed. A glint of wry amusement seemed to sparkle in his eyes as he indicated at Ron and Hermione with a nod of his head, "And hear even more. Including these two."

Hermione lifted a hand to her mouth, "Harry?"

Ron turned a particularly pasty shade of off-white that made his freckles stand out in stark contrast to the rest of his face as he sputtered, "It's not - it wasn't - it isn't..."

"Unfortunately subtlety is not one of your strong points," Harry stated dryly. "Either of you."

"You know?" asked Hermione, aghast.

Harry snorted indelicately and gave her that chiding look again, "Of course I do."

Pansy could not help but chuckle at the look Ron and Hermione shared. Harry looked at her, the question displayed in his eyes, and she explained, "Everyone knows."

"Including Malfoy?" he asked.

"He's been waiting months for the right time to 'expose' them to you," she answered, smiling openly now and risking a glance towards the Slytherin table where Draco was sitting and watching Pansy and the trio of Gryffindors. She looked back at Harry, "He's going to be so disappointed you figured it out before he had a chance."

"Of course I figured it out," he told her with a smug grin. "I knew it was going to happen before they did."

Pansy was almost hoping Ron would pass out from lack of blood to his head - he was so pale that you could be forgiven for mistaking him to be a ghost. Hermione, on the other hand, had managed to blush such a deep red that her face almost matched the colour of her supposedly secret boyfriend's hair.

"What?!" they chorused in dismay.

"I'm afraid it was rather obvious," admitted Harry, shrugging apologetically to his friends. The pair continued to stammer half-hearted denials and accusations for several minutes before calming down and trying to resume their breakfasts in the hopes that if they ignored the situation it would eventually go away. Harry laughed in friendly amusement at their discomfort and then let his attention return to Pansy and the reason for her visit. "So, Pansy, what d'you want to talk to me about?"

Pansy swallowed, suddenly nervous again, and began "I - I was wondering..."

Harry encouraged her onwards when she trailed off, "Yes?"

"Did you - did you dream last night?" she asked.

It was as if an impenetrable wall slammed down in Harry's eyes. Pansy immediately began to chastise herself, realising it was all too likely that he had dreamed the previous night - and just as likely that they had not been pleasant dreams.

His easy going smile was replaced by a fixed and slightly forced smile as he said, "No, I didn't have any dreams last night. I gather you did."

"Yes," she admitted. She paused for a moment and added, "For the past week."

"Oh?"

She nodded. "The same dream. Every night."

Harry shifted in his seat so that he was facing her more directly. His eyes, still hooded from before, seemed to bear in upon her with frightening intensity. He cocked his head to one side, considering what he had heard and deduced, "I'm guessing it involves me in some manner."

Pansy almost laughed in despair, "You could say that."

"Care to tell me about it?"

"It's... different to anything else I've ever dreamed. Very... different."

That was certainly putting it mildly. It was accurate though - before that night she had never experienced any erotic dreams. If she had they had obviously not been memorable enough for her to remember them upon waking. These dreams, however, were indelibly imprinted upon her - the sights and sounds and smells and tastes seared into her very being with their intensity. Particularly that first one.

Just thinking about the dreams brought them vividly to life in her memory. Each was different in the details, in the minutiae, but overall the basic theme was the same. Unimaginable and indescribable pleasure of the flesh and mind and soul. At least in the first dream, as every one of the recurrences had been simple --if the word could be applied to such intricate lovemaking-- explorations of the physical.

Having the dreams paraded in front of her mind's eye at that moment was something Pansy would have preferred to avoid as it immediately produced a betraying reaction from her body. She could feel the blood rushing to her face and cheeks - a blush that could probably match anything Weasley could produce. The blood was rushing to other places as well, places less obvious than her face, for which Pansy was grateful. As it was her nipples had grown painfully hard and she could feel herself becoming hot and wet at the junction of her thighs. Thank Merlin for those voluminous school robes.

Glancing up at Harry she saw that he was watching her with a calculating look in his eyes, almost as if he somehow knew what she was thinking, or worse - what she was feeling! Instead of saying anything about her obvious discomfort, at least to her, he simply asked, "How?"

"Have you ever had a dream that - that changed everything?" she asked in return, wanting so much to explain it all to him, yet at the same time afraid to reveal this vulnerability. "That turned the way you look at the world on its head?"

"I'm familiar with the concept," he allowed.

They sat silently for several minutes, watching each other carefully. Pansy was almost afraid to breath, lest it disturb this delicate moment between them. Harry, it seemed, was considering all that she had said up to now, examining it all from every angle with that relentless persistence for which he had become famous for. He was also searching her face, those molten green eyes of his skipping from one feature to the next, as if trying to read her secrets there.

Finally he asked, "So... what exactly happens in these dreams that's upended your life?"

"I - I - I can't tell you," she answered, unable to bring herself to tell him. Even if she were not so deathly afraid to reveal the nature of her dreams to him, she would never in a million years try and explain them to him during breakfast in the Great Hall. Especially not with such a large audience.

"Why not?"

"Under the circumstances, both now and in the dreams... I just... can't."

Harry looked at her slyly and asked, "D'you think the circumstances might change?"

"Not really," Pansy admitted, both to him and herself. It was a painful thought and the deject feeling it caused was clearly audible in her voice. "I'd like them to, but... I don't think it's possible for things to change that much."

"Nothing's impossible, Pansy," he told her firmly. "Just improbable."

"I wish that were true."

"It is," he said decisively and with such conviction that he obviously believed it.

Pansy felt like crying, "I wish I could believe you when you say that."

He lifted his chin a fraction and declared, "You can."

It was remarkable the faith Harry had in himself and others that he could say something like that with such confidence. Almost as if by simply saying it he could, and would, accomplish it - even if it was impossible. Pansy would have dearly loved to lean forward at that moment and kiss him, or at the very least engulf him in a rib cracking hug. Instead she offered a small nod and allowed her a tiny smile as she rose from her place.

"Um... Harry?" she asked just before leaving, silently cursing the tentative sound of her voice. "Tomorrow is a... um, a Hogsmeade weekend."

"So it is."

"Will you be going?"

Harry was watching her closely, a shadow of suspicion in his eyes --which cut at her as readily as a blade-- but also with a willingness to have her approach him. This, she realized, was one of those things about him that made Harry so remarkable. He was always prepared to expect the best from people, even those who had never given him any reason for such expectations.

He nodded casually, "I'm planning to."

"Maybe..." she licked her lips and asked hopefully, "maybe I'll see you in the village?"

"I suspect you might."

The smile he graced her with was a friendly and open one, which gave Pansy hope that even if she could not be Harry's lover --as she desperately

wanted-- then at the least she could be one of his friends. Just seeing his accepting expression was almost more than she could bear, and Pansy had to blink back tears. It would not be easy, being Harry's friend would put her at odds with most, if not all, of the Slytherins. And, if the distrustful looks from Ron and Hermione were any indication, the Gryffindors would be very leery of accepting her presence regardless of Harry's wishes.

Still, as she turned away from the Gryffindor table and began walking back to Slytherin, she decided that the trip across the hall had been worth it. She had only taken maybe half a dozen steps when Harry called out after her.

"Pansy!"

"Yes?" she asked, turning back to look at him.

"If we do meet up in Hogsmeade sometime tomorrow," he told her, still smiling that lopsided smile which sent a quiver of excitement through her, "the first Butterbeer will be on me."

Pansy stared at him nonplussed, completely unprepared for such an offer. Some part of her noted the appalled expressions Ron, Hermione and several other Gryffindors were directing at Harry, who merely sat perfectly still and watched Pansy with seemingly infinite patience. Pansy wondered, not for the first time this week, how she could have overlooked someone as wonderful as Harry was for so long.

She blinked, realizing the chance he was giving her, and then smiled a rare and breathtaking smile, one which spread across her face like the brightest sunlight. The simple candidness of this seemed to shock of Harry's housemates, and the rest of the hall, even more than Harry's offer for a drink. She knew, without a doubt, that were she to turn around she would see similar expressions of dismay --or more likely, horror-- on the faces of her own housemates.

A Gryffindor and a Slytherin?

Maybe Harry was right.

Maybe nothing was impossible.

Fin.

Author's Note: The basis for this story snuck up on me one night while I was re-reading Frank Herbert's classic *Dune* novels. It originates from the last two books; *Heretics of Dune* and *Chapter House Dune* with the characters of Duncan and Murbella and the concept of sexual imprinting. I find it a rather interesting idea; using an addiction to sex to control a person, although that aspect of control is not a part of this story.

Instead I want to try and examine the question of whether it is possible, or not, to affect a person's thoughts, desires and feelings not with the physical act of intercourse, but rather with a fantasy encounter. If you were introduced to near perfect bliss --physical, mental and emotional-- in a dream, would you try to recreate it in reality?

As for the unusual pairing, well, I have to keep you on your toes somehow.

The title comes from a poem by John Donne, called *The Dream*.

*So, if I dream I have you, I have you,
For all our joys are but fantastical.*