

## Chapter 1

(Hogwarts starts at 15 in this story.)

For the first time ever, Harry wasn't excited to return to Hogwarts. Between being thought of as a nutter by most of his classmates, ignored by the Headmaster, maligned in the press daily, and having Umbridge as a professor, life at school had become a trial. Even in other years, when his life had been in constant danger, Harry had never felt so reluctant to return.

Unfortunately, he didn't have a choice.

Entering the fifth-year boys' dorm of Gryffindor Tower with Ron, Harry sat down on his bed with a sigh. Neville, Dean, and Seamus were already there and had mostly finished unpacking. Seamus glared at him before slamming his trunk close and storming from the room.

"What now?" Harry asked.

"His mum gave him trouble over returning over the holiday," Dean told him with an apologetic smile. "Don't worry, I'll go talk to him."

Striding to the door, Dean slipped outside and closed the door behind him. Harry took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes tiredly. It was going to be a long term, he decided.

"How's your dad doing, Ron?"

"He's fine now," Ron told him while searching through his trunk. "Bugger, I think I left my new Keeper gloves at Grim – erm, I mean home. I'm going to go write to Mum and see if she can owl them. You want to come?"

“You go ahead,” Harry said.

He had no interest in experiencing the stares, glares, and whispers that he had on the way up again. With an understanding nod, Ron grabbed a quill, ink, and a sheaf of parchment from his trunk and left.

“How was your Christmas, Neville?” Harry asked.

After learning about his friend’s parents, who had been tortured into insanity by the Lestranges and Barty Crouch Junior, Harry felt a little awkward. But Neville was one of the few friends who had always stood by him, so he was just going to have to get over it.

“It was alright,” Neville replied. “Gran and I didn’t do much. The cold weather makes her bones ache. Oh, and I got a new plant! I was a little bummed when I had to leave my Mimbulus Mimbletonia in the greenhouse, but it outgrew its pot, and then this one was delivered by owl Christmas morning. No name or anything attached. Weird, isn’t it?”

Putting his glasses back on his face, Harry looked over and looked at the plant Neville had picked up from his nightstand and carried over to show him. It had a long, thick brown stem that ended in a cluster of a large yellow bulb covered in brown spots. The stem bent as if it was sentient, which Harry found a little disconcerting. Herbology had never been his favorite class.

“What is it?” he asked, feigning curiosity.

“I have no idea,” Neville replied with a grin. “I’ve never seen or read about anything like it. Even the lady at the Apothecary doesn’t know what it is. I’m hoping Professor Sprout might be able to tell me more about it.”

Eyeing the odd plant, Harry suddenly remembered what had happened earlier in the year when Ron had prodded Neville's last plant with his wand.

"It doesn't squirt anything, does it?" he asked cautiously.

"I don't think--"

As if it understood his question, the plant turned on its stalk to look at Harry. The three bulbs quivered and pulsed as a jet of sticky white slime sprayed Harry in the face. Thankfully, it didn't spray much, and it didn't stink like the Stinksap had.

"...so," Neville finished lamely.

With his eyes closed, Harry heard a high-pitched giggle that he knew came from the stupid plant. Grabbing his blanket, Harry quickly wiped his face clean.

"Sorry, Harry," Neville said miserably.

"That stuff won't make me go blind or grow an arm out of my face, will it?" Harry asked, only half joking.

"I don't think so," Neville said. "Like I said, I don't know what it is. But plants that do things like that are usually cataloged pretty quickly."

"That's reassuring," Harry muttered before heaving a sigh and getting to his feet. "I'm going to go take a shower. If you see anything odd growing on my face over the next few days, let me know, yeah?"

Grabbing a towel, Harry started towards the bathroom and paused.

“One second though, if you ever see something odd growing out of my face, tell me,” he corrected. “You never know what might happen with my luck.”

“Sure, Harry,” Neville said, setting his plant back down on his nightstand.

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“Morning, Harry,” Hermione said, dropping into the seat next to him at the Gryffindor table.

“Morning,” Harry muttered back between bites of toast.

As she reached for a glass of Pumpkin Juice, Hermione suddenly paused and started sniffing the air. She turned her head first one way, then the other, before leaning towards Harry and inhaling deeply.

“What, do I stink?” Harry asked, bending his head down and taking a whiff himself.

“No, you smell really good, actually,” Hermione replied. “Did you get a new cologne?”

“No,” he said, shaking his head.

“Hmm,” Hermione hummed, grabbing a bowl of porridge. “Maybe the House Elves are trying a new soap.”

"Maybe," Harry said doubtfully.

"Morning, Harry," Padma and Parvati said in unison as they passed him with a giggle.

Harry looked up at them curiously and waved. As he turned back to his breakfast, he spotted Ginny staring at him from across the table. Rather than blush, as she had in the past, she simply smiled coyly and turned back to her conversation with Demelza.

"Huh, that was odd," Harry muttered.

"What's odd?" Hermione asked distractedly.

Already, she had her nose buried in a book on the table. Turning the pages with one hand, she absent-mindedly shoveled a spoonful of porridge into her mouth with the other, her eyes never leaving the book.

"Nothing," Harry said. "What class do we have first?"

"We have Potions, Charms, and Defense today," she told him.

"Great," Harry muttered. "Well, at least Charms shouldn't be too bad."

"Just, please, try not to give Umbridge a reason to give you detention," Hermione said, glancing at him worriedly.

"I'll do my best," Harry assured her.

She looked unconvinced but didn't say anything else on the matter. Ron arrived just a few minutes before the start of class and wolfed down breakfast before they headed down to the dungeons.

"Quiet," Snape barked, his cloak flapping behind him as he strode quickly over to his desk. "Today, we'll be working on the Rejuvenating Draught. I will warn you now, the ingredients are volatile if not handled with care."

Pausing, he glared over at Ron, Harry, Seamus, and Neville.

"Blowing up your cauldron will earn you a zero for the day and detention with me tonight," Snape hissed. "The instructions are on the board. Begin!"

Harry and Ron shared a look before they both jostled to sit next to Hermione. She rolled her eyes at their antics and focused on finishing her notes while Ron dropped into the chair. Looking back at Harry, he flashed him a victorious smirk. Sighing in defeat, Harry turned to find a partner. Dean was working with Seamus, and Neville was already paired with Parvati. Since Lavender was out for the day with the Flu, they had an uneven number. Grumbling under his breath, Harry prepared to work by himself.

"Potter!" Snape barked. "You're working with Moon."

The Slytherins snickered as Lilith Moon moved her cauldron and tools over to Harry's table. Lilith was a brunette witch about his height and well-known among the boys for her impressive bust. She was also very quiet. In fact, Harry couldn't remember a time he'd ever heard her speak. On the positive side, even though she was a Slytherin, she'd never been a bully or a part of Malfoy's merry band of idiots. He decided it would be in both of their best interests to try and get along.

"Hi," Harry said with a smile. "Do you want to start the cauldron while I go get the ingredients?"

Looking at him with a relieved smile, Lilith nodded and started the fire. Harry looked over the blackboard carefully while gathering the ingredients they'd need for the potion and returning to the table. They worked in harmonious silence for several minutes, preparing everything carefully. Suddenly, while Harry was slicing the Shrivelfig, Lilith slapped his hand lightly.

"What?" he asked.

Lilith silently pointed towards the blackboard with an expectant look. Harry briefly looked over at the board, then turned back to her with a sigh.

"You could just tell me what I'm doing wrong," he said annoyed.

Lilith looked up at him and arched her brow at the same time Tracey Davis snorted next to them.

"Are you really that oblivious, Potter?" she asked, blowing a strand of light brown hair out of her eyes as she stirred her cauldron. "She's mute."

"Oh," Harry said lamely and turned back to Lilith with an apologetic look. "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

Lilith's other eyebrow joined the first as she looked at him disbelievingly.

"I didn't," Harry insisted. "Fine. Maybe I am oblivious, but in my defense, I usually have a lot of things going on."

Lilith considered him for a moment before tilting her head in acknowledgment.

“Friends?” he asked, holding out his hand.

She glanced at his hand with a touch of amusement and then shook her head. Harry rolled his eyes.

“Fine,” he huffed. “How about classmates that don’t hate each other and can finish this potion so we don’t get detention?”

Lilith smiled and shook his hand with a nod.

“Great,” Harry smiled. “Now, what am I doing wrong?”

Rolling her eyes, she picked up his knife, diced the Shrivelfig he’d sliced, and then pointed to the blackboard again.

“Oh, right,” Harry said, carefully rereading the directions. “I’ll be more careful.”

Nodding her head in acceptance, Lilith returned to the cauldron while Harry continued preparing the ingredients. This time, he read each step a bit more closely. As they worked in silence, the room began to heat up from the heat of the fires. The potion they were working on required an unusually long period of intense boiling. Everyone had lost their robes, ties were loosened, and sweat started to bead on people’s foreheads.

Over the next half an hour, Harry and Lilith had worked out a system where she would tap his hand to let him know when she needed the next ingredient. When he handed it to her, she would double-check his work before adding it to the boiling potion. She seemed to approve of most of his knife work, but he caught a slight, displeased narrowing of her eyes a few times. They probably wouldn’t get an O, but nothing had exploded yet.



*Bang!*

“Finnigan, Thomas, detention!” Snape barked.

“Ours isn’t going to do that, is it?” Harry asked as Seamus wiped black soot angrily from his face.

Lilith flashed him a small smile and shook her head. Taking a break for a moment, she gathered her hair together and tied it back in a ponytail. With her arms bent up and back, her chest became more pronounced. Harry couldn’t help but notice she’d undone the top two buttons, revealing a small but impressive bit of cleavage.

Realizing he was staring, he glanced up at her face, only to find her staring right at his face. He blushed at getting caught but noticed a sparkle in her light green eyes and a smile tugging at her lips as he turned back to cutting up the next ingredient. A moment later, she tapped his hand twice to ask for the next one to be added. He thought her touch lingered a little longer than normal, but it wasn’t long enough for him to be sure. Shaking the thought aside, he handed her the vial of crushed bat fangs.

Lilith poured it carefully into the cauldron, which produced a quiet hiss and turned light blue. With a satisfied smile, she nodded to herself, stirred it a few times, and then set down the ladle. Harry had just finished chopping up the salamander tail, the last ingredient, when Lilith sighed loudly and started to fan herself with her hand. Looking up at her face, the pale skin glistening with sweat, she smirked. Slowly, her hand trailed down her neck, over her collarbone, and she ran a finger through her exposed cleavage.

Harry felt his pants tighten as he followed her fingers down to the third button of her shirt. She had to know he was watching as she popped the button open and spread her lapel. He could see just a glimpse of her black bra peeking out while a single bead of sweat ran down her neck, followed the valley of her cleavage, and disappeared between her breasts. Swallowing thickly, Harry glanced up at her face.

Lilith's eyes bored into his, a knowing smirk on her lips. Unconcernedly, she bent over the cauldron and returned her attention to the potion, leaving Harry with an unobstructed and glorious view down her shirt. Glancing around to make sure no one was paying attention, he reached into his pocket and adjusted himself into a more comfortable position before his eyes returned to her chest. If she was going to let him look, and her persistent smirk certainly seemed encouraging, he wasn't going to turn it down.

For the next twenty minutes, Harry watched her breasts shift, wobble, and jiggle as she tended to the potion. His favorite part was when she stirred vigorously, which caused Lilith's breasts to sway hypnotically back and forth in her bra in time with the movements of her arm. Unfortunately, all good things had to come to an end, and Lilith eventually finished the potion. After she poured their potion into a vial, she gave him a knowing smile and rebuttoned her shirt, leaving only the top one undone.

Turning around, she walked over to Professor Snape's desk and set it in front of him. He examined it closely, then took a long, deep sniff before giving her a grudging nod.

"Exceeds Expectations, Ms. Moon," he said before turning his eyes to Harry. "Potter, on the other hand, will receive an Acceptable for his abysmal preparations. Hopefully, he learned something from watching a competent student fix his mistakes."

Harry bit back a sigh of relief that Snape thought he'd been staring at the potion and not Lilith's chest.

Fighting a smirk, he nodded, "Yes, sir."

"See that you remember it for next class," he drawled, staring down at the parchment on his desk while he waved his hand. "You're dismissed. Leave the mess for Finnigan and Thomas to clean up."

Harry returned to his table with a grin and began packing up his things. Lilith finished about the same time as he did, and he paused to open the door for her as they left the classroom. As the

door closed behind them, she grabbed him by the hand and pulled him down the hallway. Coming to a stop outside a door, she threw it open to reveal a broom cupboard. With a grin, she dragged him inside and closed the door, leaving them in complete darkness.

“What-”

Harry was interrupted when she pressed her finger to his lips. Lilith lit her wand a moment later, bathing the cramped space in white light. Her light green eyes sparkled as she set her wand down on a shelf and let her finger fall from his lips. One side of her lips quirked up in a smirk while she slowly dropped to her knees, her hand trailing down over his chest. Harry’s eyes widened when she ran the palm of one hand over the growing bulge in the front of his trousers and reached for this belt with the other.

With nimble fingers, she quickly unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his slacks, and unzipped his fly. His hands trembled, and his erection throbbed excitedly as Lilith gripped his shaft and pulled him out into the open. She stared up at him excitedly and rested his length lightly on her face. Her chin brushed his balls while the tip touched her forehead, his girth hiding her nose completely. Smiling, Lilith kissed the underside of his shaft and continued slowly trailing a line of them up to his tip.

“Holy shit,” Harry whispered disbelievingly.

Flashing him a smirk, Lilith placed an open-mouthed kiss on his swollen, leaking head. A bead of his excitement stuck to her bottom lip as she pulled back and only broke when she licked her lips. Harry pulsed in her hand at the sight, his breath catching in his throat. Slowly stroking his shaft, she opened wide and wrapped her pink, pouty lips around his head. He gasped as his sensitive glans was enveloped by her hot, wet mouth. The sensation of her tongue on the underside of his tip caused him to reach out and grab the shelf to hold himself up.

Snogging Cho in the Room of Requirement had been enjoyable, but this was mind-blowing.

Holding his tip firmly between her lips, Lilith lazily teased him with her tongue while she pulled her tie from around her neck and started undoing the buttons of her shirt. Harry watched, entranced, as more and more of her pale, full globes were revealed, nestled in a fancy black bra. Lilith drew a hiss from his lips when she suckled on his tip while reaching for the middle of her bra. Her hand obscured what she did, but when she moved it out of the way, her bra fell in half. Only the cups clinging to her damp skin kept it in place.

Harry was very conscious of her eyes gazing up at his face as he stared, enraptured, at her chest. Agonizingly slowly, she peeled the flimsy material away from her skin, exposing more and more of her breasts. Then, finally, what he'd been waiting for was revealed. Her soft pink areola came into view first, followed by her hard, red nipples. Lilith let the cups fall, presenting him with a completely unobstructed view of her large, perky breasts.

As Harry gazed in wonder, she suddenly drove her mouth forward and only stopped when he hit the back of her mouth. Inhaling deeply through her nose, Lilith began to bob her head back and forth slowly, her tongue swirling around his length as if she was determined to taste every inch of him. He leaned back against the wall and groaned quietly, his eyes closing for a moment as he savored the incredible sensation.

"I can't believe she did that."

Harry and Lilith froze as they heard the sound of Tracey Davis's voice from just outside the door of the cupboard they were in.

"Who?" a voice Harry thought he recognized as Daphne Greengrass asked.

"Lilith," Tracey replied. "Don't tell me you didn't see her flashing Potter at the end of class."

"Oh, that," Daphne said dismissively. "I don't see why you're so surprised. She's fancied him for years."

Harry arched a brow and looked down at Lilith. Somehow managing a smile around his girth, she started bobbing her head again. He had to bite his lip to hold back a groan as she sucked hard on his tip before diving forward.

“So does most of the school,” Tracey scoffed. “He’s rich, handsome, and famous. Half the girls in the school would spread their legs for him if he had the balls to try.”

“Jealous, Tracey?” Daphne asked, and he could hear the smirk in her tone.

“No,” Tracey replied unconvincingly. “I’m just surprised she had the guts to try something like that in class. If Snape had caught her...”

“He does have an unnatural hatred of Potter,” Daphne admitted.

At the brief lull in their conversation, Lilith pulled back to his tip and came to a stop. When Harry looked at her curiously, she grabbed his hands, moved them to her head, and gave him a challenging look. After a moment of thought, he realized what she probably wanted and pulled her forward. He figured his guess was correct when she closed her eyes and slipped a hand under the waistband of her skirt.

“Do you think she’s going to make a play for him?” Tracey asked curiously. “I heard from a Ravenclaw that he’s been getting cozy with Chang.”

The door shifted slightly, and Harry throbbed excitedly, his hips bucking at the thought of her leaning casually against the other side, completely unaware of what was happening on the other side.

Daphne scoffed, “He’s an idiot if he is. She’s clearly still pinning after Diggory. I feel bad for her, don’t get me wrong, but hooking up with Potter isn’t a good idea.”

“Is it just me, or did he get better looking over break?” Tracey asked.

Harry did his best to keep his breathing under control as he pumped his hips faster and faster. Lilith squirmed on her knees while her hand moved rhythmically under her skirt. The scent of her arousal filled the small cupboard, rapidly pushing him toward his building crest.

“There is something about him... appealing,” Daphne acknowledged.

“Ha, I knew it,” Tracey crowed. “You fancy him.”

“I said I found him appealing,” Daphne corrected. “Just because I find him appealing doesn’t mean I like him.”

“I don’t like him either, but I’d let him bend me over a desk,” Tracey said. “You couldn’t see it from your side of the table, but if the bulge in his trousers is anything to go by, Potter’s packing a serious wand.”

That comment, combined with Lilith’s mouth, pushed Harry over the edge. As he swelled, Lilith suddenly pulled back, aimed him at her chest, and stroked his length hard and fast. Gritting his teeth to hold back a groan, he erupted like a geyser, spilling himself all over her spectacular breasts.

Absently, he recognized the sound of receding footsteps and the fading voices of Daphne and Tracey as they walked down the hall. Letting out a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding, Harry slumped against the wall just as Lilith got to her feet. She looked down at her chest with a smile before looking back at him and pulling her hand free from her skirt. Bringing two glistening fingers up to her lips, she sucked them clean with a sparkling gaze. After she pulled them slowly from her lips, she fixed her bra and buttoned up her shirt, leaving the evidence of their encounter on her skin.

Harry quickly tucked himself away and did up his trousers, suddenly at a loss for what to do or say. Fortunately, Lilith didn't have that same problem. Smiling brightly, she leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. He caught just a hint of the taste of her excitement on her tongue before she pulled back. With a wave of her fingers and a promising gaze, she opened the door and slipped outside.

"What the hell just happened?" Harry asked.

Shaking his head, he stepped out into the empty hall and headed for the stairs.

## Chapter 2

Because of his interlude with Lillith, Harry ended up needing to rush to get to Charms class on time. Breathing heavily, he slipped into the seat next to Hermione and took out his book.

"What took you so long?" Hermione asked curiously. "You left before us."

"I'll tell you later," Harry whispered.

Glancing past her, he noticed Ron sulking moodily in his seat.

"What's wrong with him?" he asked.

Hermione rolled her eyes, huffed, and crossed her arms over her chest.

"He's mad because Professor Snape gave him a Dreadful on our potion, and I got Outstanding," she told him.

“It’s not fair,” Ron grumbled. “It was the same potion.”

“And as Professor Snape pointed out, you made me do all the work,” Hermione hissed.

“I helped,” Ron protested. “And what does it matter, anyways? We turned in the same potion; we should get the same grade. Who cares how it got made?”

“He was grading us on our work, not just the end result,” Hermione argued exasperatedly. “Professor Snape told Harry the same thing. He only got an Acceptable because he didn’t take his time with the ingredients.”

Ron snorted, “More like he was too busy staring at Lilith’s tits,” he muttered with a smirk.

Hermione opened her mouth as if she was going to defend Harry, then closed it sharply and turned to him with an expectant look.

“Alright, everyone!” Professor Flitwick called out with a beaming smile just as Harry made to respond. “This term, we’ll be working on Animation Charms. Now, if you’ll open your books up to page two-hundred and eighty-seven...”

Harry paid close attention for the first few minutes, but once Professor Flitwick began to talk about the creation and history of the Animation Charm, his mind began to wander. As he looked around the room, he began to notice every girl in class continually glanced in his direction. Susan Bones blushed when he caught her staring at him dreamily, and Megan Jones shot him a wink while Hannah giggled silently between them. Padma flashed him a smile every time he glanced her way, all while doodling on a piece of parchment.

The only girl that wasn’t constantly staring at him was Hermione, but even she was acting oddly. It started small. At first, she just shifted closer on the bench, and he probably wouldn’t



have noticed if her hip hadn't bumped into his. A couple of minutes later, she leaned her arm against his. A minute after that, she rested her head on his shoulder. He ended up getting a face full of her bushy brown hair, filling his nose with the pleasant smell of her flowery shampoo. Harry glanced over at Ron, but the redhead had his head down, drawing absently while grumbling under his breath. He wasn't even pretending to pay attention to what Flitwick was saying.

Harry wondered what was going on as he looked around the room and found his female classmates staring at him with wistful smiles. For a moment, he wondered if the twins had pranked him by dosing the female population with Love Potions.

Suddenly, he stiffened and froze when he felt Hermione's hand land on his thigh. Looking at her face out of the corner of his eye, he saw that she was still watching Professor Flitwick attentively while she diligently took notes. It was like she wasn't even conscious of what she was doing. Swallowing thickly, Harry shifted his leg to try and get her attention, but that only backfired on him. Not only did she not notice his squirming, but her hand inadvertently moved closer to his crotch.

Harry froze again, this time because Hermione's fingers were brushing his rapidly hardening length.

"Hermione!" he hissed urgently.

"Shh," Hermione said, waving him off. "Not now! I'm trying to take notes."

Harry drew in a breath to speak but then choked when her fingers curled gently around his shaft. His eyes widened when she ran her thumb teasingly over the tip, causing him to fully harden against her touch. Slowly, she started stroking him over his trousers, her fingernails tracing the shape of his length against his thigh.

He was convinced she had to know what she was doing. How could she not? Yet, it was something he never would have expected her to do. Could she really be doing it unconsciously?

If she was, he hated to think how good it would feel if she was actually trying.

“Hermione!” Harry whispered urgently.

“Not now,” Hermione hissed.

Her fingers tightened around his shaft warningly, and Harry clamped his lips shut. Whether she realized what she was doing to him or not, it didn’t matter now. Harry wasn’t going to risk getting his dick ripped off for trying to tell her again. That left him in a situation he never thought he’d be in. For more than an hour, Hermione teased and caressed his erection under the table relentlessly. By the time the lesson ended, Harry was sure he’d never been so hard and aching in his life.

“For homework, I want one foot of parchment on examples of Animation Charms you’ve seen in your daily life,” Flitwick said.

“Thank Merlin,” Ron muttered, standing up and throwing his things in his bag. “I’m starving.”

Without waiting for anyone else, he slung his bag over his shoulder and strode from the classroom. Harry sighed and leaned closer to Hermione.

“Hermione!” he hissed.

“What?” she asked, pausing in the midst of packing up her notes.

Wordlessly, Harry glanced down at his lap. Hermione followed his gaze. For a long moment, she stared uncomprehendingly at her own hand. Suddenly, she gasped, her eyes widening when he

throbbled against her fingers. She jerked her hand away as if it had been burned, stammering and stuttering as her face turned bright red.

“Oh! I – I had no idea. I’m so sorry. I-”

Closing her mouth with a snap, she haphazardly threw her notes into her bag and rushed from the classroom. Harry felt horrible watching her leave. He wished he hadn’t said anything. Chances were, if he hadn’t, she would have removed her hand and never even realized what she had been doing. Now, things were going to be awkward between them for sure.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned.

At least he now knew for certain that she’d been doing it unconsciously. But that raised another concern. Her actions were so unlike her that he couldn’t help but be concerned about what had caused her to do it in the first place. Something odd was definitely going on.

Sighing, Harry slowly packed his things away in an attempt to give himself time to calm down. It didn’t help. After more than an hour of relentless teasing from his best friend, he was still hard as a rock. Pulling his robes around him to cover the bulge in the front of his slacks, he stood up and walked quickly from the classroom, entirely conscious of the girls staring at him as he did. Out in the hall, the stares and dreamy looks continued. Even girls from the upper years that he’d hardly said two words to were smiling, waving, and greeting him like they did it every day.

Confused, concerned, and painfully aroused, Harry rushed up to his dorm and made straight for the bathroom. Thankfully, since it was lunchtime, no one else was there. He quickly took care of himself and washed his face in cold water before making his way down to the Great Hall. Rather predictably, Hermione was nowhere to be seen. With a sigh, Harry sat down next to Ron and ate his lunch quietly.

“Hi, Harry,” Angelina called from behind him.

“Hi,” he replied, turning in his seat.

“I set our first practice for Friday after dinner,” she told him, smiling prettily and twirling her hair around her finger. “We’ll set up a schedule that works for everyone then.”

“Okay, I’ll be there,” Harry smiled.

“See you then,” Angelina said.

Winking, she patted his shoulder and then ran her fingers across his back as she walked away. He stared after her curiously for a moment before shaking his head and turning back to his food.

After they finished eating, Harry, Ron, and the rest of the Gryffindors grudgingly made their way to Defense Class. They took their seats, and still, there was no sign of Hermione. Harry was starting to get concerned as the start of class neared. Finally, just as the bell rang, she rushed into the room and took a seat as far away from him as she could. She never even glanced in his direction. Her reaction was understandable, but he was determined to talk to her once they got back to the Common Room. He was going to need her help to figure out what the hell was going on.

“Good afternoon, class,” Umbridge smiled.

“Good afternoon, Professor Umbridge,” the class muttered.

Umbridge smiled widely and giggled girlishly.

“Wonderful,” she beamed. “Now, let’s pick up where we left off, shall we? Open your books to chapter twelve and read. There will be no need to talk.”

Muttering under their breath, the class did as they were told. Harry stared unseeing at the pages of his book and let his mind wander. He tried to think of all the things that could be causing the girls to be acting so differently towards him. Love Potions seemed possible but unlikely. It could just be that they'd changed their minds. However, none of his male classmates seemed to be acting differently, so he mentally ruled that out. Besides, there hadn't been any big story in the *Prophet* that would have caused that to begin with.

As he tried to think of anything else that might be the cause, he came up blank. Sighing, he glanced around the room, and his eyes landed on Lilith. Meeting his stare, she smiled and licked her lips before turning back to her book.

Harry smiled to himself. At least one good thing had happened to him today.

As his eyes continued to roam around the room, he noticed the other girls staring at him again. What was truly concerning, however, were the looks Pansy Parkinson and Millicent Bulstrode were giving him. Bulstrode looked like she wanted to eat him alive right then and there, and Parkinson looked at him with a disconcerting combination of anger and arousal.

Harry swallowed nervously and glanced toward the front of the classroom, only to find Umbridge staring at him intently with a curious look on her face. Slowly, a closed-lipped, smirking smile made its way across her face, and she reached up to undo the top button of her bright pink cardigan. Harry looked back down at his book so fast his neck cracked. Bile rose in the back of his throat while he shivered in disgust.

This couldn't be happening. He had to be going mad. That was the only explanation. There was no way Umbridge was staring at him with the same dreamy expression as the other girls.

Glancing up, he verified that, yes, she really was staring at him like that. Harry shivered again, feeling suddenly like a fly sitting too close to a toad. Defense class passed agonizingly slowly, each tick of the clock taking ages to pass. He stared down unseeingly at his book, ignoring everyone around him and praying that they would ignore him. Those hopes were dashed as class neared the end. The girls gave up on subtlety and started to turn to face him.

While most just gave him flirtatious smiles, Parkinson looked ready to leap over the desks to get to him, Bulstrode gazed at him with a terrifying intensity, and Umbridge was so busy raking her gaze over him that she didn't notice half the class doing the same. With only a minute left of class, Harry gripped his bag in one hand and his book in the other, ready to sprint to the door.

The bell signaling the end of class acted more like the start of a race. The girls all got to their feet, and Harry took off towards the door. Behind him, Bulstrode used her bulky frame to shove the desks out of the way effortlessly as she raced after him with Parkinson hot on her heels and a few other girls bringing up the rear.

Once he was in the hall, Harry glanced over his shoulder to see if he was safe. Seeing Bulstrode barreling after him with a determined look on her face, he took off at a dead sprint. He took a winding, twisting path through the hallway, hoping to lose his pursuers. Managing to get a small lead when the girls were slowed down by other students in the hall, Harry ducked into a secret passage and hid in the shadows.

A moment later, Bulstrode came charging past, only to pause at the grand staircase.

"Which way did he go?" she asked.

"There!" Parkinson yelled. "I think I saw him!"

They took off down the stairs, and Harry leaned against the wall with a sigh of relief. Taking off his glasses, he wiped the sweat from his brow and took a deep breath, trying to calm his racing heart.

"Hi, Harry!"

"Gah!"

Harry jumped, holding a hand to his chest, when he recognized the petite blond standing in front of him.

“Luna!” he gasped. “You scared the shit out of me.”

“Sorry,” Luna said, tilting her head to the side as she observed him. “Did Neville show you his plant?”

“What?” Harry asked, confused.

“The plant I got Neville for Christmas,” Luna said, blinking her large, bright blue eyes up at him.

“Er, yeah,” Harry said. “I saw it. Sprayed me good when I-”

He froze as he stared at her. That sap he’d been sprayed with was the only other odd thing that had happened to him lately.

“Luna,” he said, grabbing her shoulders. “That plant. It doesn’t make girls act crazy, does it?”

“Of course not, silly,” Luna told him.

Harry smiled and let out a sigh of relief.

“They’re just extremely attracted to the smell of the sap,” she continued before leaning and sniffing him. “You smell really good, by the way. Did it spray you?”

Staring at Luna, he opened his mouth, closed it, and then took her by the hand and pulled her down the hidden passage.

“Where are we going?” Luna asked curiously.

“The Room of Requirement,” Harry told her. “You and I need to have a little chat about this plant.”

“Okay,” Luna said unconcernedly. “Are you angry with me?”

Coming to a stop, he turned to her and sighed.

“No, I’m not angry,” Harry said, softening his tone. “I just want to know what’s happening.”

“Are you sure?” Luna asked. “I find life is more interesting when I’m not quite sure what’s going on.”

“I’m sure,” Harry said, unable to repress a smile.

Luna shrugged and started humming to herself as they quickly made their way up to the seventh floor and summoned the Room of Requirement. Stepping inside, they walked over to a worn but comfortable-looking couch and sat down in front of a crackling fire.

“Alright,” Harry sighed. “What is that plant you gave Neville, and what does it do?”



“Daddy and I found it when we went to Sweden over Christmas break,” Luna said. “We heard reports of a Crumple-Horned Snorkack, but it turned out to just be an oddly shaped rock formation. Then again, maybe that’s how they disguise themselves.”

“Luna, the plant,” Harry said gently.

“Oh, yes. The plant,” she said dreamily. “We met a lovely forest Nymph who showed it to me. She said it was called a Drenchwood Gushblossom. They can be hard to find, but the Nymphs use them all the time. The sap acts sort of like a lust potion, but it only works on people who are already physically attracted to you. It even works across species. We watched the Nymph have sex with Muggles, Wizards, Ogres, and even a pair of Centaurs before it wore off.”

“Centaurs?” Harry asked, feeling the blood leave his face.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Luna said, patting his arm. “I don’t think Centaurs would find you very attractive.”

Harry sighed in relief.

“Well, at least the males, unless they’re gay.”

Closing his eyes, Harry dropped his head into his hands.

“You said it wore off, right?” he asked hopefully.

“Oh yes,” Luna smiled. “But it was quite an interesting week. Daddy and I learned a lot about Nymphs.”

“A week?” Harry gaped. “Luna, I just had to run away from Millicent Bulstrode because she looked like she was ready to lock me in the dungeon.”

Luna huffed cutely and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Big girls deserve love too, Harry,” she told him seriously.

“What?” Harry asked confusedly. “I don’t want to sleep with her just because she’s big. I don’t want to sleep with her because she’s been a horrible bully since she came to Hogwarts.”

“Oh,” Luna said, relaxing her stern stance. “Well, that’s understandable, then.”

“We’re getting off-topic again,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Is there any kind of antidote or something? And why are you taking off your robes?”

While he’d been speaking, Luna had stood up in front of him and removed her robe.

“Well, I’m quite attracted to you, and the Drenchwood Gushblossom sap has made me quite aroused,” she told him calmly while unbuttoning her shirt. “Unless you don’t want to have sex with me either.”

“Er...,” Harry said.

Luna wasn’t an unattractive witch by any means. With her lithe frame and fair hair and skin, Harry often thought she looked like an adorable Pixie turned human. She was also a very good friend and seemed to understand what she was getting herself into. She’d been the one to give the plant to Neville, after all. Besides, turning her down now would probably hurt her feelings.

"If you're sure you want to," Harry said, licking his lips as her plain white bra came into view.

Luna beamed at him happily and quickly shrugged off her shirt. Her skirt hit the floor next, revealing her long, pale legs and a surprisingly round little bum.

"I was hoping Neville would get sprayed by it, but I'm quite happy it was you instead," Luna said, unclasping her bra. "I've fancied both of you for quite some time. I thought having girls attracted to him would boost Neville's confidence, but this worked out even better. You've been far too stressed, Harry. You really should try to enjoy life more."

"Sure," Harry mumbled as she dropped her bra.

Luna had small but perfectly shaped breasts with upturned, pale pink nipples. They jiggled alluringly as she bent over and pushed down her knickers, revealing her bald mound and giving him just a glimpse of her taut folds when she lifted her leg to step out of them. Looking completely comfortable with her nudity, she dropped to her knees between his legs and unbuckled his belt.

"So, how does this sap affect people, exactly?" he asked while she opened his trousers.

"Well, it feels like it's just making the things I find attractive about you even more appealing," Luna said thoughtfully.

"You don't think it's making you do anything you don't want to, do you?" Harry asked.

"Of course not, silly," Luna said, smiling. "When the Nymph used it, everyone was quite happy even after it wore off. Oh my!"

Holding his mostly hard erection in her tiny hand, Luna stared wide-eyed at the towering pillar of flesh.

“Harry, I find your penis *very* attractive,” she said, staring at it captivatedly as she began to stroke him gently. “You’re larger than the humans I saw the Nymph with... and most of the Ogres, too.”

“Er, thanks,” Harry said.

It was the first time anyone had ever complimented his manhood, and he wasn’t sure how to respond. Suddenly, Luna lurched forward and took him into her mouth. She only stopped when he hit the back of her throat, causing her to gag loudly. Narrowing her eyes, she glared at the rest of his shaft accusingly and tried to force herself down further. Harry gasped as he slid deeper and throbbed excitedly as he watched her thin neck bulge around his thick length. Just as her lips touched his pelvis, she gagged again. Eyes watering and saliva pouring from her lips, she shot off of his erection and coughed.

“Bloody hell, Luna,” Harry said, leaning forward to check on her. “You didn’t need to do that.”

“That’s what the Nymph did,” she said, wiping her lips. “Didn’t it feel good? Maybe I did it wrong.”

“It felt amazing, Luna, but you’re not a Nymph,” Harry smiled.

“Oh, I guess you’re right,” Luna said. “Can I practice with you later? Because I’d really like to give you my virginity now.”

“You can do that any time you want,” Harry said, grinning at the way she stated things so bluntly.

With a beaming smile, she got to her feet and pulled off his trousers. He quickly took off his shirt and tie and helped her climb onto the couch. Hovering over his rigid length, her knees on either side of his thighs, Luna gripped his shaft and aimed his swollen head at her leaking folds. Harry held onto her hips as she descended over his pulsating tip.

“Oh!” Luna gasped.

Eyes wide and staring off into space, she slowly lowered herself onto his length. Harry was speechless as he closed his eyes and groaned wordlessly. Her mouth had felt great, but being inside of her was a thousand times better.

“It’s so big,” Luna moaned.

“Does it hurt?” Harry asked, remembering some older boys talking about the need to go slow the first time.

“No, it’s amazing!” she said, gasping as her bum came to rest on his thighs. “Can you kiss me, Harry? I’d really like that.”

Smiling, he wrapped his arms around her thin body, pulled her chest flush with his, and kissed her passionately. Luna moaned into his mouth, her tongue dancing with his as she wiggled her hips. Harry let out a groan and fought the urge to start thrusting into her. Slowly, she began bouncing up and down on his lap. After just a few seconds, she pulled back from their kiss to throw her head back and moan. Grinning, Harry leaned forward and wrapped his lips around one of her hard little nipples.

“Oh, yes!” Luna cheered, threading her fingers through his hair. “This feels even better than she said it would.”

She started bouncing more vigorously, and Harry slipped his hands down to her bum to help her along. Each of her bubbly little cheeks fit perfectly in his hands. Soon, she started moving so

aggressively that he couldn't keep her nipple in his mouth. Leaning back with a groan, Harry sat back to enjoy the ride and the view of her bouncing breasts.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Luna chanted. "I think I'm close! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Her chants turned into a series of cute squeaks as she tightened around him. Suddenly, a shudder ran through her body, and Luna collapsed against his chest. Her hips bucked frantically and without rhythm as she climaxed powerfully. Harry could feel her arousal leaking around his shaft. Holding her tight, he groaned. The sensation was incredible, but he hadn't quite reached his climax yet.

After half a minute, Luna let out a satisfied sigh and went limp in his arms.

"You okay, Luna?" Harry asked.

"Oh, yes," she said in a satisfied murmur. "I'm just a little tired, but you can keep going."

Chuckling, Harry rolled her to the side and laid her down on the couch. Hovering over her, he settled between her legs and kissed her softly before thrusting forward.

"Mmh," Luna moaned, then pulled her lips from his. "You can go fast. I know men like that."

Smiling, Harry pulled his hips back and then drove forward harshly. Luna's tiny body jolted, and her eyes went wide as she gasped. When she didn't complain, he did it again and again, rapidly shortening the time between thrusts. In moments, he was huffing and sweating but having the time of his life. It felt amazingly powerful and satisfying to ravage Luna and hear her gasp and moan in pleasure.

In fact, it felt so amazing that he rapidly felt his climax approach. Growling under his breath, Harry thrust with an animalistic savagery that pummeled Luna into the couch cushions. Just as he tipped over the edge, she let out a high-pitched wail and sank her nails into his back. With a grunt, he slammed his hips forward, burying himself as deep as possible while he drained himself inside of her.

“I feel it!” Luna gasped in wonder, her eyes staring unseeingly at the ceiling. “Oh! It’s hot. That’s nice. I think I’m cumming again.”

Harry buried his face in her hair and groaned as her folds fluttered around him. By the time their climaxes finished, both of them were panting heavily and utterly drained of energy. Humming happily to herself, Luna ran her fingers through his hair and caressed his back. Harry had to fight the desire to close his eyes and fall asleep on top of her, but it felt so nice that he rested there for a couple of minutes until he’d finally caught his breath.

Sitting up, he eased out of her and relaxed with a sigh. A moment later, Luna giggled.

“I’m leaking,” she said, staring down between her legs.

Indeed, Harry had filled her with quite a lot, and now some of it was leaking from her red, swollen lips. Oddly, the sight filled him with a sense of pride. Then, Luna surprised him by running her finger through it and bringing it to her mouth.

“Hm, it’s not as bad as some of the girls said,” she said curiously. “I wonder if that’s because of the sap or if it’s just you.”

“I have no idea,” Harry chuckled.

Shrugging, Luna climbed over to him and curled up in his lap.

“Can we do this again, even after the sap wears off?” she asked.

“Luna, we can do this any time you want,” Harry said, smiling tiredly.

“Oh, good,” Luna smiled, resting her head on his chest. “I quite like your penis. I’d hate to have to go without it now that I know how nice it is.”

Laughing, Harry kissed the top of her head and closed his eyes.

### Chapter 3

Harry groaned and bucked his hips as he slowly woke. He quickly realized that the amazing sensation around his shaft wasn’t part of his dream and blinked as he looked down at his crotch. Seeing a head of familiar ginger hair bobbing over his length, he had a split second of panic before his vision cleared.

“Ginny?” Harry whispered incredulously. “What are you doing?”

Ginny looked up at him with her bright blue eyes. Her cheeks hollowed, causing him to gasp as she slowly dragged her lips up to the tip of his length.

“Sucking your big cock,” she smirked, stroking his spit-soaked length. “And you don’t have to whisper. I silenced the curtains.”

“But – Oh, bloody hell,” Harry groaned.



The corners of Ginny's lips turned up in a smirk even as they stretched around his girth. Her tiny hand stroked the lower half of his shaft at a leisurely pace while her mouth worked in time with the upper portion. She swirled her tongue around his swollen head, drawing a hiss from his lips, before taking him as deep as she could and pulling back with her cheeks hollowed. Ginny sucked so hard that Harry lifted his hips off of the mattress to follow the sensation.

Giggling, her lips came off of his tip with a loud *pop*. With a smile and a playful sparkle in her eyes, she let go of his length and pinned his hips to the bed. Opening her mouth wide, she dove down and swallowed his throbbing shaft. She gagged around him at the two-thirds mark, pulling back as saliva dripped from her lips. Ginny tried again and again to swallow him whole but always choked at the same point. It still felt incredible, and Harry ran his fingers through her hair as he groaned.

"I'm close," he warned.

Pulling back, Ginny took a deep breath and started stroking him quickly. A moment later, she bent down and bobbed her head rapidly over his tip. Harry groaned loudly as he reached his peak, his fingers unconsciously tightening in her long red hair. He burst against her tongue, causing Ginny to grunt cutely in surprise and stop her movements. Holding the back of her head, Harry pumped his hips back and forth as he emptied himself in her mouth.

Moments later, with a relaxed sigh, he dropped his hands and sagged against the mattress. Ginny giggled around his deflating length and sealed her lips tightly around him. Sucking hard enough to make him groan and shudder, she pulled off of him, holding her hand under her mouth to catch anything that might slip from the seal of her lips. Nothing did, and she gave a tight-lipped smile at her success.

Staring him in the eye, Ginny opened her mouth to show him the thick white pool covering her tongue. She closed it again a moment later and swallowed it thickly. Harry's length gave a throb of excitement as she watched her throat bob, causing a single pearly white bead to leak from his tip. With a smile, Ginny grabbed his shaft and licked the head clean with a delighted gleam in her eyes.

"Mhh, Luna was right. This is fun," she murmured.

“You talked to Luna?” Harry asked breathlessly.

“Yeah,” Ginny smiled, sitting up on her knees.

For the first time, he noticed that she was wearing a t-shirt and flannel pajama pants. It was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her hard nipples showed through the thin fabric.

“She told me all about Neville's plant and what happened in the Room of Requirement,” she grinned. “I wondered why I was soaking my knickers every time I walked by you.”

Harry snorted with laughter, and then they both froze when they heard a noise outside the curtains. They listened as Dean, the resident early riser, opened his curtains and climbed out of bed.

“Seamus, get up,” he grumbled sleepily.

Seamus grumbled, and the springs of his bed groaned.

“Lazy git,” Dean muttered.

Suddenly, his footsteps neared Harry's bed. In a panic, Ginny removed the Silencing Charm on the curtains and dove under the blankets. Harry sat up and pulled his pajama bottoms back up to his waist. To their relief, Dean walked past Harry's bed and stopped at Ron.

“Wake up, Weasley,” Dean said.

"M up," Ron mumbled.

They heard him collapse back onto the mattress, followed by a loud snore.

"Why do I bother?" Dean asked.

Walking further away, he opened the door to the bathroom and closed it behind him. Ginny sat up quickly and scooted to the end of the end.

"Wait," Harry whispered.

Quickly, he reached under his pillow, pulled out his cloak, and handed it to her.

"Take this," he told her quietly. "But I need it back."

Ginny smirked, "I'll give it back tomorrow morning."

Leaning forward, she kissed him on the lips, donned the cloak, and slipped out of the curtains. Harry fell back onto the mattress with a sigh as he heard the door to the dorm open and close.

"This is getting out of hand," he said to himself.

~

Harry showered, got dressed, and made his way down to the common room. He looked for Hermione, but she was nowhere to be seen. Hoping to find her in the Great Hall, he left

through the portrait hole and started down the hall. Every girl he passed looked at him like he was a piece of meat. Harry sped up to avoid something happening in the middle of the hallway. As he turned the corner, he stumbled into someone.

Susan Bones stared up at him with wide eyes and flushed cheeks as they both caught their balance.

“Sorry,” Harry muttered.

“I-It’s alright,” Susan stammered.

Smiling, he walked around her but turned back when she called his name.

“Harry, when’s the next study group?” she asked hopefully.

“Er, I haven’t figured that out yet,” he admitted. “I’ll let you know soon.”

Although she looked a little disappointed, Susan smiled and nodded. Harry continued on his way to the Great Hall with a sigh. He’d completely forgotten about the DA after getting sprayed by Neville’s plant. He had no idea how he was supposed to teach a class full of horny girls that all wanted to jump him. He needed to talk to Hermione. Maybe she could find a cure or something. But first, he had to find her.

Stepping into the Great Hall, she wasn’t at the Gryffindor table. With a frustrated sigh, Harry walked over to Parvati.

“Hey, have you seen Hermione this morning?” he asked.

“Oh, hi Harry,” Parvati giggled, twirling a lock of hair around her finger with a flirtatious smile. “She grabbed some toast and then went to the library. You know how she is.”

“Yeah, thanks,” Harry said.

As he took his seat at the table to eat his breakfast, he knew she was still embarrassed and avoiding him because of it. Normally, he might have let the matter sit until she was ready to talk to him, but that wasn't really an option right now. He really needed her help. Glancing up at the Head Table, he shivered when he spotted Umbridge watching him intently. He shivered when he remembered the way she'd unbuttoned her cardigan in class and quickly pushed his breakfast away.

“Hi, Harry!” Colin Creevey chirped excitedly as he took the seat next to him.

“Hey, Colin,” Harry said, taking a sip of pumpkin juice to wash down the bile that had risen in his throat.

“Listen, do you have any plans for the next Hogsmeade visit?” Colin asked. “I know it's a couple of weeks away, but I thought maybe we could hang out?”

Luna's words about the effects of the sap came back to him. Suddenly, an image of him being chased through the Forbidden Forest by a group of horny Centaurs popped into his mind.

“Er, ask me when it gets closer,” Harry said, standing up quickly. “Sorry, Colin, I forgot something.”

“No problem,” Colin yelled with a smile. “See you later, Harry!”

Harry fled the Great Hall and turned the corner, only to find his face trapped between a pair of very large, warm breasts.

“Get a good feel there, Potter?” Julie Runcorn asked with a smirk.

Julie was a large girl but not unattractive. Taller than most of the boys at the school and broad-shouldered, she had long blonde hair and massive breasts. When she wasn't scowling, like now, he would even consider her quite pretty. As it was, her intimidating size and perpetual scowl meant she was left alone, even by her own housemates.

“Sorry,” Harry muttered.

He moved to walk around her, but Julie sidestepped in front of him.

“What?” she asked aggressively. “You didn't like them? Maybe you need a better feel.”

Before Harry could react, she grabbed his head and buried his face between her firm mounds. Laughing as he struggled ineffectually, she wrapped her strong arms around his head, the sides of her arms pushing her breasts together. It wasn't an uncomfortable place to be trapped, all things considered, but Harry did find it hard to breathe. When he started to feel light-headed, he put his hands on her chest and tried to push back.

“That's it,” Julie purred. “Give 'em a good squeeze.”

Harry took two handfuls of her breasts and gripped hard, hoping she would let go. He could feel her large nipples digging into his palms as she moaned and finally relaxed her arms. Pulling back quickly, he sucked in a deep breath, his glasses resting askew on his nose.

“I knew you’d like ‘em,” Julie grinned. “I never knew you were so forward, Potter. Feel free to get a good feel anytime you like.”

Harry dropped his hands from her chest and fixed his glasses.

“Right,” he said, straightening his messed-up hair and ruffled robes. “Er, I need to...”

Without bothering to think of an excuse, he dodged around her sizable frame and headed for the stairs. Spotting Pansy Parkinson glaring at him from the entrance to the dungeons, he sped up to avoid another confrontation—one, he was sure, would be much less pleasant. Harry raced up the stairs and headed straight for the empty third-floor corridor. With a sigh, he leaned his back against the door to the room that had housed Fluffy in his first year and slowly slid down to the floor.

Dropping his head into his hands, he sat there until the bell rang for class.

~

Unfortunately, the rest of the day proved just as trying. In Transfigurations, Hermione was already seated next to Parvati and refused to so much as look at him. Throughout the lesson, girls from Gryffindor and Ravenclaw asked him for advice even though he couldn’t do the spell himself. Mandy Brocklehurst even copped a feel of his bum when Professor McGonagall wasn’t looking.

After class, Hermione fled before he could talk to her, and Harry decided to go to the kitchens for food. Dobby was glad to see him, and for the first time that day, he could eat in peace. Feeling more determined on a full stomach, he headed to Charms early and hid next to the door to wait for Hermione.

She entered surprisingly close to the start of class, and Harry grabbed her by the arm and led her over to an empty table.

“We need to talk,” he hissed.

“Not now,” Hermione whispered.

Professor Flitwick started the lesson before he could say anything else, and Harry sighed in frustration. Ignoring the lesson on Summoning Charms, he tried to think of the best way to bring up the plant to Hermione. Suddenly, he jumped in his seat when her hand landed in his lap. He looked over and found her listening to the lecture attentively, even as her fingers crept closer to his groin.

“Hermione,” Harry hissed.

“Not now,” Hermione hissed back. “We can talk after class.”

Just as Harry opened his mouth to speak, she grabbed his shaft and started to tease it to hardness. With a quiet groan, he ran a hand through his hair.

“Your hand,” he growled, a part of him wishing he could just let her continue.

“What do you mean my...,” Hermione froze and snatched her hand back like it was on fire when she realized what she’d been doing.

Blushing profusely, she glared at her hand accusingly before turning her attention back to the lesson, hands folded in her lap.

“There’s something I need to tell you,” Harry whispered.



“Later,” Hermione hissed pleadingly.

“It’s important,” Harry whispered urgently.

“Shh.”

“But-”

“Shh.”

Grumbling under his breath, Harry laid his head on the desk and stared off into space. When her hand unconsciously made its way back to his lap a couple of minutes later, he didn’t bother to tell her. If she was going to ignore him, he could return the favor. Besides, it felt good, even if he knew he’d be left rock-hard and wanting by the end of class.

True to his prediction, Hermione teased him through the entire double period. Towards the end of the lesson, Harry gazed around the classroom, wondering if he should find someone to help him take care of it. Susan and Hannah kept glancing his way and giggling, and both of them were quite pretty. Still, even with the sap affecting them, he didn’t feel comfortable approaching someone in the first place. Silently, he wondered if he could find Luna after dinner. He felt oddly comfortable being more direct with her, and she’d offered to help him.

As Flitwick dismissed class, Hermione jerked her hand back again and was out of her chair before he could get a word out. With a sigh, he watched her race from the classroom. Maybe letting her fondle him for most of the class hadn’t been such a good idea after all.

Using his robes to conceal his throbbing erection, Harry made his way down to the Great Hall for dinner. He’d barely been seated for a couple of minutes when Angelina stopped behind him.

“Don’t forget we have practice tonight,” she told him.

“Right,” Harry said, having completely forgotten. “I’ll be there.”

Angelina smiled and patted his back, her fingers trailing across his shoulder as she left. Taking a seat next to Katie and Alicia, the three girls looked back at him and giggled. Harry sighed, knowing he wouldn't be able to find Luna like he'd hoped.

Letting Hermione tease him for three solid hours was looking like a really stupid idea now.

After finishing a quick dinner, Harry ran up to his dorm, grabbed his broom, and headed back down to the pitch. The halls were mercifully empty since everyone else was in the Great Hall. After quickly changing into his Quidditch uniform, Harry took the sky, the crisp, cold wind blowing away his worries for a blissful moment. He flew at breakneck speeds, pushing his broom and his skills to the limit while he waited for the others to arrive. He was so lost in his own little world that he only noticed he wasn't alone when he spotted the twins streak by in front of him.

“That was impressive, Harry,” Angelina grinned as she hovered next to him. “With flying like that, there’s no way we won’t win that cup.”

“I hope so,” Harry said. “What’s the plan for today?”

“I’m worried about Ron,” Angelina sighed. “He’s got talent. He just needs to ignore the crowd. We’re going to bust his balls hard today. See if we can get him used to the pressure, you know? He’ll probably hate me for it, but if it works, we have a real chance at winning.”

Harry nodded. He didn't like the idea, but he had to admit it had merit.

“This’ll also give you a chance to practice something other than catching the Snitch,” Angelina grinned. “You’ve interrupted plays and helped us score by confusing the Keeper before. I want you to do more of that. It’ll give us an advantage.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded.

Still grinning, Angelina’s hand lashed out and smacked him on the bum, “Great.”

As she flew off, Harry shook his head and followed. Privately, he was glad neither she nor Alice were dating the twins anymore. If they were, things could have gotten awkward quickly.

Ron wasn’t thrilled by the planned practice. It was essentially him versus the entire team. He was even less thrilled when it started. His brothers gleefully pelted Bludgers at him, the three best Chasers at Hogwarts flew in perfect synchronization, and Harry bolted in from out of nowhere to confuse and distract him whenever he started to get comfortable. Ron managed a few impressive saves that left the team hopeful, but he wasn’t consistent. Far too often, he would get discouraged by a missed save and end up dropping the next few scores, which any decent Keeper should have stopped.

Angelina relentlessly kept up the pressure until Ron was huffing for air, his brow dripping with sweat and his hands shaking from exhaustion.

“That’s enough,” she called. “Let’s head in. Good job, everyone.”

Sagging tiredly, Ron flew to the ground, his shoulders slumped.

“Not too bad, Ronnie,” Fred said, slinging an arm over his shoulder.

“There’s still a lot of room for improvement, but you made a few good saves,” George continued, slinging his arm over his other shoulder. “A dozen or so more practices like that, and you’ll be unstoppable.”

“I’m useless,” Ron grumbled. “My arms are so tired I can’t even feel my hands.”

“Say, George,” Fred said thoughtfully. “Do we have any of that Firewhiskey left?”

Ron perked up at the mention of alcohol.

“I think so,” George replied, stroking his chin thoughtfully.

“Then I think our little brother could use a drink,” Fred said, turning them towards the castle.

Ron’s expression turned suspicious as he glanced back and forth between the twins.

“This isn’t some sort of trick, is it?” he asked.

“Oh, come on, Ron,” George said, ruffling his hair. “Would we do that to you?”

Harry chuckled and shook his head as they walked off across the lawn, their voices growing too distant to hear. Walking into the locker room, he took off his pads, grabbed a change of clothes and a towel, and headed for the showers. Quickly, he stripped out of his clothes, took off his glasses, and stepped under the stream of hot water. He let out a sigh of relief as his hands and feet finally warmed up. Running his hands through his hair, he turned his back to the spray and blinked. In the doorway, Angelina, Alicia, and Katie stood completely naked, watching him with a smirk.

“Hey, Harry,” Alicia smiled. “Our shower isn’t working. Mind if we use yours?”

“Er,” Harry stammered as he stared.

He’d had dreams like this more than once, but nothing could have prepared him for the reality of seeing his three very attractive female teammates naked. Katie stood on the left, her teardrop-shaped breasts with large, pale pink areolas and nipples jiggling as she giggled. To her right, Angelina was the tallest and curviest of the three. Her breasts, twice the size of Katie’s, hung like two heavy, fleshy torpedoes from her chest. His eyes traveled down her tight, toned stomach and narrow waist to where her wide hips flared out. Unfortunately, he couldn’t see her bum from the front, but he knew it to be large and round from what he’d seen when she wore jeans. Lately, he looked at Alicia. She smiled and waved, her small, pale breasts with thick, dark nipples shaking from the movement. Unlike Angelina and Katie, who had no hair besides what was on their heads, she had a small strip of brown, neatly trimmed curls adorning her mound.

“Someone’s excited to see us,” Angelina giggled, staring at his growing shaft.

While Harry struggled to think of any words to say, they all approached him. He swallowed thickly as they surrounded him and began caressing his body.

“I think it’s time we show you just how much we appreciate all your hard work,” Katie said, smiling prettily.

Before he could ask what she meant, she leaned forward and kissed him passionately. Her soft, perky breasts rubbed against his arm, and Angelina giggled when his excited length bobbed up and brushed her stomach. When she pulled back, he barely had a moment to take a breath before Angelina turned his head and kissed him hard. Moaning into his mouth, she pressed her chest against his and trapped his erection between their bodies. With a roll of her hips, she pulled back and smirked before Alicia cupped his cheeks and claimed his lips.

“Should we blow him first?” Katie asked.

“No,” Angelina replied. “There’s three of us, and I don’t know about you, but I want to feel that thing inside of me.”

Harry gasped and broke his kiss when Angelina grabbed his shaft and started stroking him lightly.

“Do you want to go first, Katie?” Alicia asked. “You’ve fancied him the longest.”

“Please,” Katie said excitedly.

Taking Harry’s hand, she lay down on the tile floor and spread her legs open invitingly. As he knelt between her legs, Angelina and Alicia lay on their sides on either side of her to watch. Harry swallowed nervously as Katie grabbed his shaft and pressed it against her taut entrance. Slowly, he eased inside of her, drawing a prolonged moan from her lips.

“So big,” Katie panted, wrapping her arms and legs around him. “You were right, Ang. I should have done this a long time ago.”

“I told you,” Angelina giggled.

As Harry paused with his length fully buried in Katie’s tight, wet heat, Angelina leaned down and kissed her on the lips. He pulsed excitedly as he watched lips and tongues move in a slow, sensual dance. Without thought, his hips started to rock back and forth. Letting out another moan, Katie pulled back and turned her head to the left. There was no hesitation from Alicia as she kissed her as well, one of her hands coming up to softly grope her breast.

“I think Harry likes that,” Angelina chuckled before addressing him directly. “I bet you boys fantasize about what we do in the showers all the time.”

“I might have thought about it once or twice,” Harry admitted with a smile.

Cupping Katie’s breast, it filled his hand perfectly. Squeezing the soft mound gently, he ran his thumb over her hard pink nipple, causing her to moan into Alicia’s mouth.

“You should hear about what we get up to in the dorm,” Angelina smirked.

Harry throbbed in arousal at the perverted images running through his mind and thrust harder into Katie. With a gasp, she pulled her lips from Alicia’s and dug her heels into his bum. Angelina trailed her dark-skinned hand down Katie’s pale, toned stomach and started rubbing her clit. Harry grunted as she groaned and tightened around him. His pace increased as Alicia pushed a lock of brown hair behind her ear and latched onto one of Katie’s hard, pink nipples.

“That’s it,” Angelina growled. “Cum all over Harry’s big cock. I want my turn.”

“Oh, Merlin,” Katie gasped.

Feeling his end approaching, Harry thrust hard and fast, trying to push her over the edge. Katie gasped and panted until her breath caught in her throat. She leaned her head back, and a shudder ran through her body. Harry groaned as she fluttered around his length and erupted in her depths. With a trembling moan, Katie hugged his body to hers and rolled her hips as they both rode out their climaxes.

Thanks to Hermione’s teasing, his orgasm was massive and left him feeling winded. It took several moments before he sat up and pulled out of her. A river of white poured from Katie’s pink slit, showing just how much he needed the relief.

“Bloody hell,” Angelina gasped, running a finger through the mess, causing Katie to groan and shiver. “You’re filled to the brim. Do you always cum this much?”

“No,” Harry admitted breathlessly.

“Pity,” she smirked, licking her finger clean. “Then I’ll just have to make sure I get my share.”

Before he could ponder what she meant, she leaned over Katie and buried her face in her mound.

“Ang!” Katie shouted, her brown eyes going wide. “Careful! I’m still sensitive!”

Despite his tiredness, Harry rapidly grew hard at the sight. With a grin, Alicia grabbed his hand and pulled him to his feet.

“Katie prefers it gentle, but I like it rough,” she told him. “I want you to pick me up, pin me against the wall, and fuck my brains out.”

“Hey! I wanted to go next,” Angelina protested, looking up and licking her glistening lips as a pearly white drop dangled from her chin.

“You snooze, you lose,” Alicia replied, hugging herself to Harry.

Angelina narrowed her eyes, “I’ll get you back for this.”

Alicia smirked, “I look forward to it. Come on, Harry.”



Gripping her full, firm bum, he lifted her and pinned her against the wall like she'd asked. Alicia wasted no time in guiding him to her entrance and sinking him into her welcoming depths.

"Fuck!" she cried, her nails digging into his skin. "Merlin, you're bigger than Angie's strap-on."

Harry pulsed inside of her at the image that immediately popped into his mind. Alicia grinned as if she knew exactly what he was thinking.

"Ooh, you like that?" she asked, spurring him into motion with her heels.

Harry growled under his breath as he started thrusting hard and fast. Alicia purred and bucked into him, wanting it even harder. Their skin met in loud, wet claps as Angelina and Katie came to stand on either side of her.

"Selfish bitch," Angelina muttered.

Grabbing one of Alicia's thick brown nipples, she pulled hard and gave it a rather vicious twist. Rather than yelp in pain, Alicia shuddered and moaned, her eyes fluttering. On her left, Katie smiled and took the other one between her pearly white teeth. Harry found it a little disconcerting that he found the sight of them abusing her nipples roughly so arousing, but Alicia clearly enjoyed it, so he let his concerns go.

"Fuck her harder, Harry," Angelina told him. "When Alicia says she likes it rough, she means really rough. Don't you, slut?"

Growling the last sentence, she pulled Alicia's nipple hard enough to distend her entire breast away from her body.

"Yes!" Alicia hissed, arching her back.

Angelina suddenly released the nipple and slapped her breast hard. Alicia gasped, her eyes going wide and her depths fluttering even as a red, hand-shaped mark appeared on her skin.

“Harder!” she yelled.

Grunting, Harry threw her legs over the top of her forearms for better leverage and slammed his hips back and forth as fast and as hard as he could. Alicia threw her head back and groaned, her hazel eyes rolling into the back of her head.

“That’s it!” Angelina encouraged while Katie cheered.

As Harry huffed and puffed, his muscles straining, she trailed a hand down Alicia’s side to cup her bum.

“Maybe we should’ve just had Harry pin you down and bugger you,” she growled.

Alicia groaned loudly, and although he couldn’t see it, Harry could feel Angelina’s finger delve against his balls. A moment later, it disappeared, only for him to feel it again, this time as it slipped inside Alicia’s bum and wiggled against his thrust shaft.

“Oh fuck!” Alicia gasped.

She tightened around him fiercely, and Harry felt an odd pressure build up around his length. Alicia’s face turned bright red, her eyes rolled all the way back, and it looked like she’d stopped breathing. Worriedly, he stopped and pulled out of her. The moment he came free, a shower of arousal sprayed his chest and stomach. Alicia sucked in a sharp breath and screamed just as Katie reached over and rubbed her clit furiously. Harry watched, stunned, and four more jets of arousal hit his chest.

Alicia sagged, and Katie and Angelina gently lowered her to the floor as Harry stood there dumbly, his front drenched.

“She’ll be fine,” Katie told him with a smile. “That happens when she gets really excited.”

“Oh, good,” Angelina said, stroking his length. “You’re still hard.”

Smiling, she spun around and bent over to put her hands on the wall Alicia was resting against. Harry stared at her voluptuous bum as she swayed it back and forth teasingly, smirking at him over her shoulder.

“I wanted him to cum in me,” Alicia panted.

“I told you I’d get you back,” Angelina smirked. “If you’re nice, maybe I’ll let him cum on your face.”

Alicia moaned and rubbed her legs together while Katie giggled and Harry placed himself at Angelina’s entrance. After a full day of classes, Quidditch practice, and his first foursome, Harry was starting to feel tired. He just hoped that Angelina didn’t want him to go as hard as Alicia had. Sinking into her depths with a groan, he leaned over her back and cupped her heavy, hanging breasts. The soft, pillowy mounds overflowed his hands as he started working his hips.

~

Harry stumbled into the castle tiredly and trudged up the stairs. As he made his way past the fourth floor, someone tugged on his robes. He turned around, and Lilith smiled at him and waved.

“Oh, hey,” he said.

Looking around to make sure they were alone, Lillith gestured to a nearby broom cupboard and then mimed a blowjob, her tongue pushing against her cheek.

“Er, I’d love to, but I can’t,” Harry said, rubbing the back of his neck. “Quidditch practice took longer than we thought, and I have homework I need to finish.”

Lillith nodded but still looked disappointed. As much as Harry enjoyed their last encounter, he also enjoyed getting to know her a little better, and he didn’t like disappointing her after she’d been so nice in Potions.

“I’m free tomorrow, though,” he said quickly. “We can meet after lunch.”

Lillith’s smile brightened, and she nodded eagerly. Checking the hall once more, she tilted her head up and kissed him softly. When she pulled back, she bit her lip cutely and dashed off down the stairs. Harry sighed and smiled while shaking his head. Just as he was about to continue up to the dorm, he spotted Hermione walking towards him from the library, her nose buried in a book.

Hitching his back onto his shoulder with a determined look, he marched over, grabbed her arm, and started leading her down the hall.

“What? Harry?” she stammered, her feet moving quickly to keep up with his long strides.

“We need to talk,” he told her firmly.

“Harry, this can wait until later,” Hermione sighed. “I don’t want to talk about... that-”

“Hermione!” Harry said, raising his voice to get her attention as he came to a stop in the middle of the hall. “I need your help.”

Biting her lip, Hermione nodded and allowed herself to be guided to an empty classroom. Further down the hall, Pansy Parkinson watched the door close with a glare and huffed.

## Chapter 4

Harry blinked open his eyes to a pleasant, familiar feeling enveloping his length. Lifting his head, he stared down at Ginny as she bobbed her head up and down his shaft. She looked up at him, her lips curling in a smile around him, and suddenly lit her wand. The sudden influx of light was painful, and it forced him to cover his eyes for a few seconds until they adjusted. When he dropped his hand, he pulsed at the sight before him.

Ginny was completely naked, her pale, freckled skin practically glowing under the wand light. He couldn't see much of her as she was lying on her stomach between his legs, her feet kicking back and forth in the air. What he could see was the expanse of her bare back, her pert, round bum, and her long, toned legs.

If he were honest, Harry had always thought of Ginny as a tomboy that lacked a womanly figure. But looking at her now, he knew he'd been wrong. Sure, she wasn't as curvy as Susan or Lavender, but she was still sexy in her own right.

“Fuck, Ginny,” Harry groaned, running his fingers through her hair. “That feels really good.”

Ginny smiled around his shaft and took him as deep as she could, pressing his tip against the roof of her mouth. Letting out a hiss, Harry tugged her hair and bucked his hips. Her blue eyes sparkled as she looked up at him and she hollowed her cheeks. His breath caught in his throat as she pulled back slowly while sucking hard, her tongue caressing every millimeter of his sensitive glans.

“Bloody hell,” Harry gasped.

Ginny’s lips came off of him with a loud *pop*, and she giggled while laying his shaft flat on his stomach. Starting at the base of his shaft, she laid a trail of kisses all the way up to the tip. Her hands slipped under the sides of his T-shirt, pushing it up as she continued trailing kisses up his stomach and chest. When it reached his armpits, Harry grabbed the hem and roughly pulled it over his head. His eyes never left her as she straddled his waist and sat up. Her hot, damp folds hugged his length at the same moment he got his first look at her breasts.

They were small but larger than he’d expected. Just big enough to fill the palms of his hands, her breasts sloped up slightly, leaving her fat pink nipples to jut out prominently.

Grabbing his hands, Ginny smiled as she dragged his hands slowly up her sides, over her ribs, and up to her breasts. Harry gave them a squeeze and ran his thumbs over her nipples. He didn’t think he’d ever stop marveling at how amazing breasts felt, no matter how many he got to feel in his life.

With a moan, Ginny tilted her back and rolled her hips, dragging her folds along the underside of his shaft. As Harry bucked up against her, grinding his shaft against her damp heat, she leaned her head down and sucked his thumb into her mouth.

“Merlin, Ginny,” Harry groaned.

Smiling, she let his thumb slip from her mouth and leaned over him. Her forearms rested next to his head while her curtain of red hair fell around them. It made the whole thing suddenly feel much more intimate - like they were locked away in their own little world. Their breath mingled as they panted, their hips bucking and rolling as if they’d perfected some sort of primal dance.

Harry let go of her breasts and grabbed her hips to pull her down more firmly. Ginny mewled and kissed him passionately. There was a hint of mint on her tongue as it slid along his. As

suddenly as it had started, she pulled away with a gasp and buried her face in the crook of his neck. With a groan, she rocked her hips forcefully, sending a shudder through her petite frame.

Looking over her shoulder, Harry watched Ginny's sexy bum flex and relax as she humped him with a growing desperation. Feeling his own climax rising, he gripped her bum in his hands and met her with equal fervor. She gasped in his ear, her body stiffening for a moment before she let out a long, low moan and trembled.

"Harry," Ginny moaned.

His only response was to growl in the back of his throat. Using his hands to move her harder and faster, he pulled a bit too hard, and Ginny moved up a few inches. They both gasped when that left his swollen head resting between her folds. There was a brief pause, and then Ginny started moving again. Every movement felt like it might send him plunging into her depths.

Too far along to stop, Harry resumed his grinding. Ginny squeaked the first time his tip bumped her clit, then shuddered the second time and started writhing on top of him wildly. He could feel her hard nipples dragging across his chest as their movements caused her whole body to slide back and forth on top of his.

Suddenly, Ginny stiffened and shook, her muscles spasming as she let out a series of cute little grunts. Her arousal bathed his shaft, making her even more slippery. Perilously close to his peak, Harry rolled Ginny over and sat up on his knees. Taking himself in hand, he stroked his shaft furiously. With a loud grunt, he erupted, splattering her pale skin with white streaks that reached all the way up to her breasts.

Shaking the last couple of drops free onto her stomach, Harry collapsed on his back next to her. While he caught his breath, Ginny sat up and smiled as she looked down at her body. Running a finger over her breast, she gathered some of his cum on it and sucked it into her mouth with an impish grin. Harry groaned, his spent length pulsing at the sight. Ginny laughed and laid back down, her head resting next to his.

“That was fun, but I need to go shower before anyone else wakes up,” she said after a moment.

Sitting back up, she kissed him softly and climbed off the bed. Harry lifted his head and rested it on his arm, watching her bum flex and breasts bounce as she got dressed in her pajamas. Ginny noticed him and smirked. Without bothering to clean her chest, she put her shirt on and grabbed his cloak.

“See you tomorrow,” she said with a promising look.

Harry watched her disappear a moment before the curtains around his bed opened and closed. Laying his head back with a satisfied sigh, he tucked himself away and closed his eyes. It was a couple of minutes before he realized Ginny had just left with the perfect means to hide from any unwanted attention. His cloak.

“Bugger.”

~

Harry caught a couple more hours of sleep before finally getting out of bed. After showering and changing, he made his way down to the common room.

“Finally,” Hermione said, standing from the couch. “Come on, we’re going to the library.”

Harry sighed but didn’t complain as he followed after her. As much as he hated studying on a Saturday, he’d been the one to ask for her help. They spent hours scouring Herbology books, only taking a short break for lunch. The closest they came to finding anything remotely related to Neville’s new plant was a few unusual ingredients for love and lust potions. None of them matched the look of Neville’s plant or the exact side effects of the sap unless it was combined with other ingredients and mixed into a potion. Even then, the effects only lasted for a few hours at most.



“Nothing,” Hermione sighed, closing her book. “I think I should talk to Luna. Maybe she knows more than she told you.”

“Why didn’t you do that five hours ago?” Harry asked.

“You know how Luna is,” Hermione replied, waving her hand in a circle. “She’s not the most reliable source of information. Here, go, put these books back while I check these out. They might have something useful.”

Taking the stack of three books from her hand, Harry got to his feet, glad to stretch his legs a bit. He walked over to the Herbology section and started putting the books back wherever he could find space when Lilith turned the corner with a smile on her face. Harry turned as she walked up and pressed her body against his. One hand reached up to caress his chest while the other dipped down to cup his growing excitement. With a flirtatious look, she nodded her head towards the door.

“I’ll meet you down the corridor near the bathrooms in a couple of minutes,” Harry said. “I need to ditch Hermione first.”

Lilith smiled brightly, kissed him, and then slipped back around the bookcase. Stuffing the last book into the nearest space, he walked back over to the table just as Hermione was finishing packing up her bag. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched Lilith sway her hips and glance over her shoulder as she left the library.

“Alright,” Hermione said, shouldering her bag. “We can go.”

“I’ll meet you down in the Great Hall,” Harry told her as they walked towards the door. “I need to use the loo first.”

“Okay,” Hermione said. “If you happen to see Luna before I do, tell her I want to talk to her.”

“Sure,” Harry said distractedly, glancing down the hall.

With a wave, he left Hermione and turned left while she continued straight. When he got near the bathrooms, he looked around but didn't see Lillith anywhere. Just as he was about to call out for her, a door across the hall opened, and she peeked her head out. Giving him a sultry look, she crooked her finger at him. Harry grinned as he walked towards her. Lillith grabbed a fistful of his jumper and tugged him into the room as he slammed the door shut behind him.

~

“There you are,” Hermione huffed as she entered the common room.

Harry looked up from his copy of Quidditch Weekly and raised an eyebrow questioningly.

“I thought you were going to meet me in the Great Hall,” she said, stopping in front of him with her arms crossed.

“I did, but you were already gone,” Harry shrugged.

“I waited for almost an hour. Where were you?” Hermione asked.

“In the bathroom,” Harry lied. “I had an upset stomach.”

“Oh,” Hermione said, her countenance turning much less confrontational. “Well, I found Luna. She's waiting for us on the seventh floor. Come on.”

Setting his magazine aside, Harry stood and followed her out of the common room. It was a quick walk from the entrance of Gryffindor dorm up to the seventh floor to the portrait of Barnabus the Barmy. The door to the Room of Requirement appeared the moment they approached the blank stretch of wall. Hermione pushed it open, and they both paused as they stepped inside.

Towering pillars made of bookcases stretched across the massive room, each filled to the ceiling, which Harry guessed to be at least fifty feet high, with books. Around the base of each pillar sat a colorful, circular couch that surrounded it completely. Fairies and Pixies flew about the room, their wings glittering in streams of sunlight that came from the glass panels on the roof. Given how late it had been when they arrived, Harry knew it must have been magically produced. As they gazed around, a pack of a dozen Dust Bunnies appeared, jumping from one couch to another as they let out little chirps.

“What – but – how?” Hermione stammered.

Harry shrugged and walked deeper into the room, Hermione following behind him. As soon as they got close to the Dust Bunnies, they squealed and dove under the couches.

“Luna!” Hermione called.

“Over here!” she called back.

Sharing a look, Harry and Hermione headed in that direction. As they got closer, he noticed a stream of sunlight, larger than the rest, pouring down through a glass dome in the center of the ceiling. In the middle of the circle of light sat a grass-covered field that was decorated like a common room. There were chairs, couches, paintings floating in the air, and even a hearth. On one of the couches, Luna sat cross-legged and completely naked, reading a book while a trio of Fairies braided a lock of her hair.

“Luna!” Hermione exclaimed, getting her attention and startling the Fairies. “What is this, and why are you naked?”

“Oh, hello, Hermione,” Luna said calmly as the Fairies finished the braid and flew off. “I couldn’t decide if we should meet in a library, a common room, or a courtyard, so I picked all three.”

“I – but,” Hermione sighed, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath before opening them again. “Fine, but why are you naked?”

“Because the way Harry looks at me makes me feel pretty,” Luna said.

Harry, who’d been looking at her breasts, glanced up at Hermione just as she leveled an accusatory glare at him.

“What?” he asked defensively. “It’s not like I asked her to show up like this.”

Hermione huffed, walked over to a chair facing Luna, and dropped into it. Meanwhile, Harry decided to sit next to Luna on the couch. He figured he wouldn’t stare as much if he spent most of the time looking away from her. What he didn’t expect was for Luna to jump into his lap and curl up like a large cat. Harry shared a look with Hermione, gave a bemused shrug, and wrapped his arms around her.

“I – never mind,” Hermione sighed. “Luna, what can you tell us about that plant you gave Neville?”

“Just what I told Harry,” Luna said, grabbing one of Harry’s hands and placing it over her breast with a pat. “A Forest Nymph was nice enough to show it to us while Daddy and I were visiting Sweden. It was quite educational. Sweden is much more open to interspecies relationships than Britain. We saw her have sex with Muggles, Wizards, Ogres, and a couple of Centaurs.”

Harry hid a grin in Luna’s hair as Hermione gaped at her. He’d told her what he could remember about the plant, but he hadn’t gone into detail about exactly what Luna had said.

“Oh my,” Hermione said, her cheeks going pink. “How – how many – I mean – how long did the effects of the sap last?”

“Only a week,” Luna said, grinding her bum against Harry’s growing erection. “And she only had sex with two Centaurs. I didn’t count the others, but there were probably forty Muggles, a dozen wizards, and I think four Ogres. It was hard to see in the cave.”

“Forty!?” Hermione squeaked, her eyes going wide.

“She said it wasn’t normally that many,” Luna replied calmly. “We just happened to run across a campground full of them.”

“I - that’s,” Hermione closed her mouth with a snap and dropped her face into her hands.

While she gathered herself to try and continue the conversation, Luna suddenly stood up and started opening Harry’s trousers.

“Luna, what are you doing!?” Hermione gasped.

“I was going to have sex with Harry while we talked,” Luna said, pulling his erection out into the open. “He’s quite hard, and it seems a shame to let it go to waste.”

Hermione didn’t even try to respond. She stared, transfixed, as Luna lined him up with her entrance and sat down with a hum.

“Mmh, that feels nice,” she said, leaning her back against Harry’s chest. “What else did you want to ask, Hermione?”

“What?” Hermione asked, blinking. “Oh, right. Um, what side effects did you notice from the sap, exactly?”

Harry shook his head at how surreal the situation he was in felt and cupped Luna’s breast as she started bouncing in his lap.

“From what the Nymph said, it just increases the attraction people already feel for you,” Luna said. “That’s why so many girls are sleeping with Harry. He’s very attractive.”

“I know,” Hermione said, biting her lip before blushing heavily when her words registered. “I mean – I noticed! Did it do anything else? The sap, I mean. It seems to me like it might lower people’s inhibitions.”

Luna dropped down hard, her eyes going wide.

“Oh!” she gasped.

“What?” Hermione asked, leaning forward, concerned. “Did that hurt?”

“No, I realized you’re right,” Luna said.

Lifting her legs, she spread them wide and placed her feet on the seat of the couch. Harry knew that Hermione would have an open view of his girth splitting open her tight folds. Hermione swallowed heavily, eyes riveted to the debauchery in front of her as Luna started to bounce harder and faster.

“Is the sap making you do that?” she asked weakly.

“No,” Luna panted. “I’ve wanted to have sex with Harry for a while now. The sap just made me more willing to act on it. Oh!”

“What!?” Hermione exclaimed, her eyes finally moving up to Luna’s face. “Did you remember something else?”

“No, Harry’s penis feels really good,” Luna said with a moan. “Can you wait a minute? I’m going to cum now.”

Harry moved his hands down to Luna’s waist and helped her move as she tightened around him. With an adorable little squeak, her entire body shuddered, and her arousal soaked his shaft. Smiling, he kissed her neck and let her catch her breath.

“You’re still really hard, Harry,” she noted pantingly. “Are you close?”

“Not yet,” he admitted. “Do you want to take a break?”

“Hmm, no,” Luna said, wiggling in his lap. “If we can lay down, you can keep going. I just feel a little lightheaded.

With a smile, Harry pulled her with him as he lay on his side. Tucking their legs up on the couch, he spooned her from behind and began rocking his hips.

“Mmh, this is nice,” Luna hummed. “You are lasting a lot longer than last time. Have you had a lot of sex today?”

“Just twice,” Harry chuckled.

“What? When?” Hermione asked, her brow furrowed like she was trying to solve a puzzle.

“Ginny snuck into my bed this morning,” Harry shrugged. “We didn’t have sex, really, but it was close.”

Luna giggled, “She told me you covered her in your penis pudding.”

Harry stilled as he and Hermione blinked at her.

“His what?” Hermione asked.

“His penis pudding,” Luna said. “I can call it something else if you prefer.”

“No – that’s,”

“It’s fine,” Harry said, smiling amusedly. “And then I had sex with Lillith again.”

“When did you...?” Hermione trailed off, a calculating look on her face, and Harry knew he was in trouble. “It was when we left the library, wasn’t it? Harry! You said you were in the bathroom!”

“I was,” Harry said.

It wasn’t a total lie. He’d gone in there to clean up afterward. Lillith had been quite enthusiastic and left the front of his trousers soaked in her arousal. Hermione crossed her arms and looked at him disbelievingly.



“Well, not the whole time,” he admitted.

“Harry!” Hermione exclaimed, throwing her arms in the air frustratedly. “I thought you wanted my help because all this – this sex – was making you too tired.”

“It does,” Harry said. “And I’d really like to just turn it off sometimes, but what else was I supposed to do?”

“You could have told her no,” Hermione pointed out.

“Well, that wouldn’t be very nice,” Luna jumped in. “How would you feel if you told Harry you wanted to have sex with him and he said no?”

Hermione opened and closed her mouth several times, but not a sound left her lips. Harry was glad Luna had interjected. She made a very good point, and he hadn’t had an excuse ready other than he rather liked Lillith.

“That’s not the point,” Hermione muttered.

Luna ignored her and looked at Harry over her shoulder.

“And why do you want to make it stop?” she asked. “I thought you liked having sex.”

“I do,” Harry smiled. “But I’m not attracted to all the people that are attracted to me. Colin hit on me yesterday, and I swear Umbridge looked like she wanted to give me detention for something much worse than a Bloody Quill.”

Even with her kind nature, Luna wrinkled her nose at the thought.

“Besides,” Harry continued, “There is such a thing as too much sex. I was exhausted after Angelina, Alicia, and Katie got through with me last night. Don’t get me wrong, it was great. I just wish that, sometimes, I could turn this sap off, you know?”

“Oh,” Luna frowned. “I suppose that makes sense. Okay, I’ll help you.”

“Thank you,” Harry said with genuine gratitude as he leaned down to kiss her.

“We really need a sample of that sap,” Hermione sighed.

“I’ll get it tomorrow,” Harry promised.

Deciding that they were done talking for now, he smiled and rolled Luna onto her stomach with him on top of her. She gasped as he drove himself into her depths.

If they were going to cure him, he might as well enjoy it while it lasted.

## Chapter 5

Harry stared up at Ginny as she rode his length up and down, her small, perky breasts and pink nipples bouncing on her chest. Luxuriating in the feel of her constricting folds, he trailed a hand up her abs to cup one of her breasts. Ginny moaned, rolling her hips wildly when he lightly pinched her hard pink nub. A shudder ran through her body, and she fell forward, kissing him hard between gasps of air.

With a grin, Harry grabbed her by the hips and rolled both of them over. A gasp left her lips when the position caused him to slide even deeper into her depths. Ginny raked her nails down his back and grabbed two handfuls of his bum as he rocked his hips against hers. It was like she was trying to pull him even deeper into her amazingly tight, hot core. Harry growled, his hips attacking her neck as he worked his hips faster.

The sound of their panting filled the inside of his four-poster bed as their movements grew frantic. Harry grew even harder inside of her as he watched her face scrunch up cutely. After just a few more thrusts, Ginny tipped over the edge with a squeal. He finished a moment later, grunting and groaning while he erupted inside of her spasming depths.

After taking a moment to catch his breath, Harry rolled off of her and onto his side. Ginny rolled over and cuddled with him for a while before the sun rose over the horizon, and she was forced to make her exit. Grabbing his cloak, she gave him one last kiss, flashing an impish smile, and disappeared from view. Harry laid back on his pillow and grinned to himself as he heard the door to the dorm open and close.

For the next hour, he dozed on and off until the sound of the others getting up roused him.

“Harry, you coming down to breakfast?” Ron asked.

“I’ll be down in a few,” Harry told him. “I didn’t get much sleep last night.”

“Oh, sure, mate,” Ron said sympathetically.

Harry doubted his friend would be so understanding if he knew that he wasn’t kept awake by nightmares but by his little sister.

Waiting until everyone was out of the dorm, he climbed out of bed and grabbed his wand and a beaker he’d stashed in his drawer the night before. Slowly, he crept over to Neville’s bed and stared at the plant.

“Hey, mind if I get a sample of that sap you sprayed me with?” he asked softly.

Suddenly, the yellow bulbs bent to face him, and the tips swelled like they were about to burst. With wide eyes, Harry jammed the beaker over the top of it. He was just in time. The bulbs sprayed their thick, white sap against the walls of the beaker and started to drip down the sides. Before it could fall out, Harry tipped the plant and beaker on their side and waited for the streams to end. Careful not to get any more sap on his skin, he righted the plant and quickly backed away before examining the contents.

The liter-sized beaker was filled just over halfway to the top. With a tap of his wand and a muttered incantation, Harry magically sealed the top. Quickly stashing the beaker in his bag, he slung it over his shoulder and left the dorm.

Walking down the stairs, he spotted Hermione reading on the couch next to the fire while Ron played a game of Exploding Snaps with Seamus, Dean, and Neville. Dean noticed him and waved him over, but he waved him off and took a seat on the couch across from Hermione.

“I got it,” he whispered, patting his bag.

“Good,” Hermione smiled. “I’ll take it up to the seventh floor after breakfast and see what I can find out about it.”

“Hey, Harry!” Lavender said brightly.

“Oh. Hey, Lavender,” Harry smiled. “Feeling better?”

“Finally,” she said, taking a seat right next to Harry, close enough that their hips touched. “Madam Pomfrey gave me a clean bill of health.”

“That’s great,” Harry smiled.

"I kept notes for you so you can catch up in class," Hermione said, pulling a stack of parchment out of her bag.

Lavender gave her a forced smile and took them, "Thank Hermione."

Without a glance, she set them on the table and sat back, her large breasts pressing against Harry's arm while her hand came to rest on his thigh. Hermione furrowed her brow and watched them closely as if she was observing some kind of experiment.

*Bang!*

"Bugger!" Ron shouted as several people laughed.

"What were you thinking?" Dean chuckled as Ron wiped the soot from his face.

"It's too early for this," Ron grumbled.

Getting to his feet, he walked over to the couch Hermione was on and dropped down next to her.

"Can we go to breakfast?" he asked. "I can't think on an empty stomach."

"Just a minute," Hermione said, watching him curiously. "Do you notice anything odd this morning?"

Ron gazed around as Lavender's fingers found Harry's growing shaft, and her teeth nibbled his ear. His eyes passed right over them; like it was perfectly normal for his best mate to be groped in the middle of the common room on a Sunday morning.

“No, why?” Ron asked.

“Look at Harry, do you notice anything... different?” Hermione asked.

Harry slung his arm over Lavender’s shoulders and waited for Ron to blush, shout, something, anything. But there was nothing. He simply stared, blinked twice, and then turned back to Hermione.

“What are you on about?” he asked, furrowing his brow.

“Interesting,” Hermione said, taking out a scrap of parchment and making a note.

Lifting a brow, Harry decided to see just how much of an effect the sap was having. He dropped his hand down the front of Lavender’s blouse and grabbed her breast over her bra. With a giggle, she ran her thumb over his hardened shaft and pushed her substantial chest into his hand.

“What about now?” Harry asked.

“Erm, did you get new glasses?” Ron asked, cocking his head to the side.

Harry snorted and shook his head, “Never mind. Let’s go get something to eat.”

Pulling his arm out of Lavender’s blouse, Harry stood up and stretched. Hermione gasped at the tent he’d pitched in his trousers while Lavender smiled and licked her lips, and Ron ignored it completely.

“Would you mind studying with me later, Harry?” Lavender asked, batting her long eyelashes up at him and twirling a lock of her dirty blonde hair. “You know, to help me catch up?”

“Sure,” Harry smiled.

Rolling her eyes, Hermione grabbed him by the arm and led him out of the common room while Ron trailed behind.

“Did you see that?” she hissed low enough so Ron wouldn’t hear. “This is bad.”

“Seems like a good thing to me,” Harry smiled.

“Harry, this is serious!” Hermione scolded softly. “It also means there’s nothing to stop every girl in this school from going after you whenever and wherever they want.”

“Oh,” Harry said, blinking rapidly. “Yeah, good point. But why do you notice it then? Maybe it only works like that on people that want to shag me?”

“That’s... not it,” Hermione admitted blushing, causing Harry to raise an eyebrow. “I think it works more like a Notice-Me-Not Charm. It only works if you don’t know what’s happening.”

“Makes sense,” Harry nodded thoughtfully.

“I need to talk to Luna and get to the Room of Requirement,” Hermione said eagerly.

Tightening her hold on his arm, she sped up.

“Oi! Wait up!” Ron called.

~

After a quick breakfast, Hermione grabbed Luna and dragged her, along with Harry, up to the Room of Requirement. Quickly, it was determined that Harry was useless at helping either of them. He tried, he really did, but Potions and Herbology were by far his worst subjects. While the girls stayed in the Room of Requirement to determine what was in the sap and how to counter it, he was released from his duties to go explore the castle.

Harry also thought part of the reason Hermione was so eager to see him gone was the fact that he was distracting Luna. She'd caught the eager blonde trying to take off his trousers three times before finally kicking him out of the room.

Smiling to himself, he strolled through the halls for a few minutes before coming to a stop outside of the library. Ahead, Susan Bones, Hannah Abbot, and Megan Jones were chatting and laughing just outside the door, where they wouldn't get in trouble with Madam Pince.

With a smirk, Harry decided it was time to conduct some experiments of his own – for research to help Hermione, of course.

As he walked closer, he eyed up each of the girls. Megan had long dark hair and eyes, along with a thin, athletic figure and small breasts. Next to her, Hannah was a slightly chubby, bubbly blonde with impressive curves. Although they weren't as impressive as Susan's. The short redhead was known for having the largest breasts and one of the best bums in the school. Only her shyness and the fact that her aunt was the Head of the DMLE kept most of the boys away from her.

As he approached, Susan's back was to him. Hannah and Megan smiled brightly when he stopped behind their redheaded friend and wrapped his arms around her waist. Her bust was so large that her breasts rested on the tops of his arms.

"Hey, girls," Harry smiled.

"Hi, Harry," Hannah and Megan chorused in unison.



Susan glanced over her shoulder and smiled but stayed silent even as she leaned back against him. Smiling, Harry lifted one of his hands and cupped one of her breasts over her jumper.

“Busy studying?” he asked casually.

“Just finished, actually,” Hannah replied, giggling at Susan when she groaned.

“Oh, any plans?” Harry asked.

While he waited for an answer, he slipped his hands under Susan’s jumper and bra to squeeze her soft, bare breasts. Several students walked in and out of the library, but other than a few flirtatious smiles from most of the girls, no one noticed or cared about what he was doing to Susan.

“Oh, we were just thinking about heading back to the common room,” Hannah said, twirling a lock of hair and biting her lip as she watched his hands maul her friend’s chest.

“We could show Harry the cuddle room,” Megan jumped in, smiling excitedly.

“Ooh, that’s a great idea,” Hannah grinned.

“Cuddle room?” Harry asked, rolling one of Susan’s large, thick nipples and causing her to moan.

“It’s a hidden room near our common room,” Megan explained. “People go there when they're feeling down, or couples want a bit of privacy. It’s brilliant. Come on; we’ll show you.”

“Lead the way,” Harry said with a grin.

Pulling his hands from Susan's jumper a little reluctantly, he wrapped an arm around her shoulders as they followed Hannah and Megan down the stairs. Quickly, they arrived in the large corridor that led to the kitchens and the Hufflepuff common room.

"I need to go put these books away," Megan said. "I'll meet you there in a few minutes."

"Okay," Hannah smiled.

Turning to the left, Megan slipped into the common room behind the barrels while Hannah led Harry past the kitchens and further down the hall. Hidden in a dark corner, they walked down a passageway Harry had never used before. On the Marauder's Map, it led to nothing but a dead end. Lighting his wand, he watched curiously as Hannah walked to the end of the short, dead-end hallway and tapped a slightly discolored stone.

"Togetherness," she said.

There was a loud click, followed by a grinding noise as the wall at the end of the hall moved to the side. Behind it was a well-lit, circular room. An array of mattresses and cushions covered the entire floor, while colorful curtains hung from the ceiling, dividing the room into segments. They were held to the walls with ties, but a simple tug would free the curtain and give you at least some visual privacy from the rest of the room.

"Ta-dah," Hannah said, smiling brightly. "What do you think?"

"Brilliant," Harry grinned.

Guiding Susan into the room, he paused and looked back when the wall slid closed behind him.

"Shoes," Hannah said.

Toeing hers off, she tip-toed between the cushions and sat down on a mattress with a smile. Harry and Susan did the same, leaving him flanked by the two pretty girls as he leaned back on his elbows.

“So, what do you usually get up to in this room?” he asked with a grin.

“Well, Susan and I only come here when one of us is upset,” Hannah replied. “Some of the other girls like to bring boys here to snog.”

“Just snog?” Harry asked.

Hannah and Susan shared a look, blushed, and giggled.

“Is that why you brought me here?” Harry asked, sitting up and putting his face close to Hannah’s. “To snog me?”

Blushing and smiling, she shrugged her shoulders, “If you want to.”

Brushing a lock of hair behind her ear, Harry leaned forward and kissed her softly. Hannah melted into him, her breasts pressing against his chest. When they separated a short while later, he turned to Susan and captured her lips. She squeaked in surprise but quickly started kissing him back. Harry couldn’t resist the desire to caress her breasts with his free hand. He’d dreamed about being able to get his hands on her amazing chest, and now, he finally had the chance. When he finally pulled back, Susan was flushed, and her hazel eyes gazed up at him with a dreamy expression.

“When you and Hannah come here, do you two ever snog?” Harry asked.

Susan blushed and looked away, bringing a grin to his face.

“Sometimes,” she murmured softly.

“Susie!” Hannah exclaimed with a giggle.

“I’d love to see that,” Harry grinned.

Hannah and Susan shared a look that carried an entire conversation in a matter of seconds. Slowly, their faces drifted closer together until their lips met. The kiss started slow and soft, but they quickly got lost in their passion and started snogging in earnest. Harry had to adjust himself in his trousers as he watched them. Seeing two pretty girls kiss like that was one of the most erotic things he’d ever witnessed. Nearly a minute later, they broke apart breathlessly. Sharing a look, they burst into giggles.

Over the next few minutes, Harry took turns kissing each of the girls and even managed to pull them into a three-way, tongue-filled snog. Gradually, they began to tug at each other’s clothes, leaving them scattered across the cushions. While the girls stared at his rigid shaft, he gazed at their amazing breasts. Susan’s enormous breasts hung heavily on her chest and were capped with wide, brown areolas and thick swollen nipples. Although Hannah’s were smaller, they were still beautiful. Standing high and proud from her chest, they were more cone-shaped and capped with light pink, puffy areolas and tiny, inverted nipples.

Laying down on his back, Harry pulled the girls over to him so that their breasts hung over his head. He turned to Susan first, groping her breasts and burying his face between the soft mounds before latching his mouth onto her nipple. The redhead moaned and stroked his hair softly before he pulled back and did the same to Hannah. He was a bit more aggressive with the blonde, sucking hard at her nipples to try and bring them out. Eventually, he managed to coax both of them into the open, and Hannah groaned as his tongue teased her tiny red nipples.

“Oh, that feels so good,” she moaned.

“I told you boys would still like them,” Susan giggled.

“They’re still not as nice as yours,” Hannah said. “Look at those things!”

Reaching out, she grabbed Susan’s breasts and squeezed. Susan squeaked, and they both broke into giggles while Harry leaned back with a smile.

“I think you both look great,” he said, gazing over their bodies.

Sure, Hannah was a bit on the thick side, but he wouldn’t call her fat. Privately, he found Susan the more attractive of the two. The shy redhead was a bombshell under her robes. Sharing a look, the girls giggled happily before Hannah trailed her hands over his abs.

“You’re not so bad yourself, Harry,” she said, flashing a nervous smile.

Biting her lip, her hand trailed down, and she carefully wrapped her fingers around his shaft. Harry groaned pleurably and bucked up into her hand, drawing a laugh from both. Hannah stroked him a few times before letting go, only for her hand to be replaced by Susan’s a moment later.

“Oh, wow,” Susan said, caressing him firmly. “It’s so hard.”

Harry tucked his arm under the back of his head and smiled as they took turns playing with his length. Gradually, their movements grew more confident and started feeling even better. Surprisingly, it was Susan who moved things forward. Bending down suddenly, she took him into her mouth. Harry hissed in surprise from the feeling of her hot, wet mouth wrapped around him and then groaned loudly. Unfortunately, Susan didn’t seem to know what to do after that. She sat completely still, just holding him in her mouth.

“What’s it taste like?” Hannah asked eagerly.

Pulling off of him, Susan wiped a string of saliva from her bottom lip and blushed.

"I don't know?" she shrugged. "You try."

Hannah giggled and bent down to take his length in her mouth while Susan held the base of his shaft. Harry groaned as she sucked lightly and swirled her tongue around him. After a few seconds, she pulled back, and Susan took her place. This time, she bobbed up and down while Hannah gave her instructions.

"Suck as you pull up, and use your tongue when you move down," she said, brushing her friend's hair behind her ear for a better view.

Susan pulled back completely and looked at her curiously, "Where did you learn that?"

Hannah shrugged, "I read about it in Witch Weekly."

Harry smiled as they continued to take turns on his length. At one point, Hannah tried to deep-throat him but ended up gagging hard and pulled up coughing. Unanimously, they decided not to try that again, but they didn't need to. Harry was getting close already, but the constant switching kept staving off his climax. They spent another few minutes unknowingly edging him closer and closer until he finally felt like he was going to burst.

"I'm going to cum," he warned Susan.

Her eyes widened as she looked up at Hannah, her lips stretched wide around his shaft.

"Don't stop," Hannah scolded her. "Just keep going and catch it on your tongue."

With a small nod of her head, Susan started bobbing her head again. Harry trembled and groaned as she quickly brought him over the edge. The moment he erupted, Susan jerked back in surprise and took the second stream directly to the face. Grabbing his length, Hannah quickly wrapped her lips around the head and finished him off. Harry groaned and bucked his hips lightly as she sucked and teased his sensitive head until, with a shiver, he stopped.

Sitting up, Hannah swallowed and giggled.

“It doesn’t taste as bad as I thought it would,” she said.

Turning to Susan, she burst out giggling. The redhead sat with a shocked look on her face, a white streak going from her chin, up over her nose, between her eyes, and into her bangs. As a drop fell from her nose, she licked it from her bottom lip.

Suddenly, the wall started to grind open, and Harry sat up. Megan stepped inside with a smile, and he had to admit he’d forgotten she was supposed to join them. The reason soon became clear when more girls walked in behind her. There was Sophie Roper, Leanne Martin, Sara Fawcett, and a couple of older Hufflepuff girls he didn’t even know the name of. Their eyes glazed over lustfully as they stared at him, and Harry swallowed nervously.

~

“What happened to you?” Hermione asked when he stumbled exhaustedly into the Room or Requirement four hours later.

“Hufflepuffs,” Harry muttered.

Collapsing onto the couch, he leaned back and sighed.

“Does this mean you’re too tired to have sex with me today?” Luna asked with a pout.

Eyes flying open, Harry lifted his head and shook it frantically.

“Luna, I’ve got nothing left,” he told her. “My balls are so empty they hurt.”

“Really?” Luna asked, lifting her eyebrows. “How many?”

“Er, seven, I think,” Harry said. “I’m not sure. It all became a blur after a while.”

“A really fun, naked blur, or an I wish I could forget this blur?” Luna asked.

“The first one,” Harry admitted. “Any luck with a cure?”

“Not yet,” Hermione said, biting her lip as she looked at him in concern. “We did learn a lot, though. I just need to do some more research. In the meantime, I can brew you some stamina potions.”

“That would be great,” Harry said.

Leaning his head back onto the couch, he started to doze off as Hermione and Luna continued talking about the sap and a possible solution.

## Chapter 6

After watching Ginny sneak out of his bed early in the morning, Harry took a shower and got ready for the start of a new week. Usually, that wasn’t a big deal, but thanks to the sap, this week was set to be very interesting.

And it started that way before he even left the common room. As he and Hermione sat on the couch near the fireplace, waiting for Ron so they could go down to the Great Hall, Lavender came down the stairs and plopped down next to him.

“Morning, Harry,” she greeted him, smiling brightly.



“Morning,” Harry said, waving to Parvati as she sat down on a nearby chair.

Parvati smiled and waved while Lavender curled up comfortably against his side. Hermione took one look at the blonde before rolling her eyes and turning back to the book in her lap. She was studying a book on potion ingredients and their interactions, looking for a way to counteract the properties of the sap. Thankfully, he had the Stamina Potion she’d brewed for him in the meantime sitting in his pocket. It looked like he might need it as Lavender rubbed her entire body against his side and bit her lip cutely while her fingers caressed his rapidly swelling length.

Harry smirked as he wrapped his arm around her shoulders and slipped his hand under her blouse. Lavender had stunning breasts, and it fulfilled many a nighttime fantasy to finally get his hands on them. A giggle escaped her lips when he pushed his hands under the cup of her bra and kneaded the doughy mound. Pinning his ridged shaft against his thigh, she started outright jerking him over his trousers. Harry quickly glanced around the common room, glad to see that the sap was still working. The boys in the room didn’t notice a thing, while the girls either looked on with interest or flashed knowing smiles before going on with their day.

A moment later, Harry heard the sound of a zipper being undone. Hermione looked over and gasped as Lavender reached inside his trousers and, with some difficulty, fished his erection out of his fly.

“Harry!” Hermione hissed.

“Don’t look at me,” he said, holding up his free hand helplessly.

Letting out a giggle, Lavender leaned her head down onto his lap and wrapped her lips around him. Next to them, Parvati perched on the edge of her seat and stared enraptured at the sight of her best friend bobbing up and down on his length.

“Bloody hell, that feels good,” Harry groaned.

Running his fingers through Lavender's long, blonde hair, he leaned his head back and closed his eyes. When he opened them back up a few seconds later, he noticed Hermione gazing around the room with a critical eye. Harry looked around and noticed that all of the boys were still oblivious, but the girls were beginning to crowd around to watch. Reaching into her bag, Hermione pulled out a stack of parchment and a quill and started jotting down notes in her small, neat handwriting.

"Morning," Ron said gruffly, dropping down heavily into a chair. "Ready for breakfast?"

"In a minute," Harry groaned, bucking up into Lavender's mouth.

She gagged lightly as he hit the back of her throat, her lips stopping a few inches from the base of his shaft.

"But I'm hungry," Ron whined.

"Be patient, Ron," Hermione reprimanded, then turned her eyes to the crowd of girls surrounding them. "Katie, can you see what's happening here?"

Katie looked at her oddly.

"You mean do I see Lavender drooling all over Harry's fat cock?" she asked, cocking her head to the side. "Uh, yeah."

"And, Ron, you don't see anything out of the ordinary?" Hermione asked.

Ron looked around, his brow furrowed in confusion.

"Should I?" he asked.

“You should lick his balls,” Ginny said to Lavender suddenly, leaning over the back of the couch. “He really likes that.”

Lavender stuck out her tongue and took him as deep as she could. Thick strands of saliva dripped from her lips onto his trousers as she gagged. Despite her best efforts, the best she could do was tease the base of his shaft with the tip of her tongue. Eventually, she pulled back to the tip and sucked in a much-needed breath.

“I’ll do it,” Parvati volunteered.

Dropping to her knees, she quickly shuffled over, turned her head to the side, and took his balls into her mouth.

“Oh, fuck,” Harry grunted, placing a hand on each other their heads.

“Told you,” Ginny smirked.

The girls around him giggled, and he could hear them quietly discussing other techniques they might use. Harry felt himself rapidly being pushed toward his climax by the sheer absurdity of the situation.

“I’m almost there,” he groaned.

“Hurry up, I’m hungry,” Ron grumbled.

“Shut up, Ron,” Ginny bit out.

Harry held Lavender and Parvati still and grunted as he reached his peak. The girls cheered while Lavender squealed and sealed her lips around him as he erupted in her mouth, but some

of his excitement escaped and ran down his shaft. Parvati moved her mouth up, eagerly using her lips and tongue to clean up the mess. When she licked up, her tongue brushing Lavender's lips, he grunted and throbbed excitedly.

Spent, Harry dropped his hands and melted into the couch. Lavender and Parvati spent a few moments licking his softening flesh clean before they sat up and giggled at his expression. As he recovered and caught his breath, they fell into conversation with some of the other girls about taste and technique.

"Can we go now?" Ron asked impatiently.

"Yeah," Harry said.

Tucking himself away, he looked at the mess of saliva and cum around his fly and sighed.

"Evanescio," Hermione said, tapping his trousers with the tip of his wand.

"Thanks, Hermione," Harry smiled.

Standing, he wrapped an arm around her shoulders, and they followed Ron out of the common room.

~

"Is it just me, or do girls seem to be paying more attention to you today?" Hermione asked as she walked with Harry and Ron to Charms.

"It does seem that way," Harry replied, grinning as the Carrow twins waved at him.

Hermione rolled her eyes and smacked his arm lightly.

“This is serious,” she hissed. “We have Defense today.”

“Oh, right,” Harry said, quickly losing his smile. “What am I going to do?”

“I don’t know,” Hermione sighed, running a hand through her bushy brown hair. “Do you have your cloak?”

“No,” he said. “Ginny still has it.”

“You should get it back,” she told him. “After this morning, I doubt Ron would notice even if you shagged her in the middle of the Great Hall.”

Harry raised an eyebrow, wondering if he could actually pull that off as they stepped into Professor Flitwick’s classroom and took their seats. Unfortunately, the class turned out to be mostly a lecture on the Refrigeration Charm. As they all settled in to listen, Hermione’s hand once again found its way onto Harry’s thigh. Glancing over, he found her engrossed in her note-taking and seemingly oblivious to what her other hand was doing.

He was seriously starting to wonder if there was something about Charms that made her randy.

Instead of telling Hermione what she was doing like he had the last two times she’d done this, Harry decided to have a little fun. Sitting back in his seat, he reached over and slipped his hand under the edge of her skirt to rest just above her knee. Hermione immediately froze and jerked her hand out of his lap.

“Harry?” she whispered. “What are you doing?”

“Just returning the favor,” he smirked.

“But —” Hermione stammered, licking her lips. “But what if someone sees?”

Rolling his eyes, Harry reached over with his free hand and laid it over her breast. She inhaled sharply and gazed around the room worriedly. As if it had a mind of its own, her hand landed back in his lap, her fingers curling gently around his shaft.

“Relax,” Harry whispered.

Swallowing thickly, Hermione sat back in her seat, relaxing slightly when Flitwick looked directly at them but said nothing.

“We shouldn’t,” she protested softly.

“You started it,” Harry reminded her with a smile and then glanced down at his lap.

Hermione looked down, and her eyes widened when she saw what she was doing. She made to jerk her hand away again, but Harry was ready this time. He let go of her breast and caught her wrist. Gently, he placed her hand back in his lap, where her fingers unconsciously curled around him again. Smiling, he squeezed her leg and sat back in his seat.

As the class continued, Hermione turned back to listening to Flitwick and taking her notes while absently stroking his hardened length. Harry gave her a couple of minutes to relax before he started caressing her leg. Slowly, he started creeping his hand higher up her thigh. She squirmed in her seat, glancing around nervously, but she also spread her legs slightly further apart, giving him more room. It didn’t take long for Harry to give up entirely on keeping his movements subtle, and he began blatantly groping her smooth thigh. Eventually, his pinky brushed the gusset of her knickers, and she gasped loudly.

They were damp to the touch.

Hermione blushed heavily and looked around the room, but no one was paying attention. Smirking, Harry teased her folds through the damp cotton, causing her to bite her lip. Her right hand stilled over her parchment as she breathed heavily through her nose. Meanwhile, her left hand gripped his shaft firmly, clumsily stroking him through his trousers. It didn't do much for him, considering what he'd grown used to over the last three days. But watching Hermione try to stifle her moans while listening to Flitwick's lecture was endlessly entertaining.

By the time class neared its end, the front of her knickers were soaked, the scent of her arousal filled the air around their desk, and her legs were trembling. Despite having her on the brink of climax for the last few minutes, Harry resisted the urge to tip her over the edge. Doing that to her in the middle of class was likely to cause her to avoid him again, and that was the last thing he wanted.

When the bell rang, Hermione stood slightly shakily as she gathered her things and placed them in her bag. Harry took his time packing up and followed her out of class. The moment they were in the hallway, he grabbed her by the hand and led her to a quiet little alcove out of the way of the normal school foot traffic.

"Harry, what-"

He silenced Hermione with a kiss, pinning her back first against the rough stone wall. She squealed in surprise against his lips but relaxed surprisingly quickly and started kissing him back. Harry slipped his arm between their bodies, thrust his hand under her skirt, and cupped her hot, damp mound. With a gasp, she pulled her lips away from his. She panted, mouth hanging open, as he rubbed her folds over her knicker.

Harry stared at her face as he swiftly brought her over the edge. Hermione tensed, her body shaking before she suddenly fell forward against him. Burying her face in the crook of his neck to muffle her moans, she gripped his shirt and bucked her hips roughly against his hand as she rode out her climax. A grin formed on Harry's face as he reached around, slid his hand under her skirt, and gripped her bum.

When she eventually relaxed, Hermione sagged against his chest, panting as if she'd just run from one side of the castle to the other. Removing his hand from her mound, Harry wrapped his arm around her and gently rubbed her back as she caught her breath.

"Feel better?" he asked.

Hermione lifted her head to look up at him and nodded mutely, her face flushed and eyes glassy. Laughing, Harry kissed her softly before leading her to their next class.

~

For the first time all year, Harry was dreading the end of Defense Against the Dark Arts.

Not because he didn't want to leave. He did. Desperately.

But with the way the Slytherin girls were staring at him, he knew he'd have to make a run for it again. Of course, he quite liked spending time with Lilith, but the others...

Greengrass was one of the most attractive girls in school, and Davis was easy on the eyes, but he didn't know much about them. Then there was Parkinson and Bulstrode. Parkinson honestly wasn't that unattractive, physically, at least; it was her personality he found repulsive. Bulstrode was the one that truly frightened him. Beyond her undesirable looks, she had a mean streak a mile wide.

But that wasn't the worst of it. If Bulstrode frightened him, Umbridge was downright terrifying. She sat behind her desk, staring at him with a dreamy look and a simpering smile. It made Harry feel like a particularly juicy fly trapped in an aquarium with a starving frog.

Just the thought of touching that woman made him shudder in revulsion.



His leg bounced nervously as he glanced at the clock, watching as the seconds ticked down to the end of class. Any other teacher wouldn't mind if students left a little bit early, but he knew he couldn't give Umbridge any excuse to put him in detention.

With just five seconds left on the clock, Hermione coughed, and one of the painted plates behind Umbridge mysteriously fell. As the plate smashed on the floor and Umbridge turned around in shock, Harry took off like a shot. He was out of the door and two steps into the hall when the bell rang.

Glancing over his shoulder, he knew he'd have to do something nice for Hermione later. Her distraction had bought him a decent lead on his pursuers. Bulstrode barreled after him, knocking other students out of the way like bowling pins as they stepped into the hall. Parkinson was hot on her tail, followed closely by the rest. And they were gaining on him.

Damn his short legs.

Knowing he'd have to hide, Harry raced down the hall, took a sharp left, and ran right into a very large, soft pair of breasts. Before he could pull back, powerful arms wrapped around his back, trapping him in place.

"I knew you'd be back for more," Julie Runcorn grinned, smiling down at him.

"He went that way!" Parkinson shouted as the sound of their footfalls grew closer.

"Hide me," Harry begged.

Julie looked at him curiously for a moment before her eyes widened in realization. Looking around, she lifted the tapestry next to her and roughly shoved him behind it. Harry stood perfectly still and held his breath as the footfalls rounded the corner and skidded to a halt.

"He went that way," Julie said loudly.

They took off running again, and Harry let out a sigh of relief as they faded into the distance. Cautiously, he peeked out from behind the tapestry and only stepped out when he saw that the coast was clear.

“Thank you,” Harry said, sagging against the wall in relief.

“Looks like you owe me one, Potter,” Julie grinned.

“Er, I guess,” Harry muttered, looking at her warily.

Suddenly, she took him by the hand and started dragging him down the hall. She led him to the first unused classroom she could find, shoved him unceremoniously inside, and slammed the door closed. Julie stalked towards him like a predator eyeing its prey, and Harry backed up instinctively until he bumped into the teacher’s desk. She pounced on him, mashing his face against her breasts.

“Lilith’s been bragging about what a big cock you have all weekend,” Julie said. “I can’t wait to see it myself.”

She let go of his head, and Harry sucked in a deep breath as she smirked as she grabbed her blouse and ripped it apart effortlessly. One of the buttons hit Harry square in the forehead before clattering to the floor with the others. Shedding her ruined blouse and tie, Julie reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, releasing the largest pair of breasts Harry had ever seen.

Unlike Susan, whose breasts looked obscenely large on her short frame, Julie’s were even bigger but looked more in proportion with her stature. They jutted from her chest like massive, fleshy torpedoes. Each was capped with a huge, perfectly round areola that covered the entire tip of her breast and short, fat, red nipples.

“Nice, eh?” Julie asked, smirking at his gobsmacked expression. “Lils said you were a tit man.”

“Bloody hell,” Harry gasped.

She laughed, causing her breasts to shake amazingly. Grabbing his hands, she brought them up to her chest. Harry hefted and squeezed her breasts, marveling at the massive mounds of smooth, soft skin.

“I’ve shown you mine; now it’s time to show me yours,” Julie said.

Regrettably, her magnificent breasts left his hands as she dropped to her knees and quickly unbuckled his belt. Undoing the button and fly on his trousers swiftly, she hooked her fingers under the waistband of his boxer and wrenched them down to his ankles. Harry’s erection jumped up and smacked the bottom of her chin.

“Cor,” Julie breathed. “Look at this thing. No wonder Lils was smilin’ so much.”

Wrapping her hand around him, she stroked him lightly, as entranced with his length as he had been with her breasts. Then, she looked up and smirked.

“You know what they say about us snakes?” she asked. “We like to swallow our food whole.”

Julie plunged forward, depthroating him effortlessly. Harry gasped as she pressed her nose against his groin and shook her head from side to side. She stared up at him and swallowed, her tight throat convulsing around his shaft. With a groan, Harry tangled his fingers in her long, dark hair. After several long seconds, Julie pulled back, leaving his length glistening with her saliva.

“Like that?” she asked, stroking him firmly.

Before Harry could respond, Julie devoured him again. Grunting, he bucked his hips against her face. As if that was some kind of sign, she went from holding him as deep as possible to bobbing up and down his entire length. Each time she descended down his shaft, she swallowed and

ungulated her tongue along his underside. When she pulled back, she sucked hard and swirled it around his tip before repeating the process all over again.

It was, without a doubt, the most amazing blowjob of his life.

Harry gripped her hair like a lifeline, desperate to try and hold on as long as possible. Julie stared up at him, her hazel eyes sparkling as if she knew what he was doing. If she did, she didn't make it easy for him. Grabbing his hips, she began spearing him into her throat over and over rapidly. His toes curled in his shoes as he tried to fight back his climax to no avail.

"Fuck!" he exclaimed. "Cumming!"

Pulling back to the tip, Julie stuck out her tongue and jerked him furiously. With a grunt, Harry exploded. A single, thick stripe landed on her tongue before she dove forward once more. His hands fisted her hair roughly as he desperately humped her face, his shaft swelling and pulsing in the tight confines of her throat. Julie took the abuse like it was nothing, her smug gaze locked on his contorted face.

"Holy shit," Harry panted.

Once he was finished, Julie pulled back slowly, her lips sealed tightly around him. The moment he was free of her throat, she sucked hard, draining him of every last drop and causing him to shiver from the overstimulation.

"Lilith was right," she said, smiling. "This is more fun on a real cock. Much better than the toys we play with."

Harry looked at her sharply, his softening shaft jerking back to life at the thought of Julie and Lilith lying in bed, playing with Muggle dildos.

“Like that, do ya?” Julie smirked. “Lils thought you might. You should join us sometime, but right now, I want to ride that broomstick.”

Harry fell back onto the desk when she grabbed his legs and stood up. With a careless toss, she threw his legs up onto the desk so he was lying flat on his back. When he turned to look at Julie, she was already undoing her skirt. A moment later, it and her knickers hit the floor, revealing her shaved, glistening mound. Stepping out of her clothes, she climbed onto the desk, her breasts wobbling alluringly.

The old wooden desk creaked in distress as she straddled his hips and lined him up with her entrance. Harry barely had time to prepare himself before she took him to the hilt.

“Mmh, that’s nice,” Julie moaned.

Lifting herself back up to the tip, she slammed back down. Harry grunted as the air was forced from his lungs, and his hips ached in protest as her weight crashed onto them, but he didn’t mind all that much. It felt incredible.

“Oh yeah,” she said, slamming herself down on his length again. “Gimme that cock, Potter.”

Dropping down onto her elbows, she smothered him with her breasts as her hips rose and fell at a blistering pace. The desk creaked constantly, threatening to break under the strain, but neither of them cared much at the moment. Harry groped her breasts and sucked hard on her nipples as Julie rode him hard. It seemed like no matter how rough he was, she only moaned and fucked him harder.

“My dad hates you, you know,” Julie panted. “That bastard would freak if he knew I was fuckin’ the Boy-Who-Lived.”

Harry raised an eyebrow but couldn’t reply around the breast covering his face. Instead, he responded by gripping her bum roughly with both hands and urging her one. Her impressively powerful glutes flexed under his fingers as she moaned long and low.

“That’s it,” Julie crowed. “Ruin this Pureblood pussy!”

With his face buried between her breasts and his hands mauling her bum, Harry bucked up into her as best he could. Her movements became frantic as she neared her climax. Julie’s entire body trembled, and a low whine built in the back of her throat until it became an animalistic growl. She exchanged jumping up and down on his length for humping him with a desperation that he was sure was going to leave friction burns on his skin.

“Cum in me, Potter!” Julie yelled. “Defile me for those tiny Slytherin pricks!”

She let out a strangle grunt as she came, and Harry erupted inside of her. Eyes rolling into the back of her head, she rolled her hips spasmodically while her depths fluttered around him. Harry groaned into her chest as he emptied himself inside of her.

Eventually, she collapsed on top of him with a contented moan. Harry had to shift his head around so he could breathe, but he eventually found a comfortable position.

“Should I move?” Julie asked.

Harry responded by wrapping his arms around her back and hugging her. He probably couldn’t stay like this for long, but telling her to move just seemed rude.

Luna was really starting to rub off on him.

They stayed like that for a few minutes before she sat up and looked down at him.

“You want to go again?” she asked.

Harry smiled, “I’ve got another one in me.”

Grinning, Julie hopped off of him and bent over a nearby desk. Looking at him over her shoulder, she shook her bum enticingly.

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Harry grimaced, his bruised hips screaming in protest as he swung his leg over the bench at the Gryffindor table.

“What happened to you?” Hermione asked in concern. “Those Slytherin girls didn’t catch you, did they?”

“Not exactly,” Harry said, stacking piles of food on his plate.

## Chapter 7

Harry groaned as he lay back in his bed, watching Ginny bounce up and down on top of him. Reaching up, he cupped her bouncing breasts and squeezed her hard, red nipples.

“Oh, Harry,” Ginny moaned with a shudder.

Harry grinned as he trailed his hands down to her hips. Grabbing them tightly, he began pulling her down into his upward thrusts. Ginny cried out when her bum clapped loudly against his thighs and collapsed onto his chest.

“Oi, keep it down!” Seamus yelled. “M’ tryna sleep!”

The realization that they’d forgotten the Silencing Charm caused Harry to freeze. Ginny either didn’t understand, or she didn’t care. She let out a needy whine and rolled her hips aggressively while kissing his neck.

Unable to stop himself, Harry gripped her bum and thrust into her hot, welcoming depths, drawing a long, loud groan from her lips.

“I said shut it!” Seamus yelled.

“Forget it,” Dean said. “It’s time to get up anyway.”

Grumbling and cursing under his breath, Seamus’ bed squeaked as he got up and walked to the bathroom while Dean made the rounds to wake the others. No longer caring about his dormmates, Harry rolled over until he was on top of Ginny and drove into her rapidly. Her legs tightened around him, and her back arched as she screamed out her climax. Harry groaned a moment later when he erupted in her depths.

“Thanks for the wake-up, Ginny,” he said, kissing her softly on the lips.

“Any time,” she replied with a bright smile.

Smiling back, Harry rolled off of her and sighed happily. Ginny gave a self-satisfied smile before suddenly sitting up, scooting to the side of the bed, and throwing open the curtain. Ron, Dean, and Neville paid no mind to the naked redhead as she gathered her discarded clothes. As she bent over to collect her knickers, the bathroom door opened, and Seamus stopped in the doorway, staring at her bum.

“Nice,” he said with a grin.

Ron narrowed his eyes, stood up, and punched him hard in the shoulder.

“Oi!” he yelled. “That’s my sister.”



“Not my fault she’s fit,” Seamus said, rubbing his shoulder.

Ron raised his fist threateningly.

“One more word,” he growled.

“Ron, stop being an arse,” Ginny said, rolling her eyes as she stepped into her knickers.

“Did you hear what he said about you?” Ron asked incredulously.

“So?” she asked, pulling her nightshirt over her head. “I’ll see you later, Harry.”

Leaning over the bed, she kissed him passionately before straightening up and leaving the dorm. Harry watched her go and shook his head just how surreal his life had become.

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Because Harry took so long getting out of bed, he was the last to use the shower. Running late, he grabbed a couple of slices of toast and some bacon from the Gryffindor table before following Ron and Hermione down to the dungeons for double Potions.

“I need you to come with me to the Room of Requirement during our free period after lunch,” Hermione said softly. “I had an idea last night about how the sap works.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded as they entered the Potions classroom.

He’d barely made it a single step inside when Lilith hooked her arm through his and escorted him over to a table in the middle of the classroom. Smiling at the pretty brunette, he set up his cauldron just as Snape swooped into the room and slammed the door shut behind him.

“Today, you’ll be brewing the Draught of Peace,” he drawled. “This will take the full four hours to brew correctly. Instructions are on the board. Begin!”

Lilith pointed to Harry and then to the cauldron before pointing to herself and then to the ingredients cabinet. Harry nodded and started a fire to heat the water while she went to collect the required ingredients. While he waited for the water to come to a simmering boil, he noticed Pansy glaring at him intently, her brow furrowed. Meeting her eyes, he arched an eyebrow. Pansy huffed angrily and turned back to her cauldron just as Lilith returned to their table and laid out the ingredients.

“Do you know why Parkinson is glaring at me?” he whispered to her.

Lilith glanced over at Pansy, who looked up and scowled. Turning back to Harry, she shrugged her shoulders. Putting Parkinson out of his mind, Harry focused his attention back on the potion. They worked together in silence for the next half an hour, carefully following the instructions on the board. It was a difficult potion, but they managed to get it to the described shade of puce it needed to be before letting it simmer for twenty minutes.

There was little for Harry to do since Lilith was doing the occasional stirring that was necessary, so he decided to find another way to keep himself occupied. Glancing up at Snape, he slipped a hand under Lilith’s skirt and palmed her bum over her soft knickers. The dour Potions master’s eyes passed right over them without a second glance. Smirking to himself, Harry spent the next few minutes groping his partner.

“Lilith, can I borrow some of your bat liver?” Daphne Greengrass asked from behind them. “I didn’t grab enough.”

Looking over her shoulder, Lilith nodded and turned back to the potion. Daphne could have easily gone around to the side to grab what she needed, but instead, she decided to squeeze between Harry and the table, pressing her pert, round bum against his groin. Sharing a glance with Lilith and arching his brow, she smiled and laughed silently. Daphne bent over at the waist, rubbing her bum firmly against him.

Harry rapidly hardened as she deliberately ground against his groin. Smirking, he happily dry-humped her against the table and reached around to cup one of her breasts. They weren't as big as Lilith's, but they were still a good handful.

"Daphne, we need that liver," Tracey called.

"Coming," Daphne replied breathlessly.

She quickly grabbed the bat liver and straightened up, her normally pale cheeks slightly flushed. Harry gave her breast a farewell squeeze and her bum a parting pat as she returned to her table. Making eye contact with Hermione, she rolled her eyes exaggeratedly. Harry shrugged, the corner of his lips turning upward.

Over the next hour, the potions classroom grew noticeably warmer, almost uncomfortably so. Like many of the students, Lilith had loosened her tie and opened the top two buttons of her blouse. Harry got occasionally distracted by the expanse of pale, sweaty cleavage she displayed—nearly disastrously so if she hadn't been paying close attention to his work. He was just thinking about copping a feel as they once again paused their work to let the potion simmer when Tracey appeared on the other side of the table.

Like Lilith, she had loosened her tie and undone the first couple of buttons of her blouse. Her dark skin glistened in the flickering torchlight as she bent over slightly, giving him a teasing glimpse of her white bra.

"Hey, mind if I borrow some salamander tails?" she asked.

Shaking her head, Lilith gestured to their pile of ingredients. Tracey flashed a grateful smile at her and started looking through the bottles on the table. When she stretched her arm forward to sift through the ingredients, her blouse and bra crinkled, giving Harry a glimpse of her hard brown nipples. Their eyes met a moment later, and Tracey smirked as she opened another button.

“Like the view, Potter?” she asked teasingly.

“I do,” Harry said with a challenging smile. “Care to give me a better one?”

Smiling brightly, Tracey straightened up, opened two more buttons, and pulled the cups of her bra down under her breasts. Harry grinned as he reached out and cupped one, her hard, thick nipple pressing against his palm.

“Davis, stop dawdling and get back to your table,” Snape barked. “Potter, ten points from Gryffindor for gossiping.”

Harry rolled his eyes annoyedly as Tracey fixed her bra and blouse back into place. Giving him a wink, she grabbed the jar of salamander tails and sauntered back over to her table. With a sigh, he turned back to Lilith, who was looking at him with amusement dancing in her eyes.

“Cock block,” he muttered.

Covering her mouth, Lilith laughed silently. Harry smiled as he stepped behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. While she finished the final sequence of stirs to complete the potion, he kissed her neck and caressed her breasts. It probably distracted her from making the potion as well as she could have, but he wasn’t concerned about losing a couple of points on his grade.

“Do you want to find a broom cupboard after class?” Harry asked huskily.

Lilith gave him an apologetic look over her shoulder before grabbing a piece of parchment and a quill.

*I have to go to the library,* she wrote.

Harry hummed disappointedly while she scribbled another line under the first.

*Meet me in the dungeons tonight at 7?*

“Sure,” he smiled.

Turning her head, Lilith kissed him on the lips briefly before snuffing out the fire with her wand and pouring a sample of their potion into a vial. Harry started to clean and pack up his equipment when he heard a desk shift next to him. Glancing over, he swallowed thickly when he spotted the look Bulstrode was giving him. With a predatory glare, she bumped her table with her hip, effortlessly pushing it closer to his.

With only a couple of minutes left until the end of class, Harry carelessly tossed his belongings into his bag, shouldered it, and fidgeted impatiently. Slipping a hand into his pocket, he ran his fingers over the soft, silky fabric of his invisibility cloak. It was a good thing he’d remembered to get it back from Ginny that morning.

The moment the bell rang, Harry sprinted for the door. Behind him, he heard Bulstrode shoving desks, chairs, and students out of her way as she chased after him like a charging bull. Quickly ducking around the corner, he yanked his Invisibility Cloak out of his pocket, threw it around his shoulders, and ducked into a dark alcove.

Bulstrode rushed past him, followed a moment later by Lilith, Tracey, and Daphne. Harry was tempted to reach out and grab Daphne, but he wasn’t sure he could do it without alerting Bulstrode. They rapidly climbed the stairs up to the first floor, their footfalls slowly fading into the distance.

Letting out a sigh of relief, Harry shrugged off his cloak, stuffed it back in his pocket, and stepped back out into the hall. He headed back the way he’d come to meet up with Hermione and Ron for lunch but came to an abrupt stop when someone reached out, grabbed his arm, and yanked him into an empty classroom. Harry whirled around and came face to face with Pansy, her face set in a scowl.

“What did you do?” she asked, jabbing her finger into his chest accusingly.

“What are you on about?” Harry asked, confused. “I didn’t do anything.”

“Then why the hell do I keep dreaming about you?” Pansy growled. “You used a spell, didn’t you?”

Harry smirked as realization stuck him. Pansy was being affected by the sap, but she didn’t want to admit being attracted to him.

“I didn’t cast a spell, Parkinson,” Harry said. “If you’re dreaming about me, that’s all on you.”

Pansy growled and shoved him against the wall with surprising strength.

“Make it stop,” she demanded.

“I can’t,” Harry told her.

Pansy’s dark pink lips compressed into a tight line, and her arm twitched like she wanted to slap him, but she stopped.

“Fine!” she spat.

Harry thought they were done, but Pansy shocked him by dropping into a squat and working at his belt.

“What the hell are you doing?” Harry asked.

“Getting this ridiculous image of you out of my head,” Pansy growled, working on his fly. “I’m sure these stupid dreams will stop after I see your pathetic little-”

Pansy froze, her mouth dropping out slightly, as she yanked Harry’s trousers down to his thighs, and his half-hard length dangled in front of her face.

“My little what, exactly?” Harry asked with a smirk.

Pansy shook her head, quickly wiping the shocked look off of her face, and scowled.

“Shut up, Potter,” she said, even as she wrapped her hand around his shaft.

She glared up at him with her dark brown eyes as she stroked him to hardness. Once he was completely erect, she gripped him by the base and looked him over critically, shifting around for better angles, before looking back up at his face.

“Bigger than your boyfriend?” Harry asked tauntingly.

“I wouldn’t know,” Pansy said, narrowing her eyes and wrapping her hand around him. “I’m not one of those Gryffindor whores that spread her legs for anyone.”

“Says the girl with my cock in her hand,” he scoffed.

“Fuck you, Potter,” she spat. “You’re never telling anyone about this, and it’s never happening again. I – I just need to get it out of my system so I can stop having these stupid dreams.”

“If you say so,” Harry shrugged.

Pansy glared up at him and huffed before opening her mouth and swallowing his tip. He planned on holding back his moans to irritate her, but that proved unnecessary. Her technique was pitiful. She simply held him in her mouth, bobbing back and forth fractionally while her tongue lay flat and motionless against the underside of his shaft. When she glanced up at his face, he stared back with a bored, unimpressed expression. Pulling back, she stroked him and glared.

“What?” she asked aggressively.

“That was shite,” Harry told her bluntly.

Pansy inhaled sharply through her nose, inflating her rather flat chest as her cheeks turned red.

“Then tell me how to do it since you have so much experience sucking dick,” she spat.

Narrowing his eyes angrily, Harry grabbed a handful of her short, dark hair and stuffed himself back into her mouth. Pansy grunted in surprise and placed her hands on his thighs for balance, but she didn’t try to pull back until he hit the back of her throat and made her gag. He let her pull back for a moment to cough before pulling her back down his shaft, though he stopped just short of causing her to gag again.

“Use your tongue,” Harry said. “Since you’re so useless, I’ll take care of the rest.”

Pansy glared up at him, but any effect she hoped to achieve was lost by the sight of her lips stretched around his girth. She did as she was told, swirling her tongue around his shaft while Harry sawed his hips back and forth. It felt much better this time, but he only made it a few repetitions before he went a little too deep, and she gagged harshly. Pulling back, she coughed and cleared her throat.

“Careful,” she said angrily.



“What’s the matter?” Harry asked mockingly. “Can’t handle it?”

“It’s not my fault you’re hung like a fucking Troll,” Pansy glared. “No one can handle that.”

“Hermione can,” he said.

Hermione had never tried, and he doubted she could if she did, but his words had the desired effect. With a poisonous glare, Pansy opened her mouth wide and devoured his length. Two-thirds of the way down his shaft, she gagged hard and pulled back an inch before trying again. Smirking, Harry decided to give her a hand. He gripped her hair roughly and assisted her in trying to shove his length down her throat by bucking her hips. Pansy made it another inch down his shaft, spit raining from her chin as her eyes turned red and teared up.

“That’s better,” Harry grinned. “But not quite good enough. Hermione can take all of it.”

Glaring up at him even as tears fell from her eyes and she choked around his shaft, Pansy wrapped her arms around him and pulled herself forward. Harry couldn’t hold back a groan when her throat spasmed around his swollen, sensitive tip. Bucking his hips, he slowly forced more and more of his length down her battered gullet, occasionally letting her up for air. So much spit had fallen onto her white shirt that he could see through the material to her black bra, and lines of black mascara streaked her pale cheeks.

“Nearly there,” Harry encouraged.

Pansy pulled back to wipe her chin and take a breath before surging forward again and ramming his length down her throat. Harry added his assistance, pulling her head forward until, finally, her upturned nose touched his groin. Grinning, he held her in place, flexing his hips as he savored the feeling of her spasming throat. After a few seconds, Pansy ran out of air and pulled back sharply. Harry let her, smirking as she landed on her bum and sucked in a desperate breath.

Then he noticed she had one hand buried in her knickers.

“Are you playing with yourself?” he asked incredulously.

“Shut up,” Pansy panted.

Climbing to her knees, her hand moved rapidly under her knickers as she opened her mouth and stared up at his face. Harry shook his head disbelievingly as he fed his shaft back into her mouth and, gripping her hair, used it for his own selfish pleasure. Pansy choked and gagged loudly as he pumped his hips back and forth, sinking into the depths of her struggling throat over and over again.

“Is this what you dreamed about, Parkinson,” Harry asked with a groan. “Being a whore for Gryffindor?”

Pansy glared up at him, but her hand only moved faster, and she shuddered as he caught a whiff of her arousal. Chuckling, he felt his end nearing and stopped thrusting into her throat in exchange for moving faster. She responded by slathering every inch of his shaft with her tongue. It wasn't a very coordinated effort, but it felt fantastic.

Harry was so absorbed with his own climax that he didn't realize Pansy was nearing her own. Just as he was about to reach his peak, she pulled back with a gasp, and her entire body trembled. With her head thrown back, eyes closed, and mouth open, she moaned long and low. Harry growled as he took his length in hand and stroked himself to completion.

He erupted all over Pansy's face. Some landed in her hair, some landed in her open mouth, but most of his climax decorated her pale face in long, thick streaks. Wiping the last drop on her bottom lip, he gave a self-satisfied smirk at the mess he'd made and pulled up his trousers as Pansy closed her mouth and swallowed. As he began doing up his belt, she finally opened her eyes.

“Are you leaving?” she asked, all hostility gone. “Aren't you going to fuck me?”

“Sorry, I’ve got things to do,” Harry said, making his way to the door. “Maybe next time.”