

Chapter 9

"I really should be studying," Hermione said, pacing back and forth as she worried her hands.

Harry sighed and looked at her over the top of his Quidditch magazine as he lounged back on a pile of cushions. Hermione paused as the Room of Requirement provided her with what she wanted. The wall in front of her extended before morphing into a packed bookshelf. As she bit her lip and began trailing her finger along the spines curiously, Harry set his magazine down and stood.

"You need to relax," he said, hugging her from behind. "You can take a few hours off. You're going to burn yourself out, and it's not even our NEWT year."

"But--"

"No buts," Harry said, spinning her around in his arms. "Turn that big, beautiful brain of yours off for a little while and come spend some time with your friends."

"Beautiful brain?" Hermione repeated amusedly. "How is a brain beautiful, exactly?"

Harry shrugged, "Well, it's saved my life more than a few times. It's not quite as attractive as the rest of you, but I'd say it's a close second."

Grinning, he slid his hands down her back and squeezed her bum.

"Harry," Hermione gasped as he pinned her back against the bookshelf.

Leaning down, he claimed her lips in a demanding kiss. Despite her token protests, her fingers threaded through his hair and pulled him closer. Harry slipped his hands under her skirt and

trailed his fingers along her smooth, bare skin. She moaned into his mouth when he teased along the edge of her knickers before pulling her lips away from his breathlessly.

“The other girls will be here soon,” Hermione reminded him.

“So?” Harry asked, fingers nimbly opening the buttons of her blouse.

Hermione bit her bottom lip cutely, propriety and desire warring visibly in her wide, chocolate eyes.

“I don’t want them to see me like this,” she whispered.

“Like what?” Harry asked.

Sliding his hands up to her shoulders, he pushed her blouse down her arms. It fluttered soundlessly down to the floor, leaving her flushed chest exposed, covered only by her white bra.

“Like I’m some kind of... slut,” Hermione said.

As he pulled her close, she wrapped her arms around his neck, eyes locked with his.

“You’re not a slut,” Harry said, rolling his eyes. “Sluts sleep with a more than one guy. You’re only sleeping with me. Unless you haven’t told me something.”

“Of course not,” she huffed indignantly. “And you know what I mean.”

“Can’t say that I do,” Harry smiled, unzipping her skirt and letting it pool around her feet.

Hermione glared at him as she kicked her skirt to the side and started unbuttoning his shirt. A moment later, she looked up at him and smiled playfully.

“You know, by your definition, in this situation, that would make you the slut,” she said.

“I prefer the term man whore,” Harry grinned.

She giggled at him as she helped him out of his shirt. Unbuckling his belt, he opened his trousers and pushed them, along with his boxers, down to the ground. Hermione bit her lips as she stared openly at his body while he stripped naked in front of her. With a grin, he pulled her close, his erection slipping between her legs. His fingers immediately sought out the clasp of her bra, popping the catch with practiced ease.

As it fell to the floor, he cupped one of her breasts and pressed her back firmly against the bookshelf as he kissed her passionately. He swallowed the moan she let loose when he pressed his shaft hard against her mound. One hand threaded through the hair at the back of his neck while she scraped the nails of the other down his back. The sensation made him even harder.

Pulling back, he swiftly spun her around and pressed her front against the bookshelf. She panted excitedly as Harry roughly gripped a handful of her knickers and shoved them down her legs. Hermione threw her hair to the side, hitting him softly in the face with her bushy mane as she looked back over her shoulder.

Harry placed one hand on her shoulder to pin it in place and pulled her hips back with the other, arching her back. Both of them gasped when his engorged, throbbing head pressed against her damp folds. Hermione quickly reached between her legs and guided him into position. Flexing his hips, he plunged into her sweltering depths.

“Oh God,” she gasped, head falling forward.

As inch after inch sank into her core, her hands scrabbled for something to hold onto. Harry grinned as her body trembled when he finally bottomed out. Leaning against her back, he

pressed her chest into the books, his lips seeking out the crook of her neck. Slowly, he began to thrust at a steadily increasing pace. Giving her pale neck a playful bite, he leaned back and watched as his thighs beat a staccato rhythm against her spectacular bum. The sight alone drove him to start pounding her thin frame with long, powerful thrusts.

Hermione gasped, eyes wide as every jolt of her body caused her swollen nipples to rub against the ribbed spines. Books began tumbling carelessly to the floor as she searched for a more secure hold.

“Good thing we’re not in the library,” Harry smiled. “Madam Pince would ban you for life for knocking her books to the floor.”

“Harry,” Hermione whined, gripping the wood of the bookshelf to steady herself.

“I’m starting to think the books turn you on more than me,” he smirked.

“Shut up and fuck me,” she barked before letting out a gasp as he thrust deep.

“Gladly,” Harry said.

Grabbing a book with lightly ribbed spine, he slipped it between her legs. With his weight pressing her face against the books, Hermione couldn’t see what he was doing, but she certainly sensed he was up to something.

“Harry?” she asked, worry and excitement mixed in her tone.

Pressing the spine against her mound, he pushed down, running the ribbed leather directly over her clit. Hermione bucked her hips and screamed as she reached a sudden, thunderous peak. Knocking the book out of his hand, she slapped his thigh angrily even as her body trembled and spasmed. Chuckling, Harry held her close and kissed the side of her neck.

“Aw, you started without us?”

Harry and Hermione turned to see Luna entering the Room of Requirement. Behind her, Lavender, Katie, Susan, Megan, Sue, Hannah, Tracey, and Daphne followed, smiling and giggling.

“A bookshelf,” Tracey snorted. “Really, Granger?”

With a groan, Hermione moved her hips forward, causing him to slip out of her, and then turned around and buried her face in his chest.

“Nothing leaves this room,” she said, turning her head to glare at the Slytherin.

Tracey grinned and shrugged, “We’ll see.”

“Harry,” Hermione whispered. “If she starts spreading rumors, I’m going to hex her.”

“I’m sure she won’t,” Harry said, patting her bum.

Kissing the top of her head, he took her hand and led her over to the pile of cushions covering the floor. Luna skipped after them, shedding her clothes shamelessly along the way. Jumping face first between his legs with a giggle, she gripped his length and fed it between her lips.

“Bloody hell, Luna,” Harry groaned, running a hand through her hair.

“Luna, wait,” Hermione sighed. “He hasn’t taken his Stamina Potion yet.”

“That didn’t stop you,” Lavender teased as she finished stripping out of her clothes and climbed onto the cushions.

“It wasn’t my fault,” Hermione said, digging through her bag. “You know how he is.”

“And I’m sure you hated every minute of it,” Lavender said. “You certainly didn’t see to be cumming your brains out when we came in.”

The other girls giggled while getting undressed and spreading out on the cushions. Sucking hard, Luna pulled off of him with a loud *pop*.

“Can you give him the one that makes him cum a lot?” she asked, staring at Hermione with her wide, innocent blue eyes.

“I don’t know if the other girls would like that, Luna,” Hermione replied.

“It has been a while since he’s used it,” Katie smiled, turning to the others to explain. “It makes him cum buckets. I think it’s fun. He flooded poor Demelza the last time he used it.”

“Can we? Please?” Luna begging, sitting up and holding her hands together pleadingly.

The Lavender shrugged, the Hufflepuffs quickly agreed, Sue smirked, a gleam in her eyes as she looked at Hannah, and the two Slytherin girls glanced at each other.

“Just don’t get it in my hair,” Daphne sighed, seeing they were outnumbered. “I’ve heard that’s horrible to get out.”

“It’s alright, I know a spell for that,” Katie told her.

“There’s a spell specifically designed for getting cum out of your hair?” Hermione asked incredulously while digging through her bag for the other potion.

“There are spells for a lot of things that would surprise you, Granger,” Daphne told her. “Most of them just don’t end up in our schoolbooks.”

Hermione scowled and thrust the potion into Harry’s hand, causing the blonde to smirk. Popping the cork, he downed the red, sparkling potion with a grimace.

“I wish there was a way to make potions not taste the Troll sweat,” he muttered.

The girls chuckled before Luna looked around curiously.

“Is anyone else coming?” she asked.

“We didn’t want it to get too crowded,” Lavender told her. “We’re going to have our normal dorm party tomorrow night anyway. I can ask Professor Flitwick if you and Padma can come again, if you want.”

“Oh, that’d be nice,” Luna smiled.

“So, what, you all just have one big Gryffindor orgy on Saturdays?” Tracey asked, arching her brow.

“No,” Hermione said firmly. “Harry and a few girls just come to the dorm. It only started a few weeks ago. And it’s not an orgy, it’s...”

“Well, I suppose, technically, you could call it a reverse gangbang,” Lavender said thoughtfully.

“That sounds so much worse,” Katie laughed as Hermione covered her face.

“We’re not called it that again,” she mumbled. “Ever.”

“Agreed,” Daphne nodded. “I don’t want to be associated with anything labeled as a gangbang.”

“It kind of reminds me of Ravenclaw’s coven,” Luna said.

“What?” Hermione asked, her face a mixture of curiosity and apprehension.

“Isn’t that just a myth?” Sue asked, her hands roughly groping Hannah’s large breasts.

Luna shrugged, “I think it’s real. Rowena Ravenclaw used to have a club where she only invited the most promising students. According to legend, it was just an excuse for them to have sex. Some people think she did it to try and produce more powerful witches and wizards, but I think they just got horny from all that studying.”

“Maybe we should ask Granger about that,” Tracey smirked.

“Wait,” Hermione said, shaking her head. “You think Rowena Ravenclaw encouraged her students to have sex to... what, blow off steam?”

“Oh, no,” Luna said, causing Hermione to sigh in relief. “She would have sex with them, too. Ravenclaw was well known to have sexual relationships with her students. I wonder if we could convince one of the professors to join us. Professor Sinistra is pretty, and Harry likes looking at her bum.”

“We are *not* inviting a professor,” Hermione said unequivocally. “And I doubt Rowena Ravenclaw was holding orgies with her students. I mean, surely there would be some kind of record of that sort of thing.”

Fwump!

Everyone jolted when a thick, black leather-bound book landed next to Harry. In shining gold letters on the cover were the words; *Ravenclaw's Coven*.

"No way," he laughed.

"I'm sure it's not what you think," Hermione said, picking it up.

Flipping open the cover, they all gasped when, on the very first page, they found an animated drawing of Rowena Ravenclaw lounging naked with over a dozen students laid out around her. They were just as naked as she was. One of the girls in the drawing was feeding the Founder grapes while a boy lay between her legs, lapping at her folds.

Quickly turning to the next page, they found the charter, written by Rowena Ravenclaw. It spelled out in explicit detail that Luna had been correct. Only the top twenty students in the school could be invited, and only if Rowena thought they were mature enough. There was some validity to the notion of producing more powerful witches and wizards, but it was meant as more of a club to form bonds and connections among the academically elite. Luna was again at least partially correct in that it was meant as a reward and a place to relax after all their hard work.

"I can't believe it," Hermione breathed.

"Are there any more drawings?" Tracey asked.

Reaching over, she flipped a few pages until she came to another one.

"Oh my!" Hermione gasped.

In the drawing, Ravenclaw was smiling as she lounged back on top of a wizard who was clearly buried in her bum. Another knelt between her legs, filling her folds. Around her head were an array of shafts, two of which filled her hands while her lips tended to another.

“Wow,” Daphne said, raising a brow. “Who knew she was such a slut.”

Turning the page, the next drawing showed half a dozen witches kissing and licking Rowena while the boys took them in various positions. Harry’s shaft twitched excitedly at the sight of such a respected Founder being depicted in scenes of utter debauchery.

“Didn’t your mum tell you there used to be something like this just a couple hundred years ago?” Tracey asked Daphne.

“It was nothing like this,” the blonde replied, shaking her head. “My great-great-grandmother was part of a group of witches called the Halford’s coven. That was a lot more like what we’re doing. A group of witches with only one or two boys involved at most. It was easier to keep quiet that way.”

“Well, Rowena was a Founder,” Lavender pointed out. “I suppose she didn’t need to worry about hiding it much. Who would she get in trouble with?”

“You’re probably right,” Daphne admitted. “I bet Halford’s coven came out of Rowena’s. Maybe she even found this same book, and that’s what gave her the idea.”

“I overheard my aunt talking about covens at Hogwarts once,” Susan said, scooting closer. “I wonder why they stopped.”

“Maybe they got caught?” Megan asked.

“Maybe,” Hermione said.

Taking the book from her hands, Luna sat next to Hermione, spread it open on their laps, and started to hum as she read.

“Well, while those two read that, can we get to the fun part?” Sue asked with a grin. “I want to watch Hannah choke on that fat cock.”

“She’s always like that,” Susan said, smiling at Harry’s surprised expression. “Hannah likes being treated roughly, and I just don’t have it in me to be like that.”

“Susie’s not a fan of the rough stuff,” Megan said, smiling at the redhead.

Susan blushed and shrugged her shoulders, her massive breasts bouncing enticingly from the movement.

“Wait, how come she gets to go first?” Tracey asked as Sue dragged Hannah over to Harry by the hair.

“Because neither of us has been with a guy yet,” Sue told her.

“Neither have we,” Tracey argued, gesturing between her and Daphne.

“Or us,” Megan added, leaning against Susan.

“Don’t worry,” Katie told them with a smile. “You’ll all get a turn. Harry can go for hours with a Stamina Potion.”

“He can go for hours without one,” Lavender scoffed. “I could barely get out of bed Monday.”

“Sorry,” Harry shrugged with a smile.

“Oh, I wasn’t complaining,” Lavender grinned.

Shaking his head, Harry turned his attention to Hannah and Sue.