

Summary: When a magical flower sprays Harry with a mysterious cloud of spores, he soon finds the side effects to be far more...pleasant than he expected. Now with every girl in the castle *obsessed* with him, Harry must decide whether to find a cure for this mystery ailment or give in to its more carnal benefits.

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Chapter 3: Herbal Hypothesis

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Harry smirked to himself as Hermione struggled to surprise another flustered squeak. Already his hand was positively drenched in her juices. Beneath the table, his fingers worked tirelessly, pumping back and forth inside her quivering slit, all the while Professor Flitwick and the rest of the class continued on. Not a soul the wiser of what was taking place beneath their shared desk.

He picked up his pace. The sound of Hermione's muffled moans as she buried her face into the crook of her elbow made him chuckle quietly under his breath. Technically Hermione could be as loud as she wished. Whatever strange magic that had taken root inside him courtesy of Susan's magical flower would ensure that no one even perceived the bookworm's heady moans. As long as it was Harry pushing his digits deep inside her quim, magic would deafen any onlookers' ears and blind their eyes, at least to him and Hermione.

Of course, he wasn't about to tell her that. Not when her little stifled moans sounded so cute.

Over the last few days, Harry had been conducting a series of experiments of sorts. It started in the common room when Hermione, Lavender, Parvati, and Fay all sank to their knees before him and worshipped his cock for well over an hour. The other guys who'd been in the common room at the time hadn't even batted an eye. In fact, their eyes had seemingly glazed over whenever one accidentally looked his way before they quickly turned back or wandered off with a look of dazed confusion. It was as if magic was making it impossible for them to perceive the acts Harry and the girls were committing.

The girls for that matter, the ones who hadn't been busy sucking his cock, were a different story. They never said a thing, though he knew for sure many had seen and thus been *very* aware of what was going on right in the middle of the common room. Yet instead of acting surprised or shocked, the other Gryffindor girls had seemed...jealous. Jealous of Hermione and the others if the angered glares they sent their way and the almost *hungry* ones they shot towards his exposed member.

Needless to say, after that night- ending with him erupting over Hermione and Lavender's faces while Fay and Parvati took turns snogging the life out of him- Harry had taken it upon himself to find the limit of this newfound power.

Spoiler alert: He didn't.

At least not yet. Shagging Susan in the middle of the library was treated like an everyday occurrence by the other inhabitants of the castle. Pushing Ginny to her knees and burying his cock down her throat outside of the Great Hall had only garnered the attention of a few older Ravenclaw girls who watched with rapt attention as they buried their own hands beneath their skirts. For Merlin's sake- even bending Tracey Davis over McGonagall's desk and bugging her until she was a screaming mess had only earned them a disinterested 'keep it down' from the Deputy Headmistress.

At this point, Harry was pretty sure even shagging a full-blooded Veela atop the Quidditch World Cup stadium in the middle of the game wouldn't cause anyone to so much as glance his way. It wasn't as if he was invisible. He could still chat with Ron and his other yearmates just fine, teachers still called on him, and for the most part, he was treated the same as he would any other day. Yet the second one of his female classmates sidled up to him and began to rub her hand over his clothed cock, it was like the very presence of him was obliterated from the minds of every bloke and aged witch around.

That was the thing too, it wasn't just wizards who were affected by this sudden obliviousness towards him, but older women as well. He wasn't quite sure what the 'cut-off' of age was so to

speak. Still, he knew McGonagall could hardly care less whenever he pawed at Lavender's tits during her class, yet if he did the same thing in front of Professor Sinistra or Babbling, the two women would be driven just as wild as his other female classmates.

Perhaps something else to experiment on later he summarized as he recalled just how enticing Professor Sinistra's backside was to look at.

He was brought from his musings as Hermione suddenly stiffened beside him, a muffled scream bleeding out from under her hand as her pussy clamped down around his fingers. He chuckled to himself, enjoying the sight of his sexy best friend cumming all over his hand. It wasn't the first time he'd seen it, nor would it be the last.

Just as her breathing had begun to return to normal and he prepared to further tease his bushy-haired lover, Flitwick's shrill voice cut through the air.

"I believe that is where we will end things for the day students! Remember to read up on the theory behind the Mage Sight spell as we will have a quiz on it when class resumes on Thursday! Mr. Potter?" The diminutive professor called. "A word if I may?"

Panic flared through Harry's chest as the Charms Master called his name. His fellow classmates paid the Professor's call no heed as they hurriedly collected their things to rush to their next class.

Slowly, Harry packed up his own things and made his way to where Flitwick awaited him atop his tower of books the man used as his podium. Surely he hadn't noticed Hermione and him? Flitwick had been just as affected as the others during all his testing the past few days, so surely today would not be the day the man suddenly broke through whatever mist was clouding Harry's actions from his sight.

Steeling his nerves, Harry approached the man with a cautious expression on his face.

"You wanted to see me professor?" He asked, careful to keep his panic from showing.

Flitwick, however, smiled and nodded his head. "That I did Harry." The half-goblin gestured for Harry to follow as he stepped down from the small mountain of books he stood upon and made

his way to his desk. Once settled, Flitwick steeped his hands and gave Harry an appraising look.

“Now as I understand it young man, you’re capable of producing a fully corporeal patronus correct?”

Harry blinked, not expecting this to be where the Charms Master would take the conversation.

“Er, I- yes?”

Flitwick smiled excitedly. “Wonderful! May I see it?”

Harry nodded in confusion, pulling his wand free. With a muttered ‘Expecto Patronum’ the familiar silvery form of his patronus leaped forth. Prongs pranced around the classroom for a few moments, his antlered head surveying the room for any threats before he finally came to stand before Harry to await his command.

“Remarkable!” Flitwick squeaked. “Truly remarkable! Many a wizard could try for years practising the Patronus charm but they’d never be able to produce something as grand as this!”

The short professor chuckled happily.

“Thank you, professor.” Harry said, ending the spell as Prongs faded away. “But what does my patronus have to do with anything?”

“Ah yes!” Flitwick sat up straight and cleared his throat. “Well, you see Harry with the Dark Lord’s return now firmly revealed, the DMLE has been working overtime to prepare for any attacks. As I’m sure you know, one of You Know Who’s biggest weapons in the last war was his control over the Dementors.” At Harry’s nod, the half-goblin continued. “Now the ministry still has control over the Dementors around Azkaban, but between you and me, that will not last for long. A former student of mine who just so happens to be the Head of the DMLE believes so as well which is why I mentioned your proficiency for the Patronus Charm to her when last we spoke.”

Harry’s eyes widened in surprise, already guessing where this was going. “And she wants me to... what? Train a few aurors to cast the spell?”

“Well you did manage to teach nearly half the student populace how to produce a shield!” Flitwick chuckled, referring to the secret DA meetings he, Ron, and Hermione ran the year before. “I dare say a handful of aurors would be no challenge for you, young man!” At Harry’s hesitant look, Flitwick continued. “And if you agree, you would of course receive an automatic ‘O’ in my class for the semester!”

Harry sighed and took a moment to think. Having aurors prepared to fend off a horde of Dementors would be for the best in the coming war. He’d hate to think of the people who could potentially lose their lives if he were to turn down Flitwick’s proposal.

“Alright.” He sighed. “I’ll do it.”

“Wonderful!” Flitwick squeaked. “I’ll owl Amelia immediately and tell her the good news! Meet me here Saturday morning and we’ll floo over to her office to go over the final details!” Before Harry could leave, however, Flitwick spoke up once more. “Oh! How forgetful of me! You have potions class next yes? Professor Snape is covering today for Professor Slughorn who is attending an event at the ministry. Give this to him to excuse your tardiness.” He said, handing Harry an excuse slip before shooining him away.

At Harry’s nod, the Charms Master dismissed him as he began to hastily scrawl the letter. Harry shook his head, leaving the classroom more confused than when he entered.

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The walk to potions passed without much fanfare. He’d long since grown used to the plethora of hungry stares sent his way by the various attractive witches roaming the halls. He paid them no heed, for the most part, his head too clouded with thoughts of Flitwick’s offer.

Was this what 6th year had in store for him? Training others to fight in the coming war?

He wasn’t afraid to admit the thought made him sick. He wanted Voldemort gone as much as the next person, but he couldn’t help but feel like the prophecy centred between them made this fight a personal one. To train people to fight his battles for him- while he was here at Hogwarts safe- it made his stomach churn uncomfortably. It wasn’t right.

He'd do it though. He'd already given Flitwick his word and in truth, it wasn't as if he was teaching them any truly dangerous spells. He was sure the aurors knew loads more offensive spells to protect themselves and the patronus at its core was only meant to shield you from a Dementor (and a Lethifold but those were far less common).

He sighed to himself, doing his best to settle the turmoil in his mind before he entered Snape's domain. He had yet to make it to the classroom and already he was wishing that Professor Slughorn would be back soon. He'd come to enjoy his potions lessons without Snape and knowing the spiteful man, he'd still find some reason to punish Harry even with an excuse. Harry shook his head, already preparing for the worst as he pushed the door to the potions classroom open.

"You're late Potter!" The greasy voice of Hogwarts ex-potions master growled before Harry could even take a step inside. In the blink of an eye, Snape was upon him, sneering down with utter contempt marring his nasty features.

"Tell me Potter-" Snape began. "-Is it that you arrogantly believe that the rules do not apply to you or do you simply show an utter lack of care for them in the first place? You should know by now in that dunderheaded skull of yours that tardiness is not acceptable in my class."

Harry suppressed his biting retort and instead presented the slip. "Professor Flitwick wished to speak with me after class sir."

Snape snatched the excuse from his hands with an angry mutter. Harry watched as the man read over the note, his frown deepening with every word.

"10 points from Gryffindor for wasting my time Potter. Find yourself a partner and get to work. The instructions are on the board." With that Snape whisked off, robe billowing dramatically behind him as he stomped back towards his desk.

Harry let out a breath. Only 10 points deducted, could have been worse.

Looking around the room, he noticed glumly that Hermione had already paired herself up with Parvati while Ron sat with Seamus giving him an apologetic email. Everyone else seemed to be paired up as well, all except for one.

“Greengrass.” Harry greeted as he approached the blonde’s desk.

Two beautiful crystal blue eyes locked onto his. At first glance, it looked as if the famous Ice Queen of Slytherin was all but unaffected by his presence. She stared up at him impassively, face stoic and cold as per her norm, but Harry knew better. He’d been subject to a plethora of horny stares over the last few days, enough that he knew what to look for by now.

He could see the signs all over Daphne just like the others. Her cheeks were dusted with just the faintest shade of pink. Pupils dilated and glassy. Her breathing was fluttery as if she was having a hard time controlling her own lungs as her body thrummed with excitement.

Harry smirked inwardly. Perhaps potions wouldn’t be so bad.

“Mind if I sit?” He asked, already in the process of pulling the chair next to her out and sitting down.

“By all means P-Potter.” Daphne cleared her throat quickly and straightened her already perfect posture. “I have already completed steps one through six. You may make yourself useful and dice the fire crab eyes while I let the potion simmer.”

Harry chuckled at her attempt at her normally abrasive attitude. Not bothering to argue, he did as he was told, finely dicing the pile of slimy black eyes while she monitored the potion. Harry watched her from the corner of his eye while he worked. She paid rapt attention to the bubbling cauldron, every now and then double-checking something in her textbook with a cut scrunch of her nose before nodding and giving the solution a stir.

Who would have thought he’d think Daphne Greengrass of all people was cute? Beautiful sure.

The blonde was practically the picture of elegant beauty. Her soft skin, pale and glowing. Plump full lips and high cheekbones. Even her eyes, with their delicate lashes and breathtaking hue of ice blue- when she looked your way you couldn’t help but be drawn into them...

“Ahem!” The sound of Daphne lightly clearing her throat broke him from his thoughts. Those same blue eyes were now staring back his way, narrowed in annoyance, yet with her cheeks more heavily coated with a deep red blush. “Staring at someone is considered to be rude Potter. Were you never taught any manners?”

Harry recovered quickly from his lapse, giving the girl a lazy shrug as he deposited the chopped eyes into their cauldron. “Good thing I wasn’t staring then.

“Oh?” Daphne asked. “Then what pray tell, *were* you doing?”

“Admiring a very pretty girl, or is that considered rude as well?” He asked with a teasing grin.

Daphne flushed once more. The blonde turned away from him, muttering something about ‘stupid hormones’ before she quite forcibly began to stir their concoction once more.

Harry’s grin widened as he double-checked the rest of their classmates. Not seeing anyone looking, as if it’d even matter, he leaned closer to the blonde, acting as if he was simply reading over the potion steps in her textbook.

Daphne’s breath hitched at his close proximity. More so when he steadied himself by grasping onto her thigh beneath the desk.

“Something the matter Greengrass?” He asked without glancing up.

The blonde began to stutter some retort yet before she could do so Harry moved his hand beneath her knee-length skirt, his palm coming into contact with bare hot skin. A moan slipped through the blonde’s lips before she clasped a hand over her mouth in panic. She looked around quickly, fear permeating her eyes as she looked for anyone who heard her outburst. Harry chuckled and reached forward to turn the heat down on their potions to let it simmer for the rest of class. “Come with me.” He whispered into her ear.

Daphne looked at him hesitantly as he stood, a silent war raging in her mind before, finally, she nodded accepting his outstretched hand as she stood.

Harry barely waited for her to be fully standing before he pulled her along, a small yelp of surprise leaving her lips as they made a beeline for the storage closet at the back of the classroom.

Not a soul glanced their way- well male soul at least. More than a handful of girls watched with pouts of jealousy as Harry pulled Daphne into the cramped room and closed the door behind them.

“Wh-What are we doing in h-here Potter?” Daphne asked, a nervous gleam in her eyes.

Harry answered her by stepping forward, wrapping his arms around her thin waist as he pressed his lips against hers. Daphne froze at the sudden contact, her brain shortcircuiting for a moment as her mind struggled to keep up. It seemed that whatever momentary lapse she had was thankfully resolved quickly as the blonde seemingly melted into Harry’s embrace, moaning lightly against his lips as she began to kiss him back.

Within moments the kiss turned from slow and relaxed to something more. Harry made no move to ease Daphne into it, mauling her lips like they were his lifeline. By the breathless moans seeping from her lips, Daphne certainly didn’t mind.

The blonde fist his shirt, doing her best to pull his body as flush with hers as she could. Harry too gripped something of hers just as tightly, his hands pressed firmly into the soft supple flesh of her arse. Daphne’s heart hammered against her chest. A buzzing high was making its way through her body as Harry explored her body, starting with her squeezing and groping her arse and working his way up to pull apart her blouse and expose her round jiggly breasts.

“Dear Morgona!” Daphne gasped as his hands clasped roughly around her exposed tits while his mouth suckled and nipped at her neck.

“You’re so sexy.” Harry’s husky voice whispered to her as his hand moved from her breasts and travelled down her belly. She shuddered when his finger began toying with the rim of her belly button.

Daphne could only moan in response, goosebumps appearing on her flesh as his fingers toyed with the clasp of her skirt. Biting her lip, Daphne stared into those burning green eyes of his as he peered down at her, like he was silently asking for permission. With a small intake of breath, Daphne nodded, going even further to reach forward and lightly grasp the thick tent in his trousers. What she felt made her knees all the more weaker.

It was...*big*.

Harry waited no longer as he popped free the button of her skirt and yanked it down. Body thrumming with excitement, Daphne helped by just as hastily stepping free from her skirt as it pulled around her ankles. There was no need to struggle with knickers. Something had told her this morning to go without. She'd been hesitant to listen to that little voice when she was making ready for the day, but now she knew exactly why it'd been so insistent.

"Turn around." Harry ordered, his hand reaching around to lightly slap her bum.

Daphne giggled. Actually *giggled* as she did what she was told and turned, leaning herself against the various shelves in front of her and pushing her arse out with a wiggle.

Under normal circumstances, Daphne would be ashamed of just how...*whorishly* she was acting. She was the daughter of a powerful pureblood house! A lady in her own right! She should not be throwing herself at Harry Potter of all people whilst acting like some common slut! Yet in that moment, she could hardly care what she should and shouldn't be doing. What she *wanted* to be doing was getting her brains fucked out by the man currently spreading her arsecheeks apart as his thumb ghosted over her arsehole.

"Beautiful." He murmured quietly.

Daphne groaned as he continued to rub small circles around the rim of her arsehole, the stimulation already driving her wild.

"Harry p-please!" She gasped, body thrumming with barely withheld arousal.

"Patience." He replied. "We've got all class princess."

Daphne groaned even louder as his thumb moved down, sinking into her already-soaked depths with ease. Her pussy instantly latched on to the intruder. The small amount of pleasure she gained from the digit felt ten-times more powerful as she grew desperate for any sort of stimulation.

Just as fast as it began, it ended. She whined at the absence of his thumb, yet before her disappointment could truly grow, she felt something smack heavily against her arse.

“Oh!” She exclaimed, glancing back to see for herself what it was. She already knew of course and her body was practically vibrating with excitement.

From her current angle, she couldn't quite make out the entire picture, but she saw enough to know what to expect.

A feeling like no other exploded in her core as her walls were quite suddenly and roughly penetrated by something long and thick. The moan that dripped from her lips made even her, in her cock-drunk state, blush from the sheer eroticness of it. Within moments she was filled to the brim. She could feel her pussy being stretched to its limits, and yet all she could do was clutch the shelves she leant against with a white knuckle grip.

Harry chuckled as Daphne all but came from the first thrust into her dripping snatch. Who knew the Ice Queen was such a slut? Smirking, he dug his hands deeper into her wide bubbly arsecheeks and pulled his hips back. The sheer tightness of her cunt drew a moan from his lips. Yet it was nothing compared to how it felt to slam his cock back inside the blonde's needy pussy with as much force as he could muster.

Daphne cried out as his hips crashed loudly against her arse. She wobbled slightly, her knees threatening to buckle as Harry began to set a devastating pace, pounding into her sopping wet pussy. The pureblood witch gasped and cried. Never before had she felt anything so devastating yet so *amazing* at the same time. Her inner walls were on fire, pleasure that she'd never known before electrifying her nerves and sending her mind into a haze of sexual euphoria. With every wet meaty slap of Harry's hips against her rippling bum, Daphne could feel

that electricity in her nerves growing in intensity. She fell forward, face pressed against one of the hard wooden shelves while her pussy tightened considerably around his cock.

With only a squeak, Daphne came. Stars danced across her vision as her world exploded with pleasure. She could feel her own juices dripping down her legs. The loud squelching of Harry's cock pounding into her signalled just how much she was *gushing* in climax.

Harry grunted as Daphne's pussy convulsed around him. The blonde was a total mess of slutty moans and whimpers as she came. If it weren't for moving his arm under her waist, Harry was sure she'd have collapsed by now. As it were, Harry wouldn't have to worry about supporting her much longer. His own end was approaching and fast. Yet he still wished to try one thing.

Using his other hand, he moved back up to the blonde's puckered hole. Like he had earlier, he ghosted one of his fingers around the rim, making Daphne shudder once more while she came. Taking the next step, Harry pushed a single digit against her crinkled back door. Her arsehole gave way with a small amount of force, allowing him to sink his finger deep within her hot back tunnel.

Below him, Daphne tensed at the sudden intrusion. Her entire body locked up, including her pussy. Harry groaned as she constricted even further around him, pushing his finger as deep as it could go into her ass while thrusting his hips forward. Daphne began to shake and tremble, her small moans and whimpers growing even louder. Harry couldn't take it any longer.

Slamming his hips forward and released his load.

Daphne moaned as she felt him erupt, filling her insides with his hot, thick cum. Incoherent words escaped her mouth as she thrashed around, cumming harder than she ever had.

Thankfully, Harry was holding onto her tightly.

Before they could separate, the door to the storage closet was suddenly wrenched open. A very flushed and wide eyes Tracey Davis stood before them, her blouse pulled half-open and a sheen of arousal coating her fingers.

Harry smirked as he studied the girl, mind recalling their own little tryst just a few days before. With a chuckle, he pulled his cock free from Daphne's quim, cum already spilling free from her folds and onto the floor below.

"Hey Trace." He said unfazed. "Care to join?"

"Shut up." The brunette growled, closing the door behind her quickly before she sank to her knees before him.

Harry groaned as the other Slytherin girl began to hungrily suck his cock. Her tongue lapped up and down his shaft greedily as he cleaned both his and her friend's juices off his still-hardened member.

Beside them, Daphne watched on with rapt attention, moving her hand quickly between her shaky legs as she started to slowly massage her clit.

This was by far one of the best potion classes he's ever had.

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Author's Note

Wonder how that meeting with Amelia will go? Who's to say!

Next chapter: More Harry/Tracey/Daphne, plus Hermione's perspective of the sudden changes centred around her best friend.

Thanks for reading!