

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 11: Thorns

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“So from our tests, I think it’s quite obvious the flower’s blessing is most akin to that of an ‘aura’ so to speak.”

“Mhm.”

“Its range is large enough to affect at least those within the castle itself, with milder effects noticed within Hogsmeade but no further.”

“Hmm.”

“Those targeted by this aura seem to be only individuals that either you or I find attractive, with more intense side effects produced if both of our auras are concentrated on the same person.”

“I see.”

Hermione frowned and set aside her quill. “Harry, are you even listening to me?!”

Harry ignored his friend’s shout of indignation in favour of fisting a handful of Parvati’s hair. The gossiping witch had her mouth quite literally full as she throated his cock with all the eagerness of a well paid whore. She wasn’t alone in her efforts, however, as beside her, Padma moaned around a mouthful of his bloated sack. Her lips were warm and slick, tongue pulsing against his balls as her twin drug velvet heat up Harry’s length.

“Little distracted right now, Mione.” He grunted. He used his hold on Parvati’s hair to push the girl back down the length of his cock until the tip of her nose brushed against his abdomen.

Parvati had no qualms with this, a pleased, if muffled, hum of approval spilling from her throat.

From her place by the fire, Hermione scoffed and rolled her eyes. “Boys.” She muttered, letting out naught but a pleased hitch of her breath as Pansy added a second finger into her soaking quim. The former bully looked up at Hermione with eyes glazed over entirely with lust. It seemed that some were more adversely affected by the flower’s aura than others as well, if evidenced by the sheer level of submissiveness that the Slytherin witch now displayed towards her and Harry. Hermione hummed, picking up her quill to quickly note down that stray thought—another experiment for later.

“Well now that we know most of the blessings limits – hng!” Hermione rocked her hips forward as Pansy flicked her tongue across her clit just how she liked. “W-We should probably focus on finding a way to control the aura.”

Harry gave her a shrug as he helped Padma line herself up with his cock. The caramel-skinned girl’s soaking heat enveloped him in an instant, taking him all the way to the base in one fell swoop while she collapsed against his chest with a strangled gasp. Below Parvati remained vigilant in her oral duties, flicking her tongue across Harry’s balls while her twin began to rock herself back and forth atop his cock.

“I think our control is just fine.” He smirked. Reaching up, he gave Padma’s darkened nipples a squeeze, forcing yet another sharp gasp from the girl’s lips.

Hermione rolled her eyes, her own hips moving of their own volition, now grinding against Pansy’s face. “You only s-say that because you quite like having ev-every witch ready to drop her knees w-when you walk b- OH!” She clamped her mouth shut, riding out the sudden spike of pleasure brought on by Pansy adding yet another finger to her soaking depths. “K-Keep going!” She whispered to the girl. She could feel the pressure within her core already so close to bursting.

“Looks like you enjoy it just as much as I do.” Harry grunted in reply. Padma had switched from flurried rocking to full fledged bouncing on his cock by now. The wet slaps of her arse clapping against his thighs sounded like shockwaves of thunder. No longer able to consistently lap at his

balls, Parvati now busied herself with burying Harry's face between her tits. The twin girls' moans bled together so well that it was nearly impossible to tell their noises of pleasure apart. It wasn't until Padma suddenly stiffened atop his lap with a squeak that Harry could even pick apart their whimpers. The Indian witch's cunt gripped him like a vice. Her eyes rolled back in her head, her vision went white, and with a silent scream she came around Harry's cock.

If Hermione's own pleasure wasn't reaching such a rapid peak, she'd probably keep her eyes glued to the scene before her with rapt attention. That being said, she couldn't ignore the burning pleasure blooming out from within her core any longer. Hermione clapped a hand over her mouth as her orgasm finally ripped freely through her body. The muffled whine she let out as she covered Pansy's face with her juices was deep and needy. She was shaking, breathing hard, each breath accompanied by a whine that came out muffled behind her own palm. She blinked, trying to clear her vision, trying to swallow past the thundering of her heart.

When her vision finally cleared of stars, Harry's smirking face met hers and she blushed in embarrassment.

"Shut up." She muttered.

Harry laughed and gently lifted Padma's boneless form from his lap. "C'mere." He said, holding his arm out. Hermione stood without argument, shuffling up onto his lap and lining his still rock hard length up with her pussy. She whimpered as he entered her, her quite recent orgasm allowing his cock to slide in without issue. Even if she hadn't come from Pansy's tongue, Hermione knew her body would no doubt be ready for him. Even before the flower, she had yearned for him in a way that couldn't be described. He didn't know this, and Hermione would likely never tell, but going all the way back to third year, all he had to have done was ask for her to drop her panties, and she would've done so in an instant. She had it *bad* back then, perhaps even worse now.

“So we need to learn control.” Harry said. His hands were on her hips, holding her up just enough so that he could piston his cock into her pussy at a rhythmic pace. “What do you have in mind then?”

“W-We could – ahh – try it against e-each other. W-We know – Oh god Harry yes~ – We know our aura’s af-affect each other s-slightly as well. So-” She cut herself off to release a low whining moan as she dug her nails into his shoulder from the sudden wave of pleasure. “Fuck! M-More!” Harry chuckled but increased his pace nonetheless. A soft, rhythmic slapping sound filled the room. Hermione was acutely aware of the face that had pressed itself between her arsecheeks as well. The wet tongue rimming her arsehole felt odd but quite pleasant at the same time.

“You were saying?” Harry asked.

Hermione groaned but continued nonetheless. “We sh-should try exerting o-our control over each other. At first anyway. Then – Gyah! – Th-then...Oh, to hell with it!”

Hermione threw caution to the wind, setting her knees quickly against the soft cushioned couch as she began to bounce with wild abandon atop Harry’s cock. The thick, veiny length speared her magnificently, stretching her in ways that made her toes curl and pussy gush with slickened arousal.

“So eager.” Harry murmured in her ear and Hermione groaned as he cupped her petite breasts. His finger roamed nimbly over her mounds. Their touch was featherlight, each graze making her flesh prickle with goosebumps. When he gave her nipples a gentle pinch, Hermione nearly came undone right then and there. It was like every sensation he subjected her body to was dialled to an eleven. His cock felt fuller, his skin electric, and his hands mere tools to tease her relentlessly. She cursed aloud when his teeth grazed the pulsepoint of her neck. She was so fucking wet by this point. Her pussy squelched with every bounce of her hips, coating both their groins in a thick layer of her juices. It wouldn’t be long before it all became too much. Her core was already alight like a raging inferno once more. Pansy’s oral treatment from earlier did little to help her hold on as Harry drove his cock deeper, and deeper, and deeper inside-

With a scream, Hermione came. Her spine stiffened and her nails dug deep into Harry's muscled torso. She whimpered pitifully as her pussy convulsed again and again, each one being answered by a pulse from Harry's cock as he seeded her cunt. The warmth of his cum inside her only made her orgasm that much more intense, and it wasn't for several long moments before she even felt the rush of hormones slowly begin to ebb away.

Hermione collapsed against Harry's chest without a sound. She fought hard to catch her breath, uncaring of Parvati's tongue lapping at her cock filled folds.

"I'd say using our aura against each other is quite easy, if I'm being honest." Harry spoke after a few moments.

Hermione sat up, her breasts still heaving with breath as she shot him a look of confusion. A smirk was her only answer before, suddenly, Hermione's eyes shot open in realization.

"Oh you utter prat!" She smacked him against the chest. "A little warning would have been nice!"

No wonder she'd been so sensitive! She'd thought it was because of her earlier climax, but it seems Harry had been focusing his aura on her the entire time. Hermione admitted it was a clever move. She had no clue he was doing it and it may have even yielded better results because she hadn't been expecting it. Perhaps this would be the best method to conduct additional tests...

For now though, she was utterly spent. One downside of cumming so hard in such a short amount of time was the hell it wreaked on her energy. With a groan she slid off of Harry's lap, happily keep her legs parted for Parvati to resume her earlier efforts of licking the cum from Hermione's pussy. The bushy-haired brunette hummed, casting a tired eye around the room before groaning at what she saw.

"Harry?"

"Yes 'Mione?"

"Perhaps we should save our next round of testing for the Room of Requirement, hmm?"

"Huh? Why do you say- Oh."

Around their small corner of the Gryffindor common room, witches from nearly every year group stood with looks of utter wanton. A great many were already in states of undress, whether by their own hands or the hands of their more promiscuous friends.

“Perhaps you’re right...”

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Any further testing they wished to conduct was unfortunately put on hold. Being the second Saturday of the month, Harry had other duties to attend to. Namely his training with the Aurors that he scheduled with Madame Bones.

“You have to *feel* the memory!” He intoned, watching over the small group of maroon robed individuals as they repeated the incantation over and over again. “Simply replaying it in your mind isn’t enough! You need to let the emotion of that moment – that euphoria, happiness, whatever it is you felt then – let it overtake you!”

As he spoke a few managed to produce small wisps of silver light from their wands. One wizard let out a strangled curse as his small light faded away.

“Bollocks! This is fucking useless!” The man roared.

Harry sighed and walked forward. “It’s not something you’ll manage straight away. The patronus charm was made to combat beings of pure dark magic. To do that it needs its caster to be completely enveloped within feelings of light.”

The man regarded him for a moment before letting out a harsh scoff. “Yeah right. Can’t believe Bones is making us listen to a bloody 6th year!”

“Easy McHorne.” Another auror tried to step in with an appeasing tone. “Potter’s just trying to help.”

“Fuck that! He’s gonna stand there and tell US how to fight dark magic?! Why? Cause he got lucky as a babe?” The gizzled man scoffed again and turned back to Harry. “Dead parents and a stupid fucking scar doesn’t make you Merlin come again kid.”

Harry visibly bristled. Glaring at the maroon robed man, Harry stalked forward and bore into him with a fiery gaze. "Maybe not, but then again I wouldn't be here if I didn't know what the hell I was talking about. If you believe you know better, then please, leave now. You can rethink your words when you're getting your soul sucked out by a Dementor."

McHorne's face contorted into an angry snarl, and for a moment it seemed as if he'd be dumb enough to reach for his wand. Harry wouldn't lie and say he wasn't hoping the man would. His wand arm was itching for a fight the minute the other man spat out his vile words. Unfortunately, it seemed fate had other plans, much to Harry's chagrin.

"STAND DOWN MCHORNE BEFORE I CURSE YOU BLOODY MYSELF!" A new voice roared. Instantly, McHorne stepped back, sheathing his wand with a grumble. The other aurors in the room snapped to attention in the blink of an eye. Harry turned just in time to see a furious pink-haired woman stomp into the room, her eyes shifting through various shades of red.

"Come again auror?! You got something to say, then at least be man enough to say it out loud!" Tonks barked.

McHorne grimaced and averted his gaze from Tonk's stormy expression. "The kid was asking for it." He grumbled.

"Bullshit." Tonks spat. "You think I didn't see your little tantrum? You're a fucking auror, McHorne, start acting like it!"

"But he-!"

"Would've kicked your arse before you even got off the first spell." Tonks interrupted. "You may think Harry's all talk, but take it from someone who watched him wipe the floor with four Death Eaters at once, there's a reason You-Know-Who is scared shitless of him."

Harry fought down a smirk as McHorne glanced up at him with a bit more hesitancy than he had before. With a grimace the auror bowed his head in defeat.

"Sorry ma'am."

“Good!” Tonks’s vibe instantly shifted, her eyes returning to a much happier bright blue as she stepped back to regard the entire audience of aurors. “That’s it for today you lot! Unless you got any questions for Professor Potter here then get out and go home!”

The group slowly broke away, a gentle murmur sweeping through the room as a few, McHorne included, quickly took their chance to leave as quickly as possible. Two aurors did actually come up to ask Harry a question, much to his surprise, and after giving them a few more tidbits of advice, it was soon just him and Tonks standing within the training room.

“You know I could’ve handled him right?” He said.

Tonks snorted and bumped his shoulder. “Duh. I wasn’t lying when I told McHorne you’d kick his arse. He’s nearly as good as me when it comes to duelling and you beat me bloody during our last spar if you don’t remember.”

Harry winced. It had been a pretty intense practice fight now that he recalled it. Tonks had thought it would be a good way to cheer him up a few weeks into summer. Unfortunately for her, he’d still been wrestling with his guilt over Sirius at the time, resulting in a far more vicious duel than the metamorph probably intended.

In the end, it had taken a team of six Obliviators and more than two-dozen ‘Repairo’ charms to fix the damage done to his Aunt Petunia’s back yard and erase the spectacle from the surrounding neighbours’ minds.

At least it had helped Harry work off some of his pent-up frustration, though.

“Fair enough. So what’s up? I take it you didn’t come here just to bark orders at your subordinates.”

Tonks smirked in such a way that Harry couldn’t help but feel a bit like cornered prey. “Well since we’re on the topic of duelling...” In the blink of an eye, Tonks threw her outer robes to the side, revealing her outfit beneath. She wore nothing besides a thin white sports bra that did little to contain the proverbial mountain of tits affixed to her chest and a pair of tight spandex leggings that clung to her curves like a second skin. Harry tried not to stare, but it was impossible to tear

his eyes away from Tonks's incredible figure. Despite his fun with Hermione and the others just that morning, he found himself hardening at the sight before him.

"I- Wow." He breathed.

Tonks preened at the attention, shamelessly squeezing her tits together with a smirk. "You like Wonder Boy? Tell you what, I've been itching for a rematch for a while now. Duel me, and if you win I'll let you slide your cock between these puppies-" She shook her chest back and forth, her bosom jiggling in a way that made Harry just the faintest bit light headed. "-but if I win...well I've always wondered how well a Parseltongue can eat pussy."

Harry snapped his gaze away from Tonks's tits to look her in the eye. A familiar gleam was present, indicating the flower's magic affected her just as it did the others. Strangely, though, it seemed almost dulled within her blue eyes, as if it didn't need to influence her inhibitions as much as it did the others. That would make sense in a way. Tonks was older and more of a free spirit than most girls he knew. Sex didn't shame her like it did others.

It didn't take long for him to make a decision. After all, he didn't see how he really lost in either scenario.

"Deal." He tossed aside his own outer robes, his simple t-shirt and jeans beneath, perhaps not the best choice for a duel but he'd fought in worse attire.

Tonks's smirk deepened, and with a flick of her wand, the floor beneath them raised to create a standard duelling platform. She muttered no words nor took a bow like any regulation duel. She was an auror at heart, and so when the platform finally clicked into place, three multicoloured balls of light exploded from her wand.

Harry was ready though. He stepped lazily to the side, avoiding the first two, and catching the third with the tip of his wand, sending it sailing back towards Tonks with a flick. Tonks batted her returned spell away. Leaping forward, she slammed her wand into the ground. Spikes of ice shot forward, coating the ground in razor-sharp icicles that encroached rapidly towards Harry. Harry countered with yank of his wand, forcing the wooden floorboard of the platform to snap and split

into a pseudo barrier. The icicles slammed into the wooden wall, halting their progress enough for Harry to follow up with a white charm that made the ice crack and sizzle before it shattered into a million droplets of boiling water that were sent hurling back at Tonks.

Tonks let out a yelp, diving to the side just in time to avoid the boiling rain. He heard her curse before another volley of spells came his way. He identified a few bone-breakers, the odd cutting curse or two, and even a sickly yellow hex that he knew to be an organ-decay spell. Tonks wasn't playing around, it seemed.

He dodged most, but was forced to shield against her last hex, giving Tonks just enough time to clamber to her feet. Taking his chance, Harry sent his own volley, using Tonks distraction as she dodged and weaved between the spells to focus a particular nifty charm Hermione had created into his off-hand. Just as his last spell shot forth from his wand, Harry moved, dashing forward. He made it about halfway to Tonks when she batted his last hex away, leaving her open to retaliate. The ground beneath his feet shifted. The wood transfigured into quicksand that threatened to swallow him down. Harry was quicker than that, though. His natural seeker reflexes were enough for him to leap to the side, flicking his wand out to cleave the conjured stone Tonks hurled his way in two. The spell in his off-hand began to vibrate dangerously. Harry grit his teeth as he fought to maintain his control. He needed to move quickly lest his own spell backfire. He weaved between Tonks's attacks, encroaching closer and closer until he was nearly right on top of the pink-haired auror. Her eyes widened as Harry brought his wand forward. Her natural auror instincts forced her to take the bait as she shifted her weight to block an attack that never came. Instead, he jabbed his left hand forward, the now bright red ball of energy coalesced onto his pal, striking the witch right in her sternum and sending her crumpling to the ground.

Tonks landed with a grunt, her limbs falling uselessly to the ground as his paralysis charm took effect. Harry's momentum brought him down as well, though he was able to catch himself before he crushed Tonks.

“You bloody sneaking bastard!” She growled, fighting to move her arms. Unfortunately for her, only her head and neck were left unaffected, meaning she could do little more than grunt and curse.

Harry chuckled. “Blame Hermione, she’s the one who came up with that little trick.”

Tonks huffed and finally threw her head back in defeat. “Ugh that sadistic little – whatever, you won Wonder Boy. End the bloody spell already.”

Harry moved to do just that, but stopped short as he regarded the metamorph beneath them. From his position, he had an unimpeded view of her jaw-dropping breasts heaving with every breath. The rest of her body was nestled beneath him, completely at his mercy. He smirked as an idea formed in his mind.

“C’mon! Don’t you want your re- OH!” Tonks gasped as his deadened legs were suddenly pushed apart. The tight material of her leggings stretched snugly over her mound until a near perfect outline of the metamorph’s puffy pussy lips were on display.

“I have something else in mind.” He murmured, rubbing his hands over the inside of her toned thighs. “I’ll show you just how good this Parseltongue can devour your pussy. If you cum before my spell wears off though...” He trailed off, pressing his thumb over her clothed clit. Tonks’s breath hitched, and she once again tried to fight against the spell in vain. “...then I get to use more than just your tits to get me off.”

Tonks took a breath, her eyes alight with lust that made Harry confident he already knew her answer.

“Take my bloody clothes off already Wonder Boy.” She growled.

A single pulse of magic was all it took to vanish the stretchy leggings, leaving Tonks completely bare from the waist down. Harry took a moment to behold the sight. Her long, toned legs held not a single imperfection. The gentle curve of her thighs gave way to wide hips, but it was not her hips that his eyes focused on, but what lay between them. A single tuft of pink hair caught

his attention, forcing his gaze lower to her puffy pink pussy lips that were already dripping with arousal.

“Stop gawking and put that tongue to use Lover Boy!” Tonks whined. “Your spell won’t last forever!”

“Tch – so impatient.” He hummed.

Tonks’s next retort was cut off before it even began. Her mouth instead let out a gasp of surprise as Harry dipped down, swiping his tongue over her moistened heat. He probed her mound, flicking his tongue this way and that, concentrating on different techniques as he lapped at her clit. Each gasp and groan gave him the perfect picture of what drove Tonks mad, and soon enough, he was ready to really begin.

Tonks whined as he pulled his head away. With her limbs still deadened she couldn’t yank him back down and shove his face back into her pussy like she so desperately wanted.

“Patience.” He chuckled. Pressing a fingertip against her abdomen, Harry whispered a single incantation. Black ink bloomed across the metamorph’s skin, taking form quickly in the shape of a coiled snake. “Parseltongue requires a snake to work.”

With that, he dipped his head back down. The instant his tongue made contact with her sensitive pearl, echoing hisses began to whisper out from his lips.

“OH FUCK!” Tonks cried. The metamorph threw her head back, unable to use her arms or legs to ground herself. She was forced to ride out each and every pleasurable vibration of his tongue helplessly.

Harry was relentless. Not once did he move his eyes from the faux serpent tattoo upon the metamorph’s stomach. He wanted every word to come from his mouth to fuel Tonks’s pleasure. Though they were garbled and made little sense with his tongue pressed so firmly against her clit, the inhuman speed at which his tongue flickered and writhed against her sex made his true words entirely unimportant. After mere moments of this treatment, Tonks’s pussy was positively

drenched in her own arousal, and if by the way her moans grew louder with every hiss, it wouldn't be much longer until he won their little wager.

"Come for me," Harry hissed, and met Tonks's eyes with his fiery emerald gaze.

She did. Hard.

Tonks shrieked as she climaxed. Her limbs twitched the barest of inches, a testament to how hard she came if she was able to force even that through the spell.

"Fuck!" She shouted aloud, her orgasm finally ebbing away after a few moan-filled moments.

"Fuck, that was just what I needed!"

She groaned as feeling suddenly returned to her limbs without warning. The metamorph pulled her shaking legs together, prickles of electricity still lapping at her inner folds from the overstimulation.

"Happy to help." Harry chuckled. "But now I think it's time for my reward." Tonks bit her lip with a wide grin, giggling as she was suddenly hauled into the air by Harry's arms.

"I agree." She winked. "And I know just the place."

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Author's Note

Said place is 100% gonna be Amelia's office, just a little spoiler in case it was much of a mystery ;). Next chapter: More Tonks/Harry and Hermione finally learns about the marks!

Thanks for reading!