

ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED WITHIN THIS STORY ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

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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 mysterious ailment or give in to its more carnal benefits.

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Chapter 20: A Seed Planted

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Amelia grimaced as another wave of nausea washed over her. Thankfully, it was only a brief lapse this time, the discomfort in her stomach settling rather quickly as she picked up her glass of water and took a generous sip. She would hate to spend yet *another* morning hunched over a toilet retching her lungs up.

For the most part, her random bouts of discomfort went unnoticed. Morning debriefs were dull enough affairs, and everyone else was too preoccupied trying to keep themselves awake to notice her small winces. Well, mostly everyone that is.

"You alright there, boss lady?"

Amelia steeled herself, forcing her eyes to calmly sweep over the young purple-haired auror to her left.

"Just fine Auror Tonks," she replied, keeping her voice low as the 3rd division's Auror Captain finished his report.

Tonks, to her credit as one of Amelia's best investigators, did not seem to believe her, but dropped it regardless.

Good. Amelia hardly needed *another* problem to deal with right now.

As the Auror Captain finished up his report, Amelia turned her attention back onto the meeting at hand.

“Thank you Colin,” she said, nodding to the sandy haired man. “Rufus I’d like you to assign another patrol to the side alleys of Knockturn per Captain Fawkley’s report.”

Two seats down the dour Head Auror grunted and quickly scribbled down a note on a slip of parchment before flicking his wand and sending it flying through the air and out the door.

Amelia nodded and briefly scanned over the meeting agenda with a hum.

“I believe that brings us to the Azkaban report. McDonagh?”

A unkempt wizard stood at the call of his name, the bags under his eyes nearly as prominent as the patches of grey hair on his head despite being only 34.

“No real big changes Director. The newest set of prisoners have finally settled down for the most part, with the exception of one.”

“And that would be?” Amelia asked, not looking up from where she was jotting down notes.

“Lucius Malfoy, ma’am.”

Amelia sighed, another wave of nausea washing over her at the sound of the problematic Lord’s name.

“And what sort of issues,” she began, swallowing down the discomfort in her stomach, “has the former Lord Malfoy been causing?”

“He keeps trying to bribe the guards ma’am.”

Amelia didn’t know whether she wanted to laugh or scoff. Instead she simply sighed tiredly and pinched the bridge of her nose.

“Considering this is the first I’m hearing of this, I assume Malfoy’s attempts have been unsuccessful thus far?” she questioned.

Auror McDonagh nodded. “The lads know bullshite when they hear it ma’am. They know better than to believe anything the prisoners have to say.”

“Good,” Amelia nodded, feeling only slightly more relieved. “Still, Malfoy is a slippery bastard. I want two guards posted on his cell for the next two weeks just in case some rookie with a

spending problem gets any ideas. If he keeps causing problems after that, throw his arse down into solitary confinement.”

McDonagh nodded, an amused smirked affixed to his weary features as he retook his seat.

“Now if that is all, I have a department to run. Dismissed.”

At her command, the room quickly cleared as the different division Captains and specialists went to relay their orders. Only Scrimgeour and Tonks remained behind.

Rufus for his part, gave her nothing more than a simple a nod as she stood. The dour man always took his time to organise his reports at the end of every meeting and Amelia had long since learned to let him grumble and shuffle papers in peace.

Tonks on the other hand, was by her side the moment she stood, kaleidoscope eyes flitting rapidly between colours as she whispered.

“What’s going on Bonesy? Are you sick? Tired? Is it—” the metamorph paused, throwing a brief glance back towards Scrimgeour. Seeing the man lost in his own world, muttering under his breath as he sorted through leafs of parchment, Tonks continued. “Is it *the baby*?”

Amelia suppressed a groan. It had been a moment of weakness that made her share her dark little secret with the younger auror. Part of Amelia regretted it, especially during moments like this when the metamorph began to fret over her like a pink-haired Molly Weasley. Yet a much larger part was somewhat warmed by Tonks’ obvious worry. It made her feel ever so slightly less alone in this giant of a mess she made.

Still, that warmth did little to temper her annoyance when her stomach was busy doing summersaults in her navel.

“I told you not to say those words in public,” Amelia hissed, snatching the younger witch by the arm and pulling her along. Tonks let out a small squeak as she was forcibly led from the large briefing room and out into the open of the DMLE bullpen. The usual hustle and bustle of the early morning shift meant no one paid either her or Amelia any mind as the older witch yanked

her towards her office. Yet Tonks desperately wished for *someone* to notice and save her from the auburn-witch's wrath.

Unfortunately her fate was sealed as Amelia's office door slammed shut and sealed with a silencing charm courtesy of the older woman's wand.

"Let us get something straight *Auror Tonks*," Amelia all but growled as she turned her attention back onto the metamorph. "While we are within these walls, *I* am not your friend. *I* am not your lover. *I* am your superior, and as your superior, I will not tolerate discussion of my personal life from you. Do you understand?"

"I—Yes of course I do boss, but I'm just worried—"

Amelia held up a hand. "No. It is not your place to worry," she said. "My health is none of your concern, not while we are within these walls. My... *condition* is not to be mentioned at all. Even when we are in private. Are we clear?"

She watched as Tonks sighed, the young Auror's hair flashing red briefly before settling back onto a dark pink. Crossing her arms, the metamorph nodded with a defeated frown.

"Yes boss."

This time, it was Amelia's turn to sigh. "Thank you," she said, her previous irritation slowly bleeding away as the exhaustion slowly crept in.

Morgana, what she wouldn't do for a drink right about now.

Opting instead to take a seat behind her desk, the auburn haired witch toed off her flats and pressed her thumb into the heels of her aching feet.

"Fuck," she groaned. "I'll need to find a better cushioning charm soon. My feet are *killing* me."

Tonks hummed and leaned against the side of her desk. "I can ask my mum. She worked through her residency in the St Mungo's maternity ward so I'm sure she knows a few spells that'll help with certain...symptoms."

"That would be grand," Amelia groaned, letting her foot fall back to the ground. "You'll need to be dis—"

“Discreet, yeah I know,” Tonks finished for her, waving her off with a light scoff. “I know how to handle my mum Bonesy, don’t you worry.”

Amelia nodded, too tired to chastise Tonks for the blatant use of a nickname yet again.

“I have a Director’s meeting with the internal compliance committee later this afternoon. Will you still be available to pick up Susan and the others from Kings Cross at four?”

Tonks smirked and gave her a mock salute. “Consider it done boss lady. I already have two squads watching the platform as well just in case there’s trouble.”

“You think there will be?”

Tonks barked out a laugh and flicked a few strands of hair from her face. “When Harry Potter’s involved? It’s best to always expect trouble. I swear he goes out of his way to find it half the time.”

“Well let’s hope today will be different,” Amelia sighed, picking up a quill to begin working through the mountain of paperwork on her desk. “For all our sakes.”

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2 Hours Later — Hogwarts Express

Harry hummed to himself. It was little more than a small breath of satisfaction, and yet it was easily swallowed by the raw, guttural sounds of pleasure coming from the Ravenclaw witch bent over the dining car table in front of him.

Her blue and silver skirt was bunched up around her waist, her white blouse untucked, exposing the smooth, pale skin of her back as it arched in offering.

As always, no one had batted an eye when he waltzed into the dining car and pulled down the skirt of the first witch he saw. Lisa Turpin hadn't even flinched, merely pausing mid-sentence to stand gracefully, placing her palms flat on the table and spreading her legs in invitation with a flirty wink. Her friends, Su Li and Mandy Brocklehurst, had continued their conversation, as if their housemate wasn't presenting herself to be fucked in the middle of a crowded train car.

Harry of course, did not mind their indifference. He took it in stride, gripping Lisa's hips and driving his thick cock into her with a powerful thrust that she met with a wanton cry. It had taken all of thirty second to reduce the normally uptight prefect into a squealing mess, her perfect ponytail a tangled mess and her flawless pale flesh flushed red from the pleasure racing up her spine.

"FUCK! Oh Morgana please don't stop! Gyah~ I'm so fucking close!"

Her scream as she crested was ear-splitting, a piercing shriek of ecstasy that made even Harry wince. On either side of her, Su Li and Mandy covered their ears, with the former shooting a sharp glare Lisa's way.

"Quiet down Lisa! For Merlin's sake you act like you've never taken a cock before," the petite witch scoffed, though her dark eyes flickered with a hint of envy as she glanced at the thick shaft splitting Lisa open.

Across from her, Mandy made a light scoffing noise and leaned over, her fiery red hair brushing the table as she peered intently at the point of their joining. "Well it is a pretty big cock," the redhead snorted, her voice thick with a mixture of condescension and raw arousal. "Can't blame her for being a bit vocal."

In response to their heckling, Lisa could only bury her flushed face into her hands and let out a deep, keening whine, her body trembling as Harry continued to plow into her without mercy.

Harry grinned at their back and forth, his grip tightening on Lisa's hips. He gave a particularly sharp thrust, burying himself to the hilt in her sopping wet cunt. The action earned him a muffled yelp from the Ravenclaw witch, whose face was still pressed into her hands. He could feel her inner walls clenching around him, a desperate, fluttering sensation that told him she was right on the edge, just as she'd claimed. He watched, mesmerized, as his cock, slick with her juices, disappeared into her body, her stretched folds gripping him tightly. Once more he pulled back, leaving just the head of his thick cock inside her entrance before slamming back in, the sound of flesh meeting flesh echoing through the dining car, punctuated by a wet squelch as his balls

slapped against her clit. Lisa's whole body jolted forward, her hands sliding across the polished table as she struggled to maintain her position.

"Look at her," Mandy murmured, her voice thick with a mix of amusement and arousal as she leaned closer. "She's practically drooling onto the table. You're ruining her for anyone else, Harry." She reached out, not to touch Lisa or Harry, but to idly trace a finger through a small puddle of Lisa's arousal that had pooled on the tabletop.

Su, despite her earlier complaint, had lowered her hands from her ears. Her dark eyes were fixed on the point where Harry's body joined Lisa's, a faint blush creeping up her neck. "Just make her cum already so we can finish our conversation about the Charms essay," she said, though her voice lacked its earlier bite. She shifted in her seat, pressing her thighs together, a subtle movement that didn't escape Harry's notice.

Harry ignored them, focusing on the witch impaled on his cock. He reached around, sliding his hand between her legs to find her clit. It was swollen and slick with her juices, and he rubbed it in tight, harsh circles. Lisa's response was immediate. Her back arched even more, pushing her ass back against him, and a string of broken, desperate cries fell from her lips.

"YES! RIGHT THERE! OH FUCK, HARRY, RIGHT THERE!" she screamed, her voice cracking with pleasure. Her knuckles were white where she gripped the edge of the table. "I'M CUMMING! OF FUCK I'M CUMMING!"

Her orgasm hit her like a tidal wave. Her cunt clamped down on him like a vise, rippling and milking his shaft as a gush of fluid flooded out around his cock, soaking his thighs and dripping onto the floor. Her body convulsed, her legs trembling violently as she rode out the intense pleasure.

Harry didn't stop, his pace relentless. He continued to pound into her spasming pussy, chasing his own release. The sight of her, completely lost in ecstasy, her friends watching with rapt attention, was intoxicating. He could feel his own climax building, a tight heat coiling in his balls.

He leaned over her, his chest pressing against her back, and bit down gently on the sensitive skin of her neck.

The new sensation sent Lisa right back over the edge before her first peak had even begun to subside, her scream tapering off into a silent wail of pleasure as her eyes rolled back and her legs went completely slack.

With a final, brutal thrust, he buried himself deep inside her and let go. A thick, hot stream of cum erupted from his cock, painting her insides. He groaned, his hips jerking as he emptied himself into her, filling her to the brim. The excess began to leak out, mingling with her own juices and running down her legs in thick, white rivulets.

For a moment, the only sounds in the car were their heavy breathing and the soft drip of fluids onto the floor. Harry slowly pulled out, his softening cock leaving a trail of cum across her ass. Lisa remained bent over the table, her body limp and trembling, a thoroughly used and satisfied mess.

"Merlin, Lisa," Mandy said, her voice hushed with awe as she stared at the creamy mess leaking from her friend.

Lisa slowly pushed herself up, her face flushed and her eyes glassy. She turned around, a satisfied, dopey smile on her face as she looked at Harry. Cum was already starting to trickle down the inside of her thigh. "Worth it," she breathed, before gracefully sinking back into her seat and picking up her fork as if nothing had happened.

Su Li sighed dramatically, though a small smile played on her lips. "Well, now that that's over, as I was saying..."

Harry gave Lisa's still-exposed ass a casual pat, smearing a bit of his cum across her pale skin. He tucked his softening cock back into his trousers, zipped up, and turned to leave. The three Ravenclaws didn't give him a second glance.

He strolled back down the corridor of the train, the rhythmic clacking of the wheels on the tracks a steady beat beneath his feet. He passed other students who paid him no mind, some reading, others playing wizard's chess. Soon he reached his compartment and slid the door open.

The scene inside was exactly as he'd left it, minus himself. Hermione was sprawled across one of the plush seats, her school skirt hiked up to her waist and her legs spread wide. Her head was thrown back, her bushy hair a wild halo against the crimson cushioning, and her face was contorted in a mask of pure pleasure. Between her thighs, Pansy's head was bobbing up and down, her dark hair obscuring her face as she eagerly lapped at the bookworm's glistening cunt. The sounds of wet, slurping licking filled the small space. On the opposite seat, Susan sat calmly, a thick book resting in her lap as she glanced up at his entrance.

"You were gone awhile," she remarked, a small knowing smirk tugging at the corner of her lips.

"I suppose that means you forgot my pumpkin pastry?"

Harry froze, blinking once as the memory of why he'd gone to the dining car in the first place resurfaced in his mind.

"I—Well—"

Susan snorted and shook her head.

"It's fine love. The trolley witch should be making another round soon anyhow."

A sharp gasp from Hermione drew their attention. Her hands were fisted in Pansy's hair, her back arching off the seat as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. "Oh, gods," she whimpered, her thighs trembling around Pansy's head. After a moment, she went limp, her chest heaving as she caught her breath. Pansy gave her cunt one final, lingering lick before pulling away, her face shiny with Hermione's arousal.

Susan watched them with an amused expression before turning her gaze back to Harry. "I was just thinking about the next couple of weeks," she said, her voice casual. "Auntie Amelia has already made a few plans herself of course, but she'll still be at work most of the time we're there. We'll have the whole place to ourselves for the most part. I was thinking we could..."

As Susan spoke, Pansy rose to her knees and crawled across the compartment floor towards Harry. She looked up at him with a hungry, submissive expression, her lips parted slightly. Without a word, she reached up and deftly undid his trousers, pulling out his semi-hard cock. "Maybe we could go to the cinema in the nearby village? I've always wanted to see a muggle film!" Susan continued, her eyes gleaming with excitement.

Pansy wrapped her hand around Harry's shaft, stroking him to full hardness. Then, without hesitation, she took him into her mouth, her lips stretching around his girth. She didn't start slow, instead immediately taking him deep, the head of his cock hitting the back of her throat. She gagged slightly, her eyes watering, but she didn't pull back. Instead, she pushed herself further, taking him even deeper until her nose was pressed against his pubic bone.

Harry groaned, his hands instinctively going to her hair. He could feel her throat convulsing around him as she struggled to breathe. She held him there for a moment before pulling back, gasping for air. A thick string of saliva connected her lips to his cock.

"...Tonks even mentioned bringing over a few of her muggle toys for us to try. I had a vibrator once, but the magic of Hogwarts wards broke it when I tried to bring it with me last year. Hermione do you think you could enchant one to resist..."

Pansy took Harry's cock back into her mouth, this time with even more determination. She began to fuck her own throat on his shaft, her movements fast and desperate. She took him deep, pulled back to gasp for air, then immediately impaled herself on him again. The sounds of her gagging and slurping filled the compartment, mingling with Susan's increasingly explicit descriptions of her holiday fantasies.

Harry could feel his climax building, a tight heat coiling in his balls. He tightened his grip on Pansy's hair, holding her head in place as he began to thrust into her mouth, fucking her face with abandon. She moaned around his shaft, her hands coming up to grip his thighs, her nails digging into his skin.

Susan had moved at some point, coming to sit right beside Harry with her hand on his thigh as she too tangled her hand through Pansy's hair.

"I could wake you up like this," she breathed, her voice no more than a husky whisper. "Gagging on your cock with the bedroom door open. Auntie would hear us, you know. Though you and I both know she wouldn't mind. I bet she's already gagged on your cock more than once during your meetings with her."

Harry cursed under his breath, his cock throbbing inside of Pansy's mouth.

"You're worked up today," he grunted.

Susan giggled, her hand forcing Pansy's face forward, making her take his cock as deep as possible within her gullet.

"Maybe I'm just looking forward to the holiday," she smirked, leaning in until her lips were an inch from his ear. "After all, not many men can claim they've fucked two Bones women under the same roof before."

That was all it took. With a loud groan, Harry pulled out of Pansy's mouth, his cock throbbing in his hand. He aimed it at her face, and with a final, powerful stroke, he exploded. Thick, hot ropes of cum shot out, painting her face in his seed. It splattered across her cheeks, her forehead, her nose, and her lips. Some landed in her hair, and more dripped down onto her uniform. Pansy gasped, her tongue darting out to lick the cum from her lips. She looked up at him with a dazed, blissful expression, her face a mess of his release.

Harry let out a ragged breath, ignoring Pansy as she descended back down upon his cock to clean him in favour of turning back to send Susan a small glare.

"You're a minx," he grumbled.

The redhead giggled before she leaned forward and placed a kiss against his cheek.

"That's what you get for waking me up so early this morning mister."

Harry huffed in response, hardly feeling the need to defend himself. It had only been 6:30, and if anything it was her fault. She was the one who had pressed her bum against his cock. Harry's body had reacted on its own!

Still he knew better than to argue.

Across the compartment, Hermione had finally composed herself, pulling her skirt down and smoothing her rumpled blouse. She shot a disdainful look at Pansy, who was still diligently licking Harry's cock clean. "Honestly, Pansy, have some decorum. You look like Knockturn Alley whore."

Pansy just flipped her a bird without taking her mouth off Harry's shaft, making Susan laugh.

"Leave her be, Hermione," Susan said, her hand now gently stroking the back of Pansy's head. "She's just being helpful." She turned her gaze back to Harry, her eyes twinkling. "Besides, we should probably get dressed. We'll be at Kings Cross soon."

With a sigh, Harry gently pushed Pansy away. She pouted for a moment, her face still a sticky mess of cum, but then seemed to remember herself and began to wipe her face with the sleeve of her robe. Harry tucked himself away and did up his trousers, the post-orgasmic haze beginning to clear.

As the three girls began to sort themselves out, adjusting their clothing and running fingers through their hair, Harry leaned back against the seat, his mind drifting back to Susan's words. The image of Susan, spread out and begging for it, was hot enough, but adding Amelia to the mix...

The image morphed, transforming into a memory of Amelia bent over her own desk, her usually tight bun coming undone as he fucked her from behind, her authoritative voice breaking into desperate, needy moans. The memory alone was enough to make him twitch.

But the thought of having them both, together, at Bones Manor for the entire Christmas break... that was something else entirely. He pictured it now: Susan's fiery, playful energy clashing with her aunt's more controlled, mature passion. He imagined them on their knees before him,

side-by-side, one a fiery redhead and the other a stately brunette, both looking up at him with the same raw hunger. He thought of taking turns with them, fucking one while the other watched, then switching, their cries of pleasure echoing through the halls of the ancient manor. The train whistle blew, a long, mournful sound that signaled their impending arrival into London. Harry looked out the window at the cityscape beginning to whip by. This was going to be one hell of a Christmas.

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Author's Note

A bit of a filler episode. Next chapter we're going to get a deeper look into Amelia's...situation as it were while also getting a look at our first few days at Bones Manor. Keep an eye out!

Thanks for reading!