

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 2: Budding Changes

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“Hi Harry~”

Harry smiled towards the giggling Ravenclaw witch with a bemused expression. The brunette waved back coyly, her bottom lip held teasingly between her teeth as she blew him a lingering kiss.

It had been two days since the...incident in the greenhouse. After he and Susan had thoroughly exhausted themselves, the auburn-haired girl seemed to suddenly shake off whatever mysterious affliction came over her. Though she still remembered what occurred and had assured him she was more than happy it happened, Susan was far less obsessed with his mere presence and seemed, for the most part, back to her old self. Albeit with a newfound tendency to pull him in for the occasional snog here and there.

However, in the days since the incident, it was becoming increasingly clear that he and Susan weren't the only ones affected by the mysterious flower.

Harry chuckled under his breath as he spied two younger Hufflepuffs staring his way, both girls were in the middle of a deep whispered conversation. The second one of the girls caught him looking though, both quickly blushed a deep red and hurried away with a series of embarrassed giggles.

It seemed whatever the flower sprayed him with was affecting the female populace of Hogwarts as a whole. Wherever he went, witches of nearly every year group would pay him particularly close attention. Whether by shooting him quick winks or blown kisses, whispering

not-so-innocent words about him to their friends, or, in the case of some like Romilda Vane, slip dirty little notes into his bag when he wasn't looking. Thankfully it seemed the older witches were largely unaffected. Harry shuddered at the thought of McGonagall actively leering at him during Transfiguration class, though if the looks Professor Sinistra and Babbling were shooting his way, not all of the female faculty were exempt from the flower's effects.

It wasn't hard to summarize what was going on. Though he may not have Hermione's level of intellect, Harry could still put two and two together. Whatever the Passion Flower had sprayed him with was causing most of the women within the castle to pay him more than a fair bit of attention. None quite as violently as Susan thankfully, though he guessed that was mainly due to the Hufflepuff witch being mere feet away from him when the flower first sprayed him with its cloud of spores.

The best way he could describe it was as if he had his own Veela allure tuned to those closest to his age and the opposite gender. However, unlike a Veela allure, it seemed that most of the witches affected weren't reduced to useless piles of drool like he'd seen some act around Fleur two years before.

"Heya Harry!" A bubbly voice chirped, breaking him from his musings.

Glancing to his side, he spied the cheerful form of Lavender Brown skipping up to him. The blonde's curly ringlets bounced with each step, as too did her large jutting breasts within the confines of her tight tank top.

"Hey, Lavender." He greeted back with a charming smile.

The cheerful girl giggled and wrapped her arm through his, her large breasts squishing against his bicep as she smiled up at him with an innocent look on her face.

"Where are you headed in such a rush, mister?" She asked.

Harry did his best not to stare down at her cleavage as he looked her way, though he couldn't help but take a quick peek down at her creamy tits. She was, after all, practically flaunting him in his face.

“To the library. There’s a few things I need to research for a personal project of mine.” He explained though it was perhaps not an entirely truthful explanation. In reality, he WAS going to the library for research, but only to find some more concrete answers to the mysterious half-sentient plant and its effects on the witches around him.

Truthfully he found it very hard to find any sort of downside with this newfound attraction most of the girls his age were showing him. What teenage wizard *wouldn’t* love countless sexy witches hanging off of him everywhere he went? Still, Harry knew his luck. There had to be some downside to this newfound allure, and he was damn sure going to find out what it was before it took effect.

Beside him, Lavender pouted cutely and pulled herself even closer against his arm. “Awe, that’s no fun! How about instead, me and you go somewhere private for some physical *studying* of our own~?”

Harry chuckled at the breathy way the blonde spoke. It was a tempting offer. Studying the blonde once more, from her luscious curves to her heart shaped face and pouty full lips, it was hard to deny his instincts shouting at him to take the bubbly blonde to the nearest broom cupboard and shag her rotten. That being said, he couldn’t afford to lose focus right now, not when there were too many unknowns at play to risk becoming lax.

“Sorry Lav’,” He said with an apologetic smile. “Maybe some other time. I really do need to get to the library.”

The blonde’s pout deepened and she sighed dramatically at his words. “Phooey! Fine fine, go play with your dusty old books then lover. I’m gonna be holding you to your promise!”

Before he could even react, Lavender suddenly lunged forward, pressing him up against the hard stone wall with her lips on his. Harry grunted against the witch’s hungry lips, but made no more to push her away. Instead he let Lavender sink her tongue between his lips, the girl letting out a low moan as his hands wrapped around her wide hips and pulled her closer.

Just as quick as it had started, the intense kiss suddenly ended, with Lavender pulling away, gasping lightly for breath with an intense haze of lust over her eyes.

“I’ll see you later Harry~” She cooed, before turning and skipping away.

Harry let out a breath and adjusted his clothes to hide the growing tent in his trousers. Merlin he’d better find answers soon. He wasn’t sure if he could keep turning devilish vixens like that away.

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With a sigh, Harry slammed the umpteenth tome of rare plants and fauna closed. It’s been nearly four hours since he started his research- combing through every text about mystical plants and advanced Herbology he could find within the library- and thus far he’d only found two miniscule paragraphs written about the Passion Flower. One detailed the same history and known magical properties of the plant that Susan had told him in the greenhouse, and the other was a small tidbit about the optimal pH levels of soil the flower required to grow.

Essentially, this entire day had been a waste.

Groaning, Harry stood and cracked his aching back. Hours hunched over a plethora of books had his spine tense beyond belief. As much as he wanted to return to his dorm for some much needed rest though, he still needed at least something about the flower’s mysterious ‘blessing’ before he leave.

Sighing, he began the process of returning the various books to the shelves around him before he grabbed a few new ones and returned to his table. Mentally he prepared himself for a very long night.

It was halfway through an aged tome called ‘Hypnotic Hydrangeas & Other Mystical Flora’ that his night took a turn.

Two hands suddenly rested against his shoulders making Harry jump in surprise. Before he could turn to see who the mystery assailant was, a high pitched giggle met his ears.

“Oops! Sorry Harry, I didn’t mean to scare you!”

“Romilda?” Harry asked in confusion, glancing back to stare at the raven-haired girl. “What are you doing?”

The younger witch smiled, her small smattering of freckles and tanned complexion making her seem like a devilish pixie rather than an innocent girl. “I saw you reading from across the library and you just seemed so tense! So I decided I’d offer my services to help you...*relax*.” The last word was said so breathlessly that Harry had no misconceptions about just how Romilda planned to help him ‘relax’.

Before he could argue, however, the raven-haired witch began to slowly knead the tensed muscles of his shoulders. Harry couldn’t help but groan out in relief as the knots were slowly worked out of his back by the girl’s skilled hands.

‘Fuck it.’ He thought. *‘It’s not even worth the fight.’*

Closing his eyes, he leaned back against the girl’s touch, intent to enjoy whatever she had in store for him.

Slowly, Romilda moved from his shoulders, down the lengths of his arms, and back up to his chest. She seemed to especially enjoy feeling him up as much as she did massaging him, but Harry certainly wasn’t going to complain. It felt *heavenly*, and he was content to let the girl do as she wished if it meant she’d continue her wondrous ministrations.

It was only when the girl suddenly shifted, the feel of her hands against his body vanishing without warning, did Harry pause to crack open one of his eyes.

No sooner had he did so than his world was suddenly obscured by a mountain of deep black locks. He grunted in surprise as a weight settled onto his lap followed by yet another giggle.

“Sorry.” Romilda said with a coy smile atop his lap. “I thought this position would give me better leverage.”

Harry chuckled and helped the girl as she shifted atop him into a more comfortable position.

With her legs on either side of him, he was keenly aware of the heat of her cunt seeping out through the thin material of her knickers. Within moments his body responded, slowly diverting

blood to his rapidly growing cock as Romilda back to return her attention back to his shoulders and neck.

“Y’know someone might see us and think we’re doing something inappropriate.” Harry whispered with a small smirk.

Atop him, Romilda giggled and shook her head. “It’s a good thing I put up a privacy ward before sitting down now isn’t it? We could do all manner of things at this table and not a single soul would see or hear a thing.”

“Isn’t that convenient...” Harry said, slowly moving his hands up the girl’s ribcage. She blushed under his touch but said nothing, her hands now running themselves through his hair. “One would think you had far more sinister plans then, if you had such a handy little ward prepared.” “Sinister? Of course not!” Romilda said, her breath hitching as his hands met the cusp of her breasts. “I’d much rather call them...*sinful*~”

Harry let the girl come to him, her mouth hungry and lusting for a heated embrace as she crashed her lips upon his. As soon as their lips met, he took a plunge of his own, slipping his hands beneath the fabric of her blouse quickly. Two soft mounds of flesh met his hands, unburdened by a constrictive brasier. The second his fingers sank into the supple flesh of Romilda’s perky tits, the raven-haired witch let out a deep throaty moan and deepened their heated liplock.

Harry chuckled internally as the girl’s tongue viciously fought against his own. He’d barely touched her and she was already acting like a lust-drunk slut.

He knew the girl had a crush on him, even before the flower incident. It was painfully obvious with the way she would spend almost every day staring at him with a dreamy smile on her face. However, before today that’s always what she’d do- stare and smile. It seems whatever the flower did to him though gave the girl the confidence she needed to finally make her move.

Harry tried not to think of the moral implications of that train of thought and instead endeavored himself to enjoy the feeling of the two perky tits beneath his palms while their owner ground her sweltering hot cunt across his clothed cock.

“Oh!” Romilda gasped as he used his thumbs to flick over her hardened nipples. The girl quaked slightly atop him, her thighs squeezing against his own.

“Are you okay?” He asked, pausing his ministrations.

Romilda nodded hurriedly, her eyes heavy with a lust-filled glaze and face flushed with arousal.

“D-Do that again!”

Harry obliged her request, teasing her stiffened nub beneath her shirt as she mewled in pleasure atop him. Her knickers were practically *soaked* at this point. Even through his uniform trousers he could feel her damp heat, emanating from her core in a lustful blaze.

“Fuck.” He murmured against the younger witch’s lips. Her grinding felt as wondrous as it was torturous.

His cock strained against the material of his boxers, practically begging for the velvety embrace of Romilda’s slickened cunt.

As if she could hear his mental plea, Romilda once more broke away from his lips and stared down at him hungrily.

“I want you inside of me Harry.” She breathed out in a low moan. Her hands reached down, one rubbing him through his pants while the other worked at his belt. Within seconds, she had his buckle opened and the zipper pulled down. His cock almost instantly sprung out, slapping gently against the girl’s warm hand. “Oh my!” She gasped, her eyes staring down at his engorged length with a glimmer of excitement. She gave him a few testing strokes, gently caressing his stiffened length and forcing a moan of appreciation from his lips. Finally satisfied, Romilda reached down once more, pushing her knickers aside as she lined his throbbing head with her entrance. “Please! Fill me up~” She pleaded.

All it took was a single thrust and he was hilted inside the younger Gryffindor's impossibly tight cunt. The second he had speared past her dripping folds, Romilda had cried out loud and unburdened before her eyes rolled into the back of her head. Harry barely gave the girl a few moments to recuperate. His lust demanded to be sated and in that moment Romilda was the perfect tool for the job.

He gripped her hips, the petite girl was light enough that he could lift her without any effort. As he stood, the chair they were sat in fell away, crashing to the ground with a loud '*BANG!*'. Romilda's ward held up though and not a soul came to investigate. Not that Harry would even care if they did...

He laid the girl as gently as he could on the table, his cock still buried inside of her, before gripping the underside of her thighs and spreading her legs wide apart.

'SCHLAP!'

The first thunderous thrust was a mixture of flesh against flesh mixed with the pouring juices of Romilda's quivering pussy. The next dozen or so weren't much better, each growing in volume and intensity as Harry pounded into her poor willing snatch with reckless abandon. At some point, Romilda's own whimpers and moans joined the fray, the girl seemingly snapping out of whatever reverie she was in enough to moan whorishly as he fucked her.

'SCHLAP! SCHLAP! SCHLAP!'

"OH GOD!" Romilda screamed, her mouth opening wide as she was forcibly fucked into a sudden and intense orgasm.

Harry grunted as the girl's already tight pussy constricted around him further. Below, Romilda thrashed and shook, her hands lashing out to scratch deep gouges into his chest and her legs wrapping instinctually around his thrusting waist.

It was a beautiful thing- to watch as a woman came around his cock. Harry decided right then and there that he'd never get enough of it, nor the feeling of her climaxing pussy trembling around him as he continued to hammer into her. Yet he still wished to see more.

Grabbing two handfuls of her blouse, Harry wrenched the thin garment apart. Buttons tore free and flew through the air, and Romilda gasped as her perky jiggling tits were exposed to the open air.

Harry couldn't help himself. Leaning down, he quickly took one of the hardened little nubs between his teeth, sucking and nipping on the crinkled flesh.

"Fuck!" Romilda hissed in his ear. "FuckfuckfuckfuCK! I'm cumming again!"

Her juices gushed free, splashing against his rutting groin as she once more succumbed to the pleasure of his cock. Harry pulled away from her nipples with a groan, his own fire growing deep within his loins as the girl's velvety pussy continued to quiver around him. It wouldn't be long before he was filling her puddy to the brim, and by the way Romilda's moans grew louder, she knew it too.

"Oh fuck! Don't stop Harry, p-please!" She gasped, her hands finding her own tits as she squeezed the small mounds with a look of absolute devotion on her face. "I n-need your cum! I-fuck!- I *need* you to fill me!" Romilda gasped again, her hips spasming against his thrusts.

Harry couldn't hold back any longer. The look of complete need on Romilda's face paired with her silky smooth cunt was his undoing. With a gasping groan, he sheathed himself fully inside her, his cock pulsing as it released torrents of cum deep inside her needy womb.

Romilda cooed happily in his ear, her legs wrapped tightly around his waist so as to keep him hilted as far inside her as possible. Soon enough, her cunt was overflowing. Pussy juices and cum alike pooled beneath their joined sexes onto the table below. It was only after the last drop was unloaded inside the girl's used cunt did Harry finally pull back with a sigh of satisfaction.

The second his cock popped free of her pussy, however, Romilda made her move.

He watched in fascination as the raven-haired girl dropped to her knees before him, cunt still dripping with his cum as she engulfed him with her hot wet mouth. The whorish moan that left her lips as she tasted herself on his cock was one of the most erotic things he'd ever heard. As she began to ruthlessly bob her head along his length, cleaning his cock of their combined

juices, he could feel his arousal grow once more. Within moments he was fully erect and pushing back against Romilda's sucks.

Perhaps, he thought as he pushed himself deep inside of the girl's tight throat, this whole flower blessing thing wasn't as bad as he thought.

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"You're back late."

Harry shrugged as he took his place next to his bookish friend on one of the many common room couches.

"I was busy researching something. Where's Ron?" He asked.

Hermione glanced up from her book and gestured to the far side of the room. Indeed, their friend was there, sat across from Seamus as the two played a round of chess. Harry's eyes didn't stay on his friend though. Just beyond the ginger boy was another sight that he found a lot more appealing.

Lavender stared back at him, her bright blue eyes sparkling mischievously as she ran a hand down the valley of her breasts. The tank top she wore barely did anything to cover her large jutting mounds and he could even see the pointed tips of her nipples poking through the thin fabric. Beside her, both Parvati and Fay sat staring back as well, the former girl slowly spreading apart the blonde's legs while the latter was sneaking a hand beneath the waistband of Lavender's pajama pants. All three girls smirked when they saw him looking their way, yet, strangely enough not a single other soul batted an eye at their strange behaviour.

"Hey Hermione." He asked. "Do you notice anything wrong with Lavender, Fay, and Parvati?"

Beside him, Hermione glanced up yet her eyes didn't widen in shock like he expected. Instead the girl scrunched her nose and shook her head.

"No. Why? Did you see them do something odd?" She asked.

Harry shook his head with a frown, turning back to the small show playing out before him without a single other person the wiser to what the three were up to. Either there was some sort of privacy spell in play here, or something else was going on.

An idea came to his mind just as he watched Lavender gasp as Fay's fingers found her cunt. If no one noticed them do that then that meant...

Hesitantly, Harry reached for his buckle and pulled out his cock. The various students milling about the common room didn't so much as blink his direction as his cock sprung free. Well, not all of them. Harry was keenly aware of the various feminine gazes that practically looked in on him and his cock. No one said a thing however. The trio of girls on the other side of the room lit up with excited gleam in their eyes. He watched in amusement as Lavender and Fay both bit their lips hungrily while staring at his engorged member while Parvati had started to reach beneath the waistband of her own sleep shorts.

They weren't the only ones to react either. Katie and Demelza both licked their lips and whispered to one another in hushed voices. Ginny practically moaned with arousal from where she sat beside Colin near the fire. A few others also stared, switching between excited whispers and hungry gleams of arousal directed his way. Yet still, not a single guy in the room looked his way nor batted an eye at the off behaviour of their female classmates. It was...enlightening to say the least.

Turning his attention back to his bushy-haired friend Harry weight his options.

Oh...why not?

"Hermione?" He asked simply.

Beside him Hermione hummed and looked up. "Yes Harry?"

Harry glanced down, directing her attention to his freed member. The bookworm followed his eyesight, pausing with her mouth slightly agape as she spotted his stiffened cock. Hermione flushed red but did not shout or scream in surprise as he expected her to. Instead she swallowed thickly and glanced back up to his face.

"M-May I?" She asked hesitantly.

Harry nodded, excitement building in his chest as she lowered herself down, her face coming mere inches from his cock. She inhaled deeply, closing her eyes with a small smile before gingerly she took his cock with her hand.

"I've wanted to do this for so long." She whispered, slowly pumping his cock.

He should really stop his little test now. This was his best friend after all and things were going a little faster than perhaps necessary. Yet, when Hermione wrapped her lips around his cockhead, any thoughts of stopping the bookworm were thrown out the window. A soft groan left his lips and he let his head fall back against the couch. No longer worried about being seen, Harry let himself enjoy the feeling of Hermione's velvety mouth gliding along his cock. He couldn't imagine how things could get any better.

"Budge over Hermione!" A voice hissed.

"Hey!"

Harry glanced up in confusion only to be met with the sight of the same trio of girls from earlier nestling down onto their knees beside the bookworm. Lavender nudged Hermione over quickly, pushing her off his cock before replacing the bushy-haired girl's mouth with her own. Parvati and Fay joined as well, nestling beside him on the couch with Parvati's mouth latching onto his neck while Fay worked to push his hand beneath her skirt.

Perhaps he'd spoken too soon earlier with Romilda. This mysterious blessing was going to be the death of him, and as Lavender's tongue bathed his cock with all manner of wondrous sensations, he couldn't help but think he'd be just fine with that.

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Author's Note

Is it a blessing or a curse? I'm not sure if Harry can decide haha! Guess we'll find out in the next chapter...

Thanks for reading!