

Chapter 1

(Hogwarts starts at 15 in this story.)

For the first time ever, Harry wasn't excited to return to Hogwarts. Between being thought of as a nutter by most of his classmates, ignored by the Headmaster, maligned in the press daily, and having Umbridge as a professor, life at school had become a trial. Even in other years, when his life had been in constant danger, Harry had never felt so reluctant to return.

Unfortunately, he didn't have a choice.

Entering the fifth-year boys' dorm of Gryffindor Tower with Ron, Harry sat down on his bed with a sigh. Neville, Dean, and Seamus were already there and had mostly finished unpacking. Seamus glared at him before slamming his trunk close and storming from the room.

"What now?" Harry asked.

"His mum gave him trouble over returning over the holiday," Dean told him with an apologetic smile. "Don't worry, I'll go talk to him."

Striding to the door, Dean slipped outside and closed the door behind him. Harry took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes tiredly. It was going to be a long term, he decided.

"How's your dad doing, Ron?"

"He's fine now," Ron told him while searching through his trunk. "Bugger, I think I left my new Keeper gloves at Grim – erm, I mean home. I'm going to go write to Mum and see if she can owl them. You want to come?"

“You go ahead,” Harry said.

He had no interest in experiencing the stares, glares, and whispers that he had on the way up again. With an understanding nod, Ron grabbed a quill, ink, and a sheaf of parchment from his trunk and left.

“How was your Christmas, Neville?” Harry asked.

After learning about his friend’s parents, who had been tortured into insanity by the Lestranges and Barty Crouch Junior, Harry felt a little awkward. But Neville was one of the few friends who had always stood by him, so he was just going to have to get over it.

“It was alright,” Neville replied. “Gran and I didn’t do much. The cold weather makes her bones ache. Oh, and I got a new plant! I was a little bummed when I had to leave my *Mimulus Mimbletonia* in the greenhouse, but it outgrew its pot, and then this one was delivered by owl Christmas morning. No name or anything attached. Weird, isn’t it?”

Putting his glasses back on his face, Harry looked over and looked at the plant Neville had picked up from his nightstand and carried over to show him. It had a long, thick brown stem that ended in a cluster of a large yellow bulb covered in brown spots. The stem bent as if it was sentient, which Harry found a little disconcerting. Herbology had never been his favorite class.

“What is it?” he asked, feigning curiosity.

“I have no idea,” Neville replied with a grin. “I’ve never seen or read about anything like it. Even the lady at the Apothecary doesn’t know what it is. I’m hoping Professor Sprout might be able to tell me more about it.”

Eyeing the odd plant, Harry suddenly remembered what had happened earlier in the year when Ron had prodded Neville's last plant with his wand.

"It doesn't squirt anything, does it?" he asked cautiously.

"I don't think--"

As if it understood his question, the plant turned on its stalk to look at Harry. The three bulbs quivered and pulsed as a jet of sticky white slime sprayed Harry in the face. Thankfully, it didn't spray much, and it didn't stink like the Stinksap had.

"...so," Neville finished lamely.

With his eyes closed, Harry heard a high-pitched giggle that he knew came from the stupid plant. Grabbing his blanket, Harry quickly wiped his face clean.

"Sorry, Harry," Neville said miserably.

"That stuff won't make me go blind or grow an arm out of my face, will it?" Harry asked, only half joking.

"I don't think so," Neville said. "Like I said, I don't know what it is. But plants that do things like that are usually cataloged pretty quickly."

"That's reassuring," Harry muttered before heaving a sigh and getting to his feet. "I'm going to go take a shower. If you see anything odd growing on my face over the next few days, let me know, yeah?"

Grabbing a towel, Harry started towards the bathroom and paused.

“One second though, if you ever see something odd growing out of my face, tell me,” he corrected. “You never know what might happen with my luck.”

“Sure, Harry,” Neville said, setting his plant back down on his nightstand.

~

“Morning, Harry,” Hermione said, dropping into the seat next to him at the Gryffindor table.

“Morning,” Harry muttered back between bites of toast.

As she reached for a glass of Pumpkin Juice, Hermione suddenly paused and started sniffing the air. She turned her head first one way, then the other, before leaning towards Harry and inhaling deeply.

“What, do I stink?” Harry asked, bending his head down and taking a whiff himself.

“No, you smell really good, actually,” Hermione replied. “Did you get a new cologne?”

“No,” he said, shaking his head.

“Hmm,” Hermione hummed, grabbing a bowl of porridge. “Maybe the House Elves are trying a new soap.”

"Maybe," Harry said doubtfully.

"Morning, Harry," Padma and Parvati said in unison as they passed him with a giggle.

Harry looked up at them curiously and waved. As he turned back to his breakfast, he spotted Ginny staring at him from across the table. Rather than blush, as she had in the past, she simply smiled coyly and turned back to her conversation with Demelza.

"Huh, that was odd," Harry muttered.

"What's odd?" Hermione asked distractedly.

Already, she had her nose buried in a book on the table. Turning the pages with one hand, she absent-mindedly shoveled a spoonful of porridge into her mouth with the other, her eyes never leaving the book.

"Nothing," Harry said. "What class do we have first?"

"We have Potions, Charms, and Defense today," she told him.

"Great," Harry muttered. "Well, at least Charms shouldn't be too bad."

"Just, please, try not to give Umbridge a reason to give you detention," Hermione said, glancing at him worriedly.

"I'll do my best," Harry assured her.

She looked unconvinced but didn't say anything else on the matter. Ron arrived just a few minutes before the start of class and wolfed down breakfast before they headed down to the dungeons.

"Quiet," Snape barked, his cloak flapping behind him as he strode quickly over to his desk. "Today, we'll be working on the Rejuvenating Draught. I will warn you now, the ingredients are volatile if not handled with care."

Pausing, he glared over at Ron, Harry, Seamus, and Neville.

"Blowing up your cauldron will earn you a zero for the day and detention with me tonight," Snape hissed. "The instructions are on the board. Begin!"

Harry and Ron shared a look before they both jostled to sit next to Hermione. She rolled her eyes at their antics and focused on finishing her notes while Ron dropped into the chair. Looking back at Harry, he flashed him a victorious smirk. Sighing in defeat, Harry turned to find a partner. Dean was working with Seamus, and Neville was already paired with Parvati. Since Lavender was out for the day with the Flu, they had an uneven number. Grumbling under his breath, Harry prepared to work by himself.

"Potter!" Snape barked. "You're working with Moon."

The Slytherins snickered as Lilith Moon moved her cauldron and tools over to Harry's table. Lilith was a brunette witch about his height and well-known among the boys for her impressive bust. She was also very quiet. In fact, Harry couldn't remember a time he'd ever heard her speak. On the positive side, even though she was a Slytherin, she'd never been a bully or a part of Malfoy's merry band of idiots. He decided it would be in both of their best interests to try and get along.

"Hi," Harry said with a smile. "Do you want to start the cauldron while I go get the ingredients?"

Looking at him with a relieved smile, Lilith nodded and started the fire. Harry looked over the blackboard carefully while gathering the ingredients they'd need for the potion and returning to the table. They worked in harmonious silence for several minutes, preparing everything carefully. Suddenly, while Harry was slicing the Shrivelfig, Lilith slapped his hand lightly.

"What?" he asked.

Lilith silently pointed towards the blackboard with an expectant look. Harry briefly looked over at the board, then turned back to her with a sigh.

"You could just tell me what I'm doing wrong," he said annoyed.

Lilith looked up at him and arched her brow at the same time Tracey Davis snorted next to them.

"Are you really that oblivious, Potter?" she asked, blowing a strand of light brown hair out of her eyes as she stirred her cauldron. "She's mute."

"Oh," Harry said lamely and turned back to Lilith with an apologetic look. "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

Lilith's other eyebrow joined the first as she looked at him disbelievingly.

"I didn't," Harry insisted. "Fine. Maybe I am oblivious, but in my defense, I usually have a lot of things going on."

Lilith considered him for a moment before tilting her head in acknowledgment.

“Friends?” he asked, holding out his hand.

She glanced at his hand with a touch of amusement and then shook her head. Harry rolled his eyes.

“Fine,” he huffed. “How about classmates that don’t hate each other and can finish this potion so we don’t get detention?”

Lilith smiled and shook his hand with a nod.

“Great,” Harry smiled. “Now, what am I doing wrong?”

Rolling her eyes, she picked up his knife, diced the Shrivel Fig he’d sliced, and then pointed to the blackboard again.

“Oh, right,” Harry said, carefully rereading the directions. “I’ll be more careful.”

Nodding her head in acceptance, Lilith returned to the cauldron while Harry continued preparing the ingredients. This time, he read each step a bit more closely. As they worked in silence, the room began to heat up from the heat of the fires. The potion they were working on required an unusually long period of intense boiling. Everyone had lost their robes, ties were loosened, and sweat started to bead on people’s foreheads.

Over the next half an hour, Harry and Lilith had worked out a system where she would tap his hand to let him know when she needed the next ingredient. When he handed it to her, she would double-check his work before adding it to the boiling potion. She seemed to approve of most of his knife work, but he caught a slight, displeased narrowing of her eyes a few times. They probably wouldn’t get an O, but nothing had exploded yet.

Bang!

“Finnigan, Thomas, detention!” Snape barked.

“Ours isn’t going to do that, is it?” Harry asked as Seamus wiped black soot angrily from his face.

Lilith flashed him a small smile and shook her head. Taking a break for a moment, she gathered her hair together and tied it back in a ponytail. With her arms bent up and back, her chest became more pronounced. Harry couldn’t help but notice she’d undone the top two buttons, revealing a small but impressive bit of cleavage.

Realizing he was staring, he glanced up at her face, only to find her staring right at his face. He blushed at getting caught but noticed a sparkle in her light green eyes and a smile tugging at her lips as he turned back to cutting up the next ingredient. A moment later, she tapped his hand twice to ask for the next one to be added. He thought her touch lingered a little longer than normal, but it wasn’t long enough for him to be sure. Shaking the thought aside, he handed her the vial of crushed bat fangs.

Lilith poured it carefully into the cauldron, which produced a quiet hiss and turned light blue. With a satisfied smile, she nodded to herself, stirred it a few times, and then set down the ladle. Harry had just finished chopping up the salamander tail, the last ingredient, when Lilith sighed loudly and started to fan herself with her hand. Looking up at her face, the pale skin glistening with sweat, she smirked. Slowly, her hand trailed down her neck, over her collarbone, and she ran a finger through her exposed cleavage.

Harry felt his pants tighten as he followed her fingers down to the third button of her shirt. She had to know he was watching as she popped the button open and spread her lapel. He could see just a glimpse of her black bra peeking out while a single bead of sweat ran down her neck, followed the valley of her cleavage, and disappeared between her breasts. Swallowing thickly, Harry glanced up at her face.

Lilith's eyes bored into his, a knowing smirk on her lips. Unconcernedly, she bent over the cauldron and returned her attention to the potion, leaving Harry with an unobstructed and glorious view down her shirt. Glancing around to make sure no one was paying attention, he reached into his pocket and adjusted himself into a more comfortable position before his eyes returned to her chest. If she was going to let him look, and her persistent smirk certainly seemed encouraging, he wasn't going to turn it down.

For the next twenty minutes, Harry watched her breasts shift, wobble, and jiggle as she tended to the potion. His favorite part was when she stirred vigorously, which caused Lilith's breasts to sway hypnotically back and forth in her bra in time with the movements of her arm. Unfortunately, all good things had to come to an end, and Lilith eventually finished the potion. After she poured their potion into a vial, she gave him a knowing smile and rebuttoned her shirt, leaving only the top one undone.

Turning around, she walked over to Professor Snape's desk and set it in front of him. He examined it closely, then took a long, deep sniff before giving her a grudging nod.

"Exceeds Expectations, Ms. Moon," he said before turning his eyes to Harry. "Potter, on the other hand, will receive an Acceptable for his abysmal preparations. Hopefully, he learned something from watching a competent student fix his mistakes."

Harry bit back a sigh of relief that Snape thought he'd been staring at the potion and not Lilith's chest.

Fighting a smirk, he nodded, "Yes, sir."

"See that you remember it for next class," he drawled, staring down at the parchment on his desk while he waved his hand. "You're dismissed. Leave the mess for Finnigan and Thomas to clean up."

Harry returned to his table with a grin and began packing up his things. Lilith finished about the same time as he did, and he paused to open the door for her as they left the classroom. As the

door closed behind them, she grabbed him by the hand and pulled him down the hallway. Coming to a stop outside a door, she threw it open to reveal a broom cupboard. With a grin, she dragged him inside and closed the door, leaving them in complete darkness.

“What-”

Harry was interrupted when she pressed her finger to his lips. Lilith lit her wand a moment later, bathing the cramped space in white light. Her light green eyes sparkled as she set her wand down on a shelf and let her finger fall from his lips. One side of her lips quirked up in a smirk while she slowly dropped to her knees, her hand trailing down over his chest. Harry’s eyes widened when she ran the palm of one hand over the growing bulge in the front of his trousers and reached for this belt with the other.

With nimble fingers, she quickly unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his slacks, and unzipped his fly. His hands trembled, and his erection throbbed excitedly as Lilith gripped his shaft and pulled him out into the open. She stared up at him excitedly and rested his length lightly on her face. Her chin brushed his balls while the tip touched her forehead, his girth hiding her nose completely. Smiling, Lilith kissed the underside of his shaft and continued slowly trailing a line of them up to his tip.

“Holy shit,” Harry whispered disbelievingly.

Flashing him a smirk, Lilith placed an open-mouthed kiss on his swollen, leaking head. A bead of his excitement stuck to her bottom lip as she pulled back and only broke when she licked her lips. Harry pulsed in her hand at the sight, his breath catching in his throat. Slowly stroking his shaft, she opened wide and wrapped her pink, pouty lips around his head. He gasped as his sensitive glans was enveloped by her hot, wet mouth. The sensation of her tongue on the underside of his tip caused him to reach out and grab the shelf to hold himself up.

Snogging Cho in the Room of Requirement had been enjoyable, but this was mind-blowing.

Holding his tip firmly between her lips, Lilith lazily teased him with her tongue while she pulled her tie from around her neck and started undoing the buttons of her shirt. Harry watched, entranced, as more and more of her pale, full globes were revealed, nestled in a fancy black bra. Lilith drew a hiss from his lips when she suckled on his tip while reaching for the middle of her bra. Her hand obscured what she did, but when she moved it out of the way, her bra fell in half. Only the cups clinging to her damp skin kept it in place.

Harry was very conscious of her eyes gazing up at his face as he stared, enraptured, at her chest. Agonizingly slowly, she peeled the flimsy material away from her skin, exposing more and more of her breasts. Then, finally, what he'd been waiting for was revealed. Her soft pink areola came into view first, followed by her hard, red nipples. Lilith let the cups fall, presenting him with a completely unobstructed view of her large, perky breasts.

As Harry gazed in wonder, she suddenly drove her mouth forward and only stopped when he hit the back of her mouth. Inhaling deeply through her nose, Lilith began to bob her head back and forth slowly, her tongue swirling around his length as if she was determined to taste every inch of him. He leaned back against the wall and groaned quietly, his eyes closing for a moment as he savored the incredible sensation.

"I can't believe she did that."

Harry and Lilith froze as they heard the sound of Tracey Davis's voice from just outside the door of the cupboard they were in.

"Who?" a voice Harry thought he recognized as Daphne Greengrass asked.

"Lilith," Tracey replied. "Don't tell me you didn't see her flashing Potter at the end of class."

"Oh, that," Daphne said dismissively. "I don't see why you're so surprised. She's fancied him for years."

Harry arched a brow and looked down at Lilith. Somehow managing a smile around his girth, she started bobbing her head again. He had to bite his lip to hold back a groan as she sucked hard on his tip before diving forward.

“So does most of the school,” Tracey scoffed. “He’s rich, handsome, and famous. Half the girls in the school would spread their legs for him if he had the balls to try.”

“Jealous, Tracey?” Daphne asked, and he could hear the smirk in her tone.

“No,” Tracey replied unconvincingly. “I’m just surprised she had the guts to try something like that in class. If Snape had caught her...”

“He does have an unnatural hatred of Potter,” Daphne admitted.

At the brief lull in their conversation, Lilith pulled back to his tip and came to a stop. When Harry looked at her curiously, she grabbed his hands, moved them to her head, and gave him a challenging look. After a moment of thought, he realized what she probably wanted and pulled her forward. He figured his guess was correct when she closed her eyes and slipped a hand under the waistband of her skirt.

“Do you think she’s going to make a play for him?” Tracey asked curiously. “I heard from a Ravenclaw that he’s been getting cozy with Chang.”

The door shifted slightly, and Harry throbbed excitedly, his hips bucking at the thought of her leaning casually against the other side, completely unaware of what was happening on the other side.

Daphne scoffed, “He’s an idiot if he is. She’s clearly still pinning after Diggory. I feel bad for her, don’t get me wrong, but hooking up with Potter isn’t a good idea.”

"Is it just me, or did he get better looking over break?" Tracey asked.

Harry did his best to keep his breathing under control as he pumped his hips faster and faster. Lilith squirmed on her knees while her hand moved rhythmically under her skirt. The scent of her arousal filled the small cupboard, rapidly pushing him toward his building crest.

"There is something about him... appealing," Daphne acknowledged.

"Ha, I knew it," Tracey crowed. "You fancy him."

"I said I found him appealing," Daphne corrected. "Just because I find him appealing doesn't mean I like him."

"I don't like him either, but I'd let him bend me over a desk," Tracey said. "You couldn't see it from your side of the table, but if the bulge in his trousers is anything to go by, Potter's packing a serious wand."

That comment, combined with Lilith's mouth, pushed Harry over the edge. As he swelled, Lilith suddenly pulled back, aimed him at her chest, and stroked his length hard and fast. Gritting his teeth to hold back a groan, he erupted like a geyser, spilling himself all over her spectacular breasts.

Absently, he recognized the sound of receding footsteps and the fading voices of Daphne and Tracey as they walked down the hall. Letting out a breath he didn't realize he'd been holding, Harry slumped against the wall just as Lilith got to her feet. She looked down at her chest with a smile before looking back at him and pulling her hand free from her skirt. Bringing two glistening fingers up to her lips, she sucked them clean with a sparkling gaze. After she pulled them slowly from her lips, she fixed her bra and buttoned up her shirt, leaving the evidence of their encounter on her skin.

Harry quickly tucked himself away and did up his trousers, suddenly at a loss for what to do or say. Fortunately, Lilith didn't have that same problem. Smiling brightly, she leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. He caught just a hint of the taste of her excitement on her tongue before she pulled back. With a wave of her fingers and a promising gaze, she opened the door and slipped outside.

"What the hell just happened?" Harry asked.

Shaking his head, he stepped out into the empty hall and headed for the stairs.

Chapter 2

Because of his interlude with Lillith, Harry ended up needing to rush to get to Charms class on time. Breathing heavily, he slipped into the seat next to Hermione and took out his book.

"What took you so long?" Hermione asked curiously. "You left before us."

"I'll tell you later," Harry whispered.

Glancing past her, he noticed Ron sulking moodily in his seat.

"What's wrong with him?" he asked.

Hermione rolled her eyes, huffed, and crossed her arms over her chest.

"He's mad because Professor Snape gave him a Dreadful on our potion, and I got Outstanding," she told him.

"It's not fair," Ron grumbled. "It was the same potion."

"And as Professor Snape pointed out, you made me do all the work," Hermione hissed.

"I helped," Ron protested. "And what does it matter, anyways? We turned in the same potion; we should get the same grade. Who cares how it got made?"

"He was grading us on our work, not just the end result," Hermione argued exasperatedly. "Professor Snape told Harry the same thing. He only got an Acceptable because he didn't take his time with the ingredients."

Ron snorted, "More like he was too busy staring at Lilith's tits," he muttered with a smirk.

Hermione opened her mouth as if she was going to defend Harry, then closed it sharply and turned to him with an expectant look.

"Alright, everyone!" Professor Flitwick called out with a beaming smile just as Harry made to respond. "This term, we'll be working on Animation Charms. Now, if you'll open your books up to page two-hundred and eighty-seven..."

Harry paid close attention for the first few minutes, but once Professor Flitwick began to talk about the creation and history of the Animation Charm, his mind began to wander. As he looked around the room, he began to notice every girl in class continually glanced in his direction. Susan Bones blushed when he caught her staring at him dreamily, and Megan Jones shot him a wink while Hannah giggled silently between them. Padma flashed him a smile every time he glanced her way, all while doodling on a piece of parchment.

The only girl that wasn't constantly staring at him was Hermione, but even she was acting oddly. It started small. At first, she just shifted closer on the bench, and he probably wouldn't

have noticed if her hip hadn't bumped into his. A couple of minutes later, she leaned her arm against his. A minute after that, she rested her head on his shoulder. He ended up getting a face full of her bushy brown hair, filling his nose with the pleasant smell of her flowery shampoo. Harry glanced over at Ron, but the redhead had his head down, drawing absently while grumbling under his breath. He wasn't even pretending to pay attention to what Flitwick was saying.

Harry wondered what was going on as he looked around the room and found his female classmates staring at him with wistful smiles. For a moment, he wondered if the twins had pranked him by dosing the female population with Love Potions.

Suddenly, he stiffened and froze when he felt Hermione's hand land on his thigh. Looking at her face out of the corner of his eye, he saw that she was still watching Professor Flitwick attentively while she diligently took notes. It was like she wasn't even conscious of what she was doing. Swallowing thickly, Harry shifted his leg to try and get her attention, but that only backfired on him. Not only did she not notice his squirming, but her hand inadvertently moved closer to his crotch.

Harry froze again, this time because Hermione's fingers were brushing his rapidly hardening length.

"Hermione!" he hissed urgently.

"Shh," Hermione said, waving him off. "Not now! I'm trying to take notes."

Harry drew in a breath to speak but then choked when her fingers curled gently around his shaft. His eyes widened when she ran her thumb teasingly over the tip, causing him to fully harden against her touch. Slowly, she started stroking him over his trousers, her fingernails tracing the shape of his length against his thigh.

He was convinced she had to know what she was doing. How could she not? Yet, it was something he never would have expected her to do. Could she really be doing it unconsciously?

If she was, he hated to think how good it would feel if she was actually trying.

“Hermione!” Harry whispered urgently.

“Not now,” Hermione hissed.

Her fingers tightened around his shaft warningly, and Harry clamped his lips shut. Whether she realized what she was doing to him or not, it didn’t matter now. Harry wasn’t going to risk getting his dick ripped off for trying to tell her again. That left him in a situation he never thought he’d be in. For more than an hour, Hermione teased and caressed his erection under the table relentlessly. By the time the lesson ended, Harry was sure he’d never been so hard and aching in his life.

“For homework, I want one foot of parchment on examples of Animation Charms you’ve seen in your daily life,” Flitwick said.

“Thank Merlin,” Ron muttered, standing up and throwing his things in his bag. “I’m starving.”

Without waiting for anyone else, he slung his back over his shoulder and strode from the classroom. Harry sighed and leaned closer to Hermoine.

“Hermione!” he hissed.

“What?” she asked, pausing in the midst of packing up her notes.

Wordlessly, Harry glanced down at his lap. Hermione followed his gaze. For a long moment, she stared uncomprehendingly at her own hand. Suddenly, she gasped, her eyes widening when he

throbbed against her fingers. She jerked her hand away as if it had been burned, stammering and stuttering as her face turned bright red.

“Oh! I – I had no idea. I’m so sorry. I-”

Closing her mouth with a snap, she haphazardly threw her notes into her bag and rushed from the classroom. Harry felt horrible watching her leave. He wished he hadn’t said anything. Chances were, if he hadn’t, she would have removed her hand and never even realized what she had been doing. Now, things were going to be awkward between them for sure.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned.

At least he now knew for certain that she’d been doing it unconsciously. But that raised another concern. Her actions were so unlike her that he couldn’t help but be concerned about what had caused her to do it in the first place. Something odd was definitely going on.

Sighing, Harry slowly packed his things away in an attempt to give himself time to calm down. It didn’t help. After more than an hour of relentless teasing from his best friend, he was still hard as a rock. Pulling his robes around him to cover the bulge in the front of his slacks, he stood up and walked quickly from the classroom, entirely conscious of the girls staring at him as he did. Out in the hall, the stares and dreamy looks continued. Even girls from the upper years that he’d hardly said two words to were smiling, waving, and greeting him like they did it every day.

Confused, concerned, and painfully aroused, Harry rushed up to his dorm and made straight for the bathroom. Thankfully, since it was lunchtime, no one else was there. He quickly took care of himself and washed his face in cold water before making his way down to the Great Hall. Rather predictably, Hermione was nowhere to be seen. With a sigh, Harry sat down next to Ron and ate his lunch quietly.

“Hi, Harry,” Angelina called from behind him.

"Hi," he replied, turning in his seat.

"I set our first practice for Friday after dinner," she told him, smiling prettily and twirling her hair around her finger. "We'll set up a schedule that works for everyone then."

"Okay, I'll be there," Harry smiled.

"See you then," Angelina said.

Winking, she patted his shoulder and then ran her fingers across his back as she walked away. He stared after her curiously for a moment before shaking his head and turning back to his food.

After they finished eating, Harry, Ron, and the rest of the Gryffindors grudgingly made their way to Defense Class. They took their seats, and still, there was no sign of Hermione. Harry was starting to get concerned as the start of class neared. Finally, just as the bell rang, she rushed into the room and took a seat as far away from him as she could. She never even glanced in his direction. Her reaction was understandable, but he was determined to talk to her once they got back to the Common Room. He was going to need her help to figure out what the hell was going on.

"Good afternoon, class," Umbridge smiled.

"Good afternoon, Professor Umbridge," the class muttered.

Umbridge smiled widely and giggled girlishly.

"Wonderful," she beamed. "Now, let's pick up where we left off, shall we? Open your books to chapter twelve and read. There will be no need to talk."

Muttering under their breath, the class did as they were told. Harry stared unseeing at the pages of his book and let his mind wander. He tried to think of all the things that could be causing the girls to be acting so differently towards him. Love Potions seemed possible but unlikely. It could just be that they'd changed their minds. However, none of his male classmates seemed to be acting differently, so he mentally ruled that out. Besides, there hadn't been any big story in the *Prophet* that would have caused that to begin with.

As he tried to think of anything else that might be the cause, he came up blank. Sighing, he glanced around the room, and his eyes landed on Lilith. Meeting his stare, she smiled and licked her lips before turning back to her book.

Harry smiled to himself. At least one good thing had happened to him today.

As his eyes continued to roam around the room, he noticed the other girls staring at him again. What was truly concerning, however, were the looks Pansy Parkinson and Millicent Bulstrode were giving him. Bulstrode looked like she wanted to eat him alive right then and there, and Parkinson looked at him with a disconcerting combination of anger and arousal.

Harry swallowed nervously and glanced toward the front of the classroom, only to find Umbridge staring at him intently with a curious look on her face. Slowly, a closed-lipped, smirking smile made its way across her face, and she reached up to undo the top button of her bright pink cardigan. Harry looked back down at his book so fast his neck cracked. Bile rose in the back of his throat while he shivered in disgust.

This couldn't be happening. He had to be going mad. That was the only explanation. There was no way Umbridge was staring at him with the same dreamy expression as the other girls.

Glancing up, he verified that, yes, she really was staring at him like that. Harry shivered again, feeling suddenly like a fly sitting too close to a toad. Defense class passed agonizingly slowly, each tick of the clock taking ages to pass. He stared down unseeingly at his book, ignoring everyone around him and praying that they would ignore him. Those hopes were dashed as class neared the end. The girls gave up on subtlety and started to turn to face him.

While most just gave him flirtatious smiles, Parkinson looked ready to leap over the desks to get to him, Bulstrode gazed at him with a terrifying intensity, and Umbridge was so busy raking her gaze over him that she didn't notice half the class doing the same. With only a minute left of class, Harry gripped his bag in one hand and his book in the other, ready to sprint to the door.

The bell signaling the end of class acted more like the start of a race. The girls all got to their feet, and Harry took off towards the door. Behind him, Bulstrode used her bulky frame to shove the desks out of the way effortlessly as she raced after him with Parkinson hot on her heels and a few other girls bringing up the rear.

Once he was in the hall, Harry glanced over his shoulder to see if he was safe. Seeing Bulstrode barreling after him with a determined look on her face, he took off at a dead sprint. He took a winding, twisting path through the hallway, hoping to lose his pursuers. Managing to get a small lead when the girls were slowed down by other students in the hall, Harry ducked into a secret passage and hid in the shadows.

A moment later, Bulstrode came charging past, only to pause at the grand staircase.

"Which way did he go?" she asked.

"There!" Parkinson yelled. "I think I saw him!"

They took off down the stairs, and Harry leaned against the wall with a sigh of relief. Taking off his glasses, he wiped the sweat from his brow and took a deep breath, trying to calm his racing heart.

"Hi, Harry!"

"Gah!"

Harry jumped, holding a hand to his chest, when he recognized the petite blond standing in front of him.

“Luna!” he gasped. “You scared the shit out of me.”

“Sorry,” Luna said, tilting her head to the side as she observed him. “Did Neville show you his plant?”

“What?” Harry asked, confused.

“The plant I got Neville for Christmas,” Luna said, blinking her large, bright blue eyes up at him.

“Er, yeah,” Harry said. “I saw it. Sprayed me good when I-”

He froze as he stared at her. That sap he’d been sprayed with was the only other odd thing that had happened to him lately.

“Luna,” he said, grabbing her shoulders. “That plant. It doesn’t make girls act crazy, does it?”

“Of course not, silly,” Luna told him.

Harry smiled and let out a sigh of relief.

“They’re just extremely attracted to the smell of the sap,” she continued before leaning and sniffing him. “You smell really good, by the way. Did it spray you?”

Staring at Luna, he opened his mouth, closed it, and then took her by the hand and pulled her down the hidden passage.

“Where are we going?” Luna asked curiously.

“The Room of Requirement,” Harry told her. “You and I need to have a little chat about this plant.”

“Okay,” Luna said unconcernedly. “Are you angry with me?”

Coming to a stop, he turned to her and sighed.

“No, I’m not angry,” Harry said, softening his tone. “I just want to know what’s happening.”

“Are you sure?” Luna asked. “I find life is more interesting when I’m not quite sure what’s going on.”

“I’m sure,” Harry said, unable to repress a smile.

Luna shrugged and started humming to herself as they quickly made their way up to the seventh floor and summoned the Room of Requirement. Stepping inside, they walked over to a worn but comfortable-looking couch and sat down in front of a crackling fire.

“Alright,” Harry sighed. “What is that plant you gave Neville, and what does it do?”

“Daddy and I found it when we went to Sweden over Christmas break,” Luna said. “We heard reports of a Crumple-Horned Snorkack, but it turned out to just be an oddly shaped rock formation. Then again, maybe that’s how they disguise themselves.”

“Luna, the plant,” Harry said gently.

“Oh, yes. The plant,” she said dreamily. “We met a lovely forest Nymph who showed it to me. She said it was called a Drenchwood Gushblossom. They can be hard to find, but the Nymphs use them all the time. The sap acts sort of like a lust potion, but it only works on people who are already physically attracted to you. It even works across species. We watched the Nymph have sex with Muggles, Wizards, Ogres, and even a pair of Centaurs before it wore off.”

“Centaurs?” Harry asked, feeling the blood leave his face.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Luna said, patting his arm. “I don’t think Centaurs would find you very attractive.”

Harry sighed in relief.

“Well, at least the males, unless they’re gay.”

Closing his eyes, Harry dropped his head into his hands.

“You said it wore off, right?” he asked hopefully.

“Oh yes,” Luna smiled. “But it was quite an interesting week. Daddy and I learned a lot about Nymphs.”

"A week?" Harry gaped. "Luna, I just had to run away from Millicent Bulstrode because she looked like she was ready to lock me in the dungeon."

Luna huffed cutely and crossed her arms over her chest.

"Big girls deserve love too, Harry," she told him seriously.

"What?" Harry asked confusedly. "I don't want to sleep with her just because she's big. I don't want to sleep with her because she's been a horrible bully since she came to Hogwarts."

"Oh," Luna said, relaxing her stern stance. "Well, that's understandable, then."

"We're getting off-topic again," Harry said, shaking his head. "Is there any kind of antidote or something? And why are you taking off your robes?"

While he'd been speaking, Luna had stood up in front of him and removed her robe.

"Well, I'm quite attracted to you, and the Drenchwood Gushblossom sap has made me quite aroused," she told him calmly while unbuttoning her shirt. "Unless you don't want to have sex with me either."

"Er...", Harry said.

Luna wasn't an unattractive witch by any means. With her lithe frame and fair hair and skin, Harry often thought she looked like an adorable Pixie turned human. She was also a very good friend and seemed to understand what she was getting herself into. She'd been the one to give the plant to Neville, after all. Besides, turning her down now would probably hurt her feelings.

"If you're sure you want to," Harry said, licking his lips as her plain white bra came into view.

Luna beamed at him happily and quickly shrugged off her shirt. Her skirt hit the floor next, revealing her long, pale legs and a surprisingly round little bum.

"I was hoping Neville would get sprayed by it, but I'm quite happy it was you instead," Luna said, unclasping her bra. "I've fancied both of you for quite some time. I thought having girls attracted to him would boost Neville's confidence, but this worked out even better. You've been far too stressed, Harry. You really should try to enjoy life more."

"Sure," Harry mumbled as she dropped her bra.

Luna had small but perfectly shaped breasts with upturned, pale pink nipples. They jiggled alluringly as she bent over and pushed down her knickers, revealing her bald mound and giving him just a glimpse of her taut folds when she lifted her leg to step out of them. Looking completely comfortable with her nudity, she dropped to her knees between his legs and unbuckled his belt.

"So, how does this sap affect people, exactly?" he asked while she opened his trousers.

"Well, it feels like it's just making the things I find attractive about you even more appealing," Luna said thoughtfully.

"You don't think it's making you do anything you don't want to, do you?" Harry asked.

"Of course not, silly," Luna said, smiling. "When the Nymph used it, everyone was quite happy even after it wore off. Oh my!"

Holding his mostly hard erection in her tiny hand, Luna stared wide-eyed at the towering pillar of flesh.

“Harry, I find your penis *very* attractive,” she said, staring at it captivatedly as she began to stroke him gently. “You’re larger than the humans I saw the Nymph with... and most of the Ogres, too.”

“Er, thanks,” Harry said.

It was the first time anyone had ever complimented his manhood, and he wasn’t sure how to respond. Suddenly, Luna lurched forward and took him into her mouth. She only stopped when he hit the back of her throat, causing her to gag loudly. Narrowing her eyes, she glared at the rest of his shaft accusingly and tried to force herself down further. Harry gasped as he slid deeper and throbbed excitedly as he watched her thin neck bulge around his thick length. Just as her lips touched his pelvis, she gagged again. Eyes watering and saliva pouring from her lips, she shot off of his erection and coughed.

“Bloody hell, Luna,” Harry said, leaning forward to check on her. “You didn’t need to do that.”

“That’s what the Nymph did,” she said, wiping her lips. “Didn’t it feel good? Maybe I did it wrong.”

“It felt amazing, Luna, but you’re not a Nymph,” Harry smiled.

“Oh, I guess you’re right,” Luna said. “Can I practice with you later? Because I’d really like to give you my virginity now.”

“You can do that any time you want,” Harry said, grinning at the way she stated things so bluntly.

With a beaming smile, she got to her feet and pulled off his trousers. He quickly took off his shirt and tie and helped her climb onto the couch. Hovering over his rigid length, her knees on either side of his thighs, Luna gripped his shaft and aimed his swollen head at her leaking folds. Harry held onto her hips as she descended over his pulsating tip.

“Oh!” Luna gasped.

Eyes wide and staring off into space, she slowly lowered herself onto his length. Harry was speechless as he closed his eyes and groaned wordlessly. Her mouth had felt great, but being inside of her was a thousand times better.

“It’s so big,” Luna moaned.

“Does it hurt?” Harry asked, remembering some older boys talking about the need to go slow the first time.

“No, it’s amazing!” she said, gasping as her bum came to rest on his thighs. “Can you kiss me, Harry? I’d really like that.”

Smiling, he wrapped his arms around her thin body, pulled her chest flush with his, and kissed her passionately. Luna moaned into his mouth, her tongue dancing with his as she wiggled her hips. Harry let out a groan and fought the urge to start thrusting into her. Slowly, she began bouncing up and down on his lap. After just a few seconds, she pulled back from their kiss to throw her head back and moan. Grinning, Harry leaned forward and wrapped his lips around one of her hard little nipples.

“Oh, yes!” Luna cheered, threading her fingers through his hair. “This feels even better than she said it would.”

She started bouncing more vigorously, and Harry slipped his hands down to her bum to help her along. Each of her bubbly little cheeks fit perfectly in his hands. Soon, she started moving so

aggressively that he couldn't keep her nipple in his mouth. Leaning back with a groan, Harry sat back to enjoy the ride and the view of her bouncing breasts.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Luna chanted. "I think I'm close! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Her chants turned into a series of cute squeaks as she tightened around him. Suddenly, a shudder ran through her body, and Luna collapsed against his chest. Her hips bucked frantically and without rhythm as she climaxed powerfully. Harry could feel her arousal leaking around his shaft. Holding her tight, he groaned. The sensation was incredible, but he hadn't quite reached his climax yet.

After half a minute, Luna let out a satisfied sigh and went limp in his arms.

"You okay, Luna?" Harry asked.

"Oh, yes," she said in a satisfied murmur. "I'm just a little tired, but you can keep going."

Chuckling, Harry rolled her to the side and laid her down on the couch. Hovering over her, he settled between her legs and kissed her softly before thrusting forward.

"Mmh," Luna moaned, then pulled her lips from his. "You can go fast. I know men like that."

Smiling, Harry pulled his hips back and then drove forward harshly. Luna's tiny body jolted, and her eyes went wide as she gasped. When she didn't complain, he did it again and again, rapidly shortening the time between thrusts. In moments, he was huffing and sweating but having the time of his life. It felt amazingly powerful and satisfying to ravage Luna and hear her gasp and moan in pleasure.

In fact, it felt so amazing that he rapidly felt his climax approach. Growling under his breath, Harry thrust with an animalistic savagery that pummeled Luna into the couch cushions. Just as he tipped over the edge, she let out a high-pitched wail and sank her nails into his back. With a grunt, he slammed his hips forward, burying himself as deep as possible while he drained himself inside of her.

"I feel it!" Luna gasped in wonder, her eyes staring unseeingly at the ceiling. "Oh! It's hot. That's nice. I think I'm cumming again."

Harry buried his face in her hair and groaned as her folds fluttered around him. By the time their climaxes finished, both of them were panting heavily and utterly drained of energy. Humming happily to herself, Luna ran her fingers through his hair and caressed his back. Harry had to fight the desire to close his eyes and fall asleep on top of her, but it felt so nice that he rested there for a couple of minutes until he'd finally caught his breath.

Sitting up, he eased out of her and relaxed with a sigh. A moment later, Luna giggled.

"I'm leaking," she said, staring down between her legs.

Indeed, Harry had filled her with quite a lot, and now some of it was leaking from her red, swollen lips. Oddly, the sight filled him with a sense of pride. Then, Luna surprised him by running her finger through it and bringing it to her mouth.

"Hm, it's not as bad as some of the girls said," she said curiously. "I wonder if that's because of the sap or if it's just you."

"I have no idea," Harry chuckled.

Shrugging, Luna climbed over to him and curled up in his lap.

“Can we do this again, even after the sap wears off?” she asked.

“Luna, we can do this any time you want,” Harry said, smiling tiredly.

“Oh, good,” Luna smiled, resting her head on his chest. “I quite like your penis. I’d hate to have to go without it now that I know how nice it is.”

Laughing, Harry kissed the top of her head and closed his eyes.

Chapter 3

Harry groaned and bucked his hips as he slowly woke. He quickly realized that the amazing sensation around his shaft wasn’t part of his dream and blinked as he looked down at his crotch. Seeing a head of familiar ginger hair bobbing over his length, he had a split second of panic before his vision cleared.

“Ginny?” Harry whispered incredulously. “What are you doing?”

Ginny looked up at him with her bright blue eyes. Her cheeks hollowed, causing him to gasp as she slowly dragged her lips up to the tip of his length.

“Sucking your big cock,” she smirked, stroking his spit-soaked length. “And you don’t have to whisper. I silenced the curtains.”

“But – Oh, bloody hell,” Harry groaned.

The corners of Ginny's lips turned up in a smirk even as they stretched around his girth. Her tiny hand stroked the lower half of his shaft at a leisurely pace while her mouth worked in time with the upper portion. She swirled her tongue around his swollen head, drawing a hiss from his lips, before taking him as deep as she could and pulling back with her cheeks hollowed. Ginny sucked so hard that Harry lifted his hips off of the mattress to follow the sensation.

Giggling, her lips came off of his tip with a loud *pop*. With a smile and a playful sparkle in her eyes, she let go of his length and pinned his hips to the bed. Opening her mouth wide, she dove down and swallowed his throbbing shaft. She gagged around him at the two-thirds mark, pulling back as saliva dripped from her lips. Ginny tried again and again to swallow him whole but always choked at the same point. It still felt incredible, and Harry ran his fingers through her hair as he groaned.

"I'm close," he warned.

Pulling back, Ginny took a deep breath and started stroking him quickly. A moment later, she bent down and bobbed her head rapidly over his tip. Harry groaned loudly as he reached his peak, his fingers unconsciously tightening in her long red hair. He burst against her tongue, causing Ginny to grunt cutely in surprise and stop her movements. Holding the back of her head, Harry pumped his hips back and forth as he emptied himself in her mouth.

Moments later, with a relaxed sigh, he dropped his hands and sagged against the mattress. Ginny giggled around his deflating length and sealed her lips tightly around him. Sucking hard enough to make him groan and shudder, she pulled off of him, holding her hand under her mouth to catch anything that might slip from the seal of her lips. Nothing did, and she gave a tight-lipped smile at her success.

Staring him in the eye, Ginny opened her mouth to show him the thick white pool covering her tongue. She closed it again a moment later and swallowed it thickly. Harry's length gave a throb of excitement as she watched her throat bob, causing a single pearly white bead to leak from his tip. With a smile, Ginny grabbed his shaft and licked the head clean with a delighted gleam in her eyes.

"Mhh, Luna was right. This is fun," she murmured.

"You talked to Luna?" Harry asked breathlessly.

"Yeah," Ginny smiled, sitting up on her knees.

For the first time, he noticed that she was wearing a t-shirt and flannel pajama pants. It was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her hard nipples showed through the thin fabric.

"She told me all about Neville's plant and what happened in the Room of Requirement," she grinned. "I wondered why I was soaking my knickers every time I walked by you."

Harry snorted with laughter, and then they both froze when they heard a noise outside the curtains. They listened as Dean, the resident early riser, opened his curtains and climbed out of bed.

"Seamus, get up," he grumbled sleepily.

Seamus grumbled, and the springs of his bed groaned.

"Lazy git," Dean muttered.

Suddenly, his footsteps neared Harry's bed. In a panic, Ginny removed the Silencing Charm on the curtains and dove under the blankets. Harry sat up and pulled his pajama bottoms back up to his waist. To their relief, Dean walked past Harry's bed and stopped at Ron.

"Wake up, Weasley," Dean said.

"M up," Ron mumbled.

They heard him collapse back onto the mattress, followed by a loud snore.

"Why do I bother?" Dean asked.

Walking further away, he opened the door to the bathroom and closed it behind him. Ginny sat up quickly and scooted to the end of the end.

"Wait," Harry whispered.

Quickly, he reached under his pillow, pulled out his cloak, and handed it to her.

"Take this," he told her quietly. "But I need it back."

Ginny smirked, "I'll give it back tomorrow morning."

Leaning forward, she kissed him on the lips, donned the cloak, and slipped out of the curtains. Harry fell back onto the mattress with a sigh as he heard the door to the dorm open and close.

"This is getting out of hand," he said to himself.

~

Harry showered, got dressed, and made his way down to the common room. He looked for Hermione, but she was nowhere to be seen. Hoping to find her in the Great Hall, he left

through the portrait hole and started down the hall. Every girl he passed looked at him like he was a piece of meat. Harry sped up to avoid something happening in the middle of the hallway. As he turned the corner, he stumbled into someone.

Susan Bones stared up at him with wide eyes and flushed cheeks as they both caught their balance.

"Sorry," Harry muttered.

"I-It's alright," Susan stammered.

Smiling, he walked around her but turned back when she called his name.

"Harry, when's the next study group?" she asked hopefully.

"Er, I haven't figured that out yet," he admitted. "I'll let you know soon."

Although she looked a little disappointed, Susan smiled and nodded. Harry continued on his way to the Great Hall with a sigh. He'd completely forgotten about the DA after getting sprayed by Neville's plant. He had no idea how he was supposed to teach a class full of horny girls that all wanted to jump him. He needed to talk to Hermione. Maybe she could find a cure or something. But first, he had to find her.

Stepping into the Great Hall, she wasn't at the Gryffindor table. With a frustrated sigh, Harry walked over to Parvati.

"Hey, have you seen Hermione this morning?" he asked.

“Oh, hi Harry,” Parvati giggled, twirling a lock of hair around her finger with a flirtatious smile. “She grabbed some toast and then went to the library. You know how she is.”

“Yeah, thanks,” Harry said.

As he took his seat at the table to eat his breakfast, he knew she was still embarrassed and avoiding him because of it. Normally, he might have let the matter sit until she was ready to talk to him, but that wasn’t really an option right now. He really needed her help. Glancing up at the Head Table, he shivered when he spotted Umbridge watching him intently. He shivered when he remembered the way she’d unbuttoned her cardigan in class and quickly pushed his breakfast away.

“Hi, Harry!” Colin Creevey chirped excitedly as he took the seat next to him.

“Hey, Colin,” Harry said, taking a sip of pumpkin juice to wash down the bile that had risen in his throat.

“Listen, do you have any plans for the next Hogsmeade visit?” Colin asked. “I know it’s a couple of weeks away, but I thought maybe we could hang out?”

Luna’s words about the effects of the sap came back to him. Suddenly, an image of him being chased through the Forbidden Forest by a group of horny Centaurs popped into his mind.

“Er, ask me when it gets closer,” Harry said, standing up quickly. “Sorry, Colin, I forgot something.”

“No problem,” Colin yelled with a smile. “See you later, Harry!”

Harry fled the Great Hall and turned the corner, only to find his face trapped between a pair of very large, warm breasts.

“Get a good feel there, Potter?” Julie Runcorn asked with a smirk.

Julie was a large girl but not unattractive. Taller than most of the boys at the school and broad-shouldered, she had long blonde hair and massive breasts. When she wasn’t scowling, like now, he would even consider her quite pretty. As it was, her intimidating size and perpetual scowl meant she was left alone, even by her own housemates.

“Sorry,” Harry muttered.

He moved to walk around her, but Julie sidestepped in front of him.

“What?” she asked aggressively. “You didn’t like them? Maybe you need a better feel.”

Before Harry could react, she grabbed his head and buried his face between her firm mounds. Laughing as he struggled ineffectually, she wrapped her strong arms around his head, the sides of her arms pushing her breasts together. It wasn’t an uncomfortable place to be trapped, all things considered, but Harry did find it hard to breathe. When he started to feel light-headed, he put his hands on her chest and tried to push back.

“That’s it,” Julie purred. “Give ‘em a good squeeze.”

Harry took two handfuls of her breasts and gripped hard, hoping she would let go. He could feel her large nipples digging into his palms as she moaned and finally relaxed her arms. Pulling back quickly, he sucked in a deep breath, his glasses resting askew on his nose.

"I knew you'd like 'em," Julie grinned. "I never knew you were so forward, Potter. Feel free to get a good feel anytime you like."

Harry dropped his hands from her chest and fixed his glasses.

"Right," he said, straightening his messed-up hair and ruffled robes. "Er, I need to..."

Without bothering to think of an excuse, he dodged around her sizable frame and headed for the stairs. Spotting Pansy Parkinson glaring at him from the entrance to the dungeons, he sped up to avoid another confrontation—one, he was sure, would be much less pleasant. Harry raced up the stairs and headed straight for the empty third-floor corridor. With a sigh, he leaned his back against the door to the room that had housed Fluffy in his first year and slowly slid down to the floor.

Dropping his head into his hands, he sat there until the bell rang for class.

~

Unfortunately, the rest of the day proved just as trying. In Transfigurations, Hermione was already seated next to Parvati and refused to so much as look at him. Throughout the lesson, girls from Gryffindor and Ravenclaw asked him for advice even though he couldn't do the spell himself. Mandy Brocklehurst even copped a feel of his bum when Professor McGonagall wasn't looking.

After class, Hermione fled before he could talk to her, and Harry decided to go to the kitchens for food. Dobby was glad to see him, and for the first time that day, he could eat in peace. Feeling more determined on a full stomach, he headed to Charms early and hid next to the door to wait for Hermione.

She entered surprisingly close to the start of class, and Harry grabbed her by the arm and led her over to an empty table.

"We need to talk," he hissed.

"Not now," Hermione whispered.

Professor Flitwick started the lesson before he could say anything else, and Harry sighed in frustration. Ignoring the lesson on Summoning Charms, he tried to think of the best way to bring up the plant to Hermione. Suddenly, he jumped in his seat when her hand landed in his lap. He looked over and found her listening to the lecture attentively, even as her fingers crept closer to his groin.

"Hermione," Harry hissed.

"Not now," Hermione hissed back. "We can talk after class."

Just as Harry opened his mouth to speak, she grabbed his shaft and started to tease it to hardness. With a quiet groan, he ran a hand through his hair.

"Your hand," he growled, a part of him wishing he could just let her continue.

"What do you mean my...," Hermione froze and snatched her hand back like it was on fire when she realized what she'd been doing.

Blushing profusely, she glared at her hand accusingly before turning her attention back to the lesson, hands folded in her lap.

"There's something I need to tell you," Harry whispered.

“Later,” Hermione hissed pleadingly.

“It’s important,” Harry whispered urgently.

“Shh.”

“But-”

“Shh.”

Grumbling under his breath, Harry laid his head on the desk and stared off into space. When her hand unconsciously made its way back to his lap a couple of minutes later, he didn’t bother to tell her. If she was going to ignore him, he could return the favor. Besides, it felt good, even if he knew he’d be left rock-hard and wanting by the end of class.

True to his prediction, Hermione teased him through the entire double period. Towards the end of the lesson, Harry gazed around the classroom, wondering if he should find someone to help him take care of it. Susan and Hannah kept glancing his way and giggling, and both of them were quite pretty. Still, even with the sap affecting them, he didn’t feel comfortable approaching someone in the first place. Silently, he wondered if he could find Luna after dinner. He felt oddly comfortable being more direct with her, and she’d offered to help him.

As Flitwick dismissed class, Hermione jerked her hand back again and was out of her chair before he could get a word out. With a sigh, he watched her race from the classroom. Maybe letting her fondle him for most of the class hadn’t been such a good idea after all.

Using his robes to conceal his throbbing erection, Harry made his way down to the Great Hall for dinner. He’d barely been seated for a couple of minutes when Angelina stopped behind him.

“Don’t forget we have practice tonight,” she told him.

“Right,” Harry said, having completely forgotten. “I’ll be there.”

Angelina smiled and patted his back, her fingers trailing across his shoulder as she left. Taking a seat next to Katie and Alicia, the three girls looked back at him and giggled. Harry sighed, knowing he wouldn’t be able to find Luna like he’d hoped.

Letting Hermione tease him for three solid hours was looking like a really stupid idea now.

After finishing a quick dinner, Harry ran up to his dorm, grabbed his broom, and headed back down to the pitch. The halls were mercifully empty since everyone else was in the Great Hall. After quickly changing into his Quidditch uniform, Harry took the sky, the crisp, cold wind blowing away his worries for a blissful moment. He flew at breakneck speeds, pushing his broom and his skills to the limit while he waited for the others to arrive. He was so lost in his own little world that he only noticed he wasn’t alone when he spotted the twins streak by in front of him.

“That was impressive, Harry,” Angelina grinned as she hovered next to him. “With flying like that, there’s no way we won’t win that cup.”

“I hope so,” Harry said. “What’s the plan for today?”

“I’m worried about Ron,” Angelina sighed. “He’s got talent. He just needs to ignore the crowd. We’re going to bust his balls hard today. See if we can get him used to the pressure, you know? He’ll probably hate me for it, but if it works, we have a real chance at winning.”

Harry nodded. He didn’t like the idea, but he had to admit it had merit.

"This'll also give you a chance to practice something other than catching the Snitch," Angelina grinned. "You've interrupted plays and helped us score by confusing the Keeper before. I want you to do more of that. It'll give us an advantage."

"Alright," Harry nodded.

Still grinning, Angelina's hand lashed out and smacked him on the bum, "Great."

As she flew off, Harry shook his head and followed. Privately, he was glad neither she nor Alice were dating the twins anymore. If they were, things could have gotten awkward quickly.

Ron wasn't thrilled by the planned practice. It was essentially him versus the entire team. He was even less thrilled when it started. His brothers gleefully pelted Bludgers at him, the three best Chasers at Hogwarts flew in perfect synchronization, and Harry bolted in from out of nowhere to confuse and distract him whenever he started to get comfortable. Ron managed a few impressive saves that left the team hopeful, but he wasn't consistent. Far too often, he would get discouraged by a missed save and end up dropping the next few scores, which any decent Keeper should have stopped.

Angelina relentlessly kept up the pressure until Ron was huffing for air, his brow dripping with sweat and his hands shaking from exhaustion.

"That's enough," she called. "Let's head in. Good job, everyone."

Sagging tiredly, Ron flew to the ground, his shoulders slumped.

"Not too bad, Ronnie," Fred said, slinging an arm over his shoulder.

“There’s still a lot of room for improvement, but you made a few good saves,” George continued, slinging his arm over his other shoulder. “A dozen or so more practices like that, and you’ll be unstoppable.”

“I’m useless,” Ron grumbled. “My arms are so tired I can’t even feel my hands.”

“Say, George,” Fred said thoughtfully. “Do we have any of that Firewhiskey left?”

Ron perked up at the mention of alcohol.

“I think so,” George replied, stroking his chin thoughtfully.

“Then I think our little brother could use a drink,” Fred said, turning them towards the castle.

Ron’s expression turned suspicious as he glanced back and forth between the twins.

“This isn’t some sort of trick, is it?” he asked.

“Oh, come on, Ron,” George said, ruffling his hair. “Would we do that to you?”

Harry chuckled and shook his head as they walked off across the lawn, their voices growing too distant to hear. Walking into the locker room, he took off his pads, grabbed a change of clothes and a towel, and headed for the showers. Quickly, he stripped out of his clothes, took off his glasses, and stepped under the stream of hot water. He let out a sigh of relief as his hands and feet finally warmed up. Running his hands through his hair, he turned his back to the spray and blinked. In the doorway, Angelina, Alicia, and Katie stood completely naked, watching him with a smirk.

“Hey, Harry,” Alicia smiled. “Our shower isn’t working. Mind if we use yours?”

“Er,” Harry stammered as he stared.

He’d had dreams like this more than once, but nothing could have prepared him for the reality of seeing his three very attractive female teammates naked. Katie stood on the left, her teardrop-shaped breasts with large, pale pink areolas and nipples jiggling as she giggled. To her right, Angelina was the tallest and curviest of the three. Her breasts, twice the size of Katie’s, hung like two heavy, fleshy torpedoes from her chest. His eyes traveled down her tight, toned stomach and narrow waist to where her wide hips flared out. Unfortunately, he couldn’t see her bum from the front, but he knew it to be large and round from what he’d seen when she wore jeans. Lately, he looked at Alicia. She smiled and waved, her small, pale breasts with thick, dark nipples shaking from the movement. Unlike Angelina and Katie, who had no hair besides what was on their heads, she had a small strip of brown, neatly trimmed curls adorning her mound.

“Someone’s excited to see us,” Angelina giggled, staring at his growing shaft.

While Harry struggled to think of any words to say, they all approached him. He swallowed thickly as they surrounded him and began caressing his body.

“I think it’s time we show you just how much we appreciate all your hard work,” Katie said, smiling prettily.

Before he could ask what she meant, she leaned forward and kissed him passionately. Her soft, perky breasts rubbed against his arm, and Angelina giggled when his excited length bobbed up and brushed her stomach. When she pulled back, he barely had a moment to take a breath before Angelina turned his head and kissed him hard. Moaning into his mouth, she pressed her chest against his and trapped his erection between their bodies. With a roll of her hips, she pulled back and smirked before Alicia cupped his cheeks and claimed his lips.

“Should we blow him first?” Katie asked.

“No,” Angelina replied. “There’s three of us, and I don’t know about you, but I want to feel that thing inside of me.”

Harry gasped and broke his kiss when Angelina grabbed his shaft and started stroking him lightly.

“Do you want to go first, Katie?” Alicia asked. “You’ve fancied him the longest.”

“Please,” Katie said excitedly.

Taking Harry’s hand, she lay down on the tile floor and spread her legs open invitingly. As he knelt between her legs, Angelina and Alicia lay on their sides on either side of her to watch. Harry swallowed nervously as Katie grabbed his shaft and pressed it against her taut entrance. Slowly, he eased inside of her, drawing a prolonged moan from her lips.

“So big,” Katie panted, wrapping her arms and legs around him. “You were right, Ang. I should have done this a long time ago.”

“I told you,” Angelina giggled.

As Harry paused with his length fully buried in Katie’s tight, wet heat, Angelina leaned down and kissed her on the lips. He pulsed excitedly as he watched lips and tongues move in a slow, sensual dance. Without thought, his hips started to rock back and forth. Letting out another moan, Katie pulled back and turned her head to the left. There was no hesitation from Alicia as she kissed her as well, one of her hands coming up to softly grope her breast.

"I think Harry likes that," Angelina chuckled before addressing him directly. "I bet you boys fantasize about what we do in the showers all the time."

"I might have thought about it once or twice," Harry admitted with a smile.

Cupping Katie's breast, it filled his hand perfectly. Squeezing the soft mound gently, he ran his thumb over her hard pink nipple, causing her to moan into Alicia's mouth.

"You should hear about what we get up to in the dorm," Angelina smirked.

Harry throbbed in arousal at the perverted images running through his mind and thrust harder into Katie. With a gasp, she pulled her lips from Alicia's and dug her heels into his bum. Angelina trailed her dark-skinned hand down Katie's pale, toned stomach and started rubbing her clit. Harry grunted as she groaned and tightened around him. His pace increased as Alicia pushed a lock of brown hair behind her ear and latched onto one of Katie's hard, pink nipples.

"That's it," Angelina growled. "Cum all over Harry's big cock. I want my turn."

"Oh, Merlin," Katie gasped.

Feeling his end approaching, Harry thrust hard and fast, trying to push her over the edge. Katie gasped and panted until her breath caught in her throat. She leaned her head back, and a shudder ran through her body. Harry groaned as she fluttered around his length and erupted in her depths. With a trembling moan, Katie hugged his body to hers and rolled her hips as they both rode out their climaxes.

Thanks to Hermione's teasing, his orgasm was massive and left him feeling winded. It took several moments before he sat up and pulled out of her. A river of white poured from Katie's pink slit, showing just how much he needed the relief.

“Bloody hell,” Angelina gasped, running a finger through the mess, causing Katie to groan and shiver. “You’re filled to the brim. Do you always cum this much?”

“No,” Harry admitted breathlessly.

“Pity,” she smirked, licking her finger clean. “Then I’ll just have to make sure I get my share.”

Before he could ponder what she meant, she leaned over Katie and buried her face in her mound.

“Ang!” Katie shouted, her brown eyes going wide. “Careful! I’m still sensitive!”

Despite his tiredness, Harry rapidly grew hard at the sight. With a grin, Alicia grabbed his hand and pulled him to his feet.

“Katie prefers it gentle, but I like it rough,” she told him. “I want you to pick me up, pin me against the wall, and fuck my brains out.”

“Hey! I wanted to go next,” Angelina protested, looking up and licking her glistening lips as a pearly white drop dangled from her chin.

“You snooze, you lose,” Alicia replied, hugging herself to Harry.

Angelina narrowed her eyes, “I’ll get you back for this.”

Alicia smirked, “I look forward to it. Come on, Harry.”

Gripping her full, firm bum, he lifted her and pinned her against the wall like she'd asked. Alicia wasted no time in guiding him to her entrance and sinking him into her welcoming depths.

"Fuck!" she cried, her nails digging into his skin. "Merlin, you're bigger than Angie's strap-on."

Harry pulsed inside of her at the image that immediately popped into his mind. Alicia grinned as if she knew exactly what he was thinking.

"Ooh, you like that?" she asked, spurring him into motion with her heels.

Harry growled under his breath as he started thrusting hard and fast. Alicia purred and bucked into him, wanting it even harder. Their skin met in loud, wet claps as Angelina and Katie came to stand on either side of her.

"Selfish bitch," Angelina muttered.

Grabbing one of Alicia's thick brown nipples, she pulled hard and gave it a rather vicious twist. Rather than yelp in pain, Alicia shuddered and moaned, her eyes fluttering. On her left, Katie smiled and took the other one between her pearly white teeth. Harry found it a little disconcerting that he found the sight of them abusing her nipples roughly so arousing, but Alicia clearly enjoyed it, so he let his concerns go.

"Fuck her harder, Harry," Angelina told him. "When Alicia says she likes it rough, she means really rough. Don't you, slut?"

Growling the last sentence, she pulled Alicia's nipple hard enough to distend her entire breast away from her body.

"Yes!" Alicia hissed, arching her back.

Angelina suddenly released the nipple and slapped her breast hard. Alicia gasped, her eyes going wide and her depths fluttering even as a red, hand-shaped mark appeared on her skin.

“Harder!” she yelled.

Grunting, Harry threw her legs over the top of her forearms for better leverage and slammed his hips back and forth as fast and as hard as he could. Alicia threw her head back and groaned, her hazel eyes rolling into the back of her head.

“That’s it!” Angelina encouraged while Katie cheered.

As Harry huffed and puffed, his muscles straining, she trailed a hand down Alicia’s side to cup her bum.

“Maybe we should’ve just had Harry pin you down and bugger you,” she growled.

Alicia groaned loudly, and although he couldn’t see it, Harry could feel Angelina’s finger delve against his balls. A moment later, it disappeared, only for him to feel it again, this time as it slipped inside Alicia’s bum and wiggled against his thrust shaft.

“Oh fuck!” Alicia gasped.

She tightened around him fiercely, and Harry felt an odd pressure build up around his length. Alicia’s face turned bright red, her eyes rolled all the way back, and it looked like she’d stopped breathing. Worriedly, he stopped and pulled out of her. The moment he came free, a shower of arousal sprayed his chest and stomach. Alicia sucked in a sharp breath and screamed just as Katie reached over and rubbed her clit furiously. Harry watched, stunned, and four more jets of arousal hit his chest.

Alicia sagged, and Katie and Angelina gently lowered her to the floor as Harry stood there dumbly, his front drenched.

“She’ll be fine,” Katie told him with a smile. “That happens when she gets really excited.”

“Oh, good,” Angelina said, stroking his length. “You’re still hard.”

Smiling, she spun around and bent over to put her hands on the wall Alicia was resting against. Harry stared at her voluptuous bum as she swayed it back and forth teasingly, smirking at him over her shoulder.

“I wanted him to cum in me,” Alicia panted.

“I told you I’d get you back,” Angelina smirked. “If you’re nice, maybe I’ll let him cum on your face.”

Alicia moaned and rubbed her legs together while Katie giggled and Harry placed himself at Angelina’s entrance. After a full day of classes, Quidditch practice, and his first foursome, Harry was starting to feel tired. He just hoped that Angelina didn’t want him to go as hard as Alicia had. Sinking into her depths with a groan, he leaned over her back and cupped her heavy, hanging breasts. The soft, pillowy mounds overflowed his hands as he started working his hips.

~

Harry stumbled into the castle tiredly and trudged up the stairs. As he made his way past the fourth floor, someone tugged on his robes. He turned around, and Lilith smiled at him and waved.

“Oh, hey,” he said.

Looking around to make sure they were alone, Lillith gestured to a nearby broom cupboard and then mimed a blowjob, her tongue pushing against her cheek.

“Er, I’d love to, but I can’t,” Harry said, rubbing the back of his neck. “Quidditch practice took longer than we thought, and I have homework I need to finish.”

Lillith nodded but still looked disappointed. As much as Harry enjoyed their last encounter, he also enjoyed getting to know her a little better, and he didn’t like disappointing her after she’d been so nice in Potions.

“I’m free tomorrow, though,” he said quickly. “We can meet after lunch.”

Lillith’s smile brightened, and she nodded eagerly. Checking the hall once more, she tilted her head up and kissed him softly. When she pulled back, she bit her lip cutely and dashed off down the stairs. Harry sighed and smiled while shaking his head. Just as he was about to continue up to the dorm, he spotted Hermione walking towards him from the library, her nose buried in a book.

Hitching his back onto his shoulder with a determined look, he marched over, grabbed her arm, and started leading her down the hall.

“What? Harry?” she stammered, her feet moving quickly to keep up with his long strides.

“We need to talk,” he told her firmly.

“Harry, this can wait until later,” Hermione sighed. “I don’t want to talk about... that-”

“Hermione!” Harry said, raising his voice to get her attention as he came to a stop in the middle of the hall. “I need your help.”

Biting her lip, Hermione nodded and allowed herself to be guided to an empty classroom. Further down the hall, Pansy Parkinson watched the door close with a glare and huffed.

Chapter 4

Harry blinked open his eyes to a pleasant, familiar feeling enveloping his length. Lifting his head, he stared down at Ginny as she bobbed her head up and down his shaft. She looked up at him, her lips curling in a smile around him, and suddenly lit her wand. The sudden influx of light was painful, and it forced him to cover his eyes for a few seconds until they adjusted. When he dropped his hand, he pulsed at the sight before him.

Ginny was completely naked, her pale, freckled skin practically glowing under the wand light. He couldn't see much of her as she was lying on her stomach between his legs, her feet kicking back and forth in the air. What he could see was the expanse of her bare back, her pert, round bum, and her long, toned legs.

If he were honest, Harry had always thought of Ginny as a tomboy that lacked a womanly figure. But looking at her now, he knew he'd been wrong. Sure, she wasn't as curvy as Susan or Lavender, but she was still sexy in her own right.

“Fuck, Ginny,” Harry groaned, running his fingers through her hair. “That feels really good.”

Ginny smiled around his shaft and took him as deep as she could, pressing his tip against the roof of her mouth. Letting out a hiss, Harry tugged her hair and bucked his hips. Her blue eyes sparkled as she looked up at him and she hollowed her cheeks. His breath caught in his throat as she pulled back slowly while sucking hard, her tongue caressing every millimeter of his sensitive glans.

“Bloody hell,” Harry gasped.

Ginny’s lips came off of him with a loud *pop*, and she giggled while laying his shaft flat on his stomach. Starting at the base of his shaft, she laid a trail of kisses all the way up to the tip. Her hands slipped under the sides of his T-shirt, pushing it up as she continued trailing kisses up his stomach and chest. When it reached his armpits, Harry grabbed the hem and roughly pulled it over his head. His eyes never left her as she straddled his waist and sat up. Her hot, damp folds hugged his length at the same moment he got his first look at her breasts.

They were small but larger than he’d expected. Just big enough to fill the palms of his hands, her breasts sloped up slightly, leaving her fat pink nipples to jut out prominently.

Grabbing his hands, Ginny smiled as she dragged his hands slowly up her sides, over her ribs, and up to her breasts. Harry gave them a squeeze and ran his thumbs over her nipples. He didn’t think he’d ever stop marveling at how amazing breasts felt, no matter how many he got to feel in his life.

With a moan, Ginny tilted her back and rolled her hips, dragging her folds along the underside of his shaft. As Harry bucked up against her, grinding his shaft against her damp heat, she leaned her head down and sucked his thumb into her mouth.

“Merlin, Ginny,” Harry groaned.

Smiling, she let his thumb slip from her mouth and leaned over him. Her forearms rested next to his head while her curtain of red hair fell around them. It made the whole thing suddenly feel much more intimate - like they were locked away in their own little world. Their breath mingled as they panted, their hips bucking and rolling as if they’d perfected some sort of primal dance.

Harry let go of her breasts and grabbed her hips to pull her down more firmly. Ginny mewled and kissed him passionately. There was a hint of mint on her tongue as it slid along his. As

suddenly as it had started, she pulled away with a gasp and buried her face in the crook of his neck. With a groan, she rocked her hips forcefully, sending a shudder through her petite frame.

Looking over her shoulder, Harry watched Ginny's sexy bum flex and relax as she humped him with a growing desperation. Feeling his own climax rising, he gripped her bum in his hands and met her with equal fervor. She gasped in his ear, her body stiffening for a moment before she let out a long, low moan and trembled.

"Harry," Ginny moaned.

His only response was to growl in the back of his throat. Using his hands to move her harder and faster, he pulled a bit too hard, and Ginny moved up a few inches. They both gasped when that left his swollen head resting between her folds. There was a brief pause, and then Ginny started moving again. Every movement felt like it might send him plunging into her depths.

Too far along to stop, Harry resumed his grinding. Ginny squeaked the first time his tip bumped her clit, then shuddered the second time and started writhing on top of him wildly. He could feel her hard nipples dragging across his chest as their movements caused her whole body to slide back and forth on top of his.

Suddenly, Ginny stiffened and shook, her muscles spasming as she let out a series of cute little grunts. Her arousal bathed his shaft, making her even more slippery. Perilously close to his peak, Harry rolled Ginny over and sat up on his knees. Taking himself in hand, he stroked his shaft furiously. With a loud grunt, he erupted, splattering her pale skin with white streaks that reached all the way up to her breasts.

Shaking the last couple of drops free onto her stomach, Harry collapsed on his back next to her. While he caught his breath, Ginny sat up and smiled as she looked down at her body. Running a finger over her breast, she gathered some of his cum on it and sucked it into her mouth with an impish grin. Harry groaned, his spent length pulsing at the sight. Ginny laughed and laid back down, her head resting next to his.

“That was fun, but I need to go shower before anyone else wakes up,” she said after a moment.

Sitting back up, she kissed him softly and climbed off the bed. Harry lifted his head and rested it on his arm, watching her bum flex and breasts bounce as she got dressed in her pajamas. Ginny noticed him and smirked. Without bothering to clean her chest, she put her shirt on and grabbed his cloak.

“See you tomorrow,” she said with a promising look.

Harry watched her disappear a moment before the curtains around his bed opened and closed. Laying his head back with a satisfied sigh, he tucked himself away and closed his eyes. It was a couple of minutes before he realized Ginny had just left with the perfect means to hide from any unwanted attention. His cloak.

“Bugger.”

~

Harry caught a couple more hours of sleep before finally getting out of bed. After showering and changing, he made his way down to the common room.

“Finally,” Hermione said, standing from the couch. “Come on, we’re going to the library.”

Harry sighed but didn’t complain as he followed after her. As much as he hated studying on a Saturday, he’d been the one to ask for her help. They spent hours scouring Herbology books, only taking a short break for lunch. The closest they came to finding anything remotely related to Neville’s new plant was a few unusual ingredients for love and lust potions. None of them matched the look of Neville’s plant or the exact side effects of the sap unless it was combined with other ingredients and mixed into a potion. Even then, the effects only lasted for a few hours at most.

“Nothing,” Hermione sighed, closing her book. “I think I should talk to Luna. Maybe she knows more than she told you.”

“Why didn’t you do that five hours ago?” Harry asked.

“You know how Luna is,” Hermione replied, waving her hand in a circle. “She’s not the most reliable source of information. Here, go, put these books back while I check these out. They might have something useful.”

Taking the stack of three books from her hand, Harry got to his feet, glad to stretch his legs a bit. He walked over to the Herbology section and started putting the books back wherever he could find space when Lilith turned the corner with a smile on her face. Harry turned as she walked up and pressed her body against his. One hand reached up to caress his chest while the other dipped down to cup his growing excitement. With a flirtatious look, she nodded her head towards the door.

“I’ll meet you down the corridor near the bathrooms in a couple of minutes,” Harry said. “I need to ditch Hermione first.”

Lilith smiled brightly, kissed him, and then slipped back around the bookcase. Stuffing the last book into the nearest space, he walked back over to the table just as Hermione was finishing packing up her bag. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched Lilith sway her hips and glance over her shoulder as she left the library.

“Alright,” Hermione said, shouldering her bag. “We can go.”

“I’ll meet you down in the Great Hall,” Harry told her as they walked towards the door. “I need to use the loo first.”

“Okay,” Hermione said. “If you happen to see Luna before I do, tell her I want to talk to her.”

“Sure,” Harry said distractedly, glancing down the hall.

With a wave, he left Hermione and turned left while she continued straight. When he got near the bathrooms, he looked around but didn’t see Lillith anywhere. Just as he was about to call out for her, a door across the hall opened, and she peeked her head out. Giving him a sultry look, she crooked her finger at him. Harry grinned as he walked towards her. Lillith grabbed a fistful of his jumper and tugged him into the room as he slammed the door shut behind him.

~

“There you are,” Hermione huffed as she entered the common room.

Harry looked up from his copy of Quidditch Weekly and raised an eyebrow questioningly.

“I thought you were going to meet me in the Great Hall,” she said, stopping in front of him with her arms crossed.

“I did, but you were already gone,” Harry shrugged.

“I waited for almost an hour. Where were you?” Hermione asked.

“In the bathroom,” Harry lied. “I had an upset stomach.”

“Oh,” Hermione said, her countenance turning much less confrontational. “Well, I found Luna. She’s waiting for us on the seventh floor. Come on.”

Setting his magazine aside, Harry stood and followed her out of the common room. It was a quick walk from the entrance of Gryffindor dorm up to the seventh floor to the portrait of Barnabus the Barmy. The door to the Room of Requirement appeared the moment they approached the blank stretch of wall. Hermione pushed it open, and they both paused as they stepped inside.

Towering pillars made of bookcases stretched across the massive room, each filled to the ceiling, which Harry guessed to be at least fifty feet high, with books. Around the base of each pillar sat a colorful, circular couch that surrounded it completely. Fairies and Pixies flew about the room, their wings glittering in streams of sunlight that came from the glass panels on the roof. Given how late it had been when they arrived, Harry knew it must have been magically produced. As they gazed around, a pack of a dozen Dust Bunnies appeared, jumping from one couch to another as they let out little chirps.

“What – but – how?” Hermione stammered.

Harry shrugged and walked deeper into the room, Hermione following behind him. As soon as they got close to the Dust Bunnies, they squealed and dove under the couches.

“Luna!” Hermione called.

“Over here!” she called back.

Sharing a look, Harry and Hermione headed in that direction. As they got closer, he noticed a stream of sunlight, larger than the rest, pouring down through a glass dome in the center of the ceiling. In the middle of the circle of light sat a grass-covered field that was decorated like a common room. There were chairs, couches, paintings floating in the air, and even a hearth. On one of the couches, Luna sat cross-legged and completely naked, reading a book while a trio of Fairies braided a lock of her hair.

“Luna!” Hermione exclaimed, getting her attention and startling the Fairies. “What is this, and why are you naked?”

“Oh, hello, Hermione,” Luna said calmly as the Fairies finished the braid and flew off. “I couldn’t decide if we should meet in a library, a common room, or a courtyard, so I picked all three.”

“I – but,” Hermione sighed, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath before opening them again. “Fine, but why are you naked?”

“Because the way Harry looks at me makes me feel pretty,” Luna said.

Harry, who’d been looking at her breasts, glanced up at Hermione just as she leveled an accusatory glare at him.

“What?” he asked defensively. “It’s not like I asked her to show up like this.”

Hermione huffed, walked over to a chair facing Luna, and dropped into it. Meanwhile, Harry decided to sit next to Luna on the couch. He figured he wouldn’t stare as much if he spent most of the time looking away from her. What he didn’t expect was for Luna to jump into his lap and curl up like a large cat. Harry shared a look with Hermione, gave a bemused shrug, and wrapped his arms around her.

“I – never mind,” Hermione sighed. “Luna, what can you tell us about that plant you gave Neville?”

“Just what I told Harry,” Luna said, grabbing one of Harry’s hands and placing it over her breast with a pat. “A Forest Nymph was nice enough to show it to us while Daddy and I were visiting Sweden. It was quite educational. Sweden is much more open to interspecies relationships than Britain. We saw her have sex with Muggles, Wizards, Ogres, and a couple of Centaurs.”

Harry hid a grin in Luna’s hair as Hermione gaped at her. He’d told her what he could remember about the plant, but he hadn’t gone into detail about exactly what Luna had said.

“Oh my,” Hermione said, her cheeks going pink. “How – how many – I mean – how long did the effects of the sap last?”

“Only a week,” Luna said, grinding her bum against Harry’s growing erection. “And she only had sex with two Centaurs. I didn’t count the others, but there were probably forty Muggles, a dozen wizards, and I think four Ogres. It was hard to see in the cave.”

“Forty!?” Hermione squeaked, her eyes going wide.

“She said it wasn’t normally that many,” Luna replied calmly. “We just happened to run across a campground full of them.”

“I - that’s,” Hermione closed her mouth with a snap and dropped her face into her hands.

While she gathered herself to try and continue the conversation, Luna suddenly stood up and started opening Harry’s trousers.

“Luna, what are you doing!?” Hermione gasped.

“I was going to have sex with Harry while we talked,” Luna said, pulling his erection out into the open. “He’s quite hard, and it seems a shame to let it go to waste.”

Hermione didn’t even try to respond. She stared, transfixed, as Luna lined him up with her entrance and sat down with a hum.

“Mmh, that feels nice,” she said, leaning her back against Harry’s chest. “What else did you want to ask, Hermione?”

“What?” Hermione asked, blinking. “Oh, right. Um, what side effects did you notice from the sap, exactly?”

Harry shook his head at how surreal the situation he was in felt and cupped Luna’s breast as she started bouncing in his lap.

“From what the Nymph said, it just increases the attraction people already feel for you,” Luna said. “That’s why so many girls are sleeping with Harry. He’s very attractive.”

“I know,” Hermione said, biting her lip before blushing heavily when her words registered. “I mean – I noticed! Did it do anything else? The sap, I mean. It seems to me like it might lower people’s inhibitions.”

Luna dropped down hard, her eyes going wide.

“Oh!” she gasped.

“What?” Hermione asked, leaning forward, concerned. “Did that hurt?”

“No, I realized you’re right,” Luna said.

Lifting her legs, she spread them wide and placed her feet on the seat of the couch. Harry knew that Hermione would have an open view of his girth splitting open her tight folds. Hermione swallowed heavily, eyes riveted to the debauchery in front of her as Luna started to bounce harder and faster.

“Is the sap making you do that?” she asked weakly.

"No," Luna panted. "I've wanted to have sex with Harry for a while now. The sap just made me more willing to act on it. Oh!"

"What!?" Hermione exclaimed, her eyes finally moving up to Luna's face. "Did you remember something else?"

"No, Harry's penis feels really good," Luna said with a moan. "Can you wait a minute? I'm going to cum now."

Harry moved his hands down to Luna's waist and helped her move as she tightened around him. With an adorable little squeak, her entire body shuddered, and her arousal soaked his shaft. Smiling, he kissed her neck and let her catch her breath.

"You're still really hard, Harry," she noted pantingly. "Are you close?"

"Not yet," he admitted. "Do you want to take a break?"

"Hmm, no," Luna said, wiggling in his lap. "If we can lay down, you can keep going. I just feel a little lightheaded."

With a smile, Harry pulled her with him as he lay on his side. Tucking their legs up on the couch, he spooned her from behind and began rocking his hips.

"Mmh, this is nice," Luna hummed. "You are lasting a lot longer than last time. Have you had a lot of sex today?"

"Just twice," Harry chuckled.

“What? When?” Hermione asked, her brow furrowed like she was trying to solve a puzzle.

“Ginny snuck into my bed this morning,” Harry shrugged. “We didn’t have sex, really, but it was close.”

Luna giggled, “She told me you covered her in your penis pudding.”

Harry stilled as he and Hermione blinked at her.

“His what?” Hermione asked.

“His penis pudding,” Luna said. “I can call it something else if you prefer.”

“No – that’s,”

“It’s fine,” Harry said, smiling amusedly. “And then I had sex with Lillith again.”

“When did you...?” Hermione trailed off, a calculating look on her face, and Harry knew he was in trouble. “It was when we left the library, wasn’t it? Harry! You said you were in the bathroom!”

“I was,” Harry said.

It wasn’t a total lie. He’d gone in there to clean up afterward. Lillith had been quite enthusiastic and left the front of his trousers soaked in her arousal. Hermione crossed her arms and looked at him disbelievingly.

“Well, not the whole time,” he admitted.

“Harry!” Hermione exclaimed, throwing her arms in the air frustratedly. “I thought you wanted my help because all this – this sex – was making you too tired.”

“It does,” Harry said. “And I’d really like to just turn it off sometimes, but what else was I supposed to do?”

“You could have told her no,” Hermione pointed out.

“Well, that wouldn’t be very nice,” Luna jumped in. “How would you feel if you told Harry you wanted to have sex with him and he said no?”

Hermione opened and closed her mouth several times, but not a sound left her lips. Harry was glad Luna had interjected. She made a very good point, and he hadn’t had an excuse ready other than he rather liked Lillith.

“That’s not the point,” Hermione muttered.

Luna ignored her and looked at Harry over her shoulder.

“And why do you want to make it stop?” she asked. “I thought you liked having sex.”

“I do,” Harry smiled. “But I’m not attracted to all the people that are attracted to me. Colin hit on me yesterday, and I swear Umbridge looked like she wanted to give me detention for something much worse than a Bloody Quill.”

Even with her kind nature, Luna wrinkled her nose at the thought.

“Besides,” Harry continued, “There is such a thing as too much sex. I was exhausted after Angelina, Alicia, and Katie got through with me last night. Don’t get me wrong, it was great. I just wish that, sometimes, I could turn this sap off, you know?”

“Oh,” Luna frowned. “I suppose that makes sense. Okay, I’ll help you.”

“Thank you,” Harry said with genuine gratitude as he leaned down to kiss her.

“We really need a sample of that sap,” Hermione sighed.

“I’ll get it tomorrow,” Harry promised.

Deciding that they were done talking for now, he smiled and rolled Luna onto her stomach with him on top of her. She gasped as he drove himself into her depths.

If they were going to cure him, he might as well enjoy it while it lasted.

Chapter 5

Harry stared up at Ginny as she rode his length up and down, her small, perky breasts and pink nipples bouncing on her chest. Luxuriating in the feel of her constricting folds, he trailed a hand up her abs to cup one of her breasts. Ginny moaned, rolling her hips wildly when he lightly pinched her hard pink nub. A shudder ran through her body, and she fell forward, kissing him hard between gasps of air.

With a grin, Harry grabbed her by the hips and rolled both of them over. A gasp left her lips when the position caused him to slide even deeper into her depths. Ginny raked her nails down his back and grabbed two handfuls of his bum as he rocked his hips against hers. It was like she was trying to pull him even deeper into her amazingly tight, hot core. Harry growled, his hips attacking her neck as he worked his hips faster.

The sound of their panting filled the inside of his four-poster bed as their movements grew frantic. Harry grew even harder inside of her as he watched her face scrunch up cutely. After just a few more thrusts, Ginny tipped over the edge with a squeal. He finished a moment later, grunting and groaning while he erupted inside of her spasming depths.

After taking a moment to catch his breath, Harry rolled off of her and onto his side. Ginny rolled over and cuddled with him for a while before the sun rose over the horizon, and she was forced to make her exit. Grabbing his cloak, she gave him one last kiss, flashing an impish smile, and disappeared from view. Harry laid back on his pillow and grinned to himself as he heard the door to the dorm open and close.

For the next hour, he dozed on and off until the sound of the others getting up roused him.

"Harry, you coming down to breakfast?" Ron asked.

"I'll be down in a few," Harry told him. "I didn't get much sleep last night."

"Oh, sure, mate," Ron said sympathetically.

Harry doubted his friend would be so understanding if he knew that he wasn't kept awake by nightmares but by his little sister.

Waiting until everyone was out of the dorm, he climbed out of bed and grabbed his wand and a beaker he'd stashed in his drawer the night before. Slowly, he crept over to Neville's bed and stared at the plant.

“Hey, mind if I get a sample of that sap you sprayed me with?” he asked softly.

Suddenly, the yellow bulbs bent to face him, and the tips swelled like they were about to burst. With wide eyes, Harry jammed the beaker over the top of it. He was just in time. The bulbs sprayed their thick, white sap against the walls of the beaker and started to drip down the sides. Before it could fall out, Harry tipped the plant and beaker on their side and waited for the streams to end. Careful not to get any more sap on his skin, he righted the plant and quickly backed away before examining the contents.

The liter-sized beaker was filled just over halfway to the top. With a tap of his wand and a muttered incantation, Harry magically sealed the top. Quickly stashing the beaker in his bag, he slung it over his shoulder and left the dorm.

Walking down the stairs, he spotted Hermione reading on the couch next to the fire while Ron played a game of Exploding Snaps with Seamus, Dean, and Neville. Dean noticed him and waved him over, but he waved him off and took a seat on the couch across from Hermione.

“I got it,” he whispered, patting his bag.

“Good,” Hermione smiled. “I’ll take it up to the seventh floor after breakfast and see what I can find out about it.”

“Hey, Harry!” Lavender said brightly.

“Oh. Hey, Lavender,” Harry smiled. “Feeling better?”

“Finally,” she said, taking a seat right next to Harry, close enough that their hips touched. “Madam Pomfrey gave me a clean bill of health.”

“That’s great,” Harry smiled.

"I kept notes for you so you can catch up in class," Hermione said, pulling a stack of parchment out of her bag.

Lavender gave her a forced smile and took them, "Thank Hermione."

Without a glance, she set them on the table and sat back, her large breasts pressing against Harry's arm while her hand came to rest on his thigh. Hermione furrowed her brow and watched them closely as if she was observing some kind of experiment.

Bang!

"Bugger!" Ron shouted as several people laughed.

"What were you thinking?" Dean chuckled as Ron wiped the soot from his face.

"It's too early for this," Ron grumbled.

Getting to his feet, he walked over to the couch Hermione was on and dropped down next to her.

"Can we go to breakfast?" he asked. "I can't think on an empty stomach."

"Just a minute," Hermione said, watching him curiously. "Do you notice anything odd this morning?"

Ron gazed around as Lavender's fingers found Harry's growing shaft, and her teeth nibbled his ear. His eyes passed right over them; like it was perfectly normal for his best mate to be groped in the middle of the common room on a Sunday morning.

"No, why?" Ron asked.

"Look at Harry, do you notice anything... different?" Hermione asked.

Harry slung his arm over Lavender's shoulders and waited for Ron to blush, shout, something, anything. But there was nothing. He simply stared, blinked twice, and then turned back to Hermione.

"What are you on about?" he asked, furrowing his brow.

"Interesting," Hermione said, taking out a scrap of parchment and making a note.

Lifting a brow, Harry decided to see just how much of an effect the sap was having. He dropped his hand down the front of Lavender's blouse and grabbed her breast over her bra. With a giggle, she ran her thumb over his hardened shaft and pushed her substantial chest into his hand.

"What about now?" Harry asked.

"Erm, did you get new glasses?" Ron asked, cocking his head to the side.

Harry snorted and shook his head, "Never mind. Let's go get something to eat."

Pulling his arm out of Lavender's blouse, Harry stood up and stretched. Hermione gasped at the tent he'd pitched in his trousers while Lavender smiled and licked her lips, and Ron ignored it completely.

"Would you mind studying with me later, Harry?" Lavender asked, batting her long eyelashes up at him and twirling a lock of her dirty blonde hair. "You know, to help me catch up?"

“Sure,” Harry smiled.

Rolling her eyes, Hermione grabbed him by the arm and led him out of the common room while Ron trailed behind.

“Did you see that?” she hissed low enough so Ron wouldn’t hear. “This is bad.”

“Seems like a good thing to me,” Harry smiled.

“Harry, this is serious!” Hermione scolded softly. “It also means there’s nothing to stop every girl in this school from going after you whenever and wherever they want.”

“Oh,” Harry said, blinking rapidly. “Yeah, good point. But why do you notice it then? Maybe it only works like that on people that want to shag me?”

“That’s... not it,” Hermione admitted blushing, causing Harry to raise an eyebrow. “I think it works more like a Notice-Me-Not Charm. It only works if you don’t know what’s happening.”

“Makes sense,” Harry nodded thoughtfully.

“I need to talk to Luna and get to the Room of Requirement,” Hermione said eagerly.

Tightening her hold on his arm, she sped up.

“Oi! Wait up!” Ron called.

~

After a quick breakfast, Hermione grabbed Luna and dragged her, along with Harry, up to the Room of Requirement. Quickly, it was determined that Harry was useless at helping either of them. He tried, he really did, but Potions and Herbology were by far his worst subjects. While the girls stayed in the Room of Requirement to determine what was in the sap and how to counter it, he was released from his duties to go explore the castle.

Harry also thought part of the reason Hermione was so eager to see him gone was the fact that he was distracting Luna. She'd caught the eager blonde trying to take off his trousers three times before finally kicking him out of the room.

Smiling to himself, he strolled through the halls for a few minutes before coming to a stop outside of the library. Ahead, Susan Bones, Hannah Abbot, and Megan Jones were chatting and laughing just outside the door, where they wouldn't get in trouble with Madam Pince.

With a smirk, Harry decided it was time to conduct some experiments of his own – for research to help Hermione, of course.

As he walked closer, he eyed up each of the girls. Megan had long dark hair and eyes, along with a thin, athletic figure and small breasts. Next to her, Hannah was a slightly chubby, bubbly blonde with impressive curves. Although they weren't as impressive as Susan's. The short redhead was known for having the largest breasts and one of the best bums in the school. Only her shyness and the fact that her aunt was the Head of the DMLE kept most of the boys away from her.

As he approached, Susan's back was to him. Hannah and Megan smiled brightly when he stopped behind their redheaded friend and wrapped his arms around her waist. Her bust was so large that her breasts rested on the tops of his arms.

"Hey, girls," Harry smiled.

"Hi, Harry," Hannah and Megan chorused in unison.

Susan glanced over her shoulder and smiled but stayed silent even as she leaned back against him. Smiling, Harry lifted one of his hands and cupped one of her breasts over her jumper.

“Busy studying?” he asked casually.

“Just finished, actually,” Hannah replied, giggling at Susan when she groaned.

“Oh, any plans?” Harry asked.

While he waited for an answer, he slipped his hands under Susan’s jumper and bra to squeeze her soft, bare breasts. Several students walked in and out of the library, but other than a few flirtatious smiles from most of the girls, no one noticed or cared about what he was doing to Susan.

“Oh, we were just thinking about heading back to the common room,” Hannah said, twirling a lock of hair and biting her lip as she watched his hands maul her friend’s chest.

“We could show Harry the cuddle room,” Megan jumped in, smiling excitedly.

“Ooh, that’s a great idea,” Hannah grinned.

“Cuddle room?” Harry asked, rolling one of Susan’s large, thick nipples and causing her to moan.

“It’s a hidden room near our common room,” Megan explained. “People go there when they’re feeling down, or couples want a bit of privacy. It’s brilliant. Come on; we’ll show you.”

“Lead the way,” Harry said with a grin.

Pulling his hands from Susan's jumper a little reluctantly, he wrapped an arm around her shoulders as they followed Hannah and Megan down the stairs. Quickly, they arrived in the large corridor that led to the kitchens and the Hufflepuff common room.

"I need to go put these books away," Megan said. "I'll meet you there in a few minutes."

"Okay," Hannah smiled.

Turning to the left, Megan slipped into the common room behind the barrels while Hannah led Harry past the kitchens and further down the hall. Hidden in a dark corner, they walked down a passageway Harry had never used before. On the Marauder's Map, it led to nothing but a dead end. Lighting his wand, he watched curiously as Hannah walked to the end of the short, dead-end hallway and tapped a slightly discolored stone.

"Togetherness," she said.

There was a loud click, followed by a grinding noise as the wall at the end of the hall moved to the side. Behind it was a well-lit, circular room. An array of mattresses and cushions covered the entire floor, while colorful curtains hung from the ceiling, dividing the room into segments. They were held to the walls with ties, but a simple tug would free the curtain and give you at least some visual privacy from the rest of the room.

"Ta-dah," Hannah said, smiling brightly. "What do you think?"

"Brilliant," Harry grinned.

Guiding Susan into the room, he paused and looked back when the wall slid closed behind him.

"Shoes," Hannah said.

Toeing hers off, she tip-toed between the cushions and sat down on a mattress with a smile. Harry and Susan did the same, leaving him flanked by the two pretty girls as he leaned back on his elbows.

“So, what do you usually get up to in this room?” he asked with a grin.

“Well, Susan and I only come here when one of us is upset,” Hannah replied. “Some of the other girls like to bring boys here to snog.”

“Just snog?” Harry asked.

Hannah and Susan shared a look, blushed, and giggled.

“Is that why you brought me here?” Harry asked, sitting up and putting his face close to Hannah’s. “To snog me?”

Blushing and smiling, she shrugged her shoulders, “If you want to.”

Brushing a lock of hair behind her ear, Harry leaned forward and kissed her softly. Hannah melted into him, her breasts pressing against his chest. When they separated a short while later, he turned to Susan and captured her lips. She squeaked in surprise but quickly started kissing him back. Harry couldn’t resist the desire to caress her breasts with his free hand. He’d dreamed about being able to get his hands on her amazing chest, and now, he finally had the chance. When he finally pulled back, Susan was flushed, and her hazel eyes gazed up at him with a dreamy expression.

“When you and Hannah come here, do you two ever snog?” Harry asked.

Susan blushed and looked away, bringing a grin to his face.

"Sometimes," she murmured softly.

"Susie!" Hannah exclaimed with a giggle.

"I'd love to see that," Harry grinned.

Hannah and Susan shared a look that carried an entire conversation in a matter of seconds. Slowly, their faces drifted closer together until their lips met. The kiss started slow and soft, but they quickly got lost in their passion and started snogging in earnest. Harry had to adjust himself in his trousers as he watched them. Seeing two pretty girls kiss like that was one of the most erotic things he'd ever witnessed. Nearly a minute later, they broke apart breathlessly. Sharing a look, they burst into giggles.

Over the next few minutes, Harry took turns kissing each of the girls and even managed to pull them into a three-way, tongue-filled snog. Gradually, they began to tug at each other's clothes, leaving them scattered across the cushions. While the girls stared at his rigid shaft, he gazed at their amazing breasts. Susan's enormous breasts hung heavily on her chest and were capped with wide, brown areolas and thick swollen nipples. Although Hannah's were smaller, they were still beautiful. Standing high and proud from her chest, they were more cone-shaped and capped with light pink, puffy areolas and tiny, inverted nipples.

Laying down on his back, Harry pulled the girls over to him so that their breasts hung over his head. He turned to Susan first, groping her breasts and burying his face between the soft mounds before latching his mouth onto her nipple. The redhead moaned and stroked his hair softly before he pulled back and did the same to Hannah. He was a bit more aggressive with the blonde, sucking hard at her nipples to try and bring them out. Eventually, he managed to coax both of them into the open, and Hannah groaned as his tongue teased her tiny red nipples.

"Oh, that feels so good," she moaned.

"I told you boys would still like them," Susan giggled.

“They’re still not as nice as yours,” Hannah said. “Look at those things!”

Reaching out, she grabbed Susan’s breasts and squeezed. Susan squeaked, and they both broke into giggles while Harry leaned back with a smile.

“I think you both look great,” he said, gazing over their bodies.

Sure, Hannah was a bit on the thick side, but he wouldn’t call her fat. Privately, he found Susan the more attractive of the two. The shy redhead was a bombshell under her robes. Sharing a look, the girls giggled happily before Hannah trailed her hands over his abs.

“You’re not so bad yourself, Harry,” she said, flashing a nervous smile.

Biting her lip, her hand trailed down, and she carefully wrapped her fingers around his shaft. Harry groaned pleurably and bucked up into her hand, drawing a laugh from both. Hannah stroked him a few times before letting go, only for her hand to be replaced by Susan’s a moment later.

“Oh, wow,” Susan said, caressing him firmly. “It’s so hard.”

Harry tucked his arm under the back of his head and smiled as they took turns playing with his length. Gradually, their movements grew more confident and started feeling even better. Surprisingly, It was Susan who moved things forward. Bending down suddenly, she took him into her mouth. Harry hissed in surprise from the feeling of her hot, wet mouth wrapped around him and then groaned loudly. Unfortunately, Susan didn’t seem to know what to do after that. She sat completely still, just holding him in her mouth.

“What’s it taste like?” Hannah asked eagerly.

Pulling off of him, Susan wiped a string of saliva from her bottom lip and blushed.

"I don't know?" she shrugged. "You try."

Hannah giggled and bent down to take his length in her mouth while Susan held the base of his shaft. Harry groaned as she sucked lightly and swirled her tongue around him. After a few seconds, she pulled back, and Susan took her place. This time, she bobbed up and down while Hannah gave her instructions.

"Suck as you pull up, and use your tongue when you move down," she said, brushing her friend's hair behind her ear for a better view.

Susan pulled back completely and looked at her curiously, "Where did you learn that?"

Hannah shrugged, "I read about it in Witch Weekly."

Harry smiled as they continued to take turns on his length. At one point, Hannah tried to deep-throat him but ended up gagging hard and pulled up coughing. Unanimously, they decided not to try that again, but they didn't need to. Harry was getting close already, but the constant switching kept staving off his climax. They spent another few minutes unknowingly edging him closer and closer until he finally felt like he was going to burst.

"I'm going to cum," he warned Susan.

Her eyes widened as she looked up at Hannah, her lips stretched wide around his shaft.

"Don't stop," Hannah scolded her. "Just keep going and catch it on your tongue."

With a small nod of her head, Susan started bobbing her head again. Harry trembled and groaned as she quickly brought him over the edge. The moment he erupted, Susan jerked back in surprise and took the second stream directly to the face. Grabbing his length, Hannah quickly wrapped her lips around the head and finished him off. Harry groaned and bucked his hips lightly as she sucked and teased his sensitive head until, with a shiver, he stopped.

Sitting up, Hannah swallowed and giggled.

"It doesn't taste as bad as I thought it would," she said.

Turning to Susan, she burst out giggling. The redhead sat with a shocked look on her face, a white streak going from her chin, up over her nose, between her eyes, and into her bangs. As a drop fell from her nose, she licked it from her bottom lip.

Suddenly, the wall started to grind open, and Harry sat up. Megan stepped inside with a smile, and he had to admit he'd forgotten she was supposed to join them. The reason soon became clear when more girls walked in behind her. There was Sophie Roper, Leanne Martin, Sara Fawcett, and a couple of older Hufflepuff girls he didn't even know the name of. Their eyes glazed over lustfully as they stared at him, and Harry swallowed nervously.

~

"What happened to you?" Hermione asked when he stumbled exhaustedly into the Room or Requirement four hours later.

"Hufflepuffs," Harry muttered.

Collapsing onto the couch, he leaned back and sighed.

"Does this mean you're too tired to have sex with me today?" Luna asked with a pout.

Eyes flying open, Harry lifted his head and shook it frantically.

"Luna, I've got nothing left," he told her. "My balls are so empty they hurt."

“Really?” Luna asked, lifting her eyebrows. “How many?”

“Er, seven, I think,” Harry said. “I’m not sure. It all became a blur after a while.”

“A really fun, naked blur, or an I wish I could forget this blur?” Luna asked.

“The first one,” Harry admitted. “Any luck with a cure?”

“Not yet,” Hermione said, biting her lip as she looked at him in concern. “We did learn a lot, though. I just need to do some more research. In the meantime, I can brew you some stamina potions.”

“That would be great,” Harry said.

Leaning his head back onto the couch, he started to doze off as Hermione and Luna continued talking about the sap and a possible solution.

Chapter 6

After watching Ginny sneak out of his bed early in the morning, Harry took a shower and got ready for the start of a new week. Usually, that wasn’t a big deal, but thanks to the sap, this week was set to be very interesting.

And it started that way before he even left the common room. As he and Hermione sat on the couch near the fireplace, waiting for Ron so they could go down to the Great Hall, Lavender came down the stairs and plopped down next to him.

“Morning, Harry,” she greeted him, smiling brightly.

“Morning,” Harry said, waving to Parvati as she sat down on a nearby chair.

Parvati smiled and waved while Lavender curled up comfortably against his side. Hermione took one look at the blonde before rolling her eyes and turning back to the book in her lap. She was studying a book on potion ingredients and their interactions, looking for a way to counteract the properties of the sap. Thankfully, he had the Stamina Potion she’d brewed for him in the meantime sitting in his pocket. It looked like he might need it as Lavender rubbed her entire body against his side and bit her lip cutely while her fingers caressed his rapidly swelling length.

Harry smirked as he wrapped his arm around her shoulders and slipped his hand under her blouse. Lavender had stunning breasts, and it fulfilled many a nighttime fantasy to finally get his hands on them. A giggle escaped her lips when he pushed his hands under the cup of her bra and kneaded the doughy mound. Pinning his ridged shaft against his thigh, she started outright jerking him over his trousers. Harry quickly glanced around the common room, glad to see that the sap was still working. The boys in the room didn’t notice a thing, while the girls either looked on with interest or flashed knowing smiles before going on with their day.

A moment later, Harry heard the sound of a zipper being undone. Hermione looked over and gasped as Lavender reached inside his trousers and, with some difficulty, fished his erection out of his fly.

“Harry!” Hermione hissed.

“Don’t look at me,” he said, holding up his free hand helplessly.

Letting out a giggle, Lavender leaned her head down onto his lap and wrapped her lips around him. Next to them, Parvati perched on the edge of her seat and stared enraptured at the sight of her best friend bobbing up and down on his length.

“Bloody hell, that feels good,” Harry groaned.

Running his fingers through Lavender's long, blonde hair, he leaned his head back and closed his eyes. When he opened them back up a few seconds later, he noticed Hermione gazing around the room with a critical eye. Harry looked around and noticed that all of the boys were still oblivious, but the girls were beginning to crowd around to watch. Reaching into her bag, Hermione pulled out a stack of parchment and a quill and started jotting down notes in her small, neat handwriting.

"Morning," Ron said gruffly, dropping down heavily into a chair. "Ready for breakfast?"

"In a minute," Harry groaned, bucking up into Lavender's mouth.

She gagged lightly as he hit the back of her throat, her lips stopping a few inches from the base of his shaft.

"But I'm hungry," Ron whined.

"Be patient, Ron," Hermione reprimanded, then turned her eyes to the crowd of girls surrounding them. "Katie, can you see what's happening here?"

Katie looked at her oddly.

"You mean do I see Lavender drooling all over Harry's fat cock?" she asked, cocking her head to the side. "Uh, yeah."

"And, Ron, you don't see anything out of the ordinary?" Hermione asked.

Ron looked around, his brow furrowed in confusion.

"Should I?" he asked.

"You should lick his balls," Ginny said to Lavender suddenly, leaning over the back of the couch. "He really likes that."

Lavender stuck out her tongue and took him as deep as she could. Thick strands of saliva dripped from her lips onto his trousers as she gagged. Despite her best efforts, the best she could do was tease the base of his shaft with the tip of her tongue. Eventually, she pulled back to the tip and sucked in a much-needed breath.

"I'll do it," Parvati volunteered.

Dropping to her knees, she quickly shuffled over, turned her head to the side, and took his balls into her mouth.

"Oh, fuck," Harry grunted, placing a hand on each of their heads.

"Told you," Ginny smirked.

The girls around him giggled, and he could hear them quietly discussing other techniques they might use. Harry felt himself rapidly being pushed toward his climax by the sheer absurdity of the situation.

"I'm almost there," he groaned.

"Hurry up, I'm hungry," Ron grumbled.

"Shut up, Ron," Ginny bit out.

Harry held Lavender and Parvati still and grunted as he reached his peak. The girls cheered while Lavender squealed and sealed her lips around him as he erupted in her mouth, but some

of his excitement escaped and ran down his shaft. Parvati moved her mouth up, eagerly using her lips and tongue to clean up the mess. When she licked up, her tongue brushing Lavender's lips, he grunted and throbbed excitedly.

Spent, Harry dropped his hands and melted into the couch. Lavender and Parvati spent a few moments licking his softening flesh clean before they sat up and giggled at his expression. As he recovered and caught his breath, they fell into conversation with some of the other girls about taste and technique.

"Can we go now?" Ron asked impatiently.

"Yeah," Harry said.

Tucking himself away, he looked at the mess of saliva and cum around his fly and sighed.

"Evanescio," Hermione said, tapping his trousers with the tip of his wand.

"Thanks, Hermione," Harry smiled.

Standing, he wrapped an arm around her shoulders, and they followed Ron out of the common room.

~

"Is it just me, or do girls seem to be paying more attention to you today?" Hermione asked as she walked with Harry and Ron to Charms.

"It does seem that way," Harry replied, grinning as the Carrow twins waved at him.

Hermione rolled her eyes and smacked his arm lightly.

"This is serious," she hissed. "We have Defense today."

"Oh, right," Harry said, quickly losing his smile. "What am I going to do?"

"I don't know," Hermione sighed, running a hand through her bushy brown hair. "Do you have your cloak?"

"No," he said. "Ginny still has it."

"You should get it back," she told him. "After this morning, I doubt Ron would notice even if you shagged her in the middle of the Great Hall."

Harry raised an eyebrow, wondering if he could actually pull that off as they stepped into Professor Flitwick's classroom and took their seats. Unfortunately, the class turned out to be mostly a lecture on the Refrigeration Charm. As they all settled in to listen, Hermione's hand once again found its way onto Harry's thigh. Glancing over, he found her engrossed in her note-taking and seemingly oblivious to what her other hand was doing.

He was seriously starting to wonder if there was something about Charms that made her randy.

Instead of telling Hermione what she was doing like he had the last two times she'd done this, Harry decided to have a little fun. Sitting back in his seat, he reached over and slipped his hand under the edge of her skirt to rest just above her knee. Hermione immediately froze and jerked her hand out of his lap.

"Harry?" she whispered. "What are you doing?"

"Just returning the favor," he smirked.

“But —” Hermione stammered, licking her lips. “But what if someone sees?”

Rolling his eyes, Harry reached over with his free hand and laid it over her breast. She inhaled sharply and gazed around the room worriedly. As if it had a mind of its own, her hand landed back in his lap, her fingers curling gently around his shaft.

“Relax,” Harry whispered.

Swallowing thickly, Hermione sat back in her seat, relaxing slightly when Flitwick looked directly at them but said nothing.

“We shouldn’t,” she protested softly.

“You started it,” Harry reminded her with a smile and then glanced down at his lap.

Hermione looked down, and her eyes widened when she saw what she was doing. She made to jerk her hand away again, but Harry was ready this time. He let go of her breast and caught her wrist. Gently, he placed her hand back in his lap, where her fingers unconsciously curled around him again. Smiling, he squeezed her leg and sat back in his seat.

As the class continued, Hermione turned back to listening to Flitwick and taking her notes while absently stroking his hardened length. Harry gave her a couple of minutes to relax before he started caressing her leg. Slowly, he started creeping his hand higher up her thigh. She squirmed in her seat, glancing around nervously, but she also spread her legs slightly further apart, giving him more room. It didn’t take long for Harry to give up entirely on keeping his movements subtle, and he began blatantly groping her smooth thigh. Eventually, his pinky brushed the gusset of her knickers, and she gasped loudly.

They were damp to the touch.

Hermione blushed heavily and looked around the room, but no one was paying attention. Smirking, Harry teased her folds through the damp cotton, causing her to bite her lip. Her right hand stilled over her parchment as she breathed heavily through her nose. Meanwhile, her left hand gripped his shaft firmly, clumsily stroking him through his trousers. It didn't do much for him, considering what he'd grown used to over the last three days. But watching Hermione try to stifle her moans while listening to Flitwick's lecture was endlessly entertaining.

By the time class neared its end, the front of her knickers were soaked, the scent of her arousal filled the air around their desk, and her legs were trembling. Despite having her on the brink of climax for the last few minutes, Harry resisted the urge to tip her over the edge. Doing that to her in the middle of class was likely to cause her to avoid him again, and that was the last thing he wanted.

When the bell rang, Hermione stood slightly shakily as she gathered her things and placed them in her bag. Harry took his time packing up and followed her out of class. The moment they were in the hallway, he grabbed her by the hand and led her to a quiet little alcove out of the way of the normal school foot traffic.

"Harry, what-"

He silenced Hermione with a kiss, pinning her back first against the rough stone wall. She squealed in surprise against his lips but relaxed surprisingly quickly and started kissing him back. Harry slipped his arm between their bodies, thrust his hand under her skirt, and cupped her hot, damp mound. With a gasp, she pulled her lips away from his. She panted, mouth hanging open, as he rubbed her folds over her knicker.

Harry stared at her face as he swiftly brought her over the edge. Hermione tensed, her body shaking before she suddenly fell forward against him. Burying her face in the crook of his neck to muffle her moans, she gripped his shirt and bucked her hips roughly against his hand as she rode out her climax. A grin formed on Harry's face as he reached around, slid his hand under her skirt, and gripped her bum.

When she eventually relaxed, Hermione sagged against his chest, panting as if she'd just run from one side of the castle to the other. Removing his hand from her mound, Harry wrapped his arm around her and gently rubbed her back as she caught her breath.

"Feel better?" he asked.

Hermione lifted her head to look up at him and nodded mutely, her face flushed and eyes glassy. Laughing, Harry kissed her softly before leading her to their next class.

~

For the first time all year, Harry was dreading the end of Defense Against the Dark Arts.

Not because he didn't want to leave. He did. Desperately.

But with the way the Slytherin girls were staring at him, he knew he'd have to make a run for it again. Of course, he quite liked spending time with Lilith, but the others...

Greengrass was one of the most attractive girls in school, and Davis was easy on the eyes, but he didn't know much about them. Then there was Parkinson and Bulstrode. Parkinson honestly wasn't that unattractive, physically, at least; it was her personality he found repulsive. Bulstrode was the one that truly frightened him. Beyond her undesirable looks, she had a mean streak a mile wide.

But that wasn't the worst of it. If Bulstrode frightened him, Umbridge was downright terrifying. She sat behind her desk, staring at him with a dreamy look and a simpering smile. It made Harry feel like a particularly juicy fly trapped in an aquarium with a starving frog.

Just the thought of touching that woman made him shudder in revulsion.

His leg bounced nervously as he glanced at the clock, watching as the seconds ticked down to the end of class. Any other teacher wouldn't mind if students left a little bit early, but he knew he couldn't give Umbridge any excuse to put him in detention.

With just five seconds left on the clock, Hermione coughed, and one of the painted plates behind Umbridge mysteriously fell. As the plate smashed on the floor and Umbridge turned around in shock, Harry took off like a shot. He was out of the door and two steps into the hall when the bell rang.

Glancing over his shoulder, he knew he'd have to do something nice for Hermione later. Her distraction had bought him a decent lead on his pursuers. Bulstrode barreled after him, knocking other students out of the way like bowling pins as they stepped into the hall. Parkinson was hot on her tail, followed closely by the rest. And they were gaining on him.

Damn his short legs.

Knowing he'd have to hide, Harry raced down the hall, took a sharp left, and ran right into a very large, soft pair of breasts. Before he could pull back, powerful arms wrapped around his back, trapping him in place.

"I knew you'd be back for more," Julie Runcorn grinned, smiling down at him.

"He went that way!" Parkinson shouted as the sound of their footfalls grew closer.

"Hide me," Harry begged.

Julie looked at him curiously for a moment before her eyes widened in realization. Looking around, she lifted the tapestry next to her and roughly shoved him behind it. Harry stood perfectly still and held his breath as the footfalls rounded the corner and skidded to a halt.

"He went that way," Julie said loudly.

They took off running again, and Harry let out a sigh of relief as they faded into the distance. Cautiously, he peeked out from behind the tapestry and only stepped out when he saw that the coast was clear.

"Thank you," Harry said, sagging against the wall in relief.

"Looks like you owe me one, Potter," Julie grinned.

"Er, I guess," Harry muttered, looking at her warily.

Suddenly, she took him by the hand and started dragging him down the hall. She led him to the first unused classroom she could find, shoved him unceremoniously inside, and slammed the door closed. Julie stalked towards him like a predator eyeing its prey, and Harry backed up instinctively until he bumped into the teacher's desk. She pounced on him, mashing his face against her breasts.

"Lilith's been bragging about what a big cock you have all weekend," Julie said. "I can't wait to see it myself."

She let go of his head, and Harry sucked in a deep breath as she smirked as she grabbed her blouse and ripped it apart effortlessly. One of the buttons hit Harry square in the forehead before clattering to the floor with the others. Shedding her ruined blouse and tie, Julie reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, releasing the largest pair of breasts Harry had ever seen.

Unlike Susan, whose breasts looked obscenely large on her short frame, Julie's were even bigger but looked more in proportion with her stature. They jutted from her chest like massive, fleshy torpedoes. Each was capped with a huge, perfectly round areola that covered the entire tip of her breast and short, fat, red nipples.

"Nice, eh?" Julie asked, smirking at his gobsmacked expression. "Lils said you were a tit man."

“Bloody hell,” Harry gasped.

She laughed, causing her breasts to shake amazingly. Grabbing his hands, she brought them up to her chest. Harry hefted and squeezed her breasts, marveling at the massive mounds of smooth, soft skin.

“I’ve shown you mine; now it’s time to show me yours,” Julie said.

Regrettably, her magnificent breasts left his hands as she dropped to her knees and quickly unbuckled his belt. Undoing the button and fly on his trousers swiftly, she hooked her fingers under the waistband of his boxer and wrenched them down to his ankles. Harry’s erection jumped up and smacked the bottom of her chin.

“Cor,” Julie breathed. “Look at this thing. No wonder Lils was smilin’ so much.”

Wrapping her hand around him, she stroked him lightly, as entranced with his length as he had been with her breasts. Then, she looked up and smirked.

“You know what they say about us snakes?” she asked. “We like to swallow our food whole.”

Julie plunged forward, deepthroating him effortlessly. Harry gasped as she pressed her nose against his groin and shook her head from side to side. She stared up at him and swallowed, her tight throat convulsing around his shaft. With a groan, Harry tangled his fingers in her long, dark hair. After several long seconds, Julie pulled back, leaving his length glistening with her saliva.

“Like that?” she asked, stroking him firmly.

Before Harry could respond, Julie devoured him again. Grunting, he bucked his hips against her face. As if that was some kind of sign, she went from holding him as deep as possible to bobbing up and down his entire length. Each time she descended down his shaft, she swallowed and

ungulated her tongue along his underside. When she pulled back, she sucked hard and swirled it around his tip before repeating the process all over again.

It was, without a doubt, the most amazing blowjob of his life.

Harry gripped her hair like a lifeline, desperate to try and hold on as long as possible. Julie stared up at him, her hazel eyes sparkling as if she knew what he was doing. If she did, she didn't make it easy for him. Grabbing his hips, she began spearing him into her throat over and over rapidly. His toes curled in his shoes as he tried to fight back his climax to no avail.

"Fuck!" he exclaimed. "Cumming!"

Pulling back to the tip, Julie stuck out her tongue and jerked him furiously. With a grunt, Harry exploded. A single, thick stripe landed on her tongue before she dove forward once more. His hands fisted her hair roughly as he desperately humped her face, his shaft swelling and pulsing in the tight confines of her throat. Julie took the abuse like it was nothing, her smug gaze locked on his contorted face.

"Holy shit," Harry panted.

Once he was finished, Julie pulled back slowly, her lips sealed tightly around him. The moment he was free of her throat, she sucked hard, draining him of every last drop and causing him to shiver from the overstimulation.

"Lilith was right," she said, smiling. "This is more fun on a real cock. Much better than the toys we play with."

Harry looked at her sharply, his softening shaft jerking back to life at the thought of Julie and Lilith lying in bed, playing with Muggle dildos.

“Like that, do ya?” Julie smirked. “Lils thought you might. You should join us sometime, but right now, I want to ride that broomstick.”

Harry fell back onto the desk when she grabbed his legs and stood up. With a careless toss, she threw his legs up onto the desk so he was lying flat on his back. When he turned to look at Julie, she was already undoing her skirt. A moment later, it and her knickers hit the floor, revealing her shaved, glistening mound. Stepping out of her clothes, she climbed onto the desk, her breasts wobbling alluringly.

The old wooden desk creaked in distress as she straddled his hips and lined him up with her entrance. Harry barely had time to prepare himself before she took him to the hilt.

“Mmh, that’s nice,” Julie moaned.

Lifting herself back up to the tip, she slammed back down. Harry grunted as the air was forced from his lungs, and his hips ached in protest as her weight crashed onto them, but he didn’t mind all that much. It felt incredible.

“Oh yeah,” she said, slamming herself down on his length again. “Gimme that cock, Potter.”

Dropping down onto her elbows, she smothered him with her breasts as her hips rose and fell at a blistering pace. The desk creaked constantly, threatening to break under the strain, but neither of them cared much at the moment. Harry groped her breasts and sucked hard on her nipples as Julie rode him hard. It seemed like no matter how rough he was, she only moaned and fucked him harder.

“My dad hates you, you know,” Julie panted. “That bastard would freak if he knew I was fuckin’ the Boy-Who-Lived.”

Harry raised an eyebrow but couldn’t reply around the breast covering his face. Instead, he responded by gripping her bum roughly with both hands and urging her one. Her impressively powerful glutes flexed under his fingers as she moaned long and low.

“That’s it,” Julie crowed. “Ruin this Pureblood pussy!”

With his face buried between her breasts and his hands mauling her bum, Harry bucked up into her as best he could. Her movements became frantic as she neared her climax. Julie’s entire body trembled, and a low whine built in the back of her throat until it became an animalistic growl. She exchanged jumping up and down on his length for humping him with a desperation that he was sure was going to leave friction burns on his skin.

“Cum in me, Potter!” Julie yelled. “Defile me for those tiny Slytherin pricks!”

She let out a strangle grunt as she came, and Harry erupted inside of her. Eyes rolling into the back of her head, she rolled her hips spasmodically while her depths fluttered around him. Harry groaned into her chest as he emptied himself inside of her.

Eventually, she collapsed on top of him with a contented moan. Harry had to shift his head around so he could breathe, but he eventually found a comfortable position.

“Should I move?” Julie asked.

Harry responded by wrapping his arms around her back and hugging her. He probably couldn’t stay like this for long, but telling her to move just seemed rude.

Luna was really starting to rub off on him.

They stayed like that for a few minutes before she sat up and looked down at him.

“You want to go again?” she asked.

Harry smiled, “I’ve got another one in me.”

Grinning, Julie hopped off of him and bent over a nearby desk. Looking at him over her shoulder, she shook her bum enticingly.

~

Harry grimaced, his bruised hips screaming in protest as he swung his leg over the bench at the Gryffindor table.

“What happened to you?” Hermione asked in concern. “Those Slytherin girls didn’t catch you, did they?”

“Not exactly,” Harry said, stacking piles of food on his plate.

Chapter 7

Harry groaned as he lay back in his bed, watching Ginny bounce up and down on top of him. Reaching up, he cupped her bouncing breasts and squeezed her hard, red nipples.

“Oh, Harry,” Ginny moaned with a shudder.

Harry grinned as he trailed his hands down to her hips. Grabbing them tightly, he began pulling her down into his upward thrusts. Ginny cried out when her bum clapped loudly against his thighs and collapsed onto his chest.

“Oi, keep it down!” Seamus yelled. “M’ tryna sleep!”

The realization that they’d forgotten the Silencing Charm caused Harry to freeze. Ginny either didn’t understand, or she didn’t care. She let out a needy whine and rolled her hips aggressively while kissing his neck.

Unable to stop himself, Harry gripped her bum and thrust into her hot, welcoming depths, drawing a long, loud groan from her lips.

"I said shut it!" Seamus yelled.

"Forget it," Dean said. "It's time to get up anyway."

Grumbling and cursing under his breath, Seamus' bed squeaked as he got up and walked to the bathroom while Dean made the rounds to wake the others. No longer caring about his dormmates, Harry rolled over until he was on top of Ginny and drove into her rapidly. Her legs tightened around him, and her back arched as she screamed out her climax. Harry groaned a moment later when he erupted in her depths.

"Thanks for the wake-up, Ginny," he said, kissing her softly on the lips.

"Any time," she replied with a bright smile.

Smiling back, Harry rolled off of her and sighed happily. Ginny gave a self-satisfied smile before suddenly sitting up, scooting to the side of the bed, and throwing open the curtain. Ron, Dean, and Neville paid no mind to the naked redhead as she gathered her discarded clothes. As she bent over to collect her knickers, the bathroom door opened, and Seamus stopped in the doorway, staring at her bum.

"Nice," he said with a grin.

Ron narrowed his eyes, stood up, and punched him hard in the shoulder.

"Oi!" he yelled. "That's my sister."

“Not my fault she’s fit,” Seamus said, rubbing his shoulder.

Ron raised his fist threateningly.

“One more word,” he growled.

“Ron, stop being an arse,” Ginny said, rolling her eyes as she stepped into her knickers.

“Did you hear what he said about you?” Ron asked incredulously.

“So?” she asked, pulling her nightshirt over her head. “I’ll see you later, Harry.”

Leaning over the bed, she kissed him passionately before straightening up and leaving the dorm. Harry watched her go and shook his head just how surreal his life had become.

~

Because Harry took so long getting out of bed, he was the last to use the shower. Running late, he grabbed a couple of slices of toast and some bacon from the Gryffindor table before following Ron and Hermione down to the dungeons for double Potions.

“I need you to come with me to the Room of Requirement during our free period after lunch,” Hermione said softly. “I had an idea last night about how the sap works.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded as they entered the Potions classroom.

He’d barely made it a single step inside when Lilith hooked her arm through his and escorted him over to a table in the middle of the classroom. Smiling at the pretty brunette, he set up his cauldron just as Snape swooped into the room and slammed the door shut behind him.

“Today, you’ll be brewing the Draught of Peace,” he drawled. “This will take the full four hours to brew correctly. Instructions are on the board. Begin!”

Lilith pointed to Harry and then to the cauldron before pointing to herself and then to the ingredients cabinet. Harry nodded and started a fire to heat the water while she went to collect the required ingredients. While he waited for the water to come to a simmering boil, he noticed Pansy glaring at him intently, her brow furrowed. Meeting her eyes, he arched an eyebrow. Pansy huffed angrily and turned back to her cauldron just as Lilith returned to their table and laid out the ingredients.

“Do you know why Parkinson is glaring at me?” he whispered to her.

Lilith glanced over at Pansy, who looked up and scowled. Turning back to Harry, she shrugged her shoulders. Putting Parkinson out of his mind, Harry focused his attention back on the potion. They worked together in silence for the next half an hour, carefully following the instructions on the board. It was a difficult potion, but they managed to get it to the described shade of puce it needed to be before letting it simmer for twenty minutes.

There was little for Harry to do since Lilith was doing the occasional stirring that was necessary, so he decided to find another way to keep himself occupied. Glancing up at Snape, he slipped a hand under Lilith’s skirt and palmed her bum over her soft knickers. The dour Potions master’s eyes passed right over them without a second glance. Smirking to himself, Harry spent the next few minutes groping his partner.

“Lilith, can I borrow some of your bat liver?” Daphne Greengrass asked from behind them. “I didn’t grab enough.”

Looking over her shoulder, Lilith nodded and turned back to the potion. Daphne could have easily gone around to the side to grab what she needed, but instead, she decided to squeeze between Harry and the table, pressing her pert, round bum against his groin. Sharing a glance with Lilith and arching his brow, she smiled and laughed silently. Daphne bent over at the waist, rubbing her bum firmly against him.

Harry rapidly hardened as she deliberately ground against his groin. Smirking, he happily dry-humped her against the table and reached around to cup one of her breasts. They weren't as big as Lilith's, but they were still a good handful.

"Daphne, we need that liver," Tracey called.

"Coming," Daphne replied breathlessly.

She quickly grabbed the bat liver and straightened up, her normally pale cheeks slightly flushed. Harry gave her breast a farewell squeeze and her bum a parting pat as she returned to her table. Making eye contact with Hermione, she rolled her eyes exaggeratedly. Harry shrugged, the corner of his lips turning upward.

Over the next hour, the potions classroom grew noticeably warmer, almost uncomfortably so. Like many of the students, Lilith had loosened her tie and opened the top two buttons of her blouse. Harry got occasionally distracted by the expanse of pale, sweaty cleavage she displayed—nearly disastrously so if she hadn't been paying close attention to his work. He was just thinking about copping a feel as they once again paused their work to let the potion simmer when Tracey appeared on the other side of the table.

Like Lilith, she had loosened her tie and undone the first couple of buttons of her blouse. Her dark skin glistened in the flickering torchlight as she bent over slightly, giving him a teasing glimpse of her white bra.

"Hey, mind if I borrow some salamander tails?" she asked.

Shaking her head, Lilith gestured to their pile of ingredients. Tracey flashed a grateful smile at her and started looking through the bottles on the table. When she stretched her arm forward to sift through the ingredients, her blouse and bra crinkled, giving Harry a glimpse of her hard brown nipples. Their eyes met a moment later, and Tracey smirked as she opened another button.

"Like the view, Potter?" she asked teasingly.

"I do," Harry said with a challenging smile. "Care to give me a better one?"

Smiling brightly, Tracey straightened up, opened two more buttons, and pulled the cups of her bra down under her breasts. Harry grinned as he reached out and cupped one, her hard, thick nipple pressing against his palm.

"Davis, stop dawdling and get back to your table," Snape barked. "Potter, ten points from Gryffindor for gossiping."

Harry rolled his eyes annoyedly as Tracey fixed her bra and blouse back into place. Giving him a wink, she grabbed the jar of salamander tails and sauntered back over to her table. With a sigh, he turned back to Lilith, who was looking at him with amusement dancing in her eyes.

"Cock block," he muttered.

Covering her mouth, Lilith laughed silently. Harry smiled as he stepped behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. While she finished the final sequence of stirs to complete the potion, he kissed her neck and caressed her breasts. It probably distracted her from making the potion as well as she could have, but he wasn't concerned about losing a couple of points on his grade.

"Do you want to find a broom cupboard after class?" Harry asked huskily.

Lilith gave him an apologetic look over her shoulder before grabbing a piece of parchment and a quill.

I have to go to the library, she wrote.

Harry hummed disappointedly while she scribbled another line under the first.

Meet me in the dungeons tonight at 7?

“Sure,” he smiled.

Turning her head, Lilith kissed him on the lips briefly before snuffing out the fire with her wand and pouring a sample of their potion into a vial. Harry started to clean and pack up his equipment when he heard a desk shift next to him. Glancing over, he swallowed thickly when he spotted the look Bulstrode was giving him. With a predatory glare, she bumped her table with her hip, effortlessly pushing it closer to his.

With only a couple of minutes left until the end of class, Harry carelessly tossed his belongings into his bag, shouldered it, and fidgeted impatiently. Slipping a hand into his pocket, he ran his fingers over the soft, silky fabric of his invisibility cloak. It was a good thing he’d remembered to get it back from Ginny that morning.

The moment the bell rang, Harry sprinted for the door. Behind him, he heard Bulstrode shoving desks, chairs, and students out of her way as she chased after him like a charging bull. Quickly ducking around the corner, he yanked his Invisibility Cloak out of his pocket, threw it around his shoulders, and ducked into a dark alcove.

Bulstrode rushed past him, followed a moment later by Lilith, Tracey, and Daphne. Harry was tempted to reach out and grab Daphne, but he wasn’t sure he could do it without alerting Bulstrode. They rapidly climbed the stairs up to the first floor, their footfalls slowly fading into the distance.

Letting out a sigh of relief, Harry shrugged off his cloak, stuffed it back in his pocket, and stepped back out into the hall. He headed back the way he’d come to meet up with Hermione and Ron for lunch but came to an abrupt stop when someone reached out, grabbed his arm, and yanked him into an empty classroom. Harry whirled around and came face to face with Pansy, her face set in a scowl.

“What did you do?” she asked, jabbing her finger into his chest accusingly.

“What are you on about?” Harry asked, confused. “I didn’t do anything.”

“Then why the hell do I keep dreaming about you?” Pansy growled. “You used a spell, didn’t you?”

Harry smirked as realization stuck him. Pansy was being affected by the sap, but she didn’t want to admit being attracted to him.

“I didn’t cast a spell, Parkinson,” Harry said. “If you’re dreaming about me, that’s all on you.”

Pansy growled and shoved him against the wall with surprising strength.

“Make it stop,” she demanded.

“I can’t,” Harry told her.

Pansy’s dark pink lips compressed into a tight line, and her arm twitched like she wanted to slap him, but she stopped.

“Fine!” she spat.

Harry thought they were done, but Pansy shocked him by dropping into a squat and working at his belt.

“What the hell are you doing?” Harry asked.

“Getting this ridiculous image of you out of my head,” Pansy growled, working on his fly. “I’m sure these stupid dreams will stop after I see your pathetic little-”

Pansy froze, her mouth dropping out slightly, as she yanked Harry’s trousers down to his thighs, and his half-hard length dangled in front of her face.

“My little what, exactly?” Harry asked with a smirk.

Pansy shook her head, quickly wiping the shocked look off of her face, and scowled.

“Shut up, Potter,” she said, even as she wrapped her hand around his shaft.

She glared up at him with her dark brown eyes as she stroked him to hardness. Once he was completely erect, she gripped him by the base and looked him over critically, shifting around for better angles, before looking back up at his face.

“Bigger than your boyfriend?” Harry asked tauntingly.

“I wouldn’t know,” Pansy said, narrowing her eyes and wrapping her hand around him. “I’m not one of those Gryffindor whores that spread her legs for anyone.”

“Says the girl with my cock in her hand,” he scoffed.

“Fuck you, Potter,” she spat. “You’re never telling anyone about this, and it’s never happening again. I – I just need to get it out of my system so I can stop having these stupid dreams.”

“If you say so,” Harry shrugged.

Pansy glared up at him and huffed before opening her mouth and swallowing his tip. He planned on holding back his moans to irritate her, but that proved unnecessary. Her technique was pitiful. She simply held him in her mouth, bobbing back and forth fractionally while her tongue lay flat and motionless against the underside of his shaft. When she glanced up at his face, he stared back with a bored, unimpressed expression. Pulling back, she stroked him and glared.

“What?” she asked aggressively.

“That was shite,” Harry told her bluntly.

Pansy inhaled sharply through her nose, inflating her rather flat chest as her cheeks turned red.

“Then tell me how to do it since you have so much experience sucking dick,” she spat.

Narrowing his eyes angrily, Harry grabbed a handful of her short, dark hair and stuffed himself back into her mouth. Pansy grunted in surprise and placed her hands on his thighs for balance, but she didn’t try to pull back until he hit the back of her throat and made her gag. He let her pull back for a moment to cough before pulling her back down his shaft, though he stopped just short of causing her to gag again.

“Use your tongue,” Harry said. “Since you’re so useless, I’ll take care of the rest.”

Pansy glared up at him, but any effect she hoped to achieve was lost by the sight of her lips stretched around his girth. She did as she was told, swirling her tongue around his shaft while Harry sawed his hips back and forth. It felt much better this time, but he only made it a few repetitions before he went a little too deep, and she gagged harshly. Pulling back, she coughed and cleared her throat.

“Careful,” she said angrily.

“What’s the matter?” Harry asked mockingly. “Can’t handle it?”

“It’s not my fault you’re hung like a fucking Troll,” Pansy glared. “No one can handle that.”

“Hermione can,” he said.

Hermione had never tried, and he doubted she could if she did, but his words had the desired effect. With a poisonous glare, Pansy opened her mouth wide and devoured his length. Two-thirds of the way down his shaft, she gagged hard and pulled back an inch before trying again. Smirking, Harry decided to give her a hand. He gripped her hair roughly and assisted her in trying to shove his length down her throat by bucking her hips. Pansy made it another inch down his shaft, spit raining from her chin as her eyes turned red and teared up.

“That’s better,” Harry grinned. “But not quite good enough. Hermione can take all of it.”

Glaring up at him even as tears fell from her eyes and she choked around his shaft, Pansy wrapped her arms around him and pulled herself forward. Harry couldn’t hold back a groan when her throat spasmed around his swollen, sensitive tip. Bucking his hips, he slowly forced more and more of his length down her battered gullet, occasionally letting her up for air. So much spit had fallen onto her white shirt that he could see through the material to her black bra, and lines of black mascara streaked her pale cheeks.

“Nearly there,” Harry encouraged.

Pansy pulled back to wipe her chin and take a breath before surging forward again and ramming his length down her throat. Harry added his assistance, pulling her head forward until, finally, her upturned nose touched his groin. Grinning, he held her in place, flexing his hips as he savored the feeling of her spasming throat. After a few seconds, Pansy ran out of air and pulled back sharply. Harry let her, smirking as she landed on her bum and sucked in a desperate breath.

Then he noticed she had one hand buried in her knickers.

“Are you playing with yourself?” he asked incredulously.

“Shut up,” Pansy panted.

Climbing to her knees, her hand moved rapidly under her knickers as she opened her mouth and stared up at his face. Harry shook his head disbelievingly as he fed his shaft back into her mouth and, gripping her hair, used it for his own selfish pleasure. Pansy choked and gagged loudly as he pumped his hips back and forth, sinking into the depths of her struggling throat over and over again.

“Is this what you dreamed about, Parkinson,” Harry asked with a groan. “Being a whore for Gryffindor?”

Pansy glared up at him, but her hand only moved faster, and she shuddered as he caught a whiff of her arousal. Chuckling, he felt his end nearing and stopped thrusting into her throat in exchange for moving faster. She responded by slathering every inch of his shaft with her tongue. It wasn't a very coordinated effort, but it felt fantastic.

Harry was so absorbed with his own climax that he didn't realize Pansy was nearing her own. Just as he was about to reach his peak, she pulled back with a gasp, and her entire body trembled. With her head thrown back, eyes closed, and mouth open, she moaned long and low. Harry growled as he took his length in hand and stroked himself to completion.

He erupted all over Pansy's face. Some landed in her hair, some landed in her open mouth, but most of his climax decorated her pale face in long, thick streaks. Wiping the last drop on her bottom lip, he gave a self-satisfied smirk at the mess he'd made and pulled up his trousers as Pansy closed her mouth and swallowed. As he began doing up his belt, she finally opened her eyes.

“Are you leaving?” she asked, all hostility gone. “Aren't you going to fuck me?”

“Sorry, I’ve got things to do,” Harry said, making his way to the door. “Maybe next time.”

Chapter 8

Harry made his way to the Great Hall with a smile on his face and took a seat next to Hermione and across from Ron.

“What took you so long?” Ron asked, taking a big bite off of a chicken leg.

“Had to use the loo,” Harry replied.

“Don’t forget we need to go to the Room of Requirement after lunch,” Hermione said.

Harry nodded as Ron furrowed his brow.

“What are you going there for?” he asked. “I thought the next meeting was tomorrow night.”

“It is,” Hermione said. “Harry and I need to practice to make sure we have the spells right. You can join us if you’d like.”

Ron made a sour face.

“No thanks,” he said.

Harry drank from his goblet to cover a smile and focused on then loaded his plate. He and Hermione ate quickly before making their excuses and leaving the Great Hall. They made their way through the castle in companionable silence until they reached the empty halls of the seventh floor.

"I had an idea about how the sap works last night," Hermione said. "I was reading a book about potions, and it mentioned that some of them, like love potions, get stronger the longer they're stored because they absorb the magic around them."

"And you think that's what's happening with the sap?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Hermione nodded. "It would certainly explain why the effects seem to be getting more powerful. Girls were at least *trying* to be discrete the first couple of days, but they've been growing more and more brazen as time goes on."

"I've noticed," Harry smirked.

Hermione rolled her eyes and paused to summon the Room of Requirement.

"Anyways, once I realized it might be absorbing magic, I started looking into it a bit deeper," she said as they entered the room.

A large potions bench and two fully stocked potions cabinets dominated one wall while the rest of it was taken up by a couple of comfortable couches and a crackling fireplace.

"That's when I discovered that some potions can only absorb a certain amount of magic before they stop working or even become dangerous," Hermione said, reaching into her bag and pulling out the jar of sap he'd collected. "Some of the ingredients become inert when they absorb too much magic. It's like they burn out. It's rather fascinating."

"I'm sure it is, but what does it mean?" Harry asked.

"It means," Hermione sighed exasperatedly as she carefully placed a drop of sap into a small ceramic dish, "that if I push more magic into the sap, I can overload it and stop its effects from working."

“So, you can stop it from working?” Harry asked.

He felt torn about the attraction ending. Sure, it would be nice if he didn’t have to worry about Umbridge and Bulstrode trying to jump him after class. On the other hand, it also provided him with some of the most memorable interactions of his life. He’d probably never have spent time with girls like Lilith and Julie without it.

“I don’t know,” Hermione said, nibbling her bottom lip. “I need to test it first. And even if it works on the sap itself, I don’t know if it’ll work once it’s been absorbed into the skin. If it works the way I think it does, then it probably only starts absorbing magic once it comes into contact with someone magical. Otherwise, we’d see a difference in how long it lasts depending on how much ambient magic there is. There’s so much magic in Hogwarts that the sap would burn out in a couple of days if that were the case.”

Harry nodded thoughtfully while Hermione raised her wand and began casting a spell on the sap. He wasn’t sure what spell it was. She continually circled the tip of her wand over the dish while muttering an incantation he couldn’t quite make out under her breath. After a few seconds, she lowered her wand and looked at the sap critically.

“I think that did it,” she said. “I put as much magic into it as I could. If the Arithmancy I did is right, the effects will be at their strongest, but it should only last an hour at most.”

“How do we know if it worked?” Harry asked.

“Well, we have to test it,” Hermione said, picking up the dish.

“Wait, you’re going to test it out on yourself?” he asked incredulously.

“I have to,” she told him. “We can’t test it on you. You’ve already been dosed with it.”

“But what if you’re wrong?” Harry asked. “What if it doesn’t wear off in an hour? You’ll be hounded by every bloke in the school for the next week.”

“I seriously doubt that,” Hermione scoffed. “There really aren’t that many boys that are already attracted to me. Besides, I’m almost positive this’ll work. And since you know what’s happening, you should be able to ignore the worst of the effects. It’ll be fine.”

Before Harry could respond, she scooped up the drop of sap with her finger and smeared it on the front of her throat like it was perfume. Immediately, Harry felt the effects. It was quite odd. Hermione didn’t look any different, but she somehow seemed more appealing. His eyes were irrevocably drawn to the parts of her body that he found attractive. It was similar to the pull he felt around Fleur. He felt willing to do or give her anything to gain her attention.

When she glanced over at him, her bottom lip nervously trapped between her teeth, he had the sudden urge to kiss her until she let go. Shaking his head, he adjusted the growing excitement in his trousers.

“Did it work?” Hermione asked.

“Yeah, it worked,” Harry said, taking a step closer to her.

“Good,” she said. “Now we just have to see if it wears off in an hour.”

Harry took another step closer, and Hermione bumped into the potions table behind her as she tried to take a step back.

“Harry?” she asked nervously, her hands coming up to rest on his stomach. “Harry, if you focus on what you know about the sap, it’s easier to ignore the effects.”

“I can ignore it just fine, Hermione,” Harry said, pressing his body against hers and stopping with their faces just inches apart. “But I really don’t want to.”

Hermione's dark brown eyes widened as he leaned forward and kissed her passionately. She raised her hands to his chest like she was thinking about pushing him away, but then she suddenly relaxed, kissing him back while her hands continued up and her fingers threaded through his hair.

Harry snogged her until they were both breathless. Breathing heavily, he trailed a line of kisses along her jawline and nibbled playfully on her earlobe.

"I've wanted to do this for years," he growled, sliding his hands down to grip her bum.

Hermione gasped, then moaned when he trailed his lips down the side of her throat and sucked at her pulse point.

"Harry," she whimpered wantonly.

He sucked harder, intent on leaving a mark for everyone to see. Her throat vibrated as she groaned and arched her back, causing her thigh to graze his throbbing excitement. Giving her neck one last kiss, he pulled back and admired the red blotch he'd left behind on her pale, delicate skin. Gripping the front of her shirt, he ripped her blouse open, sending buttons flying in all directions where they clattered on the floor.

Hermione untucked Harry's shirt from his trousers as he undid the knot of her tie with a swift tug and pushed her shirt off of her shoulders, exposing the powder blue bra underneath. Loosening his tie and undoing the top three buttons, she impatiently pulled them over his head. Blindly, Harry searched for and found the zipper at the side of her skirt before pausing to toss his shirt to the side when it bunched up around his wrists.

When her skirt fell to the floor, revealing her matching blue knockers and long, smooth legs, Harry lifted Hermione up and carried her over to the couch. Tossing her down on her back, Harry grabbed the waistband of her knickers and yanked them down to her ankles. They got caught around her shoes, so he took a moment to pull those off before removing her knickers completely and tossing them to the side.

Quickly, he settled between her legs on his stomach. Hooking his hand under her left knee, he spread open her legs. Suddenly, Harry paused for a moment when he saw just how excited she was. Hermione's taut folds were flushed and swollen, a single drop of arousal clinging to the inside of her muscular thigh. Diving down, he licked it up, her taste causing his erection to throb painfully in his trousers. His tongue rapidly slipped between her damp folds and swirled around her clit.

Hermione gasped, arching her back and threading her fingers through his hair. Any thought Harry had of teasing her was thrown out of the window when he saw her reaction. Watching her lose herself completely became an all-consuming goal as he assaulted her swollen, throbbing nub with his tongue.

"Harry!" Hermione gasped.

With a shuddering gasp, she arched her back again and thrust her breasts into the air. Harry reached up with his free hand and grasped her bra-covered mound. Reaching behind her back, Hermione unclasped her bra and flopped onto her back before tossing it aside. He groped roughly at her firm, warm breast as he continued attacking her clit vigorously. Panting and squirming on the couch, Hermione grasped her hard, pink nipple and tugged it roughly as she tilted her head back and groaned.

"Oh God, Harry," she hissed.

Smirking against her mound, Harry wrapped his lips around her clit and sucked while pinching her nipple roughly. Hermione tugged painfully at his hair, her breath caught in her throat as her mouth hung open. The moment he started flicking the tip of his tongue back and forth over her engorged nub, she lost it. A flood of arousal drenched his chin while a keening wail left her throat. Her legs clamped around his head like she was trying to crush it.

Letting go of his hair, she suddenly arched her back impressively. Her hands flexed and curled spasmodically before she slammed them against the cushions. Suddenly, she started pushing his head away from her folds forcefully while her body twitched and spasmed, her breaths coming

in short, shuddering gasps. Covering her mound with one hand, she collapsed back on the couch and closed her eyes to catch her breath.

Grinning smugly, Harry kissed his way up her body slowly. Pausing at her breasts, he took the time to explore them thoroughly with his hands, lips, and tongue. Hermione groaned contentedly and combed her fingers through his hair as he worshiped every inch of her chest. He would have stayed even longer, but she pulled him up and kissed him passionately.

As they kissed, she moved her hands to his shoulder and shifted around until their positions were reversed. Scooting backward, Hermione bit her lip cutely as she unbuckled his belt and opened his trousers. Harry lifted his hips so she could pull them off of him, taking his boxers and shoes off in the process.

She stared at his erection, a mixture of arousal and nervousness in her eyes. Slowly reaching forward, she wrapped her hand around his shaft and caressed the underside gently with her thumb. Harry laid back and let her explore his length as his eyes raked over her beautiful figure. Eventually, she glanced up at him and gave a nervous smile before shuffling forward and pressing her folds against his mound.

Hermione's breasts jiggled as she took a deep breath and raised herself up until his tip was aimed at her entrance. She slowly dropped her weight, pressing his engorged head against her tight entrance until it suddenly slipped inside.

"Oh!" Hermione gasped, eyes wide and mouth open as she froze in place.

Harry groaned at the exquisite heat and tightness that surrounded him. He had to consciously fight the urge to thrust his hips and bury himself to the hilt. Instead, he caressed her thighs as she took another deep breath and started rocking up and down gently. Hands braced against his chest, she lifted herself up and eased herself back down his length, taking a little more each time. Harry enjoyed watching the expressions on her face, rapidly changing from trepidation to confidence to pleasure in a matter of moments.

Moaning wantonly, she raised herself higher and took him more deeply until, finally, she bottomed out and rested her weight on his thighs. With a deep, shuddering breath, Hermione rolled her hips and closed her eyes.

“Oh God,” she groaned.

When she opened her eyes again, she stared into his as she began bouncing up and down in his lap. Her depths clung to him so tightly that both of them let out a pleasure groan simultaneously. Sliding his hands up her torso, Harry cupped her bouncing breasts and lightly rolled her thick, hard nipples between his fingers.

“Harder,” Hermione panted, her cheeks flushed.

Flashing her a smile, Harry pinched her nipples hard and gave them a sharp tug. Her folds fluttered around him as a shiver ran through her body, and a deep, guttural moan escaped her lips. In response, he pulled harder on her swollen nubs, distending her breasts from her body until they slipped from his grasp. Crying out, Hermione collapsed onto his chest and shuddered, her face buried in the crook of his neck.

A curtain of bushy brown hair covered his face. Harry brushed it out of the way and picked a stray strand off of his tongue while she desperately rocked her hips and panted. Watching her amazing flex, he couldn't help but raise his hand and give her right cheek a playful smack. Hermione gasped in his ear, momentarily losing her rhythm before starting it back up with even more urgency.

Smirking, Harry gave each of her muscular globes a swift, firm smack. Unexpectedly, that was enough to send Hermione over the edge. Shuddering over top of him, she let out a series of soft grunts while her hips humped back and forth wildly. Harry wrapped his arms around her to make sure she didn't fall as she rode out her climax. When she eventually calmed, she lifted her blushing face and smiled sheepishly.

“Sorry,” she said.

“Don’t apologize,” Harry smiled. “Do you have any idea how hot you look right now?”

“Thank you,” Hermione smiled, looking away self-consciously. “But you didn’t...”

“That’s alright,” he shrugged. “That just means we can keep going. If you’re up for it.”

Smiling shyly, Hermione nodded. Harry leaned up to give her a kiss, but they broke apart suddenly when they heard the door close. Neither of them had heard it open, and they quickly looked over to see who it was.

“Hello,” Luna waved, smiling brightly.

“Luna!” Hermione yelled, hugging her body to Harry’s. “What are you doing here!?”

“Professor Snape kicked me out of Potions again for asking too many questions,” Luna replied. “I was going to study on my own, but this looks much more fun.”

Harry suppressed a laugh while Hermione sputtered, and Luna shrugged off her robes. Before Hermione could get her thoughts together enough to protest, he sat up and rolled them over so that he was on top again. Hermione squeaked in surprise, her hands coming up to cover her breasts. Her mouth opened, presumably to scold him, but the only sound that escaped was a moan when Harry thrust into her depths. Falling into a slow, steady rhythm, he glanced over at Luna.

The quirky blonde showed no hesitation, completely stripping out of her uniform. Her perky breasts bobbed on her chest as she approached the couch and knelt down next to it. Hermione glanced over at her and Harry wondered if she would tell Luna to leave, but she surprised him by sighing in acceptance and dropping her hands from her breasts.

“You look lovely today, Hermione,” Luna said.

“Thank you,” Hermione replied awkwardly.

“You smell nice, too,” she continued, leaning closer. “Did you get a new perfume?”

Hermione’s eyes widened, and Harry realized that she’d forgotten about the sap.

“Luna,” he called, preempting Hermione’s response. “Could you pinch Hermione’s nipples for me? She really likes that, and I can’t really do it from this position.”

His best friend stared at him incredulously and opened her mouth to speak, but Luna’s fingers were faster. Hermione gasped as she trapped her thick nub between her slender fingers and squeezed it experimentally.

“Harder,” Harry coached.

Luna pinched the nipple harder and gave it a tug. When Hermione hissed and arched her back, she giggled and grasped the whole breast in her tiny hand. She alternated between gently caressing the soft mound and roughly teasing the hard, swollen nipple.

“This is fun,” Luna grinned. “I’ve always wanted to experiment with another girl, but Ginny said she’d only do it if we were both really drunk and Harry was involved.”

Harry throbbed at the thought of adding the feisty redhead to their threesome. And with the sap still affecting him, it was certainly possible. He was pulled out of his little fantasy a moment later when Luna dipped her head down and took Hermione’s nipple between her pearly white teeth.

“Yes,” Hermione hissed as she bit down roughly.

Giving it a light tug, Luna let it slip free and showered it with soft, gentle kisses and licks. Harry smiled widely as he leaned down and kissed Hermione passionately. She wrapped her legs around him and used her heels to urge him on. As he pulled back and started thrusting harder, Luna slipped between them and pressed her lips against Hermione's. Harry pulsed excitedly even as she froze in surprise. He sped up his thrusts at the same time Luna reached over and roughly pinched her other nipple. Hermione gasped against her lips and suddenly began kissing her back aggressively.

Harry was so turned on by the sight that he surged forward, knocking their lips apart as he felt his climax beginning to build. Luna responded by climbing up onto the couch and positioning herself directly on top of Hermione. With a grin, Harry leaned over her back and swept her blonde hair out of the way so he could watch their soft, pink lips caress each other. The pace of his thrusts left Hermione gasping and moaning between kisses, and he caught the occasional glimpse of their tongues entwined before the sight was hidden by their lips.

"Fuck, that's hot," Harry grunted.

Suddenly, Hermione wrenched her lips free from Luna's and cried out as she reached her peak. The tightening and fluttering of her depths pushed Harry over the edge. With a grunt, he buried himself as deep as he could and erupted inside of her. As Hermione threw her head back and groaned, Luna peppered her throat with light kisses. Harry continued to rock back and forth gently until both he and Hermione were finished before pulling out and sitting back on his haunches.

"Alright, Hermione?" Harry asked with a grin.

"Uh huh," Hermione muttered. "Luna, can you let me up now?"

"Okay," Luna said.

Getting up, Luna bounced on her knees with a huge grin on her face while Hermione sat up and rested her back against the arm of the couch. Looking down between her legs, she gasped when his cum began leaking out of her.

“Oh,” she gasped, covering her mound with her hand.

“I’ll clean it up,” Luna said.

Harry expected her to get her wand, so he was quite surprised when she bent down and used her tongue instead.

“Luna!” Hermione gasped.

Harry laughed incredulously but noticed that, despite her protest, Hermione never tried to push Luna away. Instead, she leaned back and groaned, one hand trailing up to her breast. After only a couple of minutes of watching Luna pleasure his best friend while swaying her cute little bum back and forth in front of his face, Harry felt himself harden again.

Checking his watch, he saw that they had just under an hour and a half before they needed to head down for dinner. With a grin, he got on his knees and slipped into the blonde’s hot, tight depths.

Chapter 9

“That was a lot of fun,” Luna beamed, twirling as she left the Room of Requirement. “Can we do that again sometime?”

“I’m sure we can work something out,” Harry said, watching her with a smile.

Hermione was the last to leave the Room of Requirement and closed the door behind her. As the door vanished, blending in with the wall, she turned with a wince and walked with a slight limp.

"Are you okay, Hermione?" Harry asked.

"I'm fine," she said tiredly. "Just a bite sore."

"It's probably because Harry's penis is so big," Luna said. "Madam Pomfrey has a cream that helps. You should ask her for some."

Harry tried and failed to suppress a smile as he wrapped an arm around Hermione's waist and helped her walk down the hall.

"I'll do that," Hermione said.

With a bright smile, Luna spun around and waved when they reached the corridor. Humming and skipping, she turned left and followed the path that would take her back to Ravenclaw Tower.

"How does she still have so much energy?" Hermione asked incredulously. "I'm exhausted."

"But it's a good kind of exhausted, right?" Harry smiled.

She blushed but smiled slightly as they began descending the stairs.

"Do you want to stop by the Hospital Wing?" he asked.

"No," Hermione replied firmly, shaking her head. "I'm not talking to Madam Pomfrey about... that. I just want to get something to eat and go to sleep."

Smiling, Harry pulled her close and kissed the top of her head softly. A passing Ravenclaw seventh year gave them a curious glance before he proceeded up the stairs.

“Well, at least we know your theory about the sap was right,” Harry said.

“We can’t be sure yet,” Hermione replied. “He might not be attracted to me.”

Harry rolled his eyes, “Fine, then we’ll just have to go find Seamus. If he doesn’t try getting in your knickers, we’ll know it’s worn off.”

Blinking, she looked at him and furrowed her brow.

“Seamus is attracted to me?” she asked.

“The last time he snuck Firewhiskey into the dorm, he got pissed and tried to write a sonnet about your bum,” Harry smirked.

“Boys,” Hermione muttered exasperatedly, shaking her head.

Harry laughed as they continued down the staircase until they reached the first floor. Students were flooding into the Great Hall from all over the castle for dinner. He started moving in that direction, but Hermione stopped him with a tug on the arm. With a questioning look, he allowed her to guide him into a dark, out-of-the-way alcove.

“Listen, Harry. I don’t want this to change anything between us,” she said nervously before continuing quickly. “Don’t get me wrong. I don’t regret what happened, and I wouldn’t be opposed to it happening again. I just don’t want this to change our friendship.”

“I get it,” Harry nodded. “So, friends?”

Hermione smiled in relief and nodded, “Friends,” she said.

“With benefits,” he added with a grin.

Rolling her eyes, she made to slap his chest, but Harry caught her hand and pulled her close. She looked up at him, her eyes going wide as he dipped his head and kissed her passionately. It took only a moment for her to relax and wrap her arms around his shoulders. When they broke apart a few seconds later, her cheeks were flushed.

“What was that for?” she asked.

“Just enjoying the benefits,” Harry smirked.

Hermione shook her head with a smile before hooking her arm through his and leading him into the Great Hall. As they walked down the length of the Gryffindor table looking for a seat, Harry nudged her shoulder and discretely nodded to Seamus.

“Told you your idea worked,” he whispered.

“Good,” she sighed in relief.

Finding Ron, they sat down across from him. Hermione grimaced and winced as she swung her legs over the bench, prompting Ron to look at her curiously.

“What happened to you?” he asked.

“Nothing,” Hermione said, waving off his concern. “I just pulled a muscle.”

Ron nodded, but next to him, Lavender and Parvati didn’t look so convinced. Putting their heads together, they whispered and giggled, giving Hermione the occasional glance.

After dinner, they all headed up to Gryffindor Tower to get started on their homework. Hermione begged off, saying she felt tired. Harry smiled as he watched Lavender and Parvati follow her up the stairs to the girls' dorm. As he started working on his Charms assignment, he wondered how much she would tell them.

Harry checked his watch an hour later and started packing his books.

"Are you done already?" Ron asked, furrowing his brow.

"No," Harry replied. "I promised I'd meet someone at seven."

Shrugging, Ron pushed his books away and stretched while he ran up the stairs and tossed his bag on his bed. By the time he returned downstairs, Ron was already engrossed in a game of chess with Dean. Harry quietly slipped out of the common room and quickly made his way down to the dungeons. On his way, he checked the Marauder's Map and found Lilith waiting at the end of the dead end hallway just past the Potions classroom.

Lilith smiled brightly when she spotted him turning the corner and rushed over to him. Grabbing him by the arm, she pulled him down to the end of the hall and led him over to a portrait tucked away in a darkened corner. The portrait was of a tall, aristocratic woman with sharp cheekbones, bright blue eyes, and pale skin.

"Good evening, dear," she said, smiling at Lilith and Harry. "Is this your date?"

Harry smiled as Lilith nodded enthusiastically and gestured to him as if he were some sort of prize.

"Well done, my dear," the woman said, eyeing Harry up and down appraisingly. "Go on in. I'll make sure you aren't disturbed."

With a loud click, the portrait swung inwards, revealing a large, well-decorated bedroom. A massive four-poster bed draped in green silk sheets took up a large portion of the room, along with a couch and a couple of small, round tables. The lighting seemed odd, almost like it was rippling, and it wasn't until Harry stepped inside that he saw the reason. The entire ceiling was clear, allowing light to trickle in from the lake above.

"Nice room," Harry said.

"It's from many centuries ago when Hogwarts students were still allowed to run a brothel," the portrait replied.

Harry glanced over his shoulder and saw that there was an identical portrait on the inside of the door as there was outside.

"There used to be many rooms such as this, but the castle has reappropriated them since prostitution is no longer allowed within these halls," she continued. "I was tasked with ensuring clients didn't get out of hand. However, these days, I help students meet in secret with their lovers. Even though the rules have changed, it seems Hogwarts doesn't mind the students having a little late-night fun as much as the administration."

"Huh," Harry smiled, turning to Lilith. "So, we're secret lovers, are we?"

Blushing lightly, Lilith looked away and shrugged her shoulders. Stepping closer, he wrapped his arms around her and placed his hands on her bum. Lilith raised her head and threw her arms around his neck.

"What if I don't want to keep you a secret?" Harry asked huskily.

Lilith blinked before a beaming smile flashed across her face, and her lips crashed into his. Her mouth muffled his chuckle as she pushed him over to the bed. Falling onto the mattress, Harry tried to pull her with him, but she pushed off of his chest and dropped to her knees with a smirk. Lilith quickly unbuckled his trousers and fished his rapidly hardening length from his boxers. Draping him over her pretty face, she stared up at him with her hazel eyes and kissed his shaft.

Harry unbuttoned his shirt and pulled off his tie as she continued to plant light kisses on his skin until he was throbbing hard. Slowly, Lilith kissed her way up to the tip and stuck out her tongue. Lifting him up, she brought him down on her soft, pink appendage with a wet smack.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned, tugging off his shirt.

Lilith giggled and smacked him against her tongue twice more before sealing her pouty lips around his girth. As she began bobbing her head slowly, her tongue swirling around him, she pulled her blouse out of her skirt and removed it, along with her tie. An impressive amount of pale cleavage spilled from the cups of her bra, which looked like it was a size too small for her generous bust. Her trapped mounds wobbled and jiggled with every movement as she dipped a hand down and slipped it under her skirt. Harry smiled when her eyes closed in pleasure, and she gave him a hard suck, her cheeks hollowing.

“Merlin,” Harry hissed. “I’m starting to think you enjoy this.”

Opening her eyes, Lilith nodded, her lips stretched around his girth.

“You like sucking my cock?” he asked.

Lilith responded by taking him as deep as she could, her lips stopping just a couple of inches shy of his base. With her free hand, she undid her skirt, causing it to unfold from around her waist, creating a makeshift mat perfect for her to kneel on. Her hand plunged more deeply into her knickers, the blue fabric damp with her arousal. Running his fingers through her hair, Harry caressed her scalp and groaned as she bobbed up and down his length.

He let Lilith continue for a couple of minutes before slipping his hands under her arms and lifting her. She sucked hard in an attempt to keep him in her mouth, resulting in an audible *pop* when he broke free of her lips. Chuckling, Harry pulled her on top of him and fell back onto the mattress.

“As amazing as that feels, I want more than just your pretty mouth,” he said.

Gripping her bum, he pulled her forward until his face was buried between her dangling breasts. He kissed and nipped playfully at her soft cleavage while sliding his hands up her back and opening the clasp of her bra. As it fell away from her body, he grasped her breasts firmly and latched his lips onto one of her pink, puffy nipples. Lilith sucked in a shuddering breath and tossed her bra to the floor before threading her fingers through his hair.

For Harry, there was always something special about Lilith. Sex with her was different than any other girl he'd been with. Her inability to speak or even moan meant that he had to pay a lot more attention to her reactions to figure out if she liked what he was doing. He found himself listening to every stuttering breath, feeling for every tremble and spasming muscle to determine how his attention was received. It made every experience more intense in a way he couldn't quite describe.

Cupping her breasts, he scraped his teeth over her nipple. Lilith's breath hitched softly, and her body trembled under his palms. Smiling to himself, Harry did it again, his scalp burning lightly as her fingers tightened in his hair.

Suddenly, Lilith pushed off of him and landed heavily on the mattress next to him. She took off her knickers in an impatient scramble and tossed them to the side before spreading her legs and inviting him over with a coy gaze and a crook of her finger.

Harry crawled over and hovered over her with a smile on his face. His length ground against her folds. With a barely audible gasp, Lilith reached down and impatiently placed him at her entrance. In a single, slow thrust, he sank into her depths, relishing the way her body shuddered and her breath hitched. As her legs wrapped around his waist, he pressed his lips to hers in a demanding, possessive kiss. A small push of her heels was the only sign it took for him to start moving.

When Harry suddenly sped up his thrust, Lilith pulled her lips from his, gasping as she threw her head back. He sucked and kissed at the delicate skin of her throat, feeling each stuttering, hitching breath she took through his lips. Using nothing but her wordless reactions, he found a rhythm that had her muscles trembling and her nails digging into the skin of his back. As she

traced fiery lines along his ribs, he pushed himself up and watched a look of ecstasy wash over her face.

He could hear the pauses between gasping breaths and feel the twitches of her muscles the closer she got to her climax. Their eyes locked as he plunged in and out of her depths, driving her closer and closer to the edge. Finally, Lilith's face scrunched up as she reached her peak. Her body shuddered under his, her muscles flexing powerfully as she clung to him. Harry grinned, slowing his pace to prolong her climax while he kissed her neck and jaw.

Lilith had barely relaxed before she rolled them over with surprising strength. Harry found himself flat on his back, staring into her hungry gaze as she rode him sensually, her hips rolling on each downward thrust to grind against his pelvis. Her body shuddered again powerfully while her nails dug into his chest. It took him a moment to realize why she was riding him so determinedly. She wanted him to cum.

Grinning, Harry gripped her hips and timed his thrusts with hers. Lilith gasped, her arms giving out as their bodies collided. Panting and kissing his neck, she relaxed, allowing him to direct and move her any way he wanted. Harry tightened his grip on her hips and planted his feet on the bed. His powerful, upward thrusts drove her breath from her lungs right next to his ear. Trying to match his rhythm, she flexed her hips, grinding against him each time he bottomed out in her swelting depths.

Just as Harry felt himself nearing his end, Lilith climaxed again, her breath stuttering and hitching. Pulling her hips down firmly, he buried himself in her clutching folds and erupted. The feeling caused her to shudder pleurably as she sank her teeth lightly into his collarbone. After he emptied himself in her depths and Lilith collapsed bonelessly on top of him, they both took a long moment to catch their breath.

Eventually, she climbed off of him and cuddled up to his side. With a smile, Harry wrapped his arm around her as she rested her head on his shoulder. They lay there for a couple of minutes before Lilith got his attention by tapping on his chest. Raising his head, he watched as she started drawing letters on his skin.

Will you go to Hogsmeade with me? She wrote.

"I'd love to," Harry grinned.

Beaming, Lilith kissed him on the lips and shimmied down the bed to settle between his legs. Harry chuckled and ran a hand through her hair as she took him in her mouth.

Chapter 10

Harry blinked his eyes open as he felt someone climb into his bed. Smiling, he grabbed his glasses from the nightstand, slipped them on his face, and looked up at the young woman straddling his waist.

But it wasn't Ginny like he expected. It was Lavender Brown. A completely naked and smiling Lavender Brown. His eyes fell on her large breasts for a moment before he looked back up at her face with confusion.

"Aw, aren't you happy to see me, Harry?" Lavender pouted.

Resting her bum on his groin, she put her hands on his chest and bounced up and down lightly, causing her breasts to wobble and sway right in front of his face.

"Oh, I am," Harry said, sliding his hands up her smooth, thick thighs. "Just a little surprised."

Lavender giggled, "I convinced Ginny to let me wake you up this morning."

Leaning down, she kissed him softly and sensually, her tongue sliding slowly along his. As they explored each other's mouths, she started rocking her hips, grinding against his rapidly swelling excitement. Harry slid his hands over her hips to her chest. Her breasts were outrageously full and perky for how large they were. He squeezed and kneaded them gently, mapping their shape with his hands.

Lavender moaned into his mouth and straightened up when his clothed erection pressed against her mound. Biting her lip, she tossed her dirty blonde hair over her shoulder, bit her lip, and rolled her hips. Harry groaned, grabbed her hips, and bucked upwards, looking for more friction. Giggling softly, she shuffled backward and grabbed the waistband of his flannel pajamas. After a bit of shimmying, she managed to pull them off, causing his excitement to jump free and slap against his stomach.

"I can't get over how big it is," she said, straddling his waist again.

Grabbing his shaft, she lifted his erection and held it up to her stomach, where the head rose above her belly button.

"It's going to go so deep," she whispered sultrily.

Harry held his breath as Lavender raised herself up on her knees and lined his tip up with her entrance. She spent a moment teasing him, sliding the wide head between her taut folds before slowly impaling herself on his length. They groaned in unison as she slid down to the base and paused.

"Merlin," she breathed.

Closing her eyes, Lavender let out a shuddering breath as she rolled her hips. Harry flexed his hips and grasped her breasts, his thumbs teasing her short, wide nipples. Her rhythm slowly increased, her hips rising higher and dropping down harder until she was riding nearly half of his length. Harry moved his hands to her hips, allowing her breasts to bounce and dance to the beat of her hips.

"Fuck, Lav," he hissed.

Lavender groaned, and Harry wasn't sure she had heard him. She was lost in her own world, panting hard and staring at nothing as she worked her hips harder. Her breath hitched and

stuttered, her eyes drifted closed, and a tremble ran through her body. Her walls tightened around him while her nails dug into the skin of his chest. Unbothered, Harry bucked his hips, pushing her over the edge. A scream left her lips as she collapsed forward, her body jerking and shaking as she rode out her climax.

“Keep it down!” Seamus yelled.

“Is he having another nightmare?” Neville asked.

Harry was about to tell them he was fine, but Lavender chose that moment to kiss him passionately. He could do nothing as footsteps approached his bed, and the curtains on both sides were pulled open.

“Oh, it’s Lavender,” Dean yawned, stretching his arms out wide.

“Sorry, Harry,” Neville said from the other side.

“Tell her to shut it!” Seamus shouted.

“Wuz goin’ on?” Ron asked, sleepily poking his head between his curtains.

“Harry’s just shagging Lavender,” Dean said.

“Oh,” Ron said, pulling his head back through the curtains.

“Don’t even think about falling back to sleep, Weasley,” Dean said. “We need to be up in half an hour anyways.”

Ron muttered a curse, sat up, and threw open his curtains. Letting out another yawn, Dean walked over to Seamus' bed and pulled open his curtains. The Irishman grumpily hid his head under his pillow.

"Come on, Seamus," Dean said. "No point going back to sleep now."

Seamus lifted the pillow and glared at him before sitting up and throwing it down angrily while grumbling under his breath. While his roommates pottered around the room, getting ready for the day, Harry rolled Lavender onto her back and started thrusting into her. She kissed him passionately, her legs locked tightly around his waist as he pounded her into the mattress. Her moans filled the dorm as she came twice more around his thrusting cock. Harry moved his lips to her neck as he neared his climax, sucking harshly at her delicate pale skin until he left behind a dark red mark.

While his roommates argued over who would get to use the shower first, he buried himself deep in Lavender and flooded her depths. She groaned under him, combing her fingers through his hair. After a minute to catch his breath, Harry rolled off of her, spent.

"How long until breakfast?" Lavender asked breathlessly.

"About an hour," Dean replied.

Smiling, she rolled onto her side to face Harry and dragged a finger teasingly over his chest.

"Want to go again in the shower?" she asked.

Harry grinned and sat up. While Lavender climbed out of bed, he grabbed a vial of Stamina Potion from his nightstand and downed it quickly. Giggling, she took him by the hand and hurried into the bathroom before slamming the door closed in Seamus' face.

"Hey!" he yelled. "I was supposed to go first!"

Half an hour later, Harry and Lavender made their way down to the common room. While he took a seat on the couch, she raced up the stairs to get dressed for the day, passing Hermione on her way down. Harry glanced at his best friend and immediately noticed two things. One, she was still limping slightly, and two, she wasn't wearing a bra. Her hard, pebbled nipples protruded against the front of her crisp white shirt.

"You okay?" he asked softly as she sat next to him.

"I'm fine," Hermione sighed. "I'm still a little sore, but it hurts to wear a bra. You and Luna sucked on my – my nipples a bit too hard."

"Sorry," Harry said, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

"It's fine," she assured him. "I liked it. I just need to remember to use a Soothing Balm next time."

Smiling at the thought of a next time, he kissed her temple and settled back on the couch. Ron joined them a moment later, and unfortunately, while he'd been able to completely ignore Harry having sex with Lavender this morning, he couldn't ignore the sight of Hermione's nipples pressed against her shirt. He didn't really understand how the Notice-Me-Not – or whatever it was – portion of the sap worked. It had always worked when he needed it to, so he didn't think much about it.

"Ron, will you stop staring," Hermione hissed.

"Sorry," he muttered, looking away.

"Urgh, I'm going down to breakfast."

Hermione stood up quickly, causing her breasts to bounce under her shirt and drawing the eyes of a few boys in the common room. Slinging her bag over her shoulder, she stormed through the portrait hole.

“Er, should we...?” Ron asked, motioning after her.

“Yeah,” Harry said, glancing over at the stairs to the girls’ dorm just as Lavender returned. “You go ahead. I’ll catch up.”

Ron shrugged as he stood, grabbed his bag, and headed for the portrait hole. Meanwhile, Harry got to his feet and walked over to Lavender.

“Hey, Lav, can I talk to you for a second?” he asked.

“Sure, Harry,” she said with a perky smile.

“I want to ask you for a favor. Hermione couldn’t wear a bra today, and she’s a bit self-conscious about all the boys staring. Do you think you could take off yours? You know, take some of the attention away?”

“Sure,” Lavender smiled. “Anything for you, Harry.”

“I’ll help,” Parvati volunteered. “I bet Romilda would, too, if we asked. Maybe we could get a whole bunch of girls to do it with us.”

“How would we convince them?” Lavender asked thoughtfully.

Parvati shrugged, “Tell them it’s a protest against misogyny?” she suggested.

Harry smiled and shook his head as they climbed the stairs to the girls' dorm, still trading ideas. Returning to the couch, he slung his bag over his shoulder and headed for the Great Hall. By the time he got there, Ron and Hermione were already seated and eating their breakfast. Taking the seat between them, he loaded up his plate and fell into a discussion about their classes for the day.

"Whoa," Ron said a couple of minutes later.

Harry looked up and smiled as Lavender and Parvati entered the Great Hall. Parvati looked attractive in her own right, but Lavender's large breasts bounced and bobbed under her shirt with every step she took, drawing the eye of every boy and more than a few girls in the hall. Giving Harry a wink as they passed, they took a seat further down the table next to Ginny and Romilda.

"What was that about?" Hermione whispered.

Harry shrugged and turned back to finish his breakfast.

~

Harry's first class of the day, Transfigurations, went as it normally did. As he entered the hallway to go to Potions, he noticed that half of the older girls in the school were now walking around braless. He didn't know what Lavender and Parvati had told them, but whatever it was, it was clearly working. Hermione noticed as well and gave him a suspicious look, but didn't have time to question him before they reached Snape's classroom.

"Today, you'll be brewing the Strengthening Solution," Snape drawled. "Instructions are on the board. Pair up, and you may begin."

There was a scramble as several girls tried to partner with Harry at once. Bulstrode steamrolled over Tracey Davis trying to get to him, Parkinson collided with Lavender in the middle of the aisle, and Ron got kicked in the shin by Daphne Greengrass when she tried and failed to shove

her way past him. Lilith reached him first, racing over so fast she ended up in his lap instead of the seat next to him. Wrapping her arms around him, she smiled smugly as the other girls dejectedly looked for other partners.

As she stood up and pranced over to the cabinet to grab their ingredients, Harry looked around while he laid out the equipment. With the exception of Parkinson, every girl was walking around without a bra. Tracey's prominent nipples pressed against the front of her shirt, and Daphne's, while perhaps half a cup size smaller than Lavender's, rivaled them in perkiness. It was only by the way they shook and jiggled under the thin fabric of her shirt that he could tell she wasn't wearing a bra at all.

He was jolted out of his lecherous staring when Lilith returned and set their ingredients on the table. Flashing a knowing smirk, she opened the top button of her shirt and leaned forward over the table, giving him a teasing glimpse of her lush cleavage. Smiling, Harry peeked at the board and got to work crushing beetle shells. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched Tracey nudge Daphne and point at Lilith. They shared a brief glance before they each undid a button.

The Strengthening Solution required high heat and a heavy boil throughout the brewing process. As a result, the temperature in the room quickly climbed to a sweltering heat. Ties were loosened, more buttons were opened, and the white dress shirts clung to the girls' sweaty bodies. Gazing around the room as he waited for their potion to turn the right shade of puce, Harry was once again confused by just how the Notice-Me-Not portion of the sap worked.

Lavender's shirt was one button away from revealing her breasts completely; each time Hermione leaned over her cauldron, she flashed her nipples. Daphne and Tracey constantly paused to fan themselves with their shirts, all but flashing him in the process, and Lilith's breasts had fallen out of her shirt more than once. Yet, through it all, neither the other boys nor Professor Snape reacted.

It didn't make any sense at all. Plenty of boys had noticed the girls' braless state in the halls, but now, there was nothing. It was almost as if it only worked when the girls actively tried to gain Harry's attention.

He was drawn out of his thoughts when Daphne sidled up to him.

“Can I use some of your powdered Asphodel root?” she asked. “Tracey spilled ours.”

Lilith nodded as she stirred the potion, her light pink areola peeking out with the motion. Smiling, Daphne slid into the small space between Harry and the table. Her bum pressed firmly against his groin as she leaned forward and took her time looking through the jars on their desk. She looked at each label carefully, reading each one despite the fact that a quick glance would tell her it wasn't powdered Asphodel root. Sharing a bemused look with Lilith, Harry decided to have a little fun.

Daphne froze and inhaled sharply when he ground his hips against her bum and wrapped his arms around her. Quickly, he unbuttoned her shirt all the way to the waistband of her skirt and cupped her breasts. A soft moan left her lips as she closed her eyes and leaned back against him.

Snape looked up at the sound and scowled. Harry thought for sure he was caught, but a moment later, he looked down to continue grading papers.

“Harry!” Hermione hissed.

He looked over, and she gave him an incredulous look.

“Granger! Potter!” Snape barked. “Five points each for distracting your classmates.”

Sneering, he looked away and resumed grading papers. Harry shared a look with Hermione, shrugged, and trailed his right hand down Daphne's stomach. The blonde let out a shuddering breath, her abs twitching under his light touch. Grabbing a handful of skirt, he yanked it up and slipped his hand underneath. She gasped softly when his hand landed on the damp gusset of her knickers. Another soft moan left her lips as she reached back, slipped a hand between their bodies, and caressed his straining erection through his trousers. Harry chuckled and teased her folds with the tips of his fingers, sending a shudder through her body.

"Lilith and I are going to meet on the seventh floor after dinner. Do you want to join us?" he asked softly.

Lilith met his eyes and smiled excitedly.

"Oh, Merlin, yes," Daphne panted.

"Good girl," Harry whispered.

Lifting his hand, he patted her mound. Daphne jolted before letting out a whimper as Harry backed away slightly. Suddenly, she spun around, grabbed his head, and kissed him hard. He kissed her back, his hand slipping under the back of her skirt to grope her bum. Moaning into his mouth, she pulled back, her bright blue eyes sparkling as they met his, and then she slipped away. Her jutting breasts jiggled alluringly as she returned to her table, not even bothering to fix her shirt.

Tracey engaged her in a quick, hushed conversation before sighing, rolling her eyes, and approaching his table.

"Daphne said she couldn't find the powdered Asphodel root," she said. "Mind if I take a look?"

"Help yourself," Harry said with a gesture.

Smiling, Tracey glanced over the jars and grabbed the one she needed. Instead of leaving, she set it to the side, hopped up on the table, and sat facing him. Grabbing his belt, she pulled him forward between her spread legs.

"I heard you invited Daphne to join you and Lilith later tonight," she said, grinding against his erection as she caressed his chest. "Do I get an invite? I'm a lot freakier than these two. I'll choke on your cock, you can cum on my face, I'll even let you bugger me. Anything you want."

Harry's excitement surged against her thigh, and she smirked.

"Alright," he said, swallowing thickly. "Meet me in the seventh floor corridor after dinner."

"Perfect," Tracey grinned.

Pushing him back, she hopped down from the table. Her breasts bounced as she landed, and one of her incredibly long, dark nipples got caught on the edge of her shirt. Unconcerned, she caressed his length through his trousers teasingly before she turned, grabbed the jar of powdered Asphodel root, and returned to her table.

Harry took a deep breath and adjusted himself into a more comfortable position.

"Potter!" Snape barked. "Bring me a sample of your potion."

Frowning, he shared a look of concern with Lilith. If Snape was calling him specifically, it wasn't for anything good. He grabbed and filled two vials with their potion and stuck one in his pocket in case Snape decided to drop one and give him a zero for the day. Approaching the desk, Snape snatched the vial out of his hand the moment he offered it. He held it up to the light to inspect the color and then waved it under his nose.

"Outstanding."

Harry's eyebrows shot up.

"For Ms. Moon," Snape continued with a sneer. "You, on the other hand, were even more useless than usual. That will be a Dreadful for the day, Potter. Now, go help your partner clean up if you can handle it without written instructions."

Sighing, Harry returned to his desk. Lilith patted him consolingly on the arm as they began to clean up. He was once again distracted by her swaying breasts when something hard hit him in the side of the head. Turning his head while he rubbed his temple, Hermione gave him a frustrated look and gazed around the room pointedly. Harry looked around and felt a surge of panic.

Now that the brewing was finished, all of the girls were staring at him like a piece of meat. He didn't know if the Notice-Me-Not would stop Snape from noticing a reverse gangbang in his classroom, but he didn't want to find out. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a sweet wrapped in plain brown paper and prayed that Fred and George knew what they were doing.

The candy was square. Half yellow and half purple. Breaking off the yellow half, Harry tossed it into his mouth, chewed, and swallowed. Just a couple of seconds later, he felt a warm trickle from his nose. Reaching up, he wiped it, and his hand came away red with blood.

"Er, Professor," he called.

Snape looked up and sneered.

"What now, you foolish boy?" he asked. "Don't just stand there. Get to the Hospital Wing."

Holding a hand to his leaking nose, Harry slung his bag over his shoulder and made for the exit.

"I'll see you at lunch," he whispered to Hermione as he passed.

As soon as he was out of the classroom, Harry popped the purple end of the candy in his mouth. He sighed in relief when the bleeding stopped a moment later. Grinning, he rounded the corner and walked face-first into a pair of large, familiar breasts.

"I wondered when we'd run into each other again," Julie said, trapping his head between her soft, braless breasts.

Chapter 11

Julie grabbed the front of Harry's shirt and yanked him backward roughly into an abandoned classroom. Grinning, she kicked the door closed and then pinned him up against it with her enormous bust threatening to envelop his face.

"Go on," she said, glancing down at her chest. "You can play with them. I know you want to."

Harry grasped her breasts and kneaded them firmly. Letting out a moan, Julie thrust out her chest, knocking his head lightly into the door and knocking his glasses askew. She nearly smothered him when she shuffled forward, grabbed the back of his head, and drove his face between her mountainous peaks. As he mauled her breasts, much to her delight, he felt something hard and round press painfully against his thigh.

Wincing in pain, Harry shimmied one hand between their bodies and awkwardly slipped his hand into his pocket. His fingers wrapped around the glass vial, and he shifted it into a more comfortable position. Unintentionally, his knuckles brushed Julie's mound, causing her to gasp in surprise. Her hips jerked back momentarily, giving him the opportunity to pull his hand and the vial out of his pocket.

"Oh, yeah, Potter," she gasped.

Slamming her hips forward, she ground herself against his thigh. With a moan, she closed her eyes and arched her back, freeing his face from her breasts. Harry sucked in a breath, popped the cork, and swiftly downed the Strengthening Solution. A surge traveled through his body like a boost of adrenaline. For a moment, he thought he'd be overcome with giddiness. He felt like he could lift a mountain without breaking a sweat.

Dropping the vial to the floor, he grabbed the front of Julie's blouse and yanked his hands in opposite directions. There was a sound of tearing fabric, and he looked in surprise at the two rags dangling from his fists. He'd meant to rip her shirt open, but instead, he'd torn it clean in

two with enough force that he'd even yanked her arms free of the sleeves. Julie gasped and stared down at her bare torso in shock.

Before she could recover, Harry tossed the scraps of shirt aside and lifted her by the bum effortlessly. She inhaled sharply, wrapping her arms and legs around him for balance as he spun her around and pinned her against the door.

"Merlin, Potter," she gasped. "Have you been working out?"

"Strengthening Solution," Harry muttered before darting forward and inhaling her nipple.

Julie groaned and gripped the back of his head. She tried to pull him forward, threatening to smother him between her breasts once again, but this time, he didn't budge. He grinned against her soft flesh when he barely felt her tugging him forward. Sucking as hard as he could, he slowly pulled back against her arms, distending her breast until it came free of his lips with a wet pop.

Pinning her to the door with his hips, Harry let go of her bum and grasped her pillowy mounds. He started gently, gradually increasing his strength to see just how careful he needed to be. Fortunately, Julie liked it rough, and it took considerable force before she finally hissed in pain. Immediately, he loosened his grip.

"Do that again," she demanded through a hooded, lustful gaze.

With a grin, Harry mauled her breasts, drawing a pleased groan from her lips. His throbbing erection ground against her mound as her breasts slowly reddened in his steely grip. Letting go suddenly, he slapped the right one lightly, sending it careening into the left. They gradually wobbled to a rest when he slapped the left one, this time slightly harder. Julie bit her lip and hissed, arching her back as her firm, perky breasts bobbed back and forth.

Grabbing her bum and squeezing it, Harry lifted her away from the door and carried her over to the disused teacher's desk on the other side of the classroom. He set her down, pushed her

onto her back, and then spun her around until her head hung upside down off one end and her feet dangled off of the other. Julie smiled and reached for his belt. Her movements were a little uncoordinated from the unusual position, but she quickly unbuckled it and opened his trousers.

As she stroked his length and brought it to her lips, Harry pulled off his tie. He groaned when she sucked on his tip and hurriedly removed his shirt. It fluttered to the ground next to his feet as he shuffled forward, grabbed her breasts, and drove himself to the hilt. Julie took him effortlessly, grabbing his bum and pulling him forward with her nose pressed firmly against his sack. Harry held himself there for a few seconds, luxuriating in the feeling of her tight throat before slowly pulling back.

Julie sucked in a breath and slathered his length with her talented tongue. With a groan, Harry squeezed her breasts and drove back into her throat. The front of her neck distended, molding to his shape as he hilted himself. She moaned around him and clutched his bum while he let go of one of her breasts and slid a hand down to the waistband of her skirt. Julie bent her knees and eagerly spread her legs.

Pulling his hips back to let her catch her breath, Harry plunged forward again and grabbed her skirt. He didn't bother to look for the zipper. Instead, he just tore it clean in half down the front. Her knickers were damp around the gusset, and they suffered a similar fate when he roughly ripped them off her body. He teased her glistening folds with his fingers before sliding away and stepping back to let her breathe.

"Merlin," Julie gasped. "I've never been manhandled like this."

"You like it?" Harry asked with a teasing smile.

"I love it," she grinned. "Now, stop taking it easy and fuck my throat."

Chuckling, Harry fed his head between her open, inviting lips and began thrusting his full length in and out of her throat. After watching her for a moment, he slid a hand back between her legs and plunged two fingers into her depths. Julie moaned around him and bucked her hips. When

he hooked his fingers and pressed them against the top of her walls, she gagged for the first time and arched her back.

Harry pulled his hips back, giving her just enough time to cough and take a breath before he went back to fucking her throat. Julie squirmed, her legs flexing restlessly as he fingered her roughly. Her climax built much more quickly than he expected. Arousal soaked his fingers, and the sound of her wetness filled the room as he focused his attention on that delicate bundle of nerves.

The moment he pressed his palm against her clit her entire body lurched. His length slipped from her mouth, sliding across her face while she sucked in a deep breath and cried out in ecstasy. Harry fingered her rapidly through her peak until she collapsed breathlessly onto the desk.

Pulling his sopping fingers from her depths, he spun her around until her bum sat on the edge of the desk. He hooked one of her powerful legs over his shoulder, grasped her breast roughly, and then, with the other hand, slapped his engorged head against her mound. Julie gasped, arched her back, and moaned wantonly.

"This what you want?" Harry asked, teasing her entrance.

"Yes," she hissed, wiggling her hips. "Gimme that fat cock."

Grinning, he sank into her welcoming depths, drawing another moan from her lips. Harry wrapped both of his hands around the back of her neck and used his potion-enhanced strength to pound her as hard and as fast as he liked. Julie cried out pleurably, gripping his impossibly powerful arms as her body rocked with each thrust, her breasts bouncing wildly. It took a bit of trial and error, but Harry eventually settled into a quick rhythm where he pushed as deep as he could, withdrew rapidly, and then used his arms to slam her back down on his length. Once she was fully seated on his shaft, the process started again at an almost inhuman rate.

The desk creaked and groaned under them, but it could barely be heard over the loud, wet slaps and Julie's cries. Her face scrunched up beautifully as she was almost immediately thrown into

another climax. Sweat glistened on her pale skin while moans, gasps, and screams spilled from her lips. As she crested her peak, her legs trembled and flexed, pushing against him. Normally, she would have easily pushed him back, but his magically-assisted muscles barely felt the strain.

Harry continued thrusting mercilessly while Julie gasped for breath, and her eyes rolled into the back of her head. Her body moved from one crest to the next with barely any break in between. She curled her toes, her body writhed, and her nails clawed at the desk, but she was unable to escape his gasp. It wasn't until her third climax in a row, when she stopped breathing for a few seconds before gasping loudly that Harry finally gave her a break.

The moment he pulled out of her, Julie cupped her mound, curled into the fetal position, and shook for nearly a minute as she panted for breath. Once she stopped trembling, she rolled onto her stomach and hung her legs over the edge of the desk.

"Don't stop," she panted, looking at him lustfully over her shoulder.

Grinning, Harry stepped up behind her and plunged into her flooded depths. One hand grabbed a handful of her long, dark hair while the other clutched her shoulder. His hips slammed against her wide, muscular bum, making the taut flesh ripple. The desk creaked and groaned under the onslaught, a noise that was drowned out by Julie's ecstatic cries.

Letting go of her shoulder, Harry checked his watch. He saw lunch had started a few minutes ago and decided to focus on reaching his own climax. His movements slowed slightly, but with each stroke, he used the full length of his cock. Julie groaned and shuddered as he repeatedly buried himself to the hilt in her clutching folds. Her large breasts jumped every time his hips impacted her bum, nearly sending them crashing into her chin. Reaching around her body, Harry groped one roughly and gave her a hard, pointed thrust.

Crack!

The desk gave way, collapsing under Julie. Gasping, she reached back and grabbed Harry's hips. His hand tightened harshly in her hair, and his hand crushed her breast to stop her from falling. Harry wasn't sure if it was the sudden pain, the show of strength, or a combination of the two,

but whatever it was, it sent Julie crashing over the edge into another powerful climax. As she cried out and trembled, he wrapped one arm around her waist, one around her chest, and straightened her up. Even though he slipped out of her, it still took several seconds before she was able to stand on her own two feet.

“Bloody hell,” Julie panted.

Grinning, Harry turned her around, gripped her bum, and lifted her off the ground. Julie clung to him, arms and legs wrapping around his body. Because of the height difference, Harry once again found his face buried between her mountainous breasts. With a bit of maneuvering, he managed to hook his arms under her knees, nearly folding her in half. He tried to slip back into her depths, but he couldn’t see anything besides her pillowy mounds and ended up sliding along her folds.

Julie groaned, slipped a hand between their bodies, and guided him to her entrance. Tightening his grip on her bum, Harry used them as handles to slam her up and down on his length. She hugged his head and moaned. Her skin, slickened from a thin layer of sweat, slid along his cheeks. As he pounded her on his straining shaft, Harry motorboated her breasts before turning his head to nip and suck at her rippling, wobbling flesh. Julie clutched at his back, her nails sinking into his skin as she rode out another climax.

Her fluttering walls finally drew Harry over the edge. Impaling her on his length, he swelled and burst inside of her clutching depths. As they came down from their peaks, he walked to the side, blindly reaching out until he found a desk to set her on. Julie immediately collapsed on her back exhaustedly while he slipped from her leaking depths.

Now that Harry was able to take a better look at her, he noticed the finger-shaped marks he’d left on her breasts, hips, bum, and shoulders.

“You alright?” he asked worriedly.

Julie lifted her head and smiled widely.

"Bloody brilliant," she said. "You got more of that potion, so we can do this again?"

Harry smiled, "I'll see if I can brew some more."

Offering her a hand, he helped her to her feet, and they began to gather their clothes. As Harry dressed, he watched Julie try and fail to magically repair her torn uniform.

"Er, sorry," he muttered.

"It's fine," she replied, smiling. "I'll get me dad to buy me a new one."

"Do you want to borrow my cloak?" Harry asked.

"No, thanks. I'll just head to my dorm and get another uniform, but I'll need to hurry if I don't want to be late for my next class. See you later, Potter."

Bending down to pick up her bag and wand, Julie left her ruined clothes on the floor. She pulled open the door and stepped out into the busy hall completely naked. No one seemed to take notice of the towering witch as she pushed her way through the crowd and made her way deeper into the Dungeons. Harry shook his head and smiled, wondering if the Notice-Me-Not from the sap would hold until she made it to her dorm.

Shouldering his bag, he made his way up the stairs to the first floor.

"There you are!" Hermione exclaimed exasperatedly.

Harry spun around and found her sitting on a bench against the wall, book in hand. Snapping it closed, she stuffed it in her bag and slung it over her shoulder.

“Where did you go?” she asked, eyes narrowed suspiciously.

“Er, I ran into Julie Runcorn,” he admitted.

Rolling her eyes, Hermione hooked his arm with hers and led him towards the Great Hall.

“Of course you did,” she muttered.

Harry grinned as he allowed himself to be led down the hall.

“Oh, I wanted to ask you, have you noticed anything odd about the way the Notice-Me-Not part of the sap works?” he asked.

“What do you mean?” Hermione asked curiously.

“Well, this morning, Ron definitely noticed you weren’t wearing a bra, but when your breasts were falling out of your shirt during Potions, he didn’t even glance at you.”

“What?” she gasped, looking down at her shirt and dropping her voice to a hiss. “You could see my breasts?”

“Yeah,” Harry shrugged. “Well, I could. No one else noticed anything.”

Hermione frowned, “I didn’t realize I’d unbuttoned my shirt that much.”

“Hermione,” he said slowly, cautiously. “Were you trying to get my attention during Potions?”

“What!? Of course not! Why would you think that?”

“Well, it just seems like the Notice-Me-Not only really works when girls are focused on me, but if that’s not it...”

Harry fell silent as Hermione furrowed her brow in thought. Her cheeks reddened after a moment.

“I suppose I might have been a little jealous,” she admitted softly.

“Jealous?” Harry asked amusedly.

Hermione huffed, “You were practically drooling over Lilith. I know I wasn’t your partner, and I’m not as... gifted... in that department, but I got a little jealous. It’s perfectly natural.”

“Aw, Hermione,” Harry smiled teasingly. “There’s nothing to be jealous about. I love your boobs, too.”

Pulling her close, he slipped behind her and cupped her breasts in the middle of the busy hallway. She gasped loudly when his palms grazed her hard, swollen nipples. Quickly, she grabbed his wrists and pulled his hands away.

“Stop!” she hissed. “I told you they’re still sensitive.”

Harry laughed, grabbed her hand, and led her through the lower courtyard. They both came to a stop almost immediately when they spotted dozens of upper-year witches gathered around a pile of burning bras in the middle of the courtyard. As they watched, several more witches pulled their bras from under their blouses and tossed them into the fire with a cheer.

“Looks like you started a trend, Hermione,” Harry snorted.

“What does this have to do with me?” Hermione asked curiously.

“Nothing,” he said a bit too quickly, pulling her through the courtyard.

“Harry,” she said suspiciously.

“I was just teasing you,” he said.

Her look said she didn’t believe him, but she didn’t bring it up again as they entered the Great Hall. As they passed Lavender, she suddenly pulled him to a stop and tapped the blonde on the shoulder.

“Oh, hey, Hermione, Harry,” Lavender said.

“Hi, Lavender,” Hermione replied. “Do you know why the girls are burning their bras?”

“Harry didn’t tell you?” Lavender asked, causing Hermione to give him an ‘I knew it’ look. “He said you felt self-conscious about going without a bra this morning, so he asked us to go without to draw away some of the attention you were getting. Well, after that, Parvati and I decided to convince some of the other girls to do the same, and it kind of turned into this whole movement. Practically, no one is wearing a bra anymore, and I even saw Professor Sinistra toss hers into the fire. It’s great, isn’t it? I feel so liberated!”

“You did all that for me?” Hermione asked.

“Well, yeah,” Lavender shrugged.

“Thank you,” Hermione said gratefully.

Dragging Harry down the table, she pulled him into a seat and hugged him tightly.

“Thank you,” she said softly. “That was really nice of you.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry said, kissing the side of her head.

Chapter 12

Harry and Hermione sat in the Great Hall, eating lunch among the hustle and bustle of daily life in the castle.

“I think we should test the Notice-Me-Not aspect of the sap some more,” Hermione said between bites. “Imagine if we could craft a potion that allowed a person to go completely unnoticed without the need to be invisible.”

“We have a free period next,” Harry said. “Do you want to go to the Room of Requirement?”

“We should go to the library first. I’ve never tried to craft a potion before.”

Harry sighed but nodded. As he took a sip from his goblet, he was startled by a foot caressing his thigh. His hand tensed around the goblet, crushing it and spilling pumpkin juice down the front of his shirt.

“Harry!” Hermione exclaimed, brushing pumpkin juice off her robe.

“Sorry,” he said.

Glancing across the table, Lavender turned away from Parvati mid-conversation, winked, and ran her foot along his groin.

"How did you even do that?" Hermione asked as he cleaned himself up.

"Er, I drank the Strengthening Solution from potions class," he admitted.

"What? Why on Earth would you do that?"

"You don't want to know," he told her. "Do you know how long this'll last?"

Hermione huffed and rolled her eyes.

"If you paid attention in class, you'd know that it lasts for twelve hours," she said.

"Oh," he said.

Harry had to bite back a groan when Lavender trapped his swollen length between his thigh and the ball of her foot. She continued to tease him throughout their lunch period. By the time he stood up to leave, he had to pull his robes around him to cover the bulge in the front of his slacks. His predicament wasn't helped by the fact that, by then, not a single witch in the school was wearing a bra, and because of the unseasonably warm weather, few were wearing their robes.

Watching Susan Bones bounce down the hall in the opposite direction was quite the treat. As he strained his trousers, he wondered if he might be able to slip away from Hermione long enough for a quickie with a willing witch.

"You're an embarrassment to our house, Loony."

Harry and Hermione stopped and shared a dark look. Creeping around the corner, they spotted three Ravenclaws harassing Luna in a quiet hallway not far from the library.

"How?" Luna asked with innocent curiosity. "My grades are just as good as yours."

"It's not your grades that make us look bad; it's all those stupid creatures you talk about," the lead girl scowled. "Why do you think no one wants to be friends with you?"

Hermione puffed herself up, accentuating the golden badge on her chest and her pebbled nipples. She looked like she was ready to start taking points, but Harry stopped her by placing his hand on her shoulder. He had a better idea. Fixing a grin on his face, he minced around the corner.

"Luna!" he beamed. "There's my favorite Ravenclaw."

Luna turned and smiled brightly as he walked up, ignoring the three other girls, and hugged her. Out of the corner of his eyes, he caught them glancing at each other uncertainly.

"Hello, Harry," she said happily.

"Hermione and I were on our way to the library. Do you want to join us?" he asked.

"Oh, I'd love to, but I have Arithmancy in fifteen minutes."

"We'll be there for a while," Hermione said, giving the other girls a disapproving frown before turning back to Luna with a smile. "You could join us afterward if you'd like."

"That sounds lovely. Thank you, Hermione," Luna smiled.

Blinking her bright blue eyes, she glanced down at Harry's bulge as it grazed her hips and then looked up at him.

“Would you like me to take care of your erection, Harry?” she asked.

Hermione sputtered incredulously, and the three Ravenclaws gasped.

“No way he’s attracted to Loony,” one of them muttered a bit too loudly.

Glancing at the girl over Luna’s shoulder, Harry watched her face flush as he smiled.

“I’d really appreciate that,” he said.

Luna smiled brightly, dropped to her knees, and started undoing his belt.

“Harry,” Hermione hissed furiously, “we’re in the middle of the hallway!”

“You said you wanted to test the Notice-Me-Not,” he whispered with a smirk.

“This isn’t what I meant,” she glowered. “What if you get caught?”

Luna pulled his erection out of his trousers, stroked his length, and kissed the tip. Around them, except for the three Ravenclaws who were watching in stunned silence, students passed by on their way to and from the library. The girls that passed gave him appreciative looks, and a few giggled, but none of them lingered, while the boys acted like nothing was out of the ordinary.

“I think I’ll be fine,” Harry said.

Hermione sighed exasperatedly and folded her arms over her chest as Luna took him into her mouth. Harry moaned and ran a hand through her hair before taking a step back, causing her to look up at him curiously.

"As nice as that is, we don't have much time before your next class starts," he said.

"I suppose you're right," Luna replied.

Reaching under her skirt, she pushed her knickers down to her ankles and stepped out of them. As she straightened back up, Harry grabbed her by her pert little bum and lifted her with ease.

"Oh!" she gasped in surprise, wrapping her arms around his neck for balance. "Have you been working out?"

"A little," Harry smirked.

He pinned Luna to the wall, lined himself up, and sank into her depths. Hugging herself to his chest, she moaned long and low. Harry gave her just a moment to adjust before he started thrusting, being mindful of his strength.

"Ah, Ms. Granger," Professor McGonagall called. "I need a moment of your time."

Harry froze as he heard her approach, her heels clicking loudly on the stone floor as she came to a stop behind him. With an impatient whimper, Luna used her arms and legs to rock back and forth as much as she could.

"Yes, Professor?" Hermione asked.

"The Prefects' meeting has been rescheduled for Friday at the usual time," McGonagall said. "We need more time to investigate why everyone had a sudden need to burn their bras. You don't happen to know anything about that, do you?"

"No, professor. I don't."

Harry could practically feel Hermione glaring at the back of his head, but he didn't dare turn around to check. He didn't dare look at McGonagall at all. She had to have seen them, and Luna wasn't doing anything to hold back her gasps and moans. After a moment, he figured there were worse reasons to get detention. Drawing his hips back, he thrust back into Luna, driving a loud moan from her lips.

"Ms. Lovegood, are you alright?" McGonagall asked.

"Yes, professor," Luna panted. "I'm just helping Harry with his erection."

Harry buried his face in the crook of her neck to suppress a laugh.

"I see," McGonagall said. "Very well. Just try not to make a mess. You know how Mr. Filch is."

"Oh! Yes, professor," Luna gasped.

"See that you do," she said. "Ms. Granger, I'll see you Friday."

Professor McGonagall's heels clicked into the distance and Hermione smacked him on the shoulder.

"I can't believe you!" she hissed.

"It's fine," Harry said. "She didn't notice a thing."

"Just hurry up before we get expelled," she huffed.

Harry sighed, "I'm going to have to go a bit faster, Luna."

“Okay,” Luna said.

He sped up, pounding her against the wall. Luna cried out as she spiraled into an orgasm. She clawed at his robes as he fucked her through her climax, doing nothing to hold himself back until he erupted inside of her with a groan.

“Hmm, that feels nice,” Luna said.

“Are you finished?” Hermione asked impatiently.

While he was still trying to catch his breath, Harry pulled out of Luna and set her gingerly on her feet. As he was trying to tuck himself away, Hermione grabbed his arm and started pulling him toward the library.

“We’ll see you after your class, Luna,” she called over her shoulder.

“Okay,” Luna smiled.

Picking up her knickers, she put them back on and smiled at the three Ravenclaws that were still gaping at her.

“See you in class,” she said.

Humming, she skipped down the hall.

Chapter 13

Harry, Hermione, and Luna left the library just in time for dinner. Luna hummed happily and skipped down the hall as Hermione talked excitedly about the books she'd found.

"It's fascinating," she gushed. "With the right Arithmancy, we could isolate, enhance, or dull any of the effects of the sap we want. I wonder why Professor Snape never talks about this in class."

"Because he's a git," Harry muttered.

Hermione smacked his shoulder, and Luna giggled while doing a little twirl.

"Can we have another threesome tonight? I had a lot of fun last time," she said loudly.

"Luna!" Hermione hissed.

She cast around to see if anyone had heard, but fortunately, no one was close enough.

"Is something wrong, Hermione?" Luna asked. "I thought you rather enjoyed our time together."

"Well, I – That is, yes, I did," Hermione stammered. "I just don't want my private affairs announced to the entire school."

"Oh, okay," Luna said with a hum. "Can we have another secret threesome tonight?"

"Luna! That's not how you keep a secret," Hermione hissed.

"I can't anyway," Harry interrupted with a smile. "I promised Daphne, Tracey, and Lillith I'd spend time with them after dinner."

“Okay,” Luna said, waving animatedly to the portrait of a young woman as they passed. “Can we have sex tomorrow?”

The young woman in the portrait let out a scandalized gasp and covered her mouth with her hand as a blush crept up her pale cheeks. Hermione dropped her face into her hands and tossed her hair back with a sigh.

“Sure,” Harry smiled. “The sap should wear off after tomorrow anyway. Might as well enjoy it while it lasts.”

“Oh, I don’t mind,” Luna said. “I’m sure lots of girls will want to keep having sex with you after the sap wears off. You give us very good orgasms. Right, Hermione?”

“Luna,” Hermione groaned.

Harry grinned as they entered the Great Hall and sat down at the Gryffindor table. There was a rush of girls trying to sit across from him. After a bit of pushing, shoving, and one instance of hair pulling, Lavender and Parvati won out.

“Hi Harry,” they said in unison and then giggled.

“Hey,” Harry smiled.

He barely got food on his plate when he felt a pair of feet land in his lap. Their feet sandwiched his groin, and the teasing quickly brought his erection to life. Neither of them was being very subtle in their movements, and it didn’t take long for Hermione to notice what was going on under the table. Glancing down, she took one look at their pink, painted toes, scoffed, rolled her eyes, and went back to her meal.

Lavender and Parvati continued teasing him all throughout dinner, and by the time Harry stood up to leave, he had to pull his robe around him to cover his prominent bulge.

“Do you want to study with us tonight, Harry?” Lavender asked, twirling a lock of hair and fluttering her eyelashes.

“I can’t tonight,” Harry said with an apologetic smile. “I told some friends I’d meet them after dinner.”

“Oh, well, maybe tomorrow night?” she asked hopefully.

“We’ll see,” he smiled.

With a parting wave, he left the Great Hall. He glanced over at the Slytherin table on his way out, but didn’t see Daphne, Tracey, or Lillith. Quickly traversing through the halls, he climbed to the seventh floor and made his way to the Room of Requirement. As if waiting for his arrival, the door appeared as soon as he approached. Pushing open the door, he stepped inside and grinned.

The room was small and dominated by an enormous bed decorated with dark green hangings. In the center of the bed lay the three Slytherins. They were already naked and looked like they’d been there for some time. Tracey lay in the center, on her back, while Daphne and Lillith were stretched out on either side. Daphne was pinching and pulling rather harshly on Tracey’s dark, pebbled nipple. Meanwhile, Lillith lavished attention on the other with her lips, teeth, and tongue. Her fingers teased Tracey’s bright pink folds. Caressing, teasing, but never touching quite where she wanted.

Tracey groaned and shimmied her hips, but Lillith moved with her.

The girls looked over at the sound of the door closing behind him.

“About time you showed up, Potter,” Daphne said with a sultry smile.

“Thank Merlin,” Tracey gasped. “Please come fuck me.”

“Not yet,” Daphne said.

“Daphne, please.”

Daphne wrapped her hand lightly around Tracey’s throat.

“You cum when I tell you to, got it?” she asked.

Tracey whined in the back of her throat but nodded.

“Good girl,” Daphne smiled.

She leaned down and kissed her. Harry smiled at the sight and quickly stripped out of his clothes. Before he could even reach the bed, Lillith left Tracey, scrambled to the end of the bed, and dropped to her knees in front of Harry. She opened her mouth wide and wrapped her lips around his shaft, bobbing her head fluidly as she gazed up at him with sparkling eyes. Harry chuckled and caressed the top of her head.

“I missed you, too,” he said.

Wrapping her arms around his waist, Lillith pulled herself forward until he was seated deeply in her throat, and her cute little nose rested against his pelvis.

“Oh, bloody hell,” he groaned.

Harry grabbed her head firmly with both hands and pulled back until his glistening length fell free from her lips. Lillith's eyes went wide when he reached under her armpits, lifted her with ease, and then tossed her onto the bed.

"Merlin, Potter," Tracey gasped softly. "Are you part Giant or something?"

Harry laughed.

"I took the Strengthening Solution we brewed in Potions after class," he explained.

"Why would you do that?" Daphne asked curiously, her brow furrowed.

"I had a run-in with Julie Runcorn on my way to the Hospital wing," he said. "I'm sure you've noticed, but she can be a bit... rough around the edges."

"You're the reason she's stopped acting like such a colossal bitch?" Tracey asked. "Bloody hell! Potter, I don't know what you did to her, but you need to keep doing it. She actually apologized for bumping into me today. Normally, she just runs me over and tells me to move."

Harry chuckled.

"I'll see what I can do."

He wasn't sure if the girls he'd slept with under the influence of the sap would want to continue doing so after it wore off, but he wasn't opposed to seeing Julie again occasionally. However, he'd have to learn how to brew the Strengthening Solution himself. He doubted he could convince Hermione to do it for him so he could shag some manners into Julie Runcorn.

Putting that thought aside for the moment, Harry crawled on top of Lillith, hooked her knees over his arms, and nearly folded her in half as he speared into her sweltering depths. She inhaled

sharply, her muscles trembled, and her back arched. Slowly at first, he started thrusting back and forth, luxuriating in the feeling of her tight, wet grasp.

“Merlin, that’s hot,” Tracey said. “Daphne, slap my pussy.”

Sliding a hand between her legs, Daphne gave her what could be best described as a gentle pat.

“Harder,” Tracey barked.

“Tracey,” Daphne sighed exasperatedly.

“Please,” Tracey begged.

Sighing, Daphne slapped her folds hard enough to produce a dull, wet slap.

“Yes!” Tracey hissed. “More! Don’t stop!”

“Kinky,” Harry smirked.

Daphne rolled her eyes.

“Tracey’s into some weird shit,” she said, rubbing Tracey’s dripping folds and then giving them another slap. “She likes to be insulted, humiliated, degraded, and a whole host of other things I’m not really into.”

“You like being in charge,” Tracey said, only to gasp when Daphne slapped her a bit harder.

“Only because I’m so good at it,” she replied, flipping her long blonde hair over her shoulder.

Harry smirked.

"I'll keep that in mind," he said.

Turning his attention back to Lillith, he plowed his hips forward hard and fast. Her back arched, eyes wide as she reached for something to hold onto. One hand gripped the silk sheets, but the other grabbed a handful of Tracey's breast and squeezed harshly.

"Oh shit, you little slut," Tracey hissed.

In retaliation, she reached over and grasped one of Lillith's nipples roughly between her fingers and pulled. Lillith's breath hitched, and she spasmed her way through an orgasm. Her fist gripped tighter around Tracey's breast, her fingers sinking deeply into the soft, pliable mound.

"Oh, fuck," Tracey gasped. "I think I'm going to cum, too."

"Not yet," Daphne said, pulling her hand away from her folds.

Tracey groaned and tried to stimulate herself, but Daphne swatted her hands away.

"I told you; you only get to cum when I tell you to," she said harshly. "If you're going to act like a whore, I'm going to treat you like one."

Rolling over, she climbed onto her hands and knees over top of Tracey and wiggled her hips back and forth.

"Come on, Potter," she said. "Lillith's had her fun, and I've been waiting all day for this."

Harry looked down at Lillith, who nodded tiredly.

“Yes, ma’am,” he smiled.

He leaned down to give Lillith a kiss before slipping out of her and shuffling behind Daphne. Grabbing her wide hips, he lined himself up with her entrance and slowly sank inside. She let out a long, low groan as she stretched to accommodate his girth. Her taut lips clung to his shaft each time he pulled back to gently ease himself deeper.

“Morgana, yes,” she hissed as he bottomed out, his hips pressed tight against her thick bum.

“Does it feel good?” Tracey asked.

“Amazing,” Daphne breathed. “He’s touching places I didn’t even know existed.”

Smiling, Harry leaned over her back, kissed her shoulder, and cupped one of her large, firm breasts.

“Slow and gentle, Potter,” she said, looking at him over her shoulder. “I’m not a whore like Tracey.”

Tracey whimpered and tried to reach down to pleasure herself again, but Daphne slapped her hands away, none-too-gently.

“Stop it or I’ll tie you up and make you watch all night,” she barked.

Tracey threw her head back and groaned frustratedly. Grabbing her wrists, Daphne pinned them to the bed above her head.

“Do something useful with your mouth and suck on my nipples,” she said, then added, “gently.”

Tracey opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around Daphne’s pink nipple while Harry caressed the other. Daphne moaned when he began moving his hips slowly back and forth.

“Merlin, you’re tight,” he hissed.

“Because I’m not a slut,” she panted. “Yours is the first real dick I’ve ever taken. Usually, I just use the Muggle toy Tracey gave me.”

“I’m honored,” Harry smirked.

He pulled his hips back until only the head remained inside, and then slid smoothly all the way back in. Daphne arched her back and moaned.

“You should be,” she said. “I’m not one of those easy sluts you usually fuck.”

Lillith swatted her arm lightly and stuck out her bottom lip.

“Oh, sorry, Lils,” Daphne said. “I didn’t mean you.”

Lilith looked at her for a moment, puckered her lips, and tapped them with her index finger.

“You want a kiss?” Daphne asked.

Lillith nodded.

“Alright.”

Lillith climbed onto her hands and knees and kissed Daphne on the lips. Harry throbbed with excitement as he watched their lips and tongues meet. Continuing to sway his hips back and forth, he caressed Daphne's back and kissed her shoulders and neck. She moaned against Lillith's lips and rocked backwards. Harry took that as his cue to move faster, drawing another, longer moan from her lips.

"Merlin, Potter, that feels so good," she said. "I might have to keep you."

"Well, that's up to Lillith," Harry said.

Lillith smiled brilliantly.

"Oh, I didn't realize you were a thing," she said, surprised.

"It's sort of new," Harry said. "Our first date isn't until next weekend."

"Mind if I borrow him?" Daphne moaned.

Lillith tapped her thoughtfully for a moment, pointed at Harry, then Daphne, and then herself.

"A threesome?" Daphne asked, to which Lillith nodded. "I can live with that."

Lillith smiled brightly and kissed her again.

"What about me?" Tracey asked.

Daphne pulled back and looked down at her with a smirk.

“You can be Potter’s whore,” she said. “He can do all the stuff to you that we won’t let him do to us. And the next time Malfoy pisses him off, he can take his anger out on your slutty arse.”

Tracey moaned and arched her back.

“Daphne, please let me play with myself,” she begged. “I promise not to cum.”

“Not yet,” Daphne said, arching back against Harry with a moan. “I’m almost there. Get back to sucking.”

Tracey opened her mouth to wrap her lips back around Daphne’s nipple. It was a task made more difficult by the fact that Harry was now moving fast enough to cause her breasts to bounce back and forth. It took a couple of tries before she managed to catch it in her mouth and latch on.

Daphne moaned as she sucked and bucked her hips back. Harry focused on giving her long, full thrusts. His hips barely touched her bum before pulling back, and then sank back in. She was so tight around him that each time her muscles trembled, he felt it through his shaft. He could actually feel her getting closer to her climax. Her walls spasmed around him, and then suddenly clamped down.

“Oh, fuck!” she yelled.

Daphne practically vibrated around him. Harry had hoped to hold out a bit longer, but she dragged him over the edge. With a groan, he released inside of her clutching depths.

“Fucking hell,” he said.

Holding her hips tightly, he pumped his hips until he was empty. The moment he released her, Daphne collapsed heavily on top of Tracey. Her lips clung to his shaft as she slid off of him, and then closed up the second she was off of him completely.

"I think I understand why you're so obsessed with boys now," she mumbled into Tracey's hair.

"The boys I've slept with never made me cum like that," Tracey scoffed.

Harry was glad he'd taken a Stamina Potion before coming to the Room of Requirement. His erection never even flagged. He just needed a moment to catch his breath and let his sensitivity return to normal, and he was ready to go again.

Grabbing Daphne around the waist, he lifted her with ease and placed her gently on top of Lillith. Tracey blinked at him in surprise as he settled between her legs. His hand wrapped around his shaft, and he ran his engorged head through her sopping folds before lifting it up and swinging it back down. His cock hit her clit with an audible slap. Tracey gasped and bucked her hips.

"Oh, Merlin, please put it in," she pleaded.

"You want it that bad?" Harry asked, smirking as she nodded quickly. "And what do I get?"

"Uh, to fuck me?" Tracey said uncertainly.

"That's not good enough," he said, slapping his cock down on her clit again.

"I'll do whatever you want! Just fuck me already!" she yelled frustratedly.

"Whatever I want?" Harry smirked, slapping her clit repeatedly. "I want a slut I can fuck anyway I want, any time I want, anywhere I want."

Tracey threw her head back and groaned. Harry suddenly stopped his assault and seated himself at her dripping entrance.

“Well?” he asked.

“I’ll do it,” Tracey whined. “I’ll do anything. Just – Fuck!”

Her back arched as Harry speared into her and started pounding away. The breath was driven from her lungs, and her muscles went taut. A tremble ran through her body, she inhaled a deep breath, and then let out a strained moan in climax. Harry gave her no respite. He continued hammering into her leaking, fluttering depths even as the tendons in her neck strained against her dark skin.

Tracey gasped for breath and reached down to push against his pistoning hips, but he gathered her wrists in one of his hands and pinned them above her head.

“Again!” she screamed.

Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and her entire body convulsed. Her arousal drenched his length and the inside of his thighs, adding a wet slap each time their hips connected. Harry thrust into her several more times before suddenly stopping and pulling himself from her depths. Tracey was practically limp as he rolled her over onto her stomach. The only sign of consciousness she showed was the groan she released when he pulled her hips up so she was kneeling on the bed.

“Didn’t you mention something about buggering in Potions?” Harry asked.

Tracey looked at him over her shoulder and bit her lip as he groped her cheeks. They weren’t as firm and muscled as Daphne’s or Lillith’s. They were softer, allowing his fingers to sink into her dark globes. He gave one cheek a swift smack, and then the other. They wobbled and rippled

wildly from the impact of his hand. The only word that sprang to mind to describe them was doughy.

Spreading her open, he gazed at her dark, wrinkled hole. It looked so small and tight, he wondered if she'd ever be able to fit. Suddenly, Daphne appeared with her wand in hand and with a muttered incantation, she produced a small stream of clear, slippery fluid.

"Don't take it easy on her, Potter," she said. "The stupid whore likes shoving things up her arse."

Harry raised an eyebrow, shrugged, and placed himself at her entrance. He pushed, but she remained closed. Adjusting himself behind her, he pushed again, harder this time. He pushed so hard he was genuinely worried he wouldn't fit when she suddenly gave way, and his head popped inside. Tracey gasped and gripped the sheets tightly in her fists.

"You alright?" he asked.

"Fine," she panted. "Keep going. Deeper."

Harry spread her cheeks apart and watched as she stretched obscenely around his girth. Pulling back slightly, he pushed forward again, using the momentum to bury half his length in her bum. Tracey groaned, and her legs trembled, but she didn't say anything, so Harry sawed his hips back and forth, sinking deeper and deeper with each thrust his hips rested against her doughy arse.

Once he was settled, he took a moment to savor the feeling and give her bum another slap.

"This is brilliant," he grinned. "I think I might do this every day."

"Oh, Merlin," Tracey gasped. "Are you trying to ruin me?"

"Only a little," Harry smirked.

Grabbing her hips, he started thrusting back and forth to his heart's content. Tracey groaned as she was used for his own selfish pleasure. He smacked her bum repeatedly, groped her perky, modest breasts, and let loose with his hips. Soon, he had a hand entwined in her long, dark hair, pinning her head to the mattress as he absolutely railed her from behind. Through it all, she never uttered a word of protest. Her only response was a series of small orgasms accompanied by long, low moans and groans.

Eventually, he felt himself nearing the edge and fucked her even harder. With his enhanced strength, he took Tracey by surprise. She collapsed face down on the bed, and Harry followed her, relentlessly pounding her bum even as she lay prone on the mattress.

"Don't cum in her, Potter," Daphne said. "She bitched for days the last time a boy came in her arse."

Harry grunted an acknowledgment and slammed his hips forward several more times before suddenly wrenching himself free. He had a brief glimpse of Tracey's reddened, gaping hole until he rolled her onto her back and straddled her torso. She looked up at him tiredly, her eyes hooded with exhaustion and satisfaction as he stroked himself furiously. Closing her eyes, she tilted her chin up to present him with her face just as he erupted.

Several long, white streaks decorated her skin and hair. She simply lay there, panting as it rained down on her, completely unconcerned when some of it made it past her open lips. Harry smiled at his handiwork and slipped off to the side breathlessly.

"Don't go to sleep yet, bitch," Daphne barked suddenly. "I want to ride Potter one more time. Clean him up, and then you can take a break."

Tracey wiped the come from her eyes and then tiredly crawled between his legs. Harry groaned as she took him in her mouth, only to be silenced when Daphne's lips covered his.

