

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 swelting 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 acknowledgement 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.