

Summary: When a magical flower sprays Harry with a mysterious cloud of spores, he soon finds the side effects to be far more...pleasant than he expected. Now with every girl in the castle *obsessed* with him, Harry must decide whether to find a cure for this mystery ailment or give in to its more carnal benefits.

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Chapter 5: Questions, Queries, & Quidditch

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Hermione's chosen place was, in fact, not very far. Susan had been taken aback when the bookish girl had begun leading her down the familiar path to the kitchens but decided not to question it. It was somewhat comical to see the normally excitable house elves back away in silent terror the moment Hermione stepped foot into their expansive domain. Obviously the girl had built up a notorious reputation amongst the wide-eyed creatures during her SPEW campaign. No doubt the house elves now told their young scary bedtime stories featuring a terrifying bushy-haired monster intent on giving them clothes. The mental image was enough to make Susan giggle out loud, earning a raised eyebrow of confusion from Hermione.

"Sorry." Susan blushed. "They just seem so terrified of you."

This time it was Hermione's turn to blush as she glanced over towards the huddle of wary elves.

"I may have been a bit overzealous in my attempts to help." The brunette shook her head and gestured towards a small breakfast table nestled against the far wall. "Shall we?"

Susan nodded and followed the other girl's lead, sitting quickly in one of the simple wooden chairs.

As they settled into their seats, an excited voice spoke up from beside them.

"Hello Missus Hermy! What can Dobby gets you?!"

Susan peered down with eyes wide in shock at the most peculiar-looking house-elf she'd ever seen. He bounced from foot to foot, each clad in a different neon-coloured sock. His small body

was nearly engulfed completely in what appeared to be four different t-shirts and his head precariously balanced a veritable *tower* of hand-knitted caps.

Hermione smiled at the strange little elf. "Hello again Dobby. Would you bring us some tea please? If it's not a bother."

Dobby shook his head so fast that Susan was impressed the plethora of hats upon his head weren't thrown off from the velocity. "Oh no, Missus Hermy! Tis no problem for Dobby at all!"

With that, the excitable house-elf popped out of existence with a tray of tea and an assortment of small biscuits and scones appearing atop the table not a second later.

"Missus Hermy?" Susan questioned.

Hermione blushed and reached forward to begin pouring the tea. "He refuses to call me anything else. I'm only glad he doesn't refer to me with as many names as he does Harry. He freed him from the Malfoys and since then Dobby has practically worshipped the very ground Harry walks on."

Something clicked in Susan's memory at that and she gasped. "That's why you were so adamant about SPEW! You saw how the Malfoys treated their elf and thought that was the norm for all wizarding families?"

Hermione ducked her head. "Well, not entirely but...yes?"

Susan giggled and shook her head. "Hermione the Malfoys are perhaps the worst choice as a frame of reference when it comes to wizarding customs. You've had to learn that by now right? I feel for Dobby for having to put up with their horrid treatment for so long, but the fact of the matter is most house elves are treated just the same as any other member of the family." She gestured to herself. "My family elf, Timzy, practically helped *raise* me. I love her just as I would any other Bones."

"But it's still slavery!"

Susan shrugged. "Perhaps to someone raised in the muggle world. In the magical, it's seen as a symbiotic relationship. The house elves serve a family, and in return, they get access to our

magic of which they need to survive. You're right in the regard that there really needs to be more legislation in place to protect their rights just as much as any other sentient creature, but for the most part, house elves are treated quite well."

Hermione thought for a moment before sighing. "Maybe you're right. I still don't fully agree but this is something we can discuss later. Right now I want to talk about whatever has happened to Harry."

Susan swallowed thickly at the mention of the emerald-eyed Gryffindor and nodded.

"You know something," Hermione said. It wasn't a question, merely a statement of fact. "Tell me, please. I just want to understand what's going on with him- What's going on with *us*- in case it turns into something dangerous. Knowing Harry, it more than likely will be."

Susan bit the inside of her lip. Should she tell? The redhead wasn't even entirely sure what happened *herself* and she was there when it happened! If this got out, it could potentially hurt Harry. The prophet would have a field day for sure. That harlot Rita Skeeter would probably spin the whole thing to make Harry seem like some sort of conniving womanizer, or worse, an evil dark wizard intent on subjugating the witches of the world to his perverse will. That wasn't even to mention what the ministry would do! Susan shuddered at the thought. Images of Harry being dragged away by a gaggle of mysterious grey-robed figures to be locked away and studied for the rest of his life popped into her mind. No, it was too dangerous a secret.

...But this was Hermione. Harry's best friend! Who else could be trusted with such a dire secret than the girl who knew him probably better than he even knew himself? Plus it would certainly help to have the brightest witch of their age on their side in case Hermione was right and this DID end up putting them in danger.

Susan mentally groaned in frustration. Why the bloody hell was this up to her?! Harry should be here making this call...but he wasn't. Sighing, Susan made up her mind. Looking up to meet Hermione's gaze she began to speak. She told her everything- the flower, the strange puff of mist, what they did afterwards- Susan couldn't make it through that small tidbit without blushing

furiously, but thankfully Hermione remained completely engrossed in her tale that the bookworm didn't bother to comment. In the end, Susan finished by sucking in a breath of much-needed air and eyed the brunette anxiously for her to respond.

Hermione, however, took a moment to mull over her words. Her gaze was unfocused and she hummed heavily to herself while deep in thought. When she finally did speak, Susan jumped in surprise having grown used to the awkward silence.

"Where is this flower now?"

"Oh! Well- uhm- after, y'know, *the incident*, I got permission from Professor Sprout to store it in her private greenhouse. Besides her, I'm the only one with access to it. I figured it was best to keep it far away from anyone else it may decide to-uhm- bless." Susan coughed into her hand with a blush and avoided meeting Hermione's gaze.

Hermione hummed in acknowledgement. "Good. I'd like to see it if it's not too much to ask? I'm not foolish enough to believe I'd be able to glean anything from the plant you yourself haven't already Susan, but a fresh set of eyes never hurt. Shall we?"

"W-What? Now?" Susan sputtered.

Hermione shrugged, standing and collecting her bag quickly. "If it's no imposition."

Susan stammered for a moment before shaking her head. "I- No it's no problem. I just-" She sighed and stood as well. "We'll need to stop by the Hufflepuff dorms first so I can grab the key."

Hermione nodded, giving the red head a smile as they left the kitchens with their tea untouched.

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Harry smiled and took a deep breath of the cool morning air. Floating high above the ground atop his trusty Firebolt, he was intent on enjoying this small moment of peace while it lasted. In his mind, nothing could beat flying. He didn't need to be streaking across the sky like a madman all the time to feel the joy of being untethered by gravity, though the death-defying stunts he so often pulled atop his broom were certainly *fun*. The simple act of floating peacefully was enough at times and Harry would always revel in the bliss it brought.

His bliss, of course, was doomed from the start, however. Harry had all but a fraction of a second to force his broom into a sharp roll just as a Bludger came careening through the space he occupied not moments prior. Sighing, he shot a baleful glare down towards the giggling redhead that floated beneath him.

"That wasn't very nice Gin'." He growled.

Ginny rolled her eyes and pulled her broom up to his level. "Oh don't be such a baby! I wouldn't have done it if I knew you wouldn't be able to dodge the bloody thing." She snorted, clipping the practice beater's bat across her belt. "We're supposed to be practising those new manoeuvres anyway! Yet all you've done so far is hover around like a lazy butterfly. Don't tell me brown shagged all your flying skills out of you last night?"

In answer to her question, Harry suddenly snapped his broom into action. Ginny barely had time to squeak in surprise before he shot past her, missing colliding with the petite chaser by fractions of an inch.

To her credit, it only took Ginny a moment to regain her senses and shoot off after him. Harry didn't even need to look to know she was on his tail now. With a smirk, he upped the ante, yanking his broom to the side in a steep dive. A quick glance behind him showed Ginny following suit, her finesse with a broom allowing her to mimic his dive to a tee. On their chase went, like a game of cat and mouse. Harry ensured to keep the younger girl on her toes by mixing up his dives, rolls, and dips as they flew. Ginny responded splendidly of course, but he could tell even she was beginning to wane. Even without the world's fastest broom, Harry's skill at flying was too much even for her and eventually, he found himself landing beside the ginger as she gulped down lungfuls of air.

"I- *gasp*- al-almost h-had you!" Ginny wheezed.

Harry laughed. "You tell yourself that Gin'." He said cockily. Ginny shot him an annoyed glare, her freckled face flushed red from the exertion of their chase. Harry studied her a bit as she fought to regain her composure. Her tight tank top was thoroughly soaked with sweat, causing

the thin material to cling to her curves in a truly sinful way. Her leggings were no better. The elastic garment was like a second skin for the chaser. It practically showed off everything, from her toned athletic thighs to her eye-catching bubble butt, leaving nothing to the imagination. Not that Harry needed to imagine mind you. He could still vividly recall the way that round arse of hers rippled every time he slammed into her dripping wet cunt.

The memory had him hardening within his boxers in moments. Ginny seemed to know the second it happened as well. The red-haired girl stood almost instantly, a coy smirk on her features as she looked his way.

“How about another chase then *captain*?” She spoke the last word with a husky undertone that was hard to miss. “If you catch me before I reach the showers then you can do anything you want to me. And I do mean *anything*. If you don't, well then we'll both be walking back to the castle disappointed now won't we?”

Before he could answer, Ginny was suddenly on her broom and shooting off into the distance once more. Harry cursed under his breath and followed suit.

The chase was a short one. For one Harry's broom was noticeably faster than Ginny's Cloudjumper 7. It also helped that Ginny wasn't exactly giving the race her all. In the end, Harry was easily able to glide up beside the mischievous chaser's broom and pull her onto his. Ginny squeaked as she was unceremoniously hauled into his lap. Her arms instantly clung to his chest out of fear of falling. While they weren't very high, dropping from this height would still hurt quite a bit. It didn't matter, however, as within moments they were gliding up to the locker room entrance. Harry didn't bother to let Ginny off. Instead, he hauled the girl into his arms bridal style and stepped off his broom.

Ginny giggled as he all but kicked open the door to the showers. With no one around but them he couldn't care less about being inconspicuous, not that it would matter with his newfound gift. All he was focused on in that moment was getting the sexy minx in his arms naked as fast as humanely possible.

Ginny was happy to oblige his unspoken request.

Their mouths met in a hungry embrace. Tongues collided, slipping past each other's lips in a war for dominance that neither was intent on losing. Their hands did not remain idle either.

Ginny's tank top was thrown to the side, Harry's shirt nearly torn in two. The large open showers were turned on with a wave of Harry's hand as he carried his best friend's sister into the steamy chamber.

The rest of their clothes soon joined their tops. Ginny's knickers were the last to go, practically soaked through from her moistened pussy. When they were finally bare before one another, the two took a moment to merely stare. The hot water splashed against their skin, casting a glistening sheen over their forms. It was all Harry could do not to take her hard and fast right then and there. That wouldn't do. He wanted this to last- to savour every second of it. He had a prize to claim after all.

Ginny gasped as she was suddenly pushed up against the far shower wall. The cool tile prickled at her nude flesh but she hardly paid it any mind. The feeling of Harry's muscular body pressed up against hers while he devoured her lips was all she could focus on. She moaned against his lips, greedily kissing him back with as much fire as he was giving. His hand coaxed the inside of her thigh and Ginny had to fight hard to control the shudder of excitement that threatened travel down her spine. Instead, she opened her legs for him readily. His fingers found her heat almost instantly and Ginny could no longer stop the moans from escaping her throat. She was *soaked*, something that the water pouring down their bodies had absolutely nothing to do with. Harry teased her outer folds. Each swipe of a finger over her quim brought forth another gasp from Ginny's lips. When he found her pearl, she couldn't help but pull away from his lips and let out a cry of pure ecstasy.

"Already?" He chuckled into her ear. "I've barely touched you Gin'."

"Sh-Shut up-p." She moaned, grasping tightly onto his shoulders while her pussy quaked with climax.

Harry chuckled even more, partly to rile her up. Their lips found one another's again a moment later. Ginny's moans as he continued to tease her pussy through her orgasm were muffled by his tongue pushing its way into her mouth. Using a touch of magic that Sirius taught him the year prior, his fingers began to vibrate ever so slowly, nearly unnoticeable at first. Before Ginny could catch on to his intentions, he pushed two fingers inside her sweltering quim. The redhead gasped audibly against his lips. Nails dug into the flesh of his shoulders as his fingers began to vibrate faster and faster. Each plunge into her wet core was accentuated by the strangled moans spewing from Ginny's lips.

Her pussy was being devastated by his fingers. Juices flowed freely from her convulsing quim at such a rate that it was hard to tell whether it was shower water dripping down her leg or her own climax. When his fingers found her g-spot, Ginny was just about ready to let her eyes roll back and collapse into an unconscious heap. The only thing even keeping her standing at that point was Harry as he toyed with her pussy.

Just as fast as it all started, Ginny's pussy was suddenly devoid of his fingers. She groaned as her inner walls clamped down around nothing but she was given no time to voice her protest as she was suddenly hauled up into the air. The ginger girl squealed in surprise as her world spun. When she next opened her eyes everything around her was upside down, including the rock-hard cock poised in front of her face. Her shock was cut off as something wet was suddenly plunged into her weeping slit. She screamed in a mixture of surprise and pleasure as Harry's tongue forced its way between her folds. Unknown to her, her open mouth was the invitation that Harry was waiting for. Her cry of pleasure was silenced as he thrust his meaty cock into her mouth. Ginny gagged loudly around him, not expecting the sudden intrusion, but held upside down as she was- as if she was nothing more than a toy- she had no choice but to endure as he began to brutally fuck her mouth.

Harry groaned against Ginny's sloppy wet cunt. Her mouth was nearly as tight as her pussy with the added benefit of her whorish moans vibrating up his hard shaft. With every thrust, her throat

squeezed him in such delightfully erotic ways. It convulsed around him as her body fought for relief but he would give none. After all, she had promised him he could do whatever he wanted with her, and right now what he wanted to do was make her choke on his cock while feasting on her wet pussy.

Ginny was very clearly enjoying the treatment, regardless of her gagging. The juices splashing across his chin was evidence of just how much the petite witch was loving being used like his personal sex doll, and Harry was in agreement. So much so that, before he knew it, a familiar pressure was building in his balls. He groaned and pulled away from Ginny's cunt. He wanted nothing more than to explode right then and there inside her slutty little mouth but not just yet. Carefully reorienting the feather light girl in his arms he was greeted with the sight of her thoroughly cock drunk face. She giggled as she was righted, what little makeup she had been wearing before was now smeared and leaking down her cheeks.

"That was new!" She smiled, clearing her throat to alleviate some of the soreness within.

Harry smirked and placed her down on unsteady feet. His hands on her waist were the only things that stopped her from collapsing onto the wet shower floor below.

"We're not done yet Gin'." He chuckled darkly.

"Good." Ginny replied, wrapping her hand around his cock pointedly. "Because I'll be damned if I let that whore Brown show me up again like yesterday."

He hadn't even needed to ask as she turned around and presented him with her muscular bum. Harry couldn't resist reaching out and cupping her small, bubbly cheeks, groping the firm globes roughly. Ginny moaned, pressing her hands against the wall as she wiggled her hips impatiently. He wouldn't last long inside her, not after he came so close to blowing his load in her mouth just moments ago, but that hardly mattered. Bending at the waist, Ginny looked over her shoulder with a sparkle in her eyes and shook her bum back and forth. He throbbed at the sight of her pink, glistening lips peeking out from between her pale white thighs.

“Fuck me. Hard,” Ginny panted lightly.

Resting one hand on her shoulder, Harry lined himself up with the other and sank into her tight, hot depths. They moaned in unison as his hips rested against her bum, his full length buried in her steaming, slippery core. After taking a moment to savour the feeling, Harry began sawing his hips back and forth in long, powerful strokes. Ginny nearly collapsed the second his hips smacked roughly against her arse. The feeling of his cock stretching apart her inner walls and spearing her innermost depths was euphoric.

“Oh fuck yes!” She hissed, throwing her hips back into his thrusts with what little strength she had left. “Harder! Oh god, please, harder!”

Harry growled at her words, his shaft pulsing inside of her. As he started thrusting harder and faster into her weeping pussy he couldn’t help but stare at the way her bum rippled with every slap of flesh. Just the way he remembered, he thought with a smirk. Knowing Ginny liked it a bit rough, he decided to up the ante and grabbed a handful of her long wet red hair. He gripped it like a handle and tugged her head back just hard as he slammed his hips forward.

“Fuck!” Ginny cried, her depths fluttering wildly around him. Her pussy squelched loudly as her juices gushed free, painting the inside of her thighs and Harry’s groin with her oily girl-cum.

As a trembling moan left her lips, the reaction spurred Harry on to raise his hand and bring it down hard on her bare cheek. It cracked against her flesh with a loud ‘SMACK!’. Ginny instantly howled with a mixture of pleasure and pain, another gush of arousal pulsing out from her puffy red pussy lips.

“Is this what you want?” Harry asked, smacking her arse again and again. Each slap earned him another cry of pleasure from the redhead’s mouth. “To be used like the little slut you are?”

“Y-Your... slut~” Ginny panted in reply.

Harry smirked and slammed his cock as deep as possible inside her cunt, brushing against her cervix. Ginny screamed as yet another climax tore its way through her core. Pressing her flat against the wet tiled wall and tugging her head back to kiss her neck.

“My slut.” He whispered back. He began to thrust once more, each one pressed her harder against the shower wall. This was no longer about using her as he pleased. Her small admission changed things. Changed how exactly, he was unsure. All he knew was the second the words left her lips something clicked in Harry’s mind. Using Ginny could wait, for now, he wanted- no *needed* to claim her.

Harry growled, slamming into her furiously as he felt his climax nearing. Ginny screamed, a spray of hot arousal drenching his shaft as she came again from his savage thrusts. Burying himself as deeply as possible, he erupted in her depths. Letting go of her hair, he wrapped his arms around Ginny and held her tightly, his hips bucking instinctively as he emptied himself inside of her. The redhead hummed contentedly, turning her head to kiss him on the cheek. If either had been paying attention at that moment, they would have heard the small musical trill fill the air around them. Yet they were far too engrossed in each other to care, their respective orgasmic highs taking over their senses completely as they kissed.

It would be sometime later when they had dried off and the day was nearly done- when they were bare before one another once more, skin shining with sweat and sexes coated in each other’s juices when they would notice. It was small, and the small tuft of red hair above Ginny’s pussy obscured much of it, but it was there nonetheless.

The image of a small golden rose sat perfectly above her folds. Its stem looped and curved, forming two tiny cursive letters that were hard to see at first.

H and P.

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Author’s Note

What could this mean?? Well, I mean / know what it means, but you don’t! Guess you’ll just have to wait and see ;)

Thanks for reading!