

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 10: Petals Upon The Floor

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Surprisingly, Pansy showed up right on time. In fact, she was early, having been waiting patiently by the entrance to the Room of Requirement by the time Harry arrived. He gave the girl a once-over as he approached. She wore a shimmery purple robe pulled tight around her figure—made from Acromantula silk no doubt, knowing Pansy’s taste for expensive clothing. It clung to her curves, barely going down past her upper thigh, where a set of fishnet leggings were visible atop her creamy pale skin. All in all, her outfit left very little to the imagination. She noticed his approach quickly and turned to face him. She’d spent some time on her makeup, he noticed. Thankfully, her usual habit of caked-on layers that made her look closer to a clown than a pretty witch was absent. Instead, her lips were painted a deep ruby red whilst a light dusting of blush adorned her cheeks. The deep purple eyeliner around her lashes served to draw one’s focus to her eyes, which even Harry had to admit were quite beautiful beneath the torchlight.

She didn’t smile as he approached, but she did shift the tiniest bit with excitement. Obviously their little ‘incident’ in Transfiguration had been on her mind all day. Harry felt himself smirk. Good, he thought. He’d been looking forward to this as well.

“Parkinson.” He greeted, a mocking smirk on his face. “Fancy meeting you here.”

She shot him a glare, unconsciously pulling her abysmal excuse for a robe tighter around herself.

“Shut up and open the door already. I don’t wanna risk anyone seeing me dressed like this...”

She glanced around warily, flicking her tongue across her bottom lip.

Harry chuckled and moved closer to the girl. Pansy took a hesitant half step back, but it wasn't enough to stop Harry from reaching out and grasping her by the chin.

"Maybe I want them to see, hmm? You're quite the sight after all. Perhaps I'll undress you right here and now. I could fuck you against the banister, let the whole castle hear you scream my name." As he spoke, he grazed his thumb up and down Pansy's cheek whilst he reached around to give her plush arse a squeeze. "Is that what you'd prefer?" He asked.

The brunette shivered at the attention. She cast her gaze low, avoiding meeting his eyes and said nothing.

Harry chuckled again and released her. "No, I think I'll keep you to myself for the night. Enough witnessed how big of a slut you are earlier anyway. There's no need to prove a point already made. C'mon." He gestured for her to follow as he mentally summoned his chosen room. The castle heard his request, and a doorway appeared not a moment later. Pansy followed him inside diligently. The sound of the door slamming closed behind her made her jump and squeak in surprise, but other than that, she said nothing.

Inside stood a single queen-sized bed, no different in style from the many other beds found across the school. The difference, however, was the four posts on each corner. While the normal dorm room beds had posts that held up a series of curtains along each side, this one's posts were there for one reason and one reason only: to secure the series of cuffs to the corners of the bed.

Harry turned and took a seat in the only chair within the room, a glass of bourbon appearing in his hand as he affixed Pansy with a pointed gaze.

"Strip."

The single word was spoken without any room for argument, not that Pansy planned on arguing. In fact, for the first time that evening, Pansy actually smiled in excitement when he spoke the command.

She moved at a leisurely pace, pulling free the thin shimmering strap from around her waist that held her robe together. The purple garment fell to the floor a moment later, pooling down at the feet of her long, toned legs. Harry drank in the sight before him. The lingerie one-piece she wore was nothing more than a tangle of frills and mesh crisscrossing her torso. Only her abdomen was left bare, the small glint of a belly-button piercing glinting in the candlelight.

Pansy approached him without the need for coaxing, slowly stepping forward with a sway to her hips. Harry said nothing as she dropped to her knees before him. Her eyes were half-hooded and smoky. They were almost pleading in the way she stared up at him. Setting his drink to the side, Harry brought one hand down to cup her cheek, smiling softly.

“SMACK!”

“Gyah!” Pansy cried out in pain, the slap taking her by surprise. “Fuck! What was that for?!”

In lieu of answering, Harry stood. With a snap of his fingers, Pansy’s hands that were cradling her cheek were suddenly bound together by a thin golden rope. She hissed as the small binding tightened around her wrists, yet she wasn’t able to voice any protest as she was suddenly hauled to her feet by Harry.

“Mph!” The squeak of her voice was muffled as Harry crashed his lips against hers. He didn’t allow her the chance to open her mouth in invitation. Instead, he took what he wanted, pushing his tongue past her lips and devouring her mouth. Pansy surprised him with a muffled mewl of approval. He could feel her shift against him, no doubt due to the excitement already building in her veins.

Just as she began to push herself flush against him, Harry pulled back, earning a whine of disappointment from Pansy. He grinned in amusement. The girl in front of him was a far cry from the usual poisonous bitch he’d come to know and revile after all these years. The whimpering creature of lust and need she allowed herself to devolve into with a single kiss showed how truly desperate the girl was for any sort of affection. Was she truly so neglected by Draco? Or was the blonde ponce just simply not enough to sate the brunette’s desires?

Whichever it was, Harry was more than happy to fill the role for her.

With another snap, Pansy was suddenly pulled back onto the bed by an invisible tether. She squeaked as the cuffs around the posts came to life. The leather bindings wrapped themselves taut around her wrists and ankles, magically tightening the slack as they spread her legs apart and restrained her arms. One even appeared from behind her head, slithering around to gag her mouth before she could protest.

Pansy wiggled against the bindings for a moment before realising it was futile. With a huff, she looked up at Harry, her eyes wide and breasts fluttering with nervous breath. He allowed her to watch as he undressed, keenly aware of her eyes as they raked themselves up and down his form. When his cock was finally freed, half-hard and swollen, he swore he heard Pansy moan in arousal.

"You know-" He began, circling around the bed. "-you've been nothing but the vilest, venomous snake to my friend and I over the years. You made our lives hell, to be frank, and I can't say I haven't ever wished to have you at my complete and utter mercy before. In fact...I've imagined a situation much like this many times in my head."

As he spoke, he drifted a hand over Pansy's bound form, fist starting at her calf and up the inside of her thigh until it came to rest with his fingers a hairs breadth away from her sweltering heat.

"In all those fantasies, I could never imagine how much of pathetic *slut* you truly are."

In the blink of an eye, he had her knickers pushed aside and three of his fingers shoved deep inside her core. Pansy cried out, the noise muffled by the gag strapped around her mouth as her back arched from the sudden intrusion. At first glance, it would seem as though he moved too fast and had hurt her, but Harry knew better. It was almost as if he could *feel* her arousal, and he didn't mean by the soaking wetness that now coated his hand. No, this was something more. Something new. Perhaps it was a new manifestation of his power, or perhaps it was simply a

testament to the pure desperation wafting off of Pansy in droves. Either way, he could feel how horny she was in this very moment

“Tch, you’re no better than a Knockturn whore.” He began to pump his fingers, slowly at first, silently revelling in the way she squirmed and whimpered from his touch. “You’re nearly cumming from just my fingers. It’s pitiful, really.” As he spoke, he continued to pump his hand in and out of her sopping wet heat. Her frilly knickers were positively soaked, as too were the sheets below. It was when he finally looked down to get a glimpse of just how wet she truly was that he caught sight of something glinting in the light. Using his other hand, Harry pushed her knickers further to the side in confusion—confusion that morphed quickly into a mocking laugh the second he realised what it was he was looking at.

“And just when I thought you couldn’t be any sluttier!” He laughed. With a small pulse of magic, her knickers and accompanying leggings disappeared, revealing the small heart shaped butt-plug hilted firmly in the brunette’s arse. Harry pulled his fingers free from her cunt and teasingly flicked the small gem-encrusted sex toy. The act earned a gasp from Pansy, her hips jerking from the sudden change in stimulation.

“Did you wear this in the hope I’d bugger you then? Or maybe you just enjoy having all of your holes filled?” Harry leaned in, his face coming within inches of hers as he circled the edge of the butt-plug with a single finger. “Then again...maybe that’s not what it is at all. Your lingerie, your pathetic whimpering at my touch, even this-” He flicked the anal toy again, earning another muffled groan from Pansy as she stared up at him. “-it’s all been for me hasn’t it? You’ve made yourself into the perfect little fuck-doll all for me.” Pansy’s eyes widened for a bit before looking away in shame. It seems he was more right than he thought. “My, my...what would your fellow Slytherins think of you now?”

Pansy said nothing, or at least, she didn’t *try* to say anything. A red blush that slowly crept down her neck was his only answer, but that was enough for Harry. With a snap of his fingers, the cuffs suddenly shifted. Pansy’s muffled squeak of surprise echoed out as she was rolled over

onto her stomach with her arse pressed high into the air. The small bejewelled butt-plug glinted up at him freely.

“Don’t worry, Parkinson.” He said as he crawled onto the bed. “I’ll make you a deal. If you can last longer than me without cumming, I won’t tell a soul about this. But if you fail...” He trailed off, reaching forward to slowly pull the butt-plug free from her arse. Pansy moaned, low and pleading, as the bulb of her toy popped free. “...well then the entire castle will know you’re this ‘filthy half-bloods’ slut.”

He could feel Pansy shiver beneath him at his words whether that be from excitement or dread, Harry decided he didn’t rightly care. Instead, he used his two hands to spread the brunette’s arse cheeks apart. With a silent charm for lubrication, he lined himself up with her slightly gaped back door and took the plunge.

“HNGGGGGHHH!” Pansy cried out and Harry couldn’t help but groan in agreement.

Her arse was tight, almost painfully so, but fuck did it feel incredible! He didn’t bother giving her the time to adjust to his size. This is what she wanted after all. Her discomfort meant little to him at this point. The slapping of his thrusts against her arse nearly drowned out the muffled sound of Pansy’s cries. The sight of her shapely backside rippling with every hammer of his hips was mesmerising to say the least. Harry might hate Pansy, but even he could admit she had one hell of an arse.

Every thrust brought a new muffled gasp of pain and pleasure from Pansy’s gagged lips.

Something about the sound stirred him on, making him thrust harder and faster into her poor arsehole. For a brief moment, Harry feared he might actually lose their little bet. Her back door felt incredible. The sheer tightness of it was enough to have his climax building within the first few minutes. Thankfully, Pansy didn’t have nearly half the resolve as him. With a scream, the brunette went stiff, her arsehole tightening like a vice around his cock while a gush of arousal sprayed free from her cunt. Her orgasm was so intense it actually forced Harry’s cock from her arse before the girl collapsed almost bonelessly against the mattress.

He didn't give her much time to recover. Whilst he was glad he won their little wager, he almost had been right on the edge himself, and Harry was determined to reach his own climax. With barely a thought, the binding around Pansy's limbs and mouth came free. He flipped her over, uncaring of her moans of protest as he sank his cock into the silky wetness of her cunt in a single thrust. With her mouth now un-gagged, Pansy was free to cry out fully into his ear as her inner walls were stretched apart. She wrapped her arms around his torso, clinging too him as he began to thrust into her with thunderous slaps of flesh against flesh.

Their lips met in a silent agreement for *more*. Pansy bucked her hips up into Harry just as he was completing a down-stroke, slamming their sexes together with an audible slap, exalting in the way that Harry groaned into her mouth even as she sucked on his tongue. His hands moved from their position at either side of her to her hips, and it was Pansy's turn to moan when Harry shoved her further into the bed, pushing her up towards the headboard. At some point, Harry's hand had found its way wrapped around her throat, constricting her airway and halting her moans of pleasure.

"Fuck," Harry couldn't help but grunt as Pansy was forcibly fucked into another shaking orgasm. Her silent cries of euphoria were etched into every detail of her face. Harry paid her no mind, though, as he tightened his grip around her throat and slammed into her with gusto.

His end came with a guttural growl of pleasure. Hilting himself as deep as possible inside the brunette's velvety cunt, he released his load with four powerful jets of cum deposited within her womb. It was only when the final shot of his seed splashed against her walls did Harry release his grip around her neck, allowing her to finally suck in a gasp of much needed air.

"Looks like you lost twice Parkinson." He breathed. The twitches of her cunt around him was her only response. She was too busy trying to rein in her breathing to properly form words it seemed.

Harry smirked and palmed her still lingerie clad tits. His cock at yet to grow soft and the night was still young, there was no reason to stop now.

For the first time that night, Pansy didn't so much as make a peep when she was repositioned once more. This time, she was on top, unconsciously rocking her hips back and forth before she could even comprehend what she was doing.

One of his hands went to her hips, stopping her back-and-forth motion, while the other went to her hair in a flash, his fingers gripping at her scalp, hauling her face back down to his. Pansy resisted the urge to coo in pleasure at his response, but failed entirely at withholding a moan when Harry took her bottom lip between his teeth. Instead of her riding him, the position had turned to Harry thrusting up against Pansy, holding her still with both the hand in her hair and his grip on her hip, though he certainly took the opportunity to spank her every few moments, the crack of the impact echoing over the moans and curses that Pansy was uttering with even greater frequency.

Needless to say, Pansy lost half a dozen more times that night.

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Susan huffed and angrily scratched out the last sentence of her essay. The aching throb in her womanhood had yet to let up since the night before. No matter what she did, the gnawing sensation of lust within her loins would not let up. She tried everything, going through nearly her entire box of toys before giving up sometime after her fourth orgasm. That was hours ago. It was now 3 a.m., and after hours of tossing and turning in her bed, she thought she'd at least try to get some of her homework done early if sleep would not come.

A futile effort, as she was realising now.

The small prickling sensation emanating from her left arsecheek was a stark reminder of just what—or more accurately—*who* was causing this. No doubt Harry or Hermione were enjoying the nature of their new powers at that very moment. More than likely it was Harry with some random witch or another squealing around his cock while Hermione watched taking notes.

Susan snorted at the mental image. She had a feeling she wasn't far off from the truth.

She sighed as she was forced to scratch out yet another line of incomprehensible scrawl. This was bloody useless! With a growl, Susan flicked her wand toward the mess of parchment in front of her, intending to banish it into the bin across the room. Which is why it was such a surprise when the parchment *exploded* into an angry ball of cackling energy that slammed into the far wall with a loud *crack!*

Susan groaned and stood, stepping across the common room to study the new blackened crack in the stone wall.

“Not again...” She whispered, running a finger down the jagged divot. It was hot to the touch, still cooling from the violent magic that had slammed into it only moments ago.

This had been another odd side effect she’d been juggling with for the past day and a half. Her magic seemed to be dialled up to an extreme. Every spell she used, no matter how trivial or small, became rife with magical power Susan could never have possibly mustered before. She only found out about this when she was watering some Whistling Weigelas in Greenhouse 6.

The simple water charm she used was supposed to be no more than a sprinkling of water. Her spell, however, was more akin to that of a geyser, spraying out with enough force to shatter four windows before she managed to end the spell. After that, she spent the rest of her morning confused, watering the plants with a physical watering can.

It was obvious this newfound magical potency had something to do with the golden mark adorning her flesh, but Susan didn’t know *how*.

Did this happen to everyone Harry or Hermione slept with? Did either of them even know about it? Who else had one?

These questions and many more swam through her head without answer, and yet Susan couldn’t find it within herself to approach the two just yet. She was uncertain why she felt such hesitancy, truth be told, but in the end she decided this was something *she* needed to study herself first.

What she found was...very little.

A few hours practising in the Room of Requirement revealed that she could somewhat control the output of her magic, though not enough to make her comfortable enough casting spells around others any time soon. The constant ache of need in her cunt certainly didn't help her concentration. Thankfully, she did notice as time went on, the effects...lessened somewhat. At first, she had thought it was simply her control getting better, but that was quickly discarded when a book nearly knocked her out from her own summoning charm.

No, it was as if whatever this boost in her magical power was, it was temporary. She knew from her studies that magic wasn't a finite source, so she was confident that using her magic more wouldn't end the influx of power any quicker than just waiting. How long would it last? That she had no clue. Hermione could probably come up with some test that would measure her magical output at different times and then use that data to form some sort of equation to calculate the actual rate of decline...but Susan could not. So instead, she was simply going to wait. If she didn't accidentally kill herself with a random spell whenever it slipped her mind, of course.

Then again, she thought as she examined the large gouge in the wall further, perhaps she ought to include Hermione and Harry sooner rather than later. She was risking not only hurting herself but others as well if this continued for much longer. She just hoped telling them would give her actual answers instead of more questions...

Susan grimaced as another throb of arousal lashed out through her core.

...Until then, it looked like she was due another date with her favourite pink vibrator.

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Author's Note

Looks like the side effects of the mark aren't going to be the same for every girl. My oh my I wonder what this could mean...

Thanks for reading!