

Chapter 10

"Today, we're going to be talking about dark magic, and how to best defend against it," Connie said as she stood at the front of the classes.

Harry heard a quiet scoff and looked over to see Snape sitting back in his seat, arms folded, with a sneer on his face.

"Now, who can tell me the definition of dark magic?" she asked, then pointed to Lily. "Ms. Evans."

"Dark magic is any Curse or Hex that's intended use is to cause permanent injury or death," Lily answered.

"A good definition and one most academics and governments agree on, five points to Gryffindor," Connie said with a small smile. "The vast majority of these spells also require a caster to focus on negative emotions such as anger or hatred. For this reason, the practice of these spells is highly discouraged and the use of them on another person, depending on the severity of the results, can see you fined or sitting in a cell in Azkaban. The most common examples of dark magic are the three Unforgivable, which you should have covered last year."

Receiving nods from several students in the class, Connie pushed herself off the desk and flicked her wand. Behind her, a piece of chalk began writing a list of defenses against different types of dark spells. Frowning, Harry raised his hand.

"Yes, Mr. Potter?" Connie asked.

"What about the effect dark magic has on the caster?" he asked.

Nearly everyone in the class looked confused at his question, and several of the Slytherins snickered.

“That goes a bit more in-depth into dark magic than I’d planned, but since you’ve raised the question, why don’t you explain to the rest of the class what you mean?” Connie offered, leaning back against her desk.

“Well, because dark magic requires the caster to focus on negative emotions, practicing it can cause a noticeable change in personality. What’s even worse is that most dark magic gives the caster a rush from the sense of power they feel. Practicing dark magic too much can cause a fundamental change in the way a person behaves. Over time, their mind starts to associate those negative emotions with positive feelings.” Harry explained.

“Basically, when you practice dark magic, you tend to fall back on negative emotions like anger and hate because your body expects a reward for feeling that way. After enough time, and enough dark magic, it can become almost impossible to feel any real positive emotions. That’s why most dark wizards can’t cast the Patronus. They can’t summon the right feelings for the spell to work.”

“What a load of drivel,” someone muttered from the Slytherin side of the classroom.

“I assure you, Mr. Potter is entirely correct,” Connie said. “The effects of casting too much dark magic have been known for thousands of years. In fact, Aurors are taught to keep an eye on each other for gradual personality changes. Because there are a handful of dark spells that we use on rare occasions, there’s a strict limit on how much and how often we can practice.”

“What sort of changes?” Lily asked, her brow knitted as she listened intently.

“Getting angry over small things, staying angry for a long time, developing an increasing hatred for something that didn’t use to bother them. Those sorts of things,” Connie replied.

Lily quickly glanced at Snape, who stared steadfastly at the front of the class.

“Can a person change back when they start acting like that?” she asked.

"It depends," Connie said, watching her closely. "If you can catch it early enough, and you can get them to stop practicing dark magic, yes. Unfortunately, most don't want to stop. I once heard a healer liken it to an addiction. If they wait too long the changes can become permanent. If any of you notice those sorts of changes in a friend and you suspect they've been practicing dark magic, I urge you to talk to a professor about it immediately."

Lily bit her lip and sat back in her seat as she stared down at her desk with a thoughtful look on her face. Harry could see the conflict on her face and, even though he did like or care for Snape at all, he sympathized with what she was going through.

"Yes, Mr. Potter?" Connie called.

Harry looked up in surprise until he realized she was talking to James, who had his hand raised with a mischievous look on his face.

"Doesn't that describe how every Slytherin acts?" he asked innocently.

"Fuck off, Potter," Evan Rosier barked with a glare.

"See?" James said, gesturing with his hand.

"That's enough!" Connie said sternly. "Ten points from both of you. Now, let's move on to the best ways to defend against dark magic."

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As they left the classroom, Harry noticed Lily's eyes following Snape as he walked down the hall.

"I'm going to go talk to him," Lily said before taking off after Snape.

Harry sighed as he watched her go. He didn't like Snape, but if she could get through to him and stop him from becoming the bitter, resentful bastard he had been in Harry's time, that could only be a good thing.

"Where's she going?" James asked with a frown.

"Dunno," Harry said with a shrug.

"Looks like she's going to talk to Snivellus," Sirius said.

"What!?" James barked, then glared at Harry. "What'd you let her do that for?"

"You're welcome to try and stop her yourself," Harry said with a roll of his eyes before turning to walk away.

After a quick stop at the library, he made his way to the Great Hall for lunch where he spotted a familiar redhead filling his plate. Though he'd seen him around the school quite a few times, he really hadn't talked to Arthur Weasley much since arriving. His hair was fuller and looked a bit brighter, but from what he'd seen, he still acted like the same man Harry had looked up to.

"Is this seat taken?" Harry asked.

"Help yourself," Arthur said with a familiar, kind smile. "So, how are you liking Hogwarts so far?"

"It's great," Harry replied.

“Just wait until next week when they put up the Christmas decorations,” Arthur told him.

“So, what do you plan to do when you leave Hogwarts at the end of the year?” Harry asked curiously as he piled food onto his plate.

“I want to find a job that will let me explore the Muggle world. They’re just absolutely fascinating, aren’t they?” he asked.

Harry smiled and nodded. Some things never change, he thought.

As Arthur began talking about some of the Muggle things he found interesting, Harry took a bit of chicken. Instantly, his face soured as his mouth was filled with the taste of salt. Spitting it out, he reached for his goblet and downed it quickly. Unfortunately, it did little to wash the taste out of his mouth.

“What’s wrong?” Arthur asked.

Frowning, Harry cast a Cancellation Charm over his plate. Everything he’d planned to eat collapsed into a pile of salt. Hearing snickering, he looked up to see James, Sirius, and Peter laughing amongst themselves while Remus gave him an apologetic look.

“They transfigured salt to look like food,” Harry said.

Arthur picked up a slice of ham from his plate, gave it a lick, and grimaced at the taste. Waving his wand in a wider arch while casting the Cancellation charm, all of the food within arm’s reach of the two of them collapsed into piles of salt. Harry vanished all of it and watched as the House Elves in the kitchen magicked more, real, food onto the platters.

“Is there any more pumpkin juice?” Harry asked, failing to find a pitcher.

“Here, take mine,” Arthur said, handing him the goblet.

Harry took it gratefully and downed the contents. With the taste of salt finally washed out of his mouth, he started refilling his plate. It was only a moment later that he began to feel a warmth in his stomach that radiated outwards. A wave of lust flooded his senses, and a raging erection strained at the front of his pants.

Growling angrily, Harry looked over at the laughing Marauders. Just as he was about to turn away, he spotted Molly looking at him with a pale face and wide eyes. Realizing he’d taken a potion meant for Arthur, he fixed his robes around him to hide the prominent bulge in his pants and stood from the table.

“I need to use the loo,” Harry said.

Seeing him coming towards her, Molly stood abruptly and all but fled the Great Hall. In the Entrance Hall, she looked at him worriedly as he stormed up to her. Grabbing her hand, Harry led her over to a disused classroom.

“I’m sorry, that was meant for Arthur,” Molly said.

“What was?” Narcissa asked as she and Bellatrix came up from behind Harry closed the door behind them.

Molly looked like she was about to panic with three people now looking at her expectantly.

“I - I just wanted him to notice me, it was just a weak love potion –”

“What?” Narcissa hissed.

“It wasn’t a love potion,” Harry told her.

“What?” Molly asked nervously.

“Do I look like I’m on a Love Potion right now?” Harry asked frustratedly, his erection throbbing with need. “It was a lust potion.”

Molly gasped and covered her mouth with her hand.

“But – but Witch Weekly said – ”

“You trust that rag?” Narcissa interrupted and raised her eyebrow imperiously. “Should we take her to McGonagall?”

“No! Please, it was a mistake,” Molly pleaded.

“But look at what you did to poor Harry,” Bellatrix said with a pout as she reached over to rub the bulge in his pants.

Harry groaned while Molly’s eyes followed Bella’s hand, her cheeks going red all the way up to her ears.

Bellatrix smirked, “If you take care of him, I’m sure we can keep this just between us.”

“Bella,” Harry growled.

“I’ll do it,” Molly said quickly.

Harry opened his mouth to tell her she didn’t have to, but Bellatrix chose that moment to give his length a hard squeeze, making him groan instead.

“Well?” Bellatrix asked impatiently.

Stepping forward tentatively, Molly dropped down to her knees and reached for his belt. Under normal circumstances, Harry would have been able to turn her away easily, but with the Lust Potion muddling his senses and clouding his judgment, he couldn't bring himself to tell her to stop. Even his iron-clad will had its limits.

“I have Transfigurations in fifteen minutes,” Narcissa said, then turned to Harry with a smirk. “Have fun.”

“You're not going to stop this?” Harry asked, remembering her initial reaction to Bellatrix and Rosmerta.

“Bella and I had a talk and I've gotten over it,” she replied with a smile.

Turning his chin with her fingers, she kissed him on the lips before opening the door, slipping outside, and closing it behind her. Harry stared after her helplessly, his head feeling foggy, and thoughts slowed from the potion clouding his mind. When he felt a tug on his pants, he turned back to Molly just as she pulled his pants and boxers down over his straining erection. His cock sprang up and slapped her under the chin, causing her to squeal in surprise. Leaning back, Molly stared at the throbbing, angry, red head with wide eyes while Bellatrix cackled.

“Oh my!” Molly gasped.

Feeling as if he was a passenger in his own body, Harry stepped forward and clamped both of his hands around the back of her head. Molly looked up at him, her blue eyes sparkling with a combination of nervousness and excitement as he pulled her closer to his raging erection. As she parted her lips and took him into her hot, damp mouth, Bellatrix pressed herself against his side and kissed the side of his neck.



"You are definitely getting punished for this later," Harry said as he plunged his length deep into Molly's mouth, causing her to gag lightly when he hit the back of her throat.

"I look forward to it," Bellatrix whispered sultrily into his ear.

Growling in frustration and with a need more powerful than he'd ever felt before, Harry held Molly's head still while he began thrusting his hips. Bracing her hands on his legs for support, she took his cock impressively, barely flinching as his swollen head battered the entrance of her throat and caused a loud, wet gag to escape her stretched lips. Molly sucked in a sharp breath through her nose each time he pulled back while thick globs of saliva began dripping down her chin.

Harry felt himself inexorably giving in to the potion as he began thrusting faster. Molly gurgled while more saliva dripped down to land on her crisp white shirt. As Harry stared down at her, her shirt turned more and more transparent, giving him a tantalizing view of her huge, bra-encased breasts and further enflaming his lust.

Pulling out of her mouth, Harry let loose a burst of uncontrolled magic that stripped the clothes from all three of them while Molly panted for breath. A gasp left her lips as her massive, torpedo-shaped breasts bounced into the open. Wide, puffy areolas took up nearly the entire tip of each soft yet perky mound while a thick, stiff red nipple sat in the center. Molly squeaked and looked down at herself in surprise but didn't try to cover herself - not that it would have helped much if she did with the size of her bust. His cock giving a needy throb, Harry pulled her forward and slipped back into her hot, welcoming mouth.

Bellatrix gave a deep, naughty chuckle as she returned to kissing his neck and caressing his chest. Harry groaned, relentlessly plunging his spit-soaked length in and out of Molly's mouth in a mindless haze. Even if someone walk in at that very moment, he didn't think he could summon the will to stop what he was doing. It took all of the strength he had not to just force himself deep into Molly's throat. Whatever potion she had given him was incredibly powerful.

For her part, Molly took his rough pounding impressively. Despite the tears falling from her eyes, the spit raining from her chin down onto her heaving breasts, and the loud, wet gurgles

she made when his thick head rammed into the back of her throat, she took it all in stride. She'd even started lashing at his length with her tongue each time he pulled back.

Nearing his peak, Harry forced himself to pull completely out for just a moment, giving her a chance to take a breath before he drove right back in. He thrust wildly as his legs began to tremble. A moment later, he opened his mouth to warn Molly he was close, only for it to turn into a groan when she chose that moment to flick her tongue over the tip of his cock. His breath caught in his throat and his vision went black at the edges from the strength of his climax that nearly caused him to collapse.

Rather than shooting in spurts or jets like he normally did, Harry came in streams. Dimly, he noticed Molly's eyes go wide as her cheeks puffed out. As he continued to flood her mouth, she swallowed around him, but couldn't stop some from leaking out around her lips. Giggling, Bellatrix reached down and stroked the part of his shaft that wasn't covered by Molly's lips. After a few more powerful bursts, Harry finally started to come down from the most intense climax he'd ever experienced.

After swallowing one last time, Molly sucked in a deep breath and coughed a couple of times, her hand held to her chest.

"My goodness," she said, looking down at the cum and spit covering her breasts. "Is that because of the potion, or are you always like that?"

"The potion," Harry panted.

Molly looked up and stared at the still rigid cock aimed at her face.

"And that?" she asked, swallowing thickly.

"Yeah," Harry said, the potion making it hard to think of anything other than what he wanted to do with Molly's thick, curvy figure.

“Oh,” she said, her eyes still on his length that pulsed in time with his heartbeat.

“You did say you’d take care of it,” Bellatrix reminded her.

“Well, yes, I –”

Molly broke off with a small gasp when Harry bent down and lifted her off the floor. With her voluptuous figure, she wasn’t a small witch, but he was still able to effortlessly carry her over to the teacher’s desk and lay her down on her back. Molly planted her feet on the desk and spread her legs while lifting her head to look at the throbbing cock about to enter her. Seeing the tangle of fiery red hair covering her mound, Harry waved his hand, trimming it down to a well-manicured strip.

“How? You don’t even have a wand!” Molly said, gaping at him.

“Must be the potion,” Harry told her as he stepped between her legs.

He was able to restrain himself from slamming into her and slowly sank into her hot, wet folds. Molly gasped as she watched more and more of his thick shaft disappear into her sweltering depths.

“It’s so big,” she said.

Groaning as he bottomed out, Harry grabbed two rough handfuls of her breasts and used them as handles as he began thrusting his hip. Gripping her breasts near the bottom, the top half that overflowed his hands swayed in time with his thrusts. With her view obscured by her own bust, Molly laid back on the desk and closed her eyes with a low, wanton moan. When she opened them again, she found herself staring up at Bellatrix’s perky breasts and grinning face.

“Look at these massive tits,” Bellatrix said.

Reaching out, she grabbed one of Molly's thick, prominent nipples and gave it a tug. With a gasp, Harry felt her depths flutter around him, driving him to thrust harder and deeper.

"Bella," he growled warningly, his restraint hanging by a thread.

Looking up at him with a hooded, mischievous gaze, she pulled on her nipple again while rolling it between her fingers. When Molly moaned and tightened around his length, Harry's restraint snapped, and he began hammering into her. She cried out in surprise and pleasure as he plowed into her. A loud, skin-on-skin slapping filled the room each time his thighs collided with her bum, causing the flesh of her wide hips and thick thighs to ripple. Each hammering thrust made the wooden desk creak in protest and the feet scraped against the floor as they were jerked forward a millimeter at a time.

Laughing, Bellatrix gave Molly's nipple another sharp tug before letting go and watching it snap back into place. Lifting herself up, she climbed onto the desk and knelt over Molly's face. Molly stared up at Bellatrix's leaking folds with wide eyes as they were slowly lower closer and closer to her mouth.

"Lick," Bellatrix demanded.

"I-"

Whatever Molly was going to say was cut off when Bellatrix dropped down and ground her slick folds over Molly's lips with a moan. Shockingly, it wasn't long before her tongue darted out tentatively.

"That's it," Bellatrix said, her violet eyes hooded and lust filled as she looked up at Harry.

Leaning forward with one hand braced on the desk, she rested her fingers just above Molly's clit and began rubbing, alternating between slow circles and rapid back and forth movements. Molly let out a muffled squeal, her depths gasping tightly at Harry's hammering cock.

No wonder she and Arthur had so many kids, Harry thought at the intensely pleasurable feeling.

Bellatrix gave a moan of her own, presumably from something Molly had done, and rubbed at her clit frantically. In seconds, Molly was writhing on the desk, a constant stream of muffle moans and groans escaping her lips. Suddenly, she clamped down on his thrusting length and screamed into Bellatrix's folds while drenching him in arousal.

"Fuck!" Harry grunted.

Feeling his climax building again, he unrelentingly plowed into Molly furiously. Nails scratching at the wooden desktop, her first peak had hardly waned before she was driven to a second by his relentless thrusts. As her hot, silky walls clamped down around him, Harry buried himself as deep as possible and tipped over the edge.

"Yes!" Bellatrix hissed through an orgasm of her own. "Fill her."

Harry leaned his weight forward to keep his balance while he experienced another thunderous climax. After he deposited another tremendous load inside of Molly, he slipped out of her. A stream of thick, white cum leaked from her lips as he pulled out of her. Bellatrix dove forward and began licking it up, drawing a pitiful groan from Molly as she trembled.

"Damn it," Harry growled, glaring down at his still straining erection.

Grabbing a handful of Bellatrix's thick, curly black hair, he pulled her off the desk. Eyes glittering with excitement, she reached down and stroked his glistening shaft. Pulling her in for a rough but brief kiss, he spun her around and used a hand on her shoulder to bend her over at the waist. Bellatrix ended up with her head between Molly's legs, who was panting exhaustedly as she lay limply on the desk.

Gripping Bellatrix's bum, Harry spread her open and placed his finger at her crinkled hole. With a quick Lubrication Charm, he placed two fingers at her tight entrance and sank them in. Moaning, she bucked her hips back and looked over her shoulder with a wanton gaze. Pulling

his fingers out, he lined the head of his cock up with her back door and roughly drove into her incredibly hot, tight depths.

“Yes,” Bellatrix hissed.

Turning back around, she reached up to grab Molly’s heaving breasts and buried her face in her leaking folds.

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Harry, Molly, and Bellatrix missed their next two classes. It took over an hour and half a dozen orgasms before the potion finally worked its way through his system. All three of them were completely knackered by the time they left the classroom to go shower. Harry had cast a number of cleaning charms, but he still worried they reeked of sex.

After taking a short nap, he made his way down to dinner where he ran into Narcissa waiting for him in the hall near the Grand Staircase.

“You look exhausted,” she said.

“I am,” Harry said tiredly. “I don’t know what potion she gave me, but it should be illegal.”

“I looked it up between classes,” Narcissa told him. “It’s a Lust Potion that works by using a wizard or witch’s own magic, which is why it affected you so much. I don’t know who thought it would be a good idea to put that in a magazine, or why they called it a Love Potion.”

“Brilliant,” Harry said sarcastically. “Where’s Bella?”

“Sleeping,” Narcissa said with a smirk. “I think she might be out for the night. You really did a number on her.”

Harry grunted as they resumed their walk to the Great Hall. Giving his hand a discrete squeeze, she turned and headed to the Slytherin table while he made his way to Gryffindor. Spotting Arthur, he couldn't help feeling a little guilty, despite the fact that he and Molly weren't even dating yet. Stopping, he turned and made his way over to him.

"Hey, Arthur. Sorry for leaving earlier," Harry said, sitting down across from him.

"No problem," he replied with a smile. "I figured you might have lost your appetite after what happened."

"Yeah," Harry said. "Listen, I overheard Molly Prewitt talking to one of her friends earlier. Turns out she fancies you."

"Really?" Arthur asked, looking around for Molly but not finding her.

She's probably still asleep, like Bella, Harry thought.

"You should ask her out to Hogsmeade," he suggested.

"I think I will. Thanks, Harry," Arthur said with a grin. "Oh, I heard you grew up in the Muggle world. Could you tell me how ekeltricity works?"

"Electricity," Harry corrected him before explaining as best he could.

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After receiving a detention for missing Charms and Potions, Harry made his way back up to the Gryffindor common room. He was looking forward to calling it an early night, but he spotted

Lily sitting on the couch in front of the crackling fire in her pajamas with a frown on her face and her knees tucked under her chin.

“Hey, you alright?” Harry asked, sitting down next to her.

“Yeah, just...” Lily trailed off with a tired sigh. “Severus wouldn’t even listen to me. I knew he was changing over the last couple of years, but I thought it was because of his friends, not the magic he was practicing.”

“I’m sorry,” Harry said, wrapping his arm around her shoulder.

“It hurts losing one of my oldest friends, but I’m tired of having to talk him into doing the right thing. I guess he’s not the person I thought he was,” she said sadly.

Rubbing her arm soothingly, Harry rested his head on top of hers.