

Chapter 15

Harry leaned against the wall outside the girls' bathroom. Hermione stepped out of the bathroom and into the hall with a sigh, her face and parts of her hair slightly damp.

"I can't believe I did that," she said, blushing lightly.

Harry smiled, hoisted her bag off the floor, and handed it to her.

"I can't believe you walked through the hall like that," he said. "You know there's such a thing as cleaning spells."

"I wanted to see if anyone would notice," Hermione said, avoiding meeting his eyes. "It was research. And I don't like using cleaning spells on my body. I never feel clean after I use them."

"Right," Harry grinned. "Research. I'm sure you weren't excited at all."

She glared at him sideways and took off down the hall. Still smiling, he jogged to catch up with her. They went down to the Great Hall for lunch, where Ron was already waiting for them. When the bell rang signaling the start of the next class, they trudged their way upstairs for Harry's new least favorite class, Defense Against the Dark Arts.

Umbridge pinned him with a predatory gaze the moment he entered the classroom, sending a shudder of revulsion down his spine. He didn't want to know what thoughts were going on behind her beady eyes.

"Good afternoon, class," Umbridge simpered.

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

Umbridge smiled and tittered.

“Wonderful, now, wands away, and open your books to chapter fourteen,” she said.

Harry sighed and flipped open his book. He stared down at the words without really seeing them. Occasionally, he’d flip a page to make it seem like he was actually reading. In truth, he simply let his mind wander. Inevitably, his thoughts turned to sex, but thanks to Hermione’s latest hypothesis, he caught himself and glanced around the room. Several of the girls, Gryffindor and Slytherin, kept sneaking glances in his direction.

He swallowed thickly. Unlike every other classroom, where you sat at a table with a partner, Umbridge had fitted the Defense classroom with individual desks. There was no way he could sneak in enough action with any of the girls without attracting Umbridge’s attention before the Notice-Me-Not effect of the sap started working.

Turning his eyes back down to his desk, he tried desperately not to think about sex, but it was impossible. How do you stop yourself from thinking about something you know you shouldn’t think about? He tried pinching his leg, which did nothing. He tried reading his book, but it was just too boring. Desperately, he subtly searched his pockets, hoping to find a spare Nosebleed Nougat or Fainting Fancy, but came up empty.

Harry glanced up cautiously. Lavender, seated directly in front of him, smiled and waved when he caught her looking at him. As she turned back around, she leaned forward, lifted her hips, and lifted her skirt out from under her. He caught a brief glimpse of her black G-string and quickly looked away. To his left, Tracey had undone three of the buttons on her blouse. The moment she caught his eyes, she smirked and ran a finger through the gap, revealing a tantalizing glimpse of her lush cleavage.

He glanced away, but it was just sitting there, out in the open, and he couldn’t help but take another peek.

“Hem hem,” Umbridge said. “Eyes on your books.”

Harry looked up, and Umbridge was staring at him intently. Her fingers trailed over her collar and then down to unfasten the top button of her cardigan. Quickly, he looked back down at his desk and briefly considered slamming his face into it to give himself a bloody nose, but tossed it after a moment of thought. She would probably give him detention for damaging school property.

As the clock ticked away the minutes, the girls grew bolder. The next time he looked up, Lavender's skirt was rolled up at the back. Her full, firm bum was completely visible. He had no idea when or how she'd managed to remove her knickers without Umbridge noticing. Tracey had nearly undone all of her buttons, openly revealing her perky breasts. Next to her, Daphne was in nearly the same state. Her blouse was hanging on the edge of her nipples. Bulstrode was staring at him gormlessly with a hand buried under her skirt, and Harry looked away before she could show him anything he didn't want to see.

He didn't even want to think about what his classmates were doing behind him, and he didn't dare look. To his right, Hermione shared a worried look his way.

The clock ticked down, and with only a few minutes left in class, Harry closed his bag and prepared to run. When the bell rang, he shot to his feet, slung his bag over his shoulder, grabbed his book, and fled. The girls were hot on his heels, but somehow, Hermione managed to catch up and was right beside him.

"This way," she hissed.

Taking him by the hand, she pulled him down a hall to the left, and they took off at a run. They wound their way through the halls, rushed through a corridor, and took a sharp right that led up a staircase. Harry quickly realized Hermione was trying to get him to the Room of Requirement. Perfect.

They gained a bit of distance as the girls fought to get through a tight doorway, but Bulstrode bulldozed her way through and sprinted after him.

"Potter!" she shouted.

Hermione pulled him to the right, and they rushed past Filch, mop in hand.

“Watch it!” he barked. “No running in the halls!”

Harry and Hermione hit the wet floor, slipped, and fell face-first on the floor. They scrambled to get back to their feet, but Bulstrode shoved Hermione aside and pinned Harry against the wall. She was far stronger than she looked.

“I’ve been waiting for this,” she said with a triumphant grin.

Harry swallowed nervously as the other girls surrounded him. He looked to his housemates for support.

“I call dibs on his mouth!” Lavender said.

Bulstrode grunted and reached for his belt.

“What on earth is going on here!?”

Harry perked up hopefully and stood on the tips of his toes to see over the crowd. Professor Sinistra marched down the hall with a frown.

“Ms. Bulstrode, let Mr. Potter go,” she said sharply.

He sighed in relief as he was released from the wall, and the girls took a step back.

“Don’t you all have class to get to?” Sinistra asked, cocking an eyebrow.

The girls grumbled and began to move away. Harry grabbed his bag off the floor as Hermione made her way back to his side.

“Look at my floor!” Filch shouted.

The section of floor he’d just mopped was now covered in footprints and two big smudges where Harry and Hermione had fallen.

“I want punishment!” he seethed, turning to Professor Sinistra.

“I’ll take care of it, Argus,” Sinistra assured him. “Mr. Potter, Ms. Granger, come with me.”

Filch flashed them a nasty, vindictive grin as they followed the professor past him and picked up his mop. Professor Sinistra led them a short distance down the hall to her office at the base of the Astronomy Tower.

“Take a seat,” she said, closing the door behind her.

Sinistra’s office looked more like something you’d find in a home than a school. It was small but comfortably furnished. Instead of the hard, wooden chairs preferred by the other professors, she had two worn, wing-backed chairs across from her cluttered desk. Pictures and paintings decorated the walls, and a fire crackled quietly in the hearth.

Harry had hardly sat before Sinistra appeared in front of him and dropped to her knees. Without a word, she reached for his belt.

“Now, let’s see what had those girls so excited,” she said.

Harry turned sharply to Hermione, his eyes wide, but she wasn't paying him any attention. She was staring blankly into the distance, thoughtfully.

"I wonder why the girls reacted so strongly in Defense," she said, gnawing her bottom lip. "It seemed a bit excessive."

"Er...",

Harry lifted his hips as Sinistra tugged his trousers down to his knees and wrapped her hand around his rapidly hardening shaft. She stroked him slowly until he'd completely hardened. With a smile, she traced her thumb over his sensitive head. Harry hissed from the sensation, and his hips jerked involuntarily.

"Oh, my," Sinistra said.

She licked her lips, leaned forward, and opened her mouth. Her thick, pouty lips wrapped around him. Harry grunted as her hot, wet mouth surrounded him. She bobbed slowly while tracing her tongue along every inch of his throbbing shaft.

"There must be something in the classroom that's enhancing the effects," Hermione said.

"Huh?" Harry said before the words registered. "Oh, er, yeah."

Sinistra sucked as she pulled up to his tip and then off of him completely.

"If you want to know about how different magics interact with each other, you should talk to Professor Babbling," she said.

Hermione nodded, pulled a notebook out of her bag, and started jotting down notes at a blistering pace while Sinistra climbed to her feet. Unclasping her robe, she shrugged her

shoulders, and it fluttered to the floor. She wore nothing underneath. Her skirt hit the floor a moment later, followed by her knickers, leaving her completely bare.

Sinistra was tall and thin as a rail, except for a pair of breasts that looked massive on her small frame. They covered her entire ribcage and bulged out around the sides of her chest. Stepping forward, she climbed onto his lap. Harry's hands immediately sought out her breasts. Each one was larger than both of his hands combined and felt soft and heavy in his hands. Sinistra reached between their bodies, lined him up with her entrance, and dropped down on him heavily.

"Oh, yes," she gasped.

Gripping the back of the chair, she started bouncing up and down in his lap. Harry slid his hands down to her narrow hips as her breasts bounced hypnotically in front of his face.

"Oh, Merlin, Potter. Detention for a week," Sinistra groaned. "I've had to go without for far too long."

Harry didn't know if she'd still feel that way once the sap wore off, but even if she didn't, he'd still had worse detentions.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, pushing his face between her breasts and attempting unsuccessfully to capture her nipple in his mouth.

Sinistra moaned when he finally succeeded. Suddenly, she stopped bouncing and moved from her knees to her feet in an awkward crouch. Using her grip on the back of the chair for leverage, she slammed herself down on his cock hard and fast. Her bony thighs and bum slammed painfully against his hips, but that was a small price to pay for the incredible sensation he was feeling.

Small, breathy grunts of exertion were forced from her lungs each time she bottomed out. Her eyes screwed up as she panted. Sweat glistened on her dark skin. Her breasts bounced so

viciously that they slapped Harry in the face several times. He grabbed them and kneaded firmly while Sinistra's legs began to tremble.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she chanted.

Her entire body shuddered, and she abruptly lifted herself up until he slipped free. A fountain of arousal gushed from her folds, drenching Harry's lap and the chair. With a cry, she started stimulating her clit with her hand furiously. Two more gushes followed before she collapsed and rested against his chest.

Harry glanced over at Hermione. Her eyes were wide as she slumped in the chair, legs spread. One hand was between her legs, while the other was tucked in her unbuttoned shirt over her breast.

Grinning, Harry stood up with Sinistra in his arms. She was so light that it barely took any effort to carry her over to the desk. With a sweep of his arm, he sent the ink, quills, and stacks of parchment to the floor. He set Sinistra on her back and sank back into her soaked depths. Grabbing her breasts, he hammered into her furiously.

She arched her back and groaned from his furious pounding. Her hands clawed at the desk, knocking what few possessions that remained onto the floor. With short, rabid thrusts, he hammered into her swelting depths. The desk rocked and creaked in protest.

In short order, she screamed out in climax once more. Harry felt pressure build up around his cock and pulled out swiftly. Another gush of arousal soaked the rug before he flipped her over and speared back into her core. Immediately, he again pounded her hard and fast. Sinistra's body shook and trembled under him in the aftershocks of a climax that hadn't fully faded.

"Fuck!" she cried.

Harry pulled out so she could squirt, then plunged back inside and resumed his unrelenting pace. Twice more, in rapid succession, he brought her to a scream climax that left her

breathless, shaking, and unable to speak except the occasional curse. After the third time, she erupted like a fountain, he buried himself back into her spasming depths, and pounded her rapidly until he came inside of her.

Sinistra gasped as he pumped her full, groaned, and collapsed exhaustedly onto the desk. Harry milked out every last drop of his climax inside her drenched depths before pausing to catch his breath.

Lifting her up, he carried her back to the chair and sat with her in his lap. She leaned against his chest, head nestled in his shoulder, as he gently cupped and massaged her breasts to his heart's content.

"So, same time next week?" he asked with a cheeky grin.

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Harry recognized the effects of the sap wearing off shortly after he left Sinistra's office. The girls were looking at him less often and became less overt in their flirting. The effects waned rapidly. So much so that by the time his last class of the day finished, everything felt like it was back to normal.

All throughout dinner, he had a pit of worry in his stomach. He kept waiting for people to realize what had happened. He waited for Ron to remember him shagging Ginny in the dorm and punch him in the face, or for Snape to curse him for railing Parkinson in the middle of the Great Hall, but no one said a thing. By the time he got back to the Common Room for the night, he felt like he was in the clear.

In the following days, he noticed that the girls he'd partnered with were more friendly towards him, but they never mentioned sex. On his date with Lilith to Hogsmeade, he worried that she might not remember the times they shared, but he needn't have worried. The moment he mentioned their first broom cupboard encounter, her memories seemed to come flooding back.

She even decided to recreate it when they returned to the castle.

Hermione's obsession with solving the mysteries of the sap, along with Lilith's skill in Arithmancy, saw the three of them using the Room of Requirement to conduct research on the weekends. To Harry's surprise, Lilith wasn't opposed to him using the sap again once they understood it better.

It turned out he wasn't the only one with a crush on Fleur. Lilith was keen to experience sex with a Veela. And Harry was quite eager to spend a night with Tonks, if she was affected.

As the weeks progressed, Harry discovered Arithmancy wasn't that hard. It was basically just maths. On his off periods, while Hermione and Lilith were in Ancient Runes or Arithmancy, he would sneak off to further their tests. Once he'd carefully procured another sample of the sap from Neville's plant, he even created several bottled versions. Some were intense but short-lived, while others were weaker but lasted all day. Lilith was interested in marketing the weaker versions, while Harry was excited to test out some of the stronger variants.

After creating a new version, he thrust the perfume bottle into his bag and left the Room of Requirement, excited to share it with Lilith. On his way down to the Great Hall for dinner, something caught his foot and sent him tumbling to the ground. His bag spilled open, and the contents scattered across the floor. At the other end of the corridor, Malfoy and his friends laughed loudly.

"Have a nice trip, Potter?" Malfoy asked.

His friends laughed loudly as Harry angrily got to his feet. He seethed silently. Ever since Umbridge had created the Inquisitorial Squad, Malfoy had been even more insufferable than usual. Grabbing his belongings, he stuffed them back in his bag. As he reached for the perfume bottle, a gnarled, wrinkled hand reached it first. Harry looked up as Filch glared down at him.

"No prohibited potions," he growled.

"It's not a potion," Harry said, straightening up and slinging his bag over his shoulder. "It's-"

"Contraband," Filch finished with a nasty smirk. "I'll be confiscating this. Come on, Mrs. Norris."

Filch turned away, and Mrs. Norris hissed and trailed after him. Gritting his teeth angrily, Harry marched down to the Great Hall in a furious temper.

"Bloody git," he continued to grouch an hour later as he and Hermione made their way back to Gryffindor Tower.

"Oh, Harry," Hermione sighed. "You can just make more."

"That's not the point," Harry growled.

"I know, but there's nothing we can do with Umbridge in the castle," she reminded him.

Harry grunted and grumbled under his breath as they trudged up the stairs.

"Oh, Argus!"

They froze in the hallway and shared a curious look.

"Was that Umbridge?" Harry whispered.

Hermione shrugged, crept forward, and peeked around the corner. She let out a shocked gasp and pulled back swiftly. Brow furrowed, Harry made to look for himself, but she pressed her hands to his chest and pushed him back.

“Don’t,” she croaked, looking like she was going to be sick. “It’s Filch and Umbridge. They’re...they’re...I think Filch used your spray.”

Harry tilted his head to the side curiously until he realized what she meant, and then his eyes widened.

“Oh!” he said. “Oh, ew. Gross. They’re...?”

“Yes,” Hermione said with a shudder. “In the middle of the hallway.”

Harry grimaced at the picture that popped into his head.

“What on Earth do you think you’re doing!?” McGonagall shouted.

Unable to contain his curiosity, Harry peeked around the corner. Mercifully, McGonagall and Hagrid were blocking his view, but he could see Umbridge and Filch’s robes scattered on the floor.

“Oh! Oh! I’m almost there!” Umbridge yelled.

“Stop this at once!” McGonagall screamed.

“Put some clothes on!” Hagrid boomed, hand covering his eyes.

A crowd of students began to gather. They gasped in shocked horrorification. Some looked sick at the sight, some laughed, and others stared as if they couldn’t believe what they were seeing.

Harry ducked back around the corner and looked at Hermione. Grabbing her by the hand, he pulled her back down the stairs.

“Harry!” she gasped. “Where are you taking us?”

“The dungeons,” he said. “I’m going to find Lilith. I need to get that image out of my head.”

Hermione bit her lip in thought for a moment.

“Fine,” she sighed. “But just this once.”

Harry smiled. Just this once had happened a few times since he’d started dating Lilith.

The next morning, Umbridge was missing from the Head Table. McGonagall looked like she’d sucked on a lemon, and poor Hagrid looked like he hadn’t slept a wink. When the Daily Prophet arrived, the Great Hall broke into celebration.

Parents had heard about the incident between Filch and Umbridge from their children and were rightfully furious. A deluge of owls and howlers had descended on the Ministry overnight. Fudge had no choice but to remove Umbridge from her post and was now trying to fend off calls for her termination from the Ministry entirely.

Harry grinned as he set down his copy of the paper. Lilith hopped into the seat next to him with a wide smile and kissed his cheek.