

ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED WITHIN THIS STORY ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

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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 17:

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Pansy fought the small shiver that trailed up the base of her spine as Potter's green eyes landed on her. It happened every time he even glanced her way nowadays, never failing to form a pool of heat between her legs within moments.

Clearing her throat, Pansy stepped inside the Room of Requirement as Potter shut the door behind them. She was met with an empty bedroom, the very same one she'd been shagged rotten inside of more time than she can count now.

"No Granger or Bones here to torment me as well?" she snarked, yet even with the mocking undertone, her voice still wavered towards the end. She could control it only so much when she was this close to Potter.

Potter said nothing as he stepped closer to her, his eyes never leaving her face, even as he brought a hand up to cradle her chin.

"Not tonight," he finally rumbled, his voice dark and heavy in a way that made Pansy's thighs clench and her breath hitch.

Pansy swallowed, unable to stop herself from tilting her face ever so slightly forward as the urge to feel his lips against hers became much too apparent.

Yet Potter did not allow their lips to so much as brush, pushing Pansy away with a tap against her chin and a small click of his tongue.

“So impatient. I thought you wanted to talk?”

Pansy blushed, annoyance and shame bubbling up from her throat at how easily she had allowed herself to become putty in his hands once more. He was right, she had wanted to talk. She had said as much in the small note she had slipped into his pocket earlier this morning while he was distracted buggering Lisa Turpin atop the Ravenclaw table. Perhaps that is why Granger and Susan had made themselves scarce?

Taking a breath, Pansy reached for the sleeve of her sweater, suddenly feeling far more nervous than she had been the night before while lounging in the bath. Despite this, she persisted, yanking the material up and over her forearm, allowing the faint golden lines of the mysterious mark free from its woollen confines.

She watched as Potter’s eyes drifted down to the mark, the small smirk toying at the corners of his lips falling ever so slightly when he caught sight of the glowing golden lines—not out of surprise, but out of *recognition*. He knew what the mark was or, at least, he’d seen it before.

“How long?” he voiced, his words even and calm as he reached out to brush his fingers over the mark.

Pansy shivered at his touch, a sensation akin to electricity tracing its way up her arm and down her spine, where it coiled around her core at the faintest graze of his fingers.

“A few days, maybe? A week at most. Whatever it is, it’s caused the days to sort of...” she trailed off, waving her hand through the air in a flowing motion.

Potter hummed and pulled his hand back, his mouth set in a firm line as he stared back at her in silence.

Pansy fidgeted under his gaze, anxiousness creeping up her spine. She never did enjoy silence, nor waiting. A terrible combination, really.

“*Well?*” she pressed, a small scowl affixed to her face. “Are you going to even bother telling me what this bloody thing even is? And don’t tell me you don’t know, because that’s bollocks! You and Granger did this, and you’re going to tell me how to get rid of it right n—*gyah!*”

Pansy squealed as she was lofted into the air without warning. She kicked her legs, but it did little to dissuade Potter as he tossed her over his shoulder with a stinging smack to her arse.

“P–Put me down!” she sputtered, slapping her open palms against Potter’s back.

He paid her no mind, unaffected by her wringing and cursing.

Pansy grunted as she was hauled upwards once more, this time landing face-first into the soft mattress of the bed with her legs dangling over the side, her toes a good dozen centimetres off the floor due to her short stature. She barely had time to even try pushing herself up before another slap landed across her right arse-cheek, producing a shocked shriek of pain and pleasure.

“Fuck!” she cursed, another loud smack ringing out as Potter gave her left cheek some attention of its own. “T–That’s enough! Don’t you dare–”

‘SMACK!’

“*Hng!* You fucking piece of–”

‘SMACK!’

“Ow! Potter I swear to Merlin–”

‘SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!’

Pansy groaned, the stinging of her arse-cheeks bringing tears to her eyes and arousal dripping from her slit. This was hardly the first time Potter had spanked her. He often enjoyed humiliating her in all manner of ways, and spanking was chief among them. Pansy, ashamedly, also enjoyed it. The pain of his hand colliding with her arse never failed to make her toes curl, and her pussy quiver with excitement. Tonight was no different.

Her curses gave way to slutty moans as each spank only flamed the fires of her passion further. When the slaps finally ceased, her arse felt battered and sore, flushed with heat from a dozen red handprints, yet she knew it was far from over.

‘RIIIIIIIP!’

She groaned in defeat as both her skirt was torn from her hips. Her knickers were next, roughly ripped down as Potter took hold of her pillowy arse-cheeks and spread them wide. She shivered as what felt like a combination of cool water and warm air flowed into her puckered back door.

Fuck, she knew what was coming next.

“Just don’t—*AH! FUCK!*” Pansy squealed, her words dying in her throat as Potter pushed his cock into her arse, the charm he’d cast beforehand making it easier for him to slide inside but still leaving Pansy reeling as her bum was quickly filled with every inch of his thick, hardened length.

It wasn’t long before he’d gotten all of it inside of her, to the point that she could feel his balls pressing against her cunt, her outer folds now actually *dripping* with her arousal. Pansy groaned and buried her face into the mattress. *Fuck*—she felt so full. No matter how many times he buggered her, Pansy never would get used to the feeling of Potter’s cock stretching her arsehold open. There was discomfort, sure, but while she would never, ever give him the satisfaction of admitting it out loud, Pansy *loved* feeling his cock inside her arse almost as much as she loved it inside her pussy.

As always, Potter gave her little time to adjust before he started to thrust. Wet, meaty smacks soon filled the room, joined by Pansy’s muffled grunts as Potter used her arse for his pleasure.

“Merlin,” she said breathlessly, lifting her head up as Potter drove his cock harder and faster inside her. “Oh Merlin, it’s so big!”

“You’re loving this aren’t you?” he asked her, his lips a hairsbreadth away from her ear.

Pansy moaned but didn’t respond, making to bury her face once more into the mattress as a blush covered her cheeks, but Potter quickly stopped her with a firm yank of her hair.

“Don’t be shy now, Parkinson. You love getting buggered by me, don’t you? You practically beg me to do it every time you pass me in the hall, wearing your slutty little skirts and swaying your hips side to side. Admit it.”

“Yes,” Pansy breathed, her gasps growing in volume with every rough thrust into her stretched arsehole. “Yes—*Fuck, fuck fuck!* I love it!”

Potter chuckled, his breath ghosting over the flesh of her neck. “Good girl.”

Pansy lost it then, her eyes rolling back as her mouth opened wide, a silent but leg-shaking scream breaking loose as her pussy gushed with climax. Potter’s own groan of pleasure only made her body shake more as a flood of warmth filled her bowels not a moment later. Pansy could even feel some of it trickling down her legs as he pulled his cock out, but she hardly cared.

She groaned as he rolled her over onto her back, a groan that only grew as he slid his still hard cock inside her drenched cunt.

“That mark,” he said, grunting as he hilted himself inside her velvety walls, “means that you’re mine, Pansy. Mine and *Hermione’s*.” He took hold of her hips, lifting her ever so slightly so that every thrust into her drenching folds made the head of his cock scrape against her G-spot, only making Pansy’s lewd moans leave her breathless and trembling. “Is that not what you wanted?” “Yes,” she whimpered, her hands finding their way into her hair as another orgasm took hold of her senses. “Yes! Yes! I want it—*Fuck!*”

Morgana did she. She wanted to be Potter’s if it meant he fucked her like this. She would be his—she would suck his cock, bury her face between Granger’s legs, bend over and spread her arse apart for him to fuck—*anything* if it meant he would make her feel like this. She wanted it for a while now, in fact, but her pride refused to allow her to say it out loud.

His cock continued to hammer into her for a few minutes longer, and Pansy savoured every second of it. Her third climax made her body shake and her back arch, pushing her tits high into the air. Her nerves felt like they were on fire. The very air lapping at her skin was enough to force a moan from her lips with so much pleasure running rampant through her body.

It was only a few moments later that his end came as well. He kept his cock buried inside of her and filled her pussy with a steady stream of cum, moaning lightly into her ear as he seeded her

dripping wet quim. She moaned louder, suddenly very happy she remembered to take her monthly potion before coming here, as she closed her eyes and enjoyed the aftershocks of their shared climax.

When he pulled out of her folds a few moments later, Pansy didn't even need to open her eyes to know he was readjusting. By pure instinct, she opened her mouth, a pleased moan echoing past her lips as his cock landed against her tongue and slipped inside her mouth.

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The first thing Hermione felt as she woke was the thick layer of *warmth* that enveloped her. It cocooned around her, nearly lulling her back to sleep from the sheer comfort the warmth provided. Unfortunately, the warmth shifted not a moment later, forcefully pulling Hermione from the haze of sleep. Blinking her eyes open, Hermione frowned as the very soft, very *warm*, pillow beneath her moved. In her tired state, the bookworm tried to bury her face further into the plush expanse, but that only served to make her pillow move even more as a soft giggle filled the air. "That tickles 'Mione," a familiar voice whispered, the edges tinted with sleep.

Hermione groaned and lifted her head up, shooting Susan a pout. The redhead merely giggled and pulled Hermione closer, her naked breasts pressed flush against Hermione's own petite bosom.

"Sleep well?" Susan murmured, her fingertips drew light circles on Hermione's hip.

Hermione hummed, burying her face in the crook of the redhead's neck. Normally, she was the early riser among herself, Susan, and Harry, but with their boyfriend preoccupied with Pansy the night before, she and Susan had decided to have their own fun.

A small whimper from the side drew Hermione's gaze over to the other two witches in bed.

Padma and Parvati were wrapped together, their arms curled around one another, wrapped in a blanket. Padma shifted, burrowing herself into Parvati's chest before the Ravenclaw's face relaxed and she returned to a peaceful slumber.

"What time is it?" Hermione asked, turning back to Susan.

The Hufflepuff reached for her wand atop the bedside table, muttering a quick "*Tempus*" under her breath.

"Quarter till seven," Susan groaned. "We'll need to get up now if we want to make it to breakfast before class."

Hermione huffed and sat up with a pout. A yawn bubbled up from the bookworm's chest, forcing her arms above her head as she tried her best to stretch the tiredness from her bones. Susan watched this with rapt attention, her eyes glued to the petite girl's chest and the various hickeys that peppered her breasts, courtesy of Susan and the twins the night before.

Almost unconsciously, Susan reached forward, ghosting her fingertips across Hermione's ribs before coming to a stop at the cusps of her breasts. Hermione's breath hitched at the touch, her brown eyes opening once more to look down at Susan with a glistening gaze.

Susan stared back, her eyes hooded as she raised a single eyebrow before brushing her thumb across one of Hermione's nipples. The brunette whimpered, her hands coming up to wrap around Susan's own.

"We don't have time," she whispered.

"Says who?" Susan shot back with a light purr.

Hermione's next words were cut off as Susan pushed a leg between her thighs, the slick wetness of Hermione's quim coating the redhead's upper thigh in moments. As if under a spell, Hermione began to move, slowly rocking her hips back and forth as she grinded her cunt against Susan's thigh.

"We'll have to be quick," she moaned quietly, doing her best not to wake Parvato or Padma. If they woke up, it would all but be guaranteed that they would miss breakfast and perhaps even their first period as well.

Susan responded by bucking her hips, rolling them both over until Hermione was on her back and she was leaning over the brunette.

Their lips met, twin mewls of pleasure escaping the kiss as they began the familiar dance of pleasure. Hermione's hands found the curve of Susan's tits, her weighty breasts practically spilling out from between her fingers as she kneaded the pillowy mounds. Likewise, Susan snaked a hand down, nails grazing the flat plane of Hermione's stomach before meeting the blazing heat of her sex. The redhead didn't waste time, slipping two fingers down and into her girlfriend's soaking wet pussy. Hermione moaned as she was pierced by Susan's fingers, her mouth opening up just enough for the Hufflepuff to slip her tongue inside, swallowing the bookworm's moans as she slowly coaxed her fingers in and out of Hermione's velvety folds. "So good for me," Susan whispered, her lips still tangled helplessly with Hermione's own. "Tell me how much of a good girl you are."

"Ah~! Su—"

Susan silenced Hermione with a kiss, her fingers moving even faster between the girl's legs as the wet squelching sounds of Hermione's cunt filled the room.

"Tell me," Susan demanded.

"S—So good," Hermione stammered, her face glowing red from the pleasure and embarrassment. The pleasure was the winning side in the end, as it always would be. "I'm such a good girl. All for you. J—Just don't s—stop~!"

Susan smirked, her lips colliding once more with Hermione's as she moved her wrist even faster. While Harry always took on the dominant role when they were together, when it was just her and Hermione, they were both more than happy to switch roles whenever the urge took them. Susan had been in Hermione's position countless times—whimpering and pleading as the bookworm made her beg to cum. Susan wasn't afraid to admit that she even preferred the more submissive side of sex, but that hardly meant that taking control once in a while wasn't just as *euphoric*, especially when it came to seeing Hermione like this.

Susan's smirk only deepened as Hermione went rigid beneath her. The brunette's eyes were blown wide, her vision glassy with a thick sheen of lust as Susan's fingers coaxed her through a

shuddering climax. Hermione's cries were silenced by Susan's tongue before they could wake the other two sleeping girls, along with the rest of the Gryffindor populace.

"Gluh..." Hermione panted, her shaking legs finally easing to a standstill as her orgasm ebbed away.

Susan hummed in agreement, gently extracting her soaked fingers from Hermione's quim before popping them into her mouth. The redhead couldn't stop the small moan of delight from leaving her lips as she cleaned Hermione's juices from her fingers.

"Slut," Hermione muttered, a lazy smirk splayed across her lips.

Susan responded with a flick to one of the girl's nipples, causing the bookworm to flinch back with a gasp.

"Pot meet kettle," Susan drawled as she extracted herself from the bed, stretching as she stood with a light yawn. "Fancy a shower?"

"Yes please," Hermione murmured, pulling herself to her feet. "I smell like sex."

Susan rolled her eyes at the other girl's grimace. "Well, whose fault is that?" she giggled as she turned and sauntered towards the dorm showers.

'Smack!'

"Eek! Hermione!" Susan gasped, clutching her stinging arse-cheek with a look of shock.

Hermione merely giggled and dashed past the offended Hufflepuff. With a huff, Susan marched after her. Vengeance would be hers.

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"It makes sense if you think about it."

Harry looked towards Susan in disbelief. The redhead shrugged in response, pushing a lock of auburn hair behind her ear as she continued.

"Well, just consider everything we know about her. Pansy isn't exactly the type of girl to think for herself. She followed Draco around like a puppy for what? Five years before this? She obviously

prefers to take on a more submissive role,” Susan explained. “We already know the mark only appears on those willing. Ginny and I both prove that.”

At the mention of her name, the youngest Weasley looked up from her essay and stuck out her tongue. Susan rolled her eyes at the younger girl’s antics and continued.

“Pansy must have been just as willing, at least subconsciously. She’s someone who likes to be cared for. Pampered. She’s happy enough to have her decisions made for her as long as she has somewhere, or someone, to belong to.”

Hermione scrunched her nose up at the explanation. “That’s...kind of sad.”

Susan shrugged. “That’s old pureblood family doctrine for you. Men are pigs and women are cattle. Even the more progressive noble families follow the same traditions. Did you know I was almost betrothed to Theodore Nott?”

“You were *what*?” Harry blanched.

“Yep,” Susan nodded. “My grandfather was considering a contract with the Nott’s when I was just a baby.”

“That’s horrid,” Hermione said, placing a hand on Susan’s arm.

“It’s tradition,” Susan hummed, rubbing Hermione’s hand comfortingly. “As horrible as it sounds, I have his death to thank for my freedom. After grandfather passed, it was my dad who stepped in as Lord Bones. According to Aunt Amelia, he burned the Nott’s proposal using my grandfather’s favourite whiskey as fuel.”

“Sounds like I would’ve really liked your dad,” Harry laughed.

Susan giggled as well, leaning into her boyfriend’s side as the fire crackled in front of them.

Silence passed for a few moments, save for the scratching of Ginny’s quill.

“What about her dreams?” Harry voiced, his mind drifting back to Pansy’s admission about her nightmares and the glowing eyes. “Seeing through my eyes I can sort of understand. Ginny experiences almost the same thing whenever her mark flares. But the nightmares? The fear she feels when she finally pulls away from the dreams? That has to be Voldemort.”

Hermione pursed her lips in thought. "It would make sense, but why would she be seeing him too? You're mentally linked with him and you haven't had a nightmare in months. Why would the mark give Pansy similar dreams when you're the one with the psychic link?"

"Could she be acting as a buffer? Maybe she is somehow redirecting the visions to her before they even get to Harry." Susan offered.

"I dunno. From the way she described it, it didn't sound like they were the normal visions like I would get," Harry said with a shake of his head. "I would always be looking *through* Voldemort's eyes. Pansy said the red eyes are always looking *at* her in her nightmares."

"You don't think You-Know-Who is in her head?" Susan asked with a small hint of worrying cutting through her voice.

Hermione shook her head, her fingers worrying the end of one of her curls as she thought.

"To what end? Surely there are better things Voldemort could be doing then tormenting a schoolgirls dream," Hermione huffed. "No, there's something we're missing. The mark is definitely a piece of it, but we don't know enough about it to really say how it fits in."

Harry sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. The marks, the flower, everything about this 'blessing' and the unknowns around them all were really starting to grate on them. Through all their 'testing' very little of their answers had actually been answered and it seemed the amount of questions were only growing with each new day.

"One thing is for certain," he said after a moment. "Voldemort is a piece of this, and I don't think we can ignore the implications his presence brings."

Susan, Hermione, and even Ginny shifted, their thoughts, much like his, spiraling in an effort to find any sort of logical answer.

He had a feeling there wasn't one to be found.

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Author's Note

Shorter chapter this go around as we set up a few more things!

Thanks for reading!