

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 14: Lilac And Gooseberries

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The week came and went without much fanfare. It was uneventful for the most part, or at least as uneventful as things could be in the new 'normal' Harry found himself in. It was decided that further testing with the marks would be put on hold until they knew more about how they were created in the first place. Harry had even agreed to keep any sexual interactions with the other witches around the castle to a minimum, though that was easier said than done.

He was able to keep up his end of the bargain for a solid 13 hours.

...Okay, perhaps that wasn't as good as he thought it was, but cut him some slack! It wasn't like he hadn't *tried*. It was just that the witches tended to be relentless when they were horny.

He hadn't even made it to the Great Hall for breakfast Monday morning when an older Hufflepuff witch had pulled him aside. The ebony-skinned girl, whose name he later found out was Helena, hadn't wasted a second before pressing her lips against his while her hand palmed the outline of his rapidly hardening cock. It took almost all his will-power to break away from the sudden, and frankly *fantastic*, snog with the sexy witch, but he managed (Though not before taking a generous feel of her arse. He had his limits, okay?).

Hermione hadn't fared much better, much to his relief. When he finally made it to the Great Hall, it was to find a very flushed Hermione extracting herself from a heated snog with Demelza

Robbins, the latter of which gave a disappointed pout before her eyes locked onto Harry and her demeanour brightened once more.

Thankfully, Susan and Ginny were able to save them from any further ambushes, taking the seats on either side of him and Hermione. Breakfast after that, proceeded relatively quietly, save for the occasional foot that would find its way to his crotch courtesy of a very smug Lavender. His luck wouldn't last, though.

He hadn't made it two steps into his first class of the day when he was accosted once more, this time, at least, by a familiar face. The moment Tracey had settled onto his lap in the middle of Divination, he'd all but given up, simply sighing and helping the horny Slytherin push her knickers to the side as she lowered herself down onto his cock. At least Trelawney hadn't paid any attention to him whatsoever, making this one of the only Divination classes he's attended where his violent death wasn't predicted. He'd have to thank Tracey for that, though, with the way he left her behind — half-conscious atop one of Trelawney's plush armchairs with trembling legs and a pussy full of cum — she probably thought herself already well rewarded.

After that, he'd all but given up on his short-lived oath of celibacy.

Monday passed, and on Tuesday, he spent the better part of the day swapping between the Patil twins. Parvati had gone first, spending the entirety of Transfiguration with his cock buried down her throat. Padma claimed DADA for herself, diligently writing notes the whole time while she lazily bounced on his length for the entire double period. Watching the caramel-skinned witch's arse jiggle as she fucked herself on his cock made the annoying sound of Snape's voice almost bearable. The rest of the day passed in a similar fashion, swapping between the twins until the final bell rang, and he absconded with them up to the Gryffindor girls' dorms, finally falling into a deep sleep after hours spent deep inside both girls.

Wednesday followed, being the tamest day of the week by comparison thus far. He only had two classes that day, Potions and History of Magic. The former he spent with Daphne, teasing the blonde with featherlight touches against her inner thigh as she tried her best to brew their

potion. It was always fun to make the Ice Queen blush, even better when he was able to work her up so much until she all but dragged him to the back storage closet before pushing her knickers down to her ankles and pushing her naked bum against his crotch. Daphne always came the loudest when he fucked her in that storage closet. Part of him sometimes wondered if she had a not-so-secret public sex kink.

As good as Potions was, though, History of Magic had been even better. Professor Binns had taught his usual spiel about Goblin Rebellions, putting most of the class asleep within the first five minutes. Aside from him, only Hermione and Pansy had remained awake. Hermione because she was always adamant about taking notes in the ghostly professor's class, no matter how useless they were, and Pansy because she'd been busy using her hands to spread her arse-cheeks apart while Harry relentlessly buggered her poor back door atop a desk. Pansy left that class an hour later with a severe limp and three loads of his cum leaking from her arsehole. The fourth Hermione had actually stroked out of him, using her hand to jerk him to an intense completion all over Pansy's face just as Professor Binns finally called an end to class. Hermione was vindictive that way, especially when it came to Pansy. His friend still held onto an intense hatred for the Slytherin girl after years of being ridiculed by her and her ilk.

Thursday, he skipped classes altogether. He'd been far too tired to pull himself out of bed from the night before. The previous day's events in History of Magic had worked Hermione up into a frenzy. It took all night to finally satiate her hunger, the bookworm's stamina having been magically increased much like his own, thanks to the flower's blessing. Thankfully, Hermione had been just as exhausted as he and thus had no problem with skipping class to snuggle deeper into his chest for more much-needed sleep. They were only awoken hours later by the arrival of Susan and Ginny. The two girls had been worried about them and came to check if they were alright once classes had finished for the day. Their worry was heartwarming, but after promising that they were indeed fine, the girls thankfully dropped their concerned arguments and instead slipped into bed with them (courtesy of an expansion charm on the bed from

Hermione). Harry hadn't complained when Ginny wrapped her lips around his cock, nor did Hermione voice any objections when Susan pushed her face between the brunette's legs. It was one of the more relaxing evenings of the week.

Which brought them to Friday. Their absences thankfully hadn't been noticed the day before, thanks to the strange perception-altering effects of their blessing, which meant Harry and Hermione were able to return to their classes without issue. After spending Charms and Potions with Lavender's hand rubbing the outline of his cock all morning, he'd quickly dragged the blonde to the nearest broom cupboard once their mid-day break was called. Lavender had made no protests as she was pulled along, simply giggling excitedly as Harry pushed her hands first against a wooden shelf and pushed her short skirt up and over her bubbly arse.

"You're a bloody tease, y'know that?" he whispered, palming her kickerless mound. She was already *soaking wet*.

Lavender whimpered and wiggled her bum back and forth against him. "And what are you going to do about it?" she whispered back.

Harry's reply was a low growl as he pulled his hand back and replaced it with his cock instead. There was no teasing rubs or slow sensual thrusts. Only the need to fuck the vivacious blonde hard and fast until she was a screaming mess cumming around him. In a single thrust, he was hilted inside her. The enveloping heat and slickness of her cunt felt *fantastic*. Lavender was hardly the tightest witch he'd ever fucked, but that hardly mattered when her pussy was this hot and velvety. Her folds stretched around him accommodately, crying out with their own lewd sounds as he thrust savagely into them. Lavender's other pair of lips were hardly quiet either. Moans and curses alike flew from her mouth with every thrust, mixing with the wet sounds of her cunt and slapping of Harry's hips against her arse.

Harry's raked his eyes over the entire scene. From the rippling flesh of her plush bum to her bouncing blonde curls. Taking a handful of said golden ringlets, Harry pulled Lavender back by her hair, forcing a low, purring moan from the girl as she was forced to arch her back, allowing

his cock to slide deeper inside her. She was close; he could feel it in the way her walls trembled around him.

“Everyone in the hall can probably hear your slutty moans,” he murmured in her ear. Slowing his thrusts, he smirked as Lavender let out a low groan and quivered against him. “Maybe we should stop now. We wouldn’t want anyone to walk in on us now, would we?”

Lavender whimpered, doing her best to cast a pleading look over her shoulder as he let his lips graze against her porcelain neck..

“Please—” she gasped, interrupting herself with a hitching gasp. “Oh fuck! Please, Harry—I’m soooo close!”

Harry smiled wolfishly, pressing his lips against hers before releasing his grip on her hair suddenly. “As you wish.”

Lavender fell forward with a cry. Her nails stabbed into the aged storage shelves as Harry resumed his previous tempo, pounding into her round arse with thunderous claps. It was three, maybe four seconds later when Lavender finally stilled around him. She threw her head back, letting out a strangled scream of pleasure, her cunt gushing around him as she finally reached the climax she’d been so very desperate for.

Harry groaned as Lavender came around him. Her velvety folds massaged his cock with every tremble. It was as if her pussy was working to milk him of every drop of seed, but he would not give in so easily.

Pulling free from her cunt, Harry stepped back and turned Lavender around by her shoulders.

The blonde obeyed his silent request almost immediately, dropping to her knees without a word and wrapping her lips around his cock. She didn’t waste a second, her light brown eyes staring up at him with a heavy glaze of lust as she began to rock her head up and down, taking him deeper with each bob of her head. Her tongue worked tirelessly against the underside of his shaft, massaging the sensitive glans of his cock head before going deeper along with her mouth to undulate against the rest of his throbbing member. Even when he finally hit the back of her

throat, she did not stop, swallowing him completely down her tight gullet. It wasn't before he felt that familiar stirring in his cock.

"God, Lav'. I'm gonna—"

Lavender silenced him by burying his cock to the base down her throat, with her nose pressed against his groin and her tongue slipping free to tease his sack. With a mix between a growl and a groan, Harry erupted, spewing jet after jet of molten hot cum down the slutty blonde's throat. Lavender swallowed every drop, coaxing each pulse of thick white seed from his member with loud wet sucks. Even when he was completely spent, she didn't pull away, slowly bobbing her head along his softening length as if she were trying to clean every inch. Clean or not, it only had the unintended effect of bringing him back to full attention within moments, a fact that Lavender was anything but displeased by.

"Our next class is about to start," he said warningly, even as the spit-soaked blonde began stroking his newly hardened length with her delicate hands.

"Then we'll have to be quick," Lavender replied, placing a sloppy kiss against the tip of his cock.

"We wouldn't want to be late."

"No, you really wouldn't."

Lavender shrieked in surprise at the new voice and flew back in a panic. Harry too jumped in surprise, but more so out of genuine surprise than any real panic at being caught. He hadn't even heard the door open, though he had been somewhat distracted. Turning to face the intruder, he was surprised to find not another student, but a professor instead. Aurora Sinistra gazed upon them both with a stoic frown and arms crossed. Though she appeared stern and serious, the form-fitting silk robes clinging to her curvy figure were what caught Harry's attention the most, as did the not-so-subtle glances she took at his dick. When he did nothing to cover himself, unlike Lavender, who was blushing furiously with her hands covering her exposed twat, Sinistra raised an eyebrow but said nothing.

"Problem, professor?" Harry asked with a less-than-innocent smirk.

Sinistra eyed him for a moment but did not deign his question with a reply. Instead, she turned to Lavender, her deep mocha eyes taking in the young blonde's messy hair, ruffled clothes, and sticky inner thighs.

"I believe you should find somewhere to clean up quickly, Miss Brown. If I recall, you've already received two tardiness slips from Professor Snape. I promise you, you do not wish for a third.

Lavender nodded quickly but looked to Harry instead of obeying the professor's command.

Giving her a nod, Harry watched as Lavender stood and hastily snatched her bag, taking only a moment to pull her skirt back down before rushing out the door without a word. Now alone with the Astronomy mistress, he watched as Professor Sinistra considered him for a moment before stepping forward.

"As for you, Mister Potter—" she began, bringing one slender hand down to wrap around his cock. The older witch inspected his member, tilting it from one side to the next before letting out a pleased hum. "You'll be serving detention with me tonight after my last class."

"Of course, Professor," he replied, unfazed by the older witch's hand absentmindedly stroking his shaft.

Sinistra nodded, the edges of her lips quirking upwards ever so slightly before she suddenly leaned down and popped his cock into her mouth. Harry let out a surprised groan as she took him deep in her mouth before pulling slowly back with her cheeks hollowed in on long, sensual suck. She released him then with a 'pop!', standing back up straight as she wiped a bit of spit from the corner of her mouth.

"Do not be late."

And with that, the sexy Astronomy professor turned and left, her hips swaying sensually from side to side the entire way.

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Harry had never looked forward to a detention more in his life. When Hermione had found him after DADA, she'd been confused by his strangely cheerful mood. When questioned, Harry

hadn't bothered trying to hide the truth, telling her all about his rendezvous with Lavender and Professor Sinistra's appearance. Hermione hadn't argued when he told her he'd be attending detention with the ebony beauty later that night, but he did catch her rolling her eyes and whispering "*boys*," with an exasperated sigh.

Time seemed to crawl by after that, and not even using Ginny's body to work through his impatience later in the common room made the minutes tick by any faster. Finally, though, just after midnight, he found himself ascending the steps to the astronomy tower, passing by throngs of sleep-deprived third-years on their way back to their dorms for some much-needed rest.

The top hatch was open and waiting as he finally climbed the last few steps through.

He caught sight of Sinistra immediately. She was bent over her desk, making notes upon a star chart on the far side of the tower. With her back to him, she was nonethwiser to his approach as he slowly stepped forward, coming to a stop inches from her expansive backside.

"Oh!" Aurora gasped as she felt two hands roughly palm her arse. Judging by the additional appendage she felt digging between her arse-cheeks, she had a very good idea of just who the perpetrator was.

"You're early," she breathed, casting a sultry glance over her shoulder towards Harry. "*Good~*" Harry couldn't help but shiver at the way she purred out the last word. Watching the older witch stand, he allowed himself to be pulled forward and onto the desk as she dropped to her knees between his legs.

Aurora made quick work of his belt. In truth, she was just as, if not *more*, eager than Harry. Unbeknownst to him or the Brown girl, she'd been watching nearly the entire time as they shagged like rabbits. It had been an accident, of course. Shortly after the term had begun, Aurora had felt this... pull towards Potter. She couldn't explain it, but some primal part of her hungered for him in a way a civilised witch such as herself couldn't describe. She'd taken to following him between classes whenever she could spare the time, watching from afar as he coaxed witch after witch into his bed, dominating their bodies in the most brazen of places. More

than once, she had to excuse herself from the Great Hall after he bent yet another witch over the Gryffindor table and shagged her right then and there. She'd race to her quarters afterwards, clawing at her clothes in a desperate bid to relieve her aching folds. At some point, she had stopped leaving the Great Hall altogether, copying both Bathsheda and Septima and pleasuring herself right then and there at the head table while the cries of Potter's latest conquest echoed out over the Hall.

The ebony-skinned beauty let out a low moan of excitement as she marvelled at the thick, veiny cock before her. Morgana, she'd been dreaming of this for so long. Aurora reached forward and grabbed the monstrous shaft in a firm grip. She gave it a few soft strokes before leaning forward and positioning her lips inches from the bulbous tip. Taking only a moment to calm the odd pounding of her heart, Aurora took the plunge.

She took half of his cock down in one go. Harry's groan of approval made her smile around her mouthful of cock. Pulling back ever so slightly, she peered up, dark mocha eyes glistening with an insatiable hunger as she moved her lips and tongue to massage the spongy tip of his cock. Harry let out a hiss, unconsciously bucking his hips forward and forcing his length deeper into her mouth. Aurora took it in stride, forcing herself to swallow him even deeper until his balls rested on her chin and her mind went hazy with the lack of air.

"Fuck!" Harry grunted, grabbing his professor by the sides of her face.

As he pulled back, Aurora greedily sucked in a lungful of air through her nose, moaning in approval as Harry began to thrust his hips. He did not go as deep as before, but she could still feel his cockhead slam repeatedly into the back of her throat. As his thrusts increased in both speed and roughness, Aurora couldn't help but slip a hand down beneath the folds of her robes. Her pussy awaited her fingers, hot and eager as she slipped two of her digits inside. She moaned around Harry's shaft, closing her eyes as he used her mouth like his personal fucktoy, all the while she pushed her fingers deeper inside her folds, rocking them back and forth against her G-Spot.

Despite the sharp gags that sounded from her throat — Despite the tears and makeup running down her face — Despite the drool that now stained the front of her robes, Harry could tell Aurora was enjoying herself immensely. It seemed the prim and proper professor was just as much, if not more, of a slut as some of the other women he's been with.

Pushing those thoughts to the back of his mind, Harry focused on fucking her face. While perhaps not as pleasurable as some of the slower, more sensuous blowjobs he'd had, the sights, sounds, and depravity of the situation brought on an excitement he didn't often get. On her knees, Aurora happily choked on his thick shaft as it plunged in and out of her voracious mouth.

He reached his peak only a few moments later. His cock swelled as he buried it within her gullet. The second the first shot of sticky cum was fired directly into the professor's stomach, she suddenly stiffened beneath him, a vibrating moan humming up the length of his cock as she came around her own fingers. Pulling back with a gasp, he let his cock rest on the whimpering professor's tongue as the rest of his load spilt into her mouth. Aurora moaned wantonly, swirling her tongue around his pulsing cock head. When his orgasm finally came to an end, he watched in fascination as she tilted her head back and swallowed, her hand still moving languidly beneath her robes.

"Merlin, that's hot," he couldn't help but breathe in wonderment.

Below, Aurora giggled and swiped a stray drop of cum from the corner of her lip before popping it into her mouth.

"I'm glad you think so, but you haven't seen anything yet." She stood without another word, letting the clasp of her robes fall free, bringing the rest of her garment with it until it caught on her wide hips, baring her large breasts. He studied the two mocha coloured globes in awe. Round, firm, and yet oh-so-soft, they were pure perfection in his eyes. Her darkened nipples stood proud and stiffened atop her impressive bust, and Harry wished for nothing more than to put one of them in his mouth.

As if sensing his thoughts, Aurora giggled and turned, obscuring her breasts from view as she ran her hands up her sides. Like some sort of sensual dance, the older witch brought her hands up high, running them through her hair before reaching out into the sky. Her silhouette was illuminated by the stars twinkling above, shining an ethereal glow around her form like a divine goddess of beauty and lust. Slowly, she brought her hands back down, slipping her thumbs under the hem of her robes and pulling them down slowly.

As the remainder of her robes pooled down at her feet, Sinistra turned once more, eyes alight with passion. She stepped forward, unashamed as Harry's eyes drank in every inch of her naked body.

"Mmmh~" she breathed, pressing herself up against him as her hand clutched his aching cock. "You're so fucking big." Giving his cock a squeeze, she tilted her head up and used her other hand to slowly guide him down for a kiss.

Her lips tasted of cinnamon, sweet yet containing an unexpected bite of heat that Harry became obsessed with instantly. Soon enough, his shirt joined her robes, and he was freely running his hands down the older witch's big, round arse. He gave each of her soft, smooth globes a light spank, earning him a low moan in the process.

"You have a great bum, professor," Harry said, groping her cheeks firmly.

She moaned again as he pulled her firm globes apart to reveal her taut slit and puckered back entrance.

"Mmm, you can fuck it, if you want," Sinistra told him.

"Seriously?" He asked, cock lurching in excitement at the thought of buggering his hot professor. Looking up at him with a smirk, she reached out towards her robes. A moment later, a wand came flying out from the pile of clothes, and she disentangled herself from his arms just to turn around and sink onto the ground on her hands and knees. Pushing her wide, fat arse into the air, Sinistra aimed the tip of her wand between her cheeks and mumbled a quick spell. A shiver ran through her body before she tossed her wand back on top of her clothes.

Grinning excitedly, Harry stepped up behind her. Gripping her dusky globes, he spread them apart and lined the tip of his cock up with her puckered entrance. As he pushed forward, he thought it looked almost impossible for something as large as his cock to fit in her tiny hole. Sinistra groaned as he pushed forward more and more firmly. It took a surprising amount of force, to the point he was worried about hurting her, before her tight ring gave way and he slipped inside. The Astronomy professor gasped, followed by a loud moan as Harry inhaled sharply.

Sawing his hips back and forth took a bit of effort at first. Her arsehole seemed to clamp down like a vice around him, yet eventually he slowly sank deeper into her incredibly tight, impossibly hot back door. It seemed almost impossible that anything could feel better than the things he'd already experienced, but being deep in his professor's arse absolutely did. Part of it was the incredible feelings themselves, and part of it was the insanely erotic situation.

After a slow start, Harry bottomed out in her perfect behind. Pulling halfway back out, he slid back in with slow, deep thrusts.

"Fuck, I feel so fucking full!" she moaned loudly.

"You like having one of your students deep in your arse, professor?" Harry asked, leaning over her back and increasing his pace.

"Yes," she hissed, her eyelids fluttering as the pleasure took her.

Harry grunted and grabbed her hair, pulling her head back and arching her back sharply. His cock rammed its way even deeper inside her, causing the dark-skinned witch to moan sensuously as a gush of arousal splashed out from her pussy.

"M—More!" she pleaded, legs shaking as her arse was continuously assaulted by his big throbbing cock.

Feeling his climax beginning to build, Harry reached under her with his free hand and sank two fingers into her dripping folds. After a bit of searching, he found that sensitive spot inside of her

and rubbed it gently. Sinistra gasped and shuddered, her hips bucking back against him hard and driving his cock deep into her rear.

“Harry!” she exclaimed, panting heavily.

As he continued to gently run his fingers over the patch of slightly rougher skin inside of her, he hammered into her bum with deep, powerful thrusts. It felt like no time at all before he was teetering on the edge.

“I’m close,” Harry growled, his hips continuing to slap against her lush cheeks.

“In me,” Sinistra grunted.

Groaning, Harry held on as long as he could. The closer he got to his peak, the harder he slammed into her. Just as his cock swelled, spilling himself deep in her bum, Sinistra’s mouth hung open in a silent scream as she was pushed over the edge. Eyes clamped shut, the muscles and tendons in her neck bulged as her entire body seized up. Suddenly, a high-pitched squeal left her throat while her entire body shook uncontrollably.

Wrapping an arm around her, Harry held her close to his chest as he continued filling her.

Sinistra’s eyes flew open and nearly rolled into the back of her head as her legs gave out. If not for his arm around her, she would have fallen to the floor. Harry wrapped both arms around her chest, one hand squeezing her breast as he savoured the moment of bliss fogging his mind.

Harry kissed her neck, and Sinistra turned her head to kiss his lips tenderly. When he softened, she pulled forward until he slipped out of her, then turned in his arms, uncaring of the large river of cum flowing from her arsehole.

“Mr. Potter, that will be one week’s detention for inappropriate behaviour towards a professor,” she said with a smirk.

“Just a week?” Harry asked, matching her smirk

“We’ll see,” Sinistra said, leaning forward to kiss him.

Harry replied by rolling them over until he had the older witch pushed against the hard stone ground and her legs wrapped around him. Her smirk soon morphed into a full-fledged cry of pleasure as he sank his cock in her yet unfucked hole.

Something told him he was going to enjoy his week of detention *immensely*.

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Author's Note

We'll see more of that week next chapter! Plus the first part of his date with Susan and Hermione in Hogsmeade that may or may also feature a surprise at the end ;)

Thanks for reading!