

Love Potion Number Nine

Chapter 1

Romilda Vane was camped out in an unused section of the castle, in an old room that nearly no one ever went to. The only person that she knew who definitely visited this room was her friend. The reason she came here was that this particular room used to be a potions lab from way back. It had everything that you needed to brew quality potions, except fresh ingredients, of course. The best part was that it had a large venting system that sucked up all of the fumes. She always hated potions class. All of the fumes caked her raven black hair and made it slick and greasy. It was a horrible sensation.

The reason that she was here was much the same. She had a very important potion to brew and needed absolute secrecy. Her reason for such secrecy was simple. Love Potion Number Nine was quite powerful ... and also quite illegal. She could get into very serious trouble for even brewing it, let alone using it.

So why was she brewing such an illegal potion? Harry Potter, of course. Romilda had had a crush on him since her first year, but now that she had gone through puberty, she was ready to make her move. It was time for Harry to become hers. The only problem was that a lot of other girls his age were blossoming as well. That didn't even count that the Triwizard Tournament had brought a bounty of beautiful, older, foreign witches to her castle ... including one snooty, French Veela.

Romilda would grit her teeth every time that she heard the boys speak about that Fleur girl. They acted like she shitted chocolate ice cream or something. Sure, Fleur Delacour was very beautiful. Anyone could see that. But Romilda was beautiful as well, only she wasn't getting any recognition, and she wasn't pleased about it. She had even seen Harry take a glance or two. After seeing that, she decided that enough was enough. It was time to take matters into her own hands.

After sneaking into the Restricted Section of the school library, she spent hours scouring the thousands of books until she found something that she could use. Just looking at the instructions, she knew that it would be difficult to make. Not only that, but the ingredients weren't the cheapest to obtain. Still, it would be worth it. It took a few weeks to obtain the ingredients and find a suitable place to brew the potion, but once she had, she started right away.

The annoying buzz of the vent nearly broke her concentration as she was stirring the light pink concoction. Looking at her notes, she saw that the color wasn't perfect, but close enough. She didn't think that the potion should be bubbling this much either. Pink bubbles were dancing violently on the surface of the potion, bursting and sending bits of it spattering on anything nearby, including her instructions.

“Bloody hell!” she cried out, annoyed. She wiped her instructions and saw that some of the ink had blurred. Thinking that it wasn’t a big deal since she had read it a thousand times, and her memory was good, she carried on. Grabbing a small bundle from her bag, she held it up and examined it. It was a small bundle of hair that was as black as hers. She would never admit how she had gotten this since it was way too embarrassing. The important thing was that she got it. The potion needed the hair of the target. She would need to add her own hair as well, but that was much later after the potion had been brewed. Since the instructions were smeared, she didn’t see that she only needed to add one hair. Any more and the attraction may be too strong. Unfortunately, she untied the bundle and tossed the entire thing in. Once the hairs hit the surface of the potion, she gasped and took a step back. The cauldron started shaking and rattling violently while the contents churned and splashed, leaking over the sides.

“EEP!” she cried out and quickly gathered her things. Running from the room, she didn’t see the potion turn to mist and be sucked up into the vents. What she didn’t know was that this potion lab wasn’t used because the vents were faulty and had leaks throughout their length. As the mist was swept through the school, a very powerful lust potion was filling the halls and rooms, infecting the unknowing inhabitants of the castle.

Love Potion Number Nine

Hermione was twisting and turning in her bed, her face red while images of herself with Harry flashed through her mind. She rubbed her smooth thighs together to try and stave off some of the needs that she was feeling. She had always kind of liked Harry, but now she needed him ... badly. Unable to help herself, she reached underneath the long t-shirt that she liked to wear to bed and cupped her pussy. She could feel that her panties were drenched all the way through. Not even caring at this point, she shoved her hand down the front and started vigorously rubbing her virgin slit. Her eyes fluttered, and she exhaled deeply as her fingers slid over her wet slit and onto her hard and throbbing clit. Pinching the little nub, Hermione moaned and arched her back. She could smell the scent of wet pussy filling up her dorm room. What she didn’t know was that hers wasn’t the only wet pussy in the room.

Not feeling any satisfaction from her hand, Hermione bit her lip while contemplating whether she should even try to go and see him. In the end, her hormones won out, and she crept out of bed, too out of it to even remember to put on a robe. Thankfully, there was no one in the Common Room when she crept down the stairs and went up the stairs that led to the boys' section. Easily finding his room, she pulled out her wand and quietly went inside.

While sleeping, he obviously didn’t see the flash of lights as Hermione stunned each of his dorm mates. He did, however, wake up when she not-so-gently got on his bed and pulled his covers down. As he sleepily rubbed his eyes, he could barely make out a darkened figure determinedly pulling his pajama pants down.

“Yes!” Hermione gasped triumphantly as his cock sprang up. Just the sight of it alone had her pussy dripping. Wrapping both of her hands around the monster, she started jerking and tugging on it the best that she could. It was not like she had any experience.

Even so, Harry moaned as his vision got a little better. “Hermione?” he asked, knowing the voice that he had heard.

“S-sorry, Harry!” she shuddered. “But I can’t help myself!” she exclaimed, standing up on his bed and pulling her long shirt and panties off. Harry watched transfixed as her bare pussy was exposed to him. He could see hairless lips with a mound that had neatly trimmed pubic hair on it. The best part was that there were drops of pussy juice dripping straight off of her pussy and onto his bed. His eyes traveled upward and onto her perky, B-cup tits. He tried sitting up, but she stopped him by placing her bare foot on his chest and pushing him back down. “I can’t hold back any longer!” she squealed while both hands clutched her pussy tightly. She turned around and lowered herself.

Reaching under herself, she grabbed his length and slapped the head against her drenched pussy lips before stuffing the thick head inside. Once firmly in, she lowered herself the rest of the way. Dropping down, his cock tore right through her innocence, causing her to whimper and her pussy to clutch. Her horniness was on another level tonight, so she couldn’t even wait for the pain to fully go away. In the reverse cowgirl position, she grabbed his shins and started bouncing her ass up and down.

Harry threw his head back and moaned as he lost his virginity. Hermione’s tight, wet depths felt better than anything that he had ever felt before. Being inside her was heavenly, and he never wanted to leave. As his eyes swept over the point of penetration, he noticed that her pussy was so tight that her smooth, hairless lips actually pulled away from her body every time that she lifted up her ass. He placed his hands on her lovely, shapely hips and caressed her delicate skin. As his hand moved up her bare back and over her spine, Hermione’s supple, teenage body erupted in goosebumps. He found that he loved watching her body move. As she bounced on him, her ass cheeks would clap together. When split, he could see her tight, pink asshole peeking out from between them. He desperately wanted to touch her there but fought the urge. He suddenly sat up and grabbed her pert tits from behind.

Hermione’s beautiful, brown eyes fluttered as his hand cupped her small breasts. Every time that his fingers brushed over her hard, crinkled nipples, it made her clit throb and her asshole pucker. Her body had never been this sensitive before, but right now she didn’t care. In fact, right now she actually liked it. Capturing her nipples between his fingers, Harry gently rolled them around as he kissed her bare shoulders and the back of her neck. Hermione tilted her head back and let her eyes roll into the back of her head. Her pussy clamped down tight on him as she whorishly moaned his name.

“What the hell are you doing here?” a voice suddenly rang out.

"Ginny?" Hermione squealed as her pussy tried to milk his cock. Ginny Weasley was much in the same boat as her. She looked disheveled and horny as fuck. Just then, her dressing gown dropped revealing her nude body. Harry licked his lips at the sight of her ginger bush and toned sexy legs. Her tits were roughly the same size as Hermione's, and her hips were just a tad wider.

"Move over! I can't take it anymore!" she cried out, desperate and needy. She turned around and pressed her face on the bed. Lifting up her ass, she reached back and spread her cheeks for him. Harry gasped at the perverse nature of the act. He could see everything that she had to offer. His eyes were glued to her puckering asshole, and he knew that he needed to have it. He had just placed the tip of his cock against the puckering hole when Hermione stopped him. Using her wand, she cleaned and lubed Ginny before coating his cock in lubricant.

"Thanks," he muttered as he pushed the head in. Ginny bit down on the bedsheets as her anal virginity was taken that night. She shuddered and cried out in pain and pleasure. With every inch that his cock went, a tingling in her spine was making her pussy drip lewdly. Hermione was tenderly rubbing her bare back while Harry rocked his hips back and forth, slowly stretching her.

"Harder and faster! I need it bad!" Ginny cried out in a pathetic whine. Harry slapped her ass hard like he had seen in Uncle Vernon's stash of porno tapes. Ginny squealed and clenched her ass on him. Harry grabbed her hips and really started fucking her hard.

Hermione watched, pussy quivering as Harry made her shapely cheeks clap and jiggle. She saw Ginny's pussy juice dribbling down in a steady drip while her asshole was being plundered by the biggest cock that she had ever seen. The noises that their actions were making were causing her cheeks to heat up. The scent of Ginny's pussy and her own arousal was making her head swim. Ginny was moaning worse than any whore off of the street as her small hands clenched at the bed. Suddenly, with a scream, Ginny sprayed pussy juice all over the bed. Harry pulled almost all of the way out before plunging back in. Another spray drenched his bed. Harry was groaning and his hands were shaking as Ginny collapsed onto her side, her body shivering and her asshole gaping. All Harry could do was stroke his cock and point it at her. Hermione squeaked as ropes of thick, white cum slashed across her bare tits and splattered on her belly. Harry pumped his huge cock, spurting cum all over her body until his balls had run dry. Once done, all three just sat there breathing heavily.

"What the bloody hell was that?!" Harry groaned. Hermione was still feeling horny, but she felt as if she could control it for the time being.

"I'm not sure, but we can talk later. I need to get Ginny back to her dorm before we get caught," Hermione told him, blushing madly while waving her wand and cleaning herself of his cum. Harry nodded. With a great amount of embarrassment, the two girls got dressed and stumbled back to their dorms while one lucky, young man flopped back on his soiled bed with a big, shit-eating grin on his face. He had never slept so well in his entire life.