

## Chapter 14

After a long night with the witches of Slytherin, Harry felt like he had only just crawled into bed and closed his eyes when he was awoken again. He blinked his eyes open and turned his bleary gaze down to his legs, where he felt movement. It was early in the morning. Through the window, sunlight was just starting to peek above the hilly horizon.

Reaching over to the bedside table, he slipped his glasses on his face and gazed down at Ginny Weasley's smiling face. She was on all fours, completely naked, as she crawled over his legs.

"I hope you don't mind me waking you early," she said, grabbing the waistband of his pajama bottoms and yanking them down to his ankles. "I couldn't stop dreaming about you."

Harry smiled.

"I definitely don't mind if you want to wake me up like this," he said.

Ginny smiled, straddled his waist, and sank onto his length with a soft moan. Harry reached up and cupped her perky breasts as she started rocking her hips. He ran his thumbs over her hard, pink nipples. Quickly, the room was filled with the sound of their mutual grunts and groans, and the steady clapping of her firm, muscular bum crashing against his thighs.

"Oi!" Seamus yelled. "Keep it down!"

Harry reached for his wand and cast a Silencing Charm around his bed. Tossing his wand aside, he wrapped his arm around Ginny, rolled her over, and pinned her to the mattress. Her arms and legs reflexively wrapped around him, and their lips met in a slow, sensual kiss.

He wasn't sure how long they went at it, but it was long enough that, as he was nearing his end, the sun had fully risen, and his roommates had begun to get ready for the day. Neither Harry nor Ginny reached in the slightest when Ron wandered over and flung open his curtains.

“Oh, you’re awake,” he muttered sleepily. “You want the shower first?”

“No, you go ahead,” Harry grunted. “I haven’t finished fucking your sister.”

“Kay,” Ron shrugged.

He left Harry’s curtains open as he stumbled toward the bathroom. The other boys walked around the room, changing clothes and gathering their school things while Harry continued to pound Ginny’s lithe body into the mattress. She threw her head back and cried out in climax, screaming his name a moment before he emptied himself in her clutching depths.

After catching his breath, he rolled off to the side and collapsed onto his back.

“Merlin, what a way to start the day,” Ginny giggled.

“The best,” Harry grinned.

Letting out another giggle, Ginny kissed him on the lips and climbed off the bed. He watched with a smile as she walked, completely naked, out of the dorm. A few moments later, he climbed out of bed, downed a Stamina Potion, and gathered his clothes for the day while he waited for his turn in the shower.

Despite his late start, Harry made it down to the Common Room with plenty of time to spare. Spotting Hermione in a chair by the fire, he made his way over and took a seat on the couch.

“Where’s Ron?” she asked, glancing up from the book in her lap.

“Looking for his Charms homework,” he said.

Hermione let out a long-suffering sigh and rolled her eyes. Before she could respond, however, Lavender and Parvati stepped in between them.

“Hi, Harry,” they said in unison with a giggle.

“Hi,” he smiled.

They shared a look, giggled again, and then dropped to their knees and reached for his belt.

“Really, Harry?” Hermione asked exasperatedly.

Harry held up his hands helplessly as the two girls pulled out his cock and giggled as they stroked him to hardness. Sighing and shaking her head, Hermione turned back to her book. While Parvati continued stroking his length, Lavender quickly removed her tie and dress shirt. And from the look of things, the girls of Hogwarts were continuing their crusade against wearing bras.

Lifting her large, perfectly-shaped breasts, she wrapped them around his length. Parvati moved her hands out of the way as her blonde roommate pressed her breasts together and slid them up and down.

“It looks so angry,” Parvati giggled, staring down at the swollen, red head that peeked out from between Lavender’s soft, pale cleavage.

“Maybe you should give it a kiss,” Lavender suggested playfully.

Parvati shuffled closer, bent over, and kissed his tip. It pulsed in response, and she giggled. Leaning back down, she tucked her hair behind her ears and wrapped her lips around him. Harry leaned his head back and groaned. Lavender jiggled her breasts up and down rapidly,

burying Pavati's face in her soft mounds over and over while her friend continued suckling on his head.

"Morning," Ron yawned, dropping heavily into the open chair.

"Good morning," Hermione said. "Did you find your homework?"

"Yeah."

"Did you finish it?" she asked, arching an eyebrow.

"Mostly," Ron shrugged. "I'll add a few more sentences at breakfast."

Hermione sighed, closed her book, and glanced over at Harry.

"Are you almost finished?" she asked.

"Nearly," Harry groaned.

He flexed his hips to speed things along and moaned as he neared his peak. Parvati pulled back suddenly, and Lavender squealed as he erupted all over her face. Laughing, she closed her eyes tightly and continued massaging him with her breasts until he'd finished. Long, pearly white strands decorated her face. Her left eye was entirely covered, and heavy globs dripped down onto her breasts.

"Parvati," she huffed, cracking her right eye open cautiously.

"Sorry," Parvati giggled. "I didn't realize he was that close."

"I need to go get cleaned up," Lavender said.

Standing up, she walked over to the girls' dorm and quickly climbed the stairs, her breasts bouncing wildly through her open blouse. Parvati shrugged, leaned over, and took him back in her mouth. Harry groaned as she sucked his sensitive length clean.

"Come on, Harry," Hermione said impatiently, shouldering her bag.

Reluctantly, he pushed Parvati's head back and tucked himself away.

"Thanks," he said, climbing to his feet.

She looked up at him and smiled as she licked her lips.

"Any time, Harry."

Grabbing his bag, Harry rushed out of the Common Room after Ron and Hermione. He didn't even make it to the Great Hall before he was accosted again. Just as he climbed down the grand staircase to the Entry Hall, Pansy Parkinson appeared out of the shadows, grabbed his arm, and spun him around to face her.

"You utter prick!" she hissed, smacking his chest.

"What?!" Harry yelped.

"You'll fuck my roommates, but you won't fuck me?" she asked accusingly.

"Hey, I didn't touch Bulstrode," he corrected.

"No, but you fucked everyone else," Parkinson sneered.

To his shock, she started stripping in the middle of the Entry Hall. Her knickers and skirt pooled around her ankles, and she shucked off her blouse and tie until she was completely bare. Parkinson was short, thin, and glaringly pale. Her breasts were tiny. Nothing more than small bumps on her chest, capped with small, pink nipples. Long, thin legs led up to a narrow waist and a tiny but decently round bum.

She wasn't necessarily unattractive, but compared to the other girls he'd been with, she paled in comparison. Still, the idea of shagging the girl who'd done nothing but insult him for the last five years was highly appealing. Especially if she was going to be so desperate as to strip naked in the middle of the hall.

"You want it that bad, fine," Harry said.

Grabbing her arm, he marched her into the Great Hall.

"Hey!" Pansy yelled indignantly.

By now, the magic of the sap would be at its strongest, and Harry was confident no one would notice anything out of place. The activity in the hall continued as normal as he walked her over and bent her roughly over the end of the Gryffindor table. A quick glance at the Head Table confirmed that they neither noticed nor cared. Smirking, Harry held her chest against the rough wooden table with one hand and opened his belt with the other.

"You want it?" he growled, slapping his hardening length against her hot, damp mound. "Then beg for it."

"What?" Pansy gasped. "I am not begging."

“Alright,” Harry shrugged, gazing down the table. “Hey, Angelina! You want to take Parkinson’s place?”

“You bet,” Angelina grinned.

“No, wait!” Pansy yelled. “Potter, please.”

She squirmed, trying to back her hips up as he teased her entrance, but he held her firmly in place.

“Please what?” Harry asked, swiping his engorged head between her taut folds.

“Please, just fuck me,” she whimpered.

“I need it,” she added quietly.

Angelina pouted and dropped back into her seat as Harry thrust forward and sank into Parkinson’s sweltering depths. She might not have been much to look at, but her intense heat and suffocating tightness felt incredible. Her body trembled as he bottomed out, pinning his hips against her bum.

Harry gripped her cheeks, each barely big enough to fill his hand, and spread her open obscenely as he eased back. Her pink lips clung to his shaft, refusing to let him go until he reversed course and plowed roughly forward.

“Oh, Merlin!” Pansy gasped.

Smirking, he raised his hand and spanked her hard enough to turn her paper-white skin light pink. Any indignant response she might have made was cut off when he slammed back into her, forcing a pleased moan from her lips.

“Is this what you wanted?” Harry growled.

Pansy’s only response was to climax with a strained grunt. Gripping her small hips, Harry ravaged her fluttering depths with long, powerful thrusts. Her hands clawed at the table, knocking aside plates and really tipping over a pitcher of pumpkin juice that Katie caught just in time.

“Watch it!” she barked, and then muttered, “Stupid slut.”

Pansy replied with a strangled groan as she came again. Her overwhelming tightness pushed Harry closer to his peak. Grabbing her long, dark ponytail in his fist, he yanked her head back and used it as leverage to fuck her as hard as he could. The wet slap of his groin smacking against hers filled the Great Hall, followed a moment later by a howling scream. Pansy squirted violently around his length, showing his trousers and the floor in her climax.

Harry grunted as she spasmed around him. With a few more hammering thrusts, he pushed himself deep and erupted. She gasped, shuddered, and collapsed onto the table with a groan. Taking a deep breath and wiping the sweat from his brow, Harry slowly eased out of her. Her lips clung to him, reluctant to let go, but he pulled free, along with some of the mess he’d left inside.

Smirking, he brought his hand down sharply on her bum. The sound echoed around the hall like a shot. Pansy let out a high-pitched yelp, covered her bum with her hand, and turned her shocked gaze at him over her shoulder.

“Not bad, Parkinson,” he said. “We should do this again sometime.”

Pansy groaned and slid down to sit on the hard, cold stone floor, one hand covering her leaking folds. Shrugging, Harry tucked himself away and joined Hermione and Ron further down the table.



Because of the distraction with Parkinson, he was one of the last to leave for class. Quickly, he raced to the Transfigurations classroom and found it already full. Ron had taken the seat next to Hermione at the front. The only seat left was at the back, next to Susan Bones. Smiling, he made his way to the back of the classroom and took the seat next to her.

“Hey, Susan,” he said.

“Hi, Harry,” she replied with a smile.

McGonagall stood up from her desk and started class. Fortunately, class was a review of what they’d already learned over the last month. They were largely left to their own devices to brush up on their studies in preparation for a test later that week. Harry tried to pay attention to what he was doing, but it was difficult when Susan’s massive breasts wobbled so alluringly under her thin blouse every time she waved her wand.

He really hoped the girls continued to go braless after the sap wore off.

As class wore on, he realized that after Susan had noticed his glances, she started intentionally trying to draw his attention. She thrust out her chest and exaggerated her wand movements. As a result, her spells went awry more often than not.

“I think your wand movement is a little off,” Harry smiled.

“Oh, really?” Susan asked shyly. “Can you show me what I did wrong?”

Scooting closer, he wrapped an arm around her waist and rested his hand on her thigh. His other hand grabbed the wrist of her wand arm to guide her movements, while Susan said the incantation. It didn’t work as well as he’d hoped. The block of wood that they were supposed to transfigure into a crystal ball ended up looking more like a melted glass dolphin than anything else.

“Sorry,” Susan muttered blushing.

“It’s alright,” Harry said, reverting it back into a block of wood with a wave of his wand. “I think my wand movements were a bit off. It’s awkward doing it from the side. Maybe it would help if you sat in my lap?”

It was a corny line, but Susan didn’t seem to mind. She didn’t hesitate at all to plant herself in his lap despite the blush on her cheeks.

“Let’s try that again,” he said.

Again, Harry performed the wand movement, while Susan said the incantation. It worked perfectly this time, and the block of wood transformed seamlessly into a crystal ball. Susan squealed softly in celebration and bounced in Harry’s lap.

“We did it!” she said.

It wasn’t much of an accomplishment considering they’d learned the charm three weeks earlier, but as Susan continued grinding against his rapidly rising excitement, it seemed like her celebration was just an excuse. Smiling, Harry cupped her breasts over her blouse. She moaned and leaned back against his chest as his hands explored her body. Eventually, one hand made its way under her skirt and the other under her blouse.

Flushed and panting, Susan wiggled and felt around until her hands found his belt. With a bit more maneuvering from both of them, she managed to pull him into the open, shift her knickers aside, and impale herself on his throbbing erection.

Their movements were subtle at first, little more than grinding back and forth in his lap. As she moaned, Harry unbuttoned her blouse, freeing her massive, swaying breasts, and kneaded them roughly. He captured her thick, rosy red nipples between his fingers and teased them to hardness as she started bouncing on his cock.

Pretty soon, there was nothing subtle about what they were doing. Harry stood up, bent Susan over the desk, and pounded against her rippling backside. While the rest of the class continued obliviously, Hermione glanced over her shoulder, rolled her eyes, and went back to work. Meanwhile, Harry continued fucking Susan until the end of class, erupting in her depths moments after the bell rang.

Quickly tucking himself away, he left her to recover on her own as he grabbed his bag and left.

While Hermione went to Arithmancy, Harry and Ron headed to the library for their free study period. It was practically empty between classes, and for the first time all day, he actually managed to get some work done. As he was putting his books back on the shelf, he saw Tracey passing by between the stacks. For a moment, he thought about seeing if he could take another turn with her bum, but the bell rang before he even finished the thought.

On their way out of the library, they ran into Hermione coming down the stairs.

“Hey,” she said. “Are you ready for Charms?”

“Uh, I forgot my book in my trunk,” Ron admitted sheepishly.

“Oh, Ron!” Hermione exclaimed exasperatedly.

“It’s no big deal,” he said with a shrug. “I’ll just go grab it.”

Ron took off down the hall at a jog, weaving his way between students and earning himself a few indignant shouts.

“Come on,” Hermione sighed.

Grabbing Harry's arm, she pulled him toward the stairs. As they walked through the halls, they steadily became aware that the girls were starting to pay extra attention to him. They'd stop mid-conversation and smile or wave flirtatiously. Hermione sped up their pace and looped her arm through his as if to protect him. Quickly, they reached the Charms classroom and took a seat at one of the desks. Her brow furrowed, and she nibbled on her bottom lip as they sat silently.

"What?" Harry asked.

Hermione blinked, and it took her a moment to register his question.

"Oh, I was just thinking," she said. "It's odd, isn't it? Hardly anyone paid any attention to you all morning, and now they can't keep their eyes off of you."

"Er, Hermione, did you miss what happened in the Common Room with Lavender and Parvati, or the thing with Parkinson at breakfast?"

"Yes, but no one else even looked at you unless you drew their attention," Hermione said, staring down at the desk thoughtfully. "It's almost like... Did you have sex during your study period?"

Harry blinked at the sudden shift in conversation.

"What? No, I studied," he said, earning him a raised eyebrow. "I swear!"

"Alright," she nodded. "And were you... aroused?"

"No," he said, earning another raised eyebrow. "Er, well, maybe a little."

Hermione nodded.

“You know, witches and wizards release a small amount of magic when they’re aroused, like a magical pheromone. I wonder if the sap absorbs it and uses it to project its attractive qualities more prominently?”

Reaching into her bag, she pulled out a notebook and started writing.

“So, what, the more aroused I get, the more I attract girls?” Harry asked.

“Attract anyone attracted to you, to be more precise, but yes,” Hermione said.

Padma Patil and Lisa Turpin entered the classroom and took the desk next to theirs with a flirtatious smile. Lisa even opened a couple of buttons of her blouse, an action completely out of character for the typically shy girl.

“I think you’re right,” he said. “But then why didn’t they pay attention to me when I was having sex? I was pretty aroused then.”

“I don’t know,” she admitted. “I’ll have to look into it more. It seems like when you have intercourse, or just afterward, there’s something that causes people to stop paying attention. I bet magicals release a burst of magic during sex that powers the Notice-Me-Not charm.”

Harry nodded thoughtfully, but got distracted when Lavender entered and dragged her fingers over his shoulder teasingly as she took the desk behind them.

“So, I’m going to keep attracting attention until I have sex?” he asked.

“That’s my hypothesis,” Hermione shrugged.

“Good morning, class!” Flitwick said cheerfully. “Today, we’re going to be working on...”

Harry tuned out the rest of what he was saying. Glancing around the room, every girl in Ravenclaw and Gryffindor was staring at him with growing intensity. As attractive as they were, he didn't fancy getting jumped by all of them the moment class ended. He was already feeling a bit worn out from everything that had happened that day, and it wasn't even lunch yet.

And then Hermione's hand landed in his lap, and made everything much more difficult.

If the sap worked the way she thought it did, then he'd likely get jumped before Flitwick finished his lesson.

"Not helping!" he hissed.

Hermione glanced at him, then down at her hand, and wrenched it away.

"Sorry," she muttered. "I don't know why I keep doing that."

Harry knew, even if she wouldn't admit it, and it gave him an idea.

"Ever thought about having sex in the middle of class?" he smirked.

Hermione smacked his thigh, hard.

"Stop it!" she hissed.

"Oh, come on," Harry grinned. "I know you want to. Think about it."

She bit her lip.

“This might be your only chance.”

He could see her resolve crumbling.

“If you don’t, one of them will.”

Hermione glanced around at the other girls in class and narrowed her eyes.

“Fine,” she huffed.

She reached over, intentionally this time, and opened his trousers. Harry watched her thighs rub together as she pulled him out into the open and stroked him to hardness. She teased him for a couple of minutes, biting her lip and visibly working up her courage before letting him go and lifting herself up just far enough to remove her knickers. Stuffing them in her bag, she turned, swung her leg over his body, and straddled his lap. They both groaned as her hot folds rubbed against his throbbing length.

Hermione pressed her body tightly against his, her arms wrapped around his shoulders, and ground herself against him. Angling her hips, she placed him at her entrance and sank down slowly.

“Harry,” she panted, face buried in the crook of his neck.

Harry slid his hands under her skirt and cupped her bum. He felt her muscles flex under her smooth skin as she rode him languidly.

“They’re not even looking at us.”

He glanced around the classroom. She was right. All of the girls who had been staring at him just moments ago were now entirely absorbed in the lesson. The boys were as oblivious as ever.

Hermione leaned back, hands resting on his shoulder, and rode him higher, but maintained the same unhurried pace. As she sank back down, she released a long, low moan, loud enough for everyone to hear. No one looked over.

“Oh, Merlin,” she panted excitedly.

Harry smiled, gripped the front of her blouse, and wrenched it open. Hermione gasped as the buttons clattered across the floor. Like all the other girls, she still wasn’t wearing a bra. He buried his face between her lush, perky breasts, nuzzling the soft mounds, and then turned his head and took one of her pert nipples between his lips.

Hermione hissed pleurably. Her fingers curled in his hair, holding him to her chest. He switched from one to the other, biting lightly and grazing them with his teeth. She trembled and rode him faster, panting heavily. It didn’t take long before she groaned out her first climax.

“Tell me when you’re close,” she said.

It took a long time for Harry to reach his own climax, and he wasn’t in any rush to hurry Hermione along. He spent the majority of class enjoying the sight of his best friend riding her way to more than a dozen orgasms.

“I’m close,” he said eventually.

Hermione stood up abruptly, and Harry felt a flash of disappointment and frustration, but that all vanished when she dropped to her knees. His eyes widened as she aimed him at her face, closed her eyes, and stroked him furiously.

“Bloody hell,” he groaned.



The naughtiness of what she had planned pushed him over the edge, and he erupted all over her face. Thanks to their extended session, it was quite the amount. Hermione's face was practically covered from forehead to chin in cum. Miraculously, none appeared to have gotten in her hair. Carefully opening her eyes, she retook her seat as if nothing had happened and raised her hand.

"Yes, Ms. Granger?" Flitwick asked.

"Since the Lighting Charm and the Illumination Charm use the same wand motion, is it possible to turn one into the other?" she asked.

"Excellent question!" Flitwick said, bouncing excitedly. "And yes, you can, but I'm afraid we won't be getting to that until next year. Now, then, where was I..."

"You paid attention through all of that?" Harry whispered incredulously.

Hermione smiled embarrassedly and blushed.