

## Chapter 7

Harry groaned as he lay back in his bed, watching Ginny bounce up and down on top of him. Reaching up, he cupped her bouncing breasts and squeezed her hard, red nipples.

“Oh, Harry,” Ginny moaned with a shudder.

Harry grinned as he trailed his hands down to her hips. Grabbing them tightly, he began pulling her down into his upward thrusts. Ginny cried out when her bum clapped loudly against his thighs and collapsed onto his chest.

“Oi, keep it down!” Seamus yelled. “M’ tryna sleep!”

The realization that they’d forgotten the Silencing Charm caused Harry to freeze. Ginny either didn’t understand, or she didn’t care. She let out a needy whine and rolled her hips aggressively while kissing his neck.

Unable to stop himself, Harry gripped her bum and thrust into her hot, welcoming depths, drawing a long, loud groan from her lips.

“I said shut it!” Seamus yelled.

“Forget it,” Dean said. “It’s time to get up anyway.”

Grumbling and cursing under his breath, Seamus’ bed squeaked as he got up and walked to the bathroom while Dean made the rounds to wake the others. No longer caring about his dormmates, Harry rolled over until he was on top of Ginny and drove into her rapidly. Her legs tightened around him, and her back arched as she screamed out her climax. Harry groaned a moment later when he erupted in her depths.

“Thanks for the wake-up, Ginny,” he said, kissing her softly on the lips.

“Any time,” she replied with a bright smile.

Smiling back, Harry rolled off of her and sighed happily. Ginny gave a self-satisfied smile before suddenly sitting up, scooting to the side of the bed, and throwing open the curtain. Ron, Dean, and Neville paid no mind to the naked redhead as she gathered her discarded clothes. As she bent over to collect her knickers, the bathroom door opened, and Seamus stopped in the doorway, staring at her bum.

“Nice,” he said with a grin.

Ron narrowed his eyes, stood up, and punched him hard in the shoulder.

“Oi!” he yelled. “That’s my sister.”

“Not my fault she’s fit,” Seamus said, rubbing his shoulder.

Ron raised his fist threateningly.

“One more word,” he growled.

“Ron, stop being an arse,” Ginny said, rolling her eyes as she stepped into her knickers.

“Did you hear what he said about you?” Ron asked incredulously.

“So?” she asked, pulling her nightshirt over her head. “I’ll see you later, Harry.”

Leaning over the bed, she kissed him passionately before straightening up and leaving the dorm. Harry watched her go and shook his head just how surreal his life had become.

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Because Harry took so long getting out of bed, he was the last to use the shower. Running late, he grabbed a couple of slices of toast and some bacon from the Gryffindor table before following Ron and Hermione down to the dungeons for double Potions.

“I need you to come with me to the Room of Requirement during our free period after lunch,” Hermione said softly. “I had an idea last night about how the sap works.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded as they entered the Potions classroom.

He’d barely made it a single step inside when Lilith hooked her arm through his and escorted him over to a table in the middle of the classroom. Smiling at the pretty brunette, he set up his cauldron just as Snape swooped into the room and slammed the door shut behind him.

“Today, you’ll be brewing the Draught of Peace,” he drawled. “This will take the full four hours to brew correctly. Instructions are on the board. Begin!”

Lilith pointed to Harry and then to the cauldron before pointing to herself and then to the ingredients cabinet. Harry nodded and started a fire to heat the water while she went to collect the required ingredients. While he waited for the water to come to a simmering boil, he noticed Pansy glaring at him intently, her brow furrowed. Meeting her eyes, he arched an eyebrow. Pansy huffed angrily and turned back to her cauldron just as Lilith returned to their table and laid out the ingredients.

“Do you know why Parkinson is glaring at me?” he whispered to her.

Lilith glanced over at Pansy, who looked up and scowled. Turning back to Harry, she shrugged her shoulders. Putting Parkinson out of his mind, Harry focused his attention back on the potion. They worked together in silence for the next half an hour, carefully following the instructions on the board. It was a difficult potion, but they managed to get it to the described shade of puce it needed to be before letting it simmer for twenty minutes.

There was little for Harry to do since Lilith was doing the occasional stirring that was necessary, so he decided to find another way to keep himself occupied. Glancing up at Snape, he slipped a hand under Lilith's skirt and palmed her bum over her soft knickers. The dour Potions master's eyes passed right over them without a second glance. Smirking to himself, Harry spent the next few minutes groping his partner.

"Lilith, can I borrow some of your bat liver?" Daphne Greengrass asked from behind them. "I didn't grab enough."

Looking over her shoulder, Lilith nodded and turned back to the potion. Daphne could have easily gone around to the side to grab what she needed, but instead, she decided to squeeze between Harry and the table, pressing her pert, round bum against his groin. Sharing a glance with Lilith and arching his brow, she smiled and laughed silently. Daphne bent over at the waist, rubbing her bum firmly against him.

Harry rapidly hardened as she deliberately ground against his groin. Smirking, he happily dry-humped her against the table and reached around to cup one of her breasts. They weren't as big as Lilith's, but they were still a good handful.

"Daphne, we need that liver," Tracey called.

"Coming," Daphne replied breathlessly.

She quickly grabbed the bat liver and straightened up, her normally pale cheeks slightly flushed. Harry gave her breast a farewell squeeze and her bum a parting pat as she returned to her table. Making eye contact with Hermione, she rolled her eyes exaggeratedly. Harry shrugged, the corner of his lips turning upward.

Over the next hour, the potions classroom grew noticeably warmer, almost uncomfortably so. Like many of the students, Lilith had loosened her tie and opened the top two buttons of her blouse. Harry got occasionally distracted by the expanse of pale, sweaty cleavage she displayed—nearly disastrously so if she hadn't been paying close attention to his work. He was just thinking about copping a feel as they once again paused their work to let the potion simmer when Tracey appeared on the other side of the table.

Like Lilith, she had loosened her tie and undone the first couple of buttons of her blouse. Her dark skin glistened in the flickering torchlight as she bent over slightly, giving him a teasing glimpse of her white bra.

“Hey, mind if I borrow some salamander tails?” she asked.

Shaking her head, Lillith gestured to their pile of ingredients. Tracey flashed a grateful smile at her and started looking through the bottles on the table. When she stretched her arm forward to sift through the ingredients, her blouse and bra crinkled, giving Harry a glimpse of her hard brown nipples. Their eyes met a moment later, and Tracey smirked as she opened another button.

“Like the view, Potter?” she asked teasingly.

“I do,” Harry said with a challenging smile. “Care to give me a better one?”

Smiling brightly, Tracey straightened up, opened two more buttons, and pulled the cups of her bra down under her breasts. Harry grinned as he reached out and cupped one, her hard, thick nipple pressing against his palm.

“Davis, stop dawdling and get back to your table,” Snape barked. “Potter, ten points from Gryffindor for gossiping.”

Harry rolled his eyes annoyedly as Tracey fixed her bra and blouse back into place. Giving him a wink, she grabbed the jar of salamander tails and sauntered back over to her table. With a sigh, he turned back to Lilith, who was looking at him with amusement dancing in her eyes.

“Cock block,” he muttered.

Covering her mouth, Lilith laughed silently. Harry smiled as he stepped behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. While she finished the final sequence of stirs to complete the potion, he kissed her neck and caressed her breasts. It probably distracted her from making the potion as well as she could have, but he wasn’t concerned about losing a couple of points on his grade.

“Do you want to find a broom cupboard after class?” Harry asked huskily.

Lilith gave him an apologetic look over her shoulder before grabbing a piece of parchment and a quill.

*I have to go to the library, she wrote.*

Harry hummed disappointedly while she scribbled another line under the first.

*Meet me in the dungeons tonight at 7?*

“Sure,” he smiled.

Turning her head, Lilith kissed him on the lips briefly before snuffing out the fire with her wand and pouring a sample of their potion into a vial. Harry started to clean and pack up his equipment when he heard a desk shift next to him. Glancing over, he swallowed thickly when he spotted the look Bulstrode was giving him. With a predatory glare, she bumped her table with her hip, effortlessly pushing it closer to his.

With only a couple of minutes left until the end of class, Harry carelessly tossed his belongings into his bag, shouldered it, and fidgeted impatiently. Slipping a hand into his pocket, he ran his fingers over the soft, silky fabric of his invisibility cloak. It was a good thing he'd remembered to get it back from Ginny that morning.

The moment the bell rang, Harry sprinted for the door. Behind him, he heard Bulstrode shoving desks, chairs, and students out of her way as she chased after him like a charging bull. Quickly ducking around the corner, he yanked his Invisibility Cloak out of his pocket, threw it around his shoulders, and ducked into a dark alcove.

Bulstrode rushed past him, followed a moment later by Lilith, Tracey, and Daphne. Harry was tempted to reach out and grab Daphne, but he wasn't sure he could do it without alerting Bulstrode. They rapidly climbed the stairs up to the first floor, their footfalls slowly fading into the distance.

Letting out a sigh of relief, Harry shrugged off his cloak, stuffed it back in his pocket, and stepped back out into the hall. He headed back the way he'd come to meet up with Hermione and Ron for lunch but came to an abrupt stop when someone reached out, grabbed his arm, and yanked him into an empty classroom. Harry whirled around and came face to face with Pansy, her face set in a scowl.

"What did you do?" she asked, jabbing her finger into his chest accusingly.

"What are you on about?" Harry asked, confused. "I didn't do anything."

"Then why the hell do I keep dreaming about you?" Pansy growled. "You used a spell, didn't you?"

Harry smirked as realization stuck him. Pansy was being affected by the sap, but she didn't want to admit being attracted to him.

"I didn't cast a spell, Parkinson," Harry said. "If you're dreaming about me, that's all on you."

Pansy growled and shoved him against the wall with surprising strength.

“Make it stop,” she demanded.

“I can’t,” Harry told her.

Pansy’s dark pink lips compressed into a tight line, and her arm twitched like she wanted to slap him, but she stopped.

“Fine!” she spat.

Harry thought they were done, but Pansy shocked him by dropping into a squat and working at his belt.

“What the hell are you doing?” Harry asked.

“Getting this ridiculous image of you out of my head,” Pansy growled, working on his fly. “I’m sure these stupid dreams will stop after I see your pathetic little-”

Pansy froze, her mouth dropping out slightly, as she yanked Harry’s trousers down to his thighs, and his half-hard length dangled in front of her face.

“My little what, exactly?” Harry asked with a smirk.

Pansy shook her head, quickly wiping the shocked look off of her face, and scowled.

“Shut up, Potter,” she said, even as she wrapped her hand around his shaft.



She glared up at him with her dark brown eyes as she stroked him to hardness. Once he was completely erect, she gripped him by the base and looked him over critically, shifting around for better angles, before looking back up at his face.

“Bigger than your boyfriend?” Harry asked tauntingly.

“I wouldn’t know,” Pansy said, narrowing her eyes and wrapping her hand around him. “I’m not one of those Gryffindor whores that spread her legs for anyone.”

“Says the girl with my cock in her hand,” he scoffed.

“Fuck you, Potter,” she spat. “You’re never telling anyone about this, and it’s never happening again. I – I just need to get it out of my system so I can stop having these stupid dreams.”

“If you say so,” Harry shrugged.

Pansy glared up at him and huffed before opening her mouth and swallowing his tip. He planned on holding back his moans to irritate her, but that proved unnecessary. Her technique was pitiful. She simply held him in her mouth, bobbing back and forth fractionally while her tongue lay flat and motionless against the underside of his shaft. When she glanced up at his face, he stared back with a bored, unimpressed expression. Pulling back, she stroked him and glared.

“What?” she asked aggressively.

“That was shite,” Harry told her bluntly.

Pansy inhaled sharply through her nose, inflating her rather flat chest as her cheeks turned red.

“Then tell me how to do it since you have so much experience sucking dick,” she spat.

Narrowing his eyes angrily, Harry grabbed a handful of her short, dark hair and stuffed himself back into her mouth. Pansy grunted in surprise and placed her hands on his thighs for balance, but she didn't try to pull back until he hit the back of her throat and made her gag. He let her pull back for a moment to cough before pulling her back down his shaft, though he stopped just short of causing her to gag again.

“Use your tongue,” Harry said. “Since you're so useless, I'll take care of the rest.”

Pansy glared up at him, but any effect she hoped to achieve was lost by the sight of her lips stretched around his girth. She did as she was told, swirling her tongue around his shaft while Harry sawed his hips back and forth. It felt much better this time, but he only made it a few repetitions before he went a little too deep, and she gagged harshly. Pulling back, she coughed and cleared her throat.

“Careful,” she said angrily.

“What's the matter?” Harry asked mockingly. “Can't handle it?”

“It's not my fault you're hung like a fucking Troll,” Pansy glared. “No one can handle that.”

“Hermione can,” he said.

Hermione had never tried, and he doubted she could if she did, but his words had the desired effect. With a poisonous glare, Pansy opened her mouth wide and devoured his length. Two-thirds of the way down his shaft, she gagged hard and pulled back an inch before trying again. Smirking, Harry decided to give her a hand. He gripped her hair roughly and assisted her in trying to shove his length down her throat by bucking her hips. Pansy made it another inch down his shaft, spit raining from her chin as her eyes turned red and teared up.

“That’s better,” Harry grinned. “But not quite good enough. Hermione can take all of it.”

Glaring up at him even as tears fell from her eyes and she choked around his shaft, Pansy wrapped her arms around him and pulled herself forward. Harry couldn’t hold back a groan when her throat spasmed around his swollen, sensitive tip. Bucking his hips, he slowly forced more and more of his length down her battered gullet, occasionally letting her up for air. So much spit had fallen onto her white shirt that he could see through the material to her black bra, and lines of black mascara streaked her pale cheeks.

“Nearly there,” Harry encouraged.

Pansy pulled back to wipe her chin and take a breath before surging forward again and ramming his length down her throat. Harry added his assistance, pulling her head forward until, finally, her upturned nose touched his groin. Grinning, he held her in place, flexing his hips as he savored the feeling of her spasming throat. After a few seconds, Pansy ran out of air and pulled back sharply. Harry let her, smirking as she landed on her bum and sucked in a desperate breath.

Then he noticed she had one hand buried in her knickers.

“Are you playing with yourself?” he asked incredulously.

“Shut up,” Pansy panted.

Climbing to her knees, her hand moved rapidly under her knickers as she opened her mouth and stared up at his face. Harry shook his head disbelievingly as he fed his shaft back into her mouth and, gripping her hair, used it for his own selfish pleasure. Pansy choked and gagged loudly as he pumped his hips back and forth, sinking into the depths of her struggling throat over and over again.

“Is this what you dreamed about, Parkinson,” Harry asked with a groan. “Being a whore for Gryffindor?”

Pansy glared up at him, but her hand only moved faster, and she shuddered as he caught a whiff of her arousal. Chuckling, he felt his end nearing and stopped thrusting into her throat in exchange for moving faster. She responded by slathering every inch of his shaft with her tongue. It wasn't a very coordinated effort, but it felt fantastic.

Harry was so absorbed with his own climax that he didn't realize Pansy was nearing her own. Just as he was about to reach his peak, she pulled back with a gasp, and her entire body trembled. With her head thrown back, eyes closed, and mouth open, she moaned long and low. Harry growled as he took his length in hand and stroked himself to completion.

He erupted all over Pansy's face. Some landed in her hair, some landed in her open mouth, but most of his climax decorated her pale face in long, thick streaks. Wiping the last drop on her bottom lip, he gave a self-satisfied smirk at the mess he'd made and pulled up his trousers as Pansy closed her mouth and swallowed. As he began doing up his belt, she finally opened her eyes.

"Are you leaving?" she asked, all hostility gone. "Aren't you going to fuck me?"

"Sorry, I've got things to do," Harry said, making his way to the door. "Maybe next time."