

## Chapter 1

(Hogwarts starts at 15 in this story.)

For the first time ever, Harry wasn't excited to return to Hogwarts. Between being thought of as a nutter by most of his classmates, ignored by the Headmaster, maligned in the press daily, and having Umbridge as a professor, life at school had become a trial. Even in other years, when his life had been in constant danger, Harry had never felt so reluctant to return.

Unfortunately, he didn't have a choice.

Entering the fifth-year boys' dorm of Gryffindor Tower with Ron, Harry sat down on his bed with a sigh. Neville, Dean, and Seamus were already there and had mostly finished unpacking. Seamus glared at him before slamming his trunk close and storming from the room.

"What now?" Harry asked.

"His mum gave him trouble over returning over the holiday," Dean told him with an apologetic smile. "Don't worry, I'll go talk to him."

Striding to the door, Dean slipped outside and closed the door behind him. Harry took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes tiredly. It was going to be a long term, he decided.

"How's your dad doing, Ron?"

"He's fine now," Ron told him while searching through his trunk. "Bugger, I think I left my new Keeper gloves at Grim – erm, I mean home. I'm going to go write to Mum and see if she can owl them. You want to come?"

“You go ahead,” Harry said.

He had no interest in experiencing the stares, glares, and whispers that he had on the way up again. With an understanding nod, Ron grabbed a quill, ink, and a sheaf of parchment from his trunk and left.

“How was your Christmas, Neville?” Harry asked.

After learning about his friend’s parents, who had been tortured into insanity by the Lestranges and Barty Crouch Junior, Harry felt a little awkward. But Neville was one of the few friends who had always stood by him, so he was just going to have to get over it.

“It was alright,” Neville replied. “Gran and I didn’t do much. The cold weather makes her bones ache. Oh, and I got a new plant! I was a little bummed when I had to leave my Mimbulus Mimbletonia in the greenhouse, but it outgrew its pot, and then this one was delivered by owl Christmas morning. No name or anything attached. Weird, isn’t it?”

Putting his glasses back on his face, Harry looked over and looked at the plant Neville had picked up from his nightstand and carried over to show him. It had a long, thick brown stem that ended in a cluster of a large yellow bulb covered in brown spots. The stem bent as if it was sentient, which Harry found a little disconcerting. Herbology had never been his favorite class.

“What is it?” he asked, feigning curiosity.

“I have no idea,” Neville replied with a grin. “I’ve never seen or read about anything like it. Even the lady at the Apothecary doesn’t know what it is. I’m hoping Professor Sprout might be able to tell me more about it.”

Eyeing the odd plant, Harry suddenly remembered what had happened earlier in the year when Ron had prodded Neville's last plant with his wand.

"It doesn't squirt anything, does it?" he asked cautiously.

"I don't think--"

As if it understood his question, the plant turned on its stalk to look at Harry. The three bulbs quivered and pulsed as a jet of sticky white slime sprayed Harry in the face. Thankfully, it didn't spray much, and it didn't stink like the Stinksap had.

"...so," Neville finished lamely.

With his eyes closed, Harry heard a high-pitched giggle that he knew came from the stupid plant. Grabbing his blanket, Harry quickly wiped his face clean.

"Sorry, Harry," Neville said miserably.

"That stuff won't make me go blind or grow an arm out of my face, will it?" Harry asked, only half joking.

"I don't think so," Neville said. "Like I said, I don't know what it is. But plants that do things like that are usually cataloged pretty quickly."

"That's reassuring," Harry muttered before heaving a sigh and getting to his feet. "I'm going to go take a shower. If you see anything odd growing on my face over the next few days, let me know, yeah?"

Grabbing a towel, Harry started towards the bathroom and paused.

“One second though, if you ever see something odd growing out of my face, tell me,” he corrected. “You never know what might happen with my luck.”

“Sure, Harry,” Neville said, setting his plant back down on his nightstand.

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“Morning, Harry,” Hermione said, dropping into the seat next to him at the Gryffindor table.

“Morning,” Harry muttered back between bites of toast.

As she reached for a glass of Pumpkin Juice, Hermione suddenly paused and started sniffing the air. She turned her head first one way, then the other, before leaning towards Harry and inhaling deeply.

“What, do I stink?” Harry asked, bending his head down and taking a whiff himself.

“No, you smell really good, actually,” Hermione replied. “Did you get a new cologne?”

“No,” he said, shaking his head.

“Hmm,” Hermione hummed, grabbing a bowl of porridge. “Maybe the House Elves are trying a new soap.”

"Maybe," Harry said doubtfully.

"Morning, Harry," Padma and Parvati said in unison as they passed him with a giggle.

Harry looked up at them curiously and waved. As he turned back to his breakfast, he spotted Ginny staring at him from across the table. Rather than blush, as she had in the past, she simply smiled coyly and turned back to her conversation with Demelza.

"Huh, that was odd," Harry muttered.

"What's odd?" Hermione asked distractedly.

Already, she had her nose buried in a book on the table. Turning the pages with one hand, she absent-mindedly shoveled a spoonful of porridge into her mouth with the other, her eyes never leaving the book.

"Nothing," Harry said. "What class do we have first?"

"We have Potions, Charms, and Defense today," she told him.

"Great," Harry muttered. "Well, at least Charms shouldn't be too bad."

"Just, please, try not to give Umbridge a reason to give you detention," Hermione said, glancing at him worriedly.

"I'll do my best," Harry assured her.

She looked unconvinced but didn't say anything else on the matter. Ron arrived just a few minutes before the start of class and wolfed down breakfast before they headed down to the dungeons.

"Quiet," Snape barked, his cloak flapping behind him as he strode quickly over to his desk. "Today, we'll be working on the Rejuvenating Draught. I will warn you now, the ingredients are volatile if not handled with care."

Pausing, he glared over at Ron, Harry, Seamus, and Neville.

"Blowing up your cauldron will earn you a zero for the day and detention with me tonight," Snape hissed. "The instructions are on the board. Begin!"

Harry and Ron shared a look before they both jostled to sit next to Hermione. She rolled her eyes at their antics and focused on finishing her notes while Ron dropped into the chair. Looking back at Harry, he flashed him a victorious smirk. Sighing in defeat, Harry turned to find a partner. Dean was working with Seamus, and Neville was already paired with Parvati. Since Lavender was out for the day with the Flu, they had an uneven number. Grumbling under his breath, Harry prepared to work by himself.

"Potter!" Snape barked. "You're working with Moon."

The Slytherins snickered as Lilith Moon moved her cauldron and tools over to Harry's table. Lilith was a brunette witch about his height and well-known among the boys for her impressive bust. She was also very quiet. In fact, Harry couldn't remember a time he'd ever heard her speak. On the positive side, even though she was a Slytherin, she'd never been a bully or a part of Malfoy's merry band of idiots. He decided it would be in both of their best interests to try and get along.

"Hi," Harry said with a smile. "Do you want to start the cauldron while I go get the ingredients?"

Looking at him with a relieved smile, Lilith nodded and started the fire. Harry looked over the blackboard carefully while gathering the ingredients they'd need for the potion and returning to the table. They worked in harmonious silence for several minutes, preparing everything carefully. Suddenly, while Harry was slicing the Shrivelfig, Lilith slapped his hand lightly.

"What?" he asked.

Lilith silently pointed towards the blackboard with an expectant look. Harry briefly looked over at the board, then turned back to her with a sigh.

"You could just tell me what I'm doing wrong," he said annoyed.

Lilith looked up at him and arched her brow at the same time Tracey Davis snorted next to them.

"Are you really that oblivious, Potter?" she asked, blowing a strand of light brown hair out of her eyes as she stirred her cauldron. "She's mute."

"Oh," Harry said lamely and turned back to Lilith with an apologetic look. "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

Lilith's other eyebrow joined the first as she looked at him disbelievingly.

"I didn't," Harry insisted. "Fine. Maybe I am oblivious, but in my defense, I usually have a lot of things going on."

Lilith considered him for a moment before tilting her head in acknowledgment.

“Friends?” he asked, holding out his hand.

She glanced at his hand with a touch of amusement and then shook her head. Harry rolled his eyes.

“Fine,” he huffed. “How about classmates that don’t hate each other and can finish this potion so we don’t get detention?”

Lilith smiled and shook his hand with a nod.

“Great,” Harry smiled. “Now, what am I doing wrong?”

Rolling her eyes, she picked up his knife, diced the Shrivelfig he’d sliced, and then pointed to the blackboard again.

“Oh, right,” Harry said, carefully rereading the directions. “I’ll be more careful.”

Nodding her head in acceptance, Lilith returned to the cauldron while Harry continued preparing the ingredients. This time, he read each step a bit more closely. As they worked in silence, the room began to heat up from the heat of the fires. The potion they were working on required an unusually long period of intense boiling. Everyone had lost their robes, ties were loosened, and sweat started to bead on people’s foreheads.

Over the next half an hour, Harry and Lilith had worked out a system where she would tap his hand to let him know when she needed the next ingredient. When he handed it to her, she would double-check his work before adding it to the boiling potion. She seemed to approve of most of his knife work, but he caught a slight, displeased narrowing of her eyes a few times. They probably wouldn’t get an O, but nothing had exploded yet.



*Bang!*

“Finnigan, Thomas, detention!” Snape barked.

“Ours isn’t going to do that, is it?” Harry asked as Seamus wiped black soot angrily from his face.

Lilith flashed him a small smile and shook her head. Taking a break for a moment, she gathered her hair together and tied it back in a ponytail. With her arms bent up and back, her chest became more pronounced. Harry couldn’t help but notice she’d undone the top two buttons, revealing a small but impressive bit of cleavage.

Realizing he was staring, he glanced up at her face, only to find her staring right at his face. He blushed at getting caught but noticed a sparkle in her light green eyes and a smile tugging at her lips as he turned back to cutting up the next ingredient. A moment later, she tapped his hand twice to ask for the next one to be added. He thought her touch lingered a little longer than normal, but it wasn’t long enough for him to be sure. Shaking the thought aside, he handed her the vial of crushed bat fangs.

Lilith poured it carefully into the cauldron, which produced a quiet hiss and turned light blue. With a satisfied smile, she nodded to herself, stirred it a few times, and then set down the ladle. Harry had just finished chopping up the salamander tail, the last ingredient, when Lilith sighed loudly and started to fan herself with her hand. Looking up at her face, the pale skin glistening with sweat, she smirked. Slowly, her hand trailed down her neck, over her collarbone, and she ran a finger through her exposed cleavage.

Harry felt his pants tighten as he followed her fingers down to the third button of her shirt. She had to know he was watching as she popped the button open and spread her lapel. He could see just a glimpse of her black bra peeking out while a single bead of sweat ran down her neck, followed the valley of her cleavage, and disappeared between her breasts. Swallowing thickly, Harry glanced up at her face.

Lilith's eyes bored into his, a knowing smirk on her lips. Unconcernedly, she bent over the cauldron and returned her attention to the potion, leaving Harry with an unobstructed and glorious view down her shirt. Glancing around to make sure no one was paying attention, he reached into his pocket and adjusted himself into a more comfortable position before his eyes returned to her chest. If she was going to let him look, and her persistent smirk certainly seemed encouraging, he wasn't going to turn it down.

For the next twenty minutes, Harry watched her breasts shift, wobble, and jiggle as she tended to the potion. His favorite part was when she stirred vigorously, which caused Lilith's breasts to sway hypnotically back and forth in her bra in time with the movements of her arm. Unfortunately, all good things had to come to an end, and Lilith eventually finished the potion. After she poured their potion into a vial, she gave him a knowing smile and rebuttoned her shirt, leaving only the top one undone.

Turning around, she walked over to Professor Snape's desk and set it in front of him. He examined it closely, then took a long, deep sniff before giving her a grudging nod.

"Exceeds Expectations, Ms. Moon," he said before turning his eyes to Harry. "Potter, on the other hand, will receive an Acceptable for his abysmal preparations. Hopefully, he learned something from watching a competent student fix his mistakes."

Harry bit back a sigh of relief that Snape thought he'd been staring at the potion and not Lilith's chest.

Fighting a smirk, he nodded, "Yes, sir."

"See that you remember it for next class," he drawled, staring down at the parchment on his desk while he waved his hand. "You're dismissed. Leave the mess for Finnigan and Thomas to clean up."

Harry returned to his table with a grin and began packing up his things. Lilith finished about the same time as he did, and he paused to open the door for her as they left the classroom. As the

door closed behind them, she grabbed him by the hand and pulled him down the hallway. Coming to a stop outside a door, she threw it open to reveal a broom cupboard. With a grin, she dragged him inside and closed the door, leaving them in complete darkness.

“What-”

Harry was interrupted when she pressed her finger to his lips. Lilith lit her wand a moment later, bathing the cramped space in white light. Her light green eyes sparkled as she set her wand down on a shelf and let her finger fall from his lips. One side of her lips quirked up in a smirk while she slowly dropped to her knees, her hand trailing down over his chest. Harry’s eyes widened when she ran the palm of one hand over the growing bulge in the front of his trousers and reached for this belt with the other.

With nimble fingers, she quickly unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his slacks, and unzipped his fly. His hands trembled, and his erection throbbed excitedly as Lilith gripped his shaft and pulled him out into the open. She stared up at him excitedly and rested his length lightly on her face. Her chin brushed his balls while the tip touched her forehead, his girth hiding her nose completely. Smiling, Lilith kissed the underside of his shaft and continued slowly trailing a line of them up to his tip.

“Holy shit,” Harry whispered disbelievingly.

Flashing him a smirk, Lilith placed an open-mouthed kiss on his swollen, leaking head. A bead of his excitement stuck to her bottom lip as she pulled back and only broke when she licked her lips. Harry pulsed in her hand at the sight, his breath catching in his throat. Slowly stroking his shaft, she opened wide and wrapped her pink, pouty lips around his head. He gasped as his sensitive glans was enveloped by her hot, wet mouth. The sensation of her tongue on the underside of his tip caused him to reach out and grab the shelf to hold himself up.

Snogging Cho in the Room of Requirement had been enjoyable, but this was mind-blowing.

Holding his tip firmly between her lips, Lilith lazily teased him with her tongue while she pulled her tie from around her neck and started undoing the buttons of her shirt. Harry watched, entranced, as more and more of her pale, full globes were revealed, nestled in a fancy black bra. Lilith drew a hiss from his lips when she suckled on his tip while reaching for the middle of her bra. Her hand obscured what she did, but when she moved it out of the way, her bra fell in half. Only the cups clinging to her damp skin kept it in place.

Harry was very conscious of her eyes gazing up at his face as he stared, enraptured, at her chest. Agonizingly slowly, she peeled the flimsy material away from her skin, exposing more and more of her breasts. Then, finally, what he'd been waiting for was revealed. Her soft pink areola came into view first, followed by her hard, red nipples. Lilith let the cups fall, presenting him with a completely unobstructed view of her large, perky breasts.

As Harry gazed in wonder, she suddenly drove her mouth forward and only stopped when he hit the back of her mouth. Inhaling deeply through her nose, Lilith began to bob her head back and forth slowly, her tongue swirling around his length as if she was determined to taste every inch of him. He leaned back against the wall and groaned quietly, his eyes closing for a moment as he savored the incredible sensation.

"I can't believe she did that."

Harry and Lilith froze as they heard the sound of Tracey Davis's voice from just outside the door of the cupboard they were in.

"Who?" a voice Harry thought he recognized as Daphne Greengrass asked.

"Lilith," Tracey replied. "Don't tell me you didn't see her flashing Potter at the end of class."

"Oh, that," Daphne said dismissively. "I don't see why you're so surprised. She's fancied him for years."

Harry arched a brow and looked down at Lilith. Somehow managing a smile around his girth, she started bobbing her head again. He had to bite his lip to hold back a groan as she sucked hard on his tip before diving forward.

“So does most of the school,” Tracey scoffed. “He’s rich, handsome, and famous. Half the girls in the school would spread their legs for him if he had the balls to try.”

“Jealous, Tracey?” Daphne asked, and he could hear the smirk in her tone.

“No,” Tracey replied unconvincingly. “I’m just surprised she had the guts to try something like that in class. If Snape had caught her...”

“He does have an unnatural hatred of Potter,” Daphne admitted.

At the brief lull in their conversation, Lilith pulled back to his tip and came to a stop. When Harry looked at her curiously, she grabbed his hands, moved them to her head, and gave him a challenging look. After a moment of thought, he realized what she probably wanted and pulled her forward. He figured his guess was correct when she closed her eyes and slipped a hand under the waistband of her skirt.

“Do you think she’s going to make a play for him?” Tracey asked curiously. “I heard from a Ravenclaw that he’s been getting cozy with Chang.”

The door shifted slightly, and Harry throbbed excitedly, his hips bucking at the thought of her leaning casually against the other side, completely unaware of what was happening on the other side.

Daphne scoffed, “He’s an idiot if he is. She’s clearly still pinning after Diggory. I feel bad for her, don’t get me wrong, but hooking up with Potter isn’t a good idea.”

“Is it just me, or did he get better looking over break?” Tracey asked.

Harry did his best to keep his breathing under control as he pumped his hips faster and faster. Lilith squirmed on her knees while her hand moved rhythmically under her skirt. The scent of her arousal filled the small cupboard, rapidly pushing him toward his building crest.

“There is something about him... appealing,” Daphne acknowledged.

“Ha, I knew it,” Tracey crowed. “You fancy him.”

“I said I found him appealing,” Daphne corrected. “Just because I find him appealing doesn’t mean I like him.”

“I don’t like him either, but I’d let him bend me over a desk,” Tracey said. “You couldn’t see it from your side of the table, but if the bulge in his trousers is anything to go by, Potter’s packing a serious wand.”

That comment, combined with Lilith’s mouth, pushed Harry over the edge. As he swelled, Lilith suddenly pulled back, aimed him at her chest, and stroked his length hard and fast. Gritting his teeth to hold back a groan, he erupted like a geyser, spilling himself all over her spectacular breasts.

Absently, he recognized the sound of receding footsteps and the fading voices of Daphne and Tracey as they walked down the hall. Letting out a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding, Harry slumped against the wall just as Lilith got to her feet. She looked down at her chest with a smile before looking back at him and pulling her hand free from her skirt. Bringing two glistening fingers up to her lips, she sucked them clean with a sparkling gaze. After she pulled them slowly from her lips, she fixed her bra and buttoned up her shirt, leaving the evidence of their encounter on her skin.

Harry quickly tucked himself away and did up his trousers, suddenly at a loss for what to do or say. Fortunately, Lilith didn't have that same problem. Smiling brightly, she leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. He caught just a hint of the taste of her excitement on her tongue before she pulled back. With a wave of her fingers and a promising gaze, she opened the door and slipped outside.

"What the hell just happened?" Harry asked.

Shaking his head, he stepped out into the empty hall and headed for the stairs.

## Chapter 2

Because of his interlude with Lillith, Harry ended up needing to rush to get to Charms class on time. Breathing heavily, he slipped into the seat next to Hermione and took out his book.

"What took you so long?" Hermione asked curiously. "You left before us."

"I'll tell you later," Harry whispered.

Glancing past her, he noticed Ron sulking moodily in his seat.

"What's wrong with him?" he asked.

Hermione rolled her eyes, huffed, and crossed her arms over her chest.

"He's mad because Professor Snape gave him a Dreadful on our potion, and I got Outstanding," she told him.

"It's not fair," Ron grumbled. "It was the same potion."

"And as Professor Snape pointed out, you made me do all the work," Hermione hissed.

"I helped," Ron protested. "And what does it matter, anyways? We turned in the same potion; we should get the same grade. Who cares how it got made?"

"He was grading us on our work, not just the end result," Hermione argued exasperatedly. "Professor Snape told Harry the same thing. He only got an Acceptable because he didn't take his time with the ingredients."

Ron snorted, "More like he was too busy staring at Lilith's tits," he muttered with a smirk.

Hermione opened her mouth as if she was going to defend Harry, then closed it sharply and turned to him with an expectant look.

"Alright, everyone!" Professor Flitwick called out with a beaming smile just as Harry made to respond. "This term, we'll be working on Animation Charms. Now, if you'll open your books up to page two-hundred and eighty-seven..."

Harry paid close attention for the first few minutes, but once Professor Flitwick began to talk about the creation and history of the Animation Charm, his mind began to wander. As he looked around the room, he began to notice every girl in class continually glanced in his direction. Susan Bones blushed when he caught her staring at him dreamily, and Megan Jones shot him a wink while Hannah giggled silently between them. Padma flashed him a smile every time he glanced her way, all while doodling on a piece of parchment.

The only girl that wasn't constantly staring at him was Hermione, but even she was acting oddly. It started small. At first, she just shifted closer on the bench, and he probably wouldn't



have noticed if her hip hadn't bumped into his. A couple of minutes later, she leaned her arm against his. A minute after that, she rested her head on his shoulder. He ended up getting a face full of her bushy brown hair, filling his nose with the pleasant smell of her flowery shampoo. Harry glanced over at Ron, but the redhead had his head down, drawing absently while grumbling under his breath. He wasn't even pretending to pay attention to what Flitwick was saying.

Harry wondered what was going on as he looked around the room and found his female classmates staring at him with wistful smiles. For a moment, he wondered if the twins had pranked him by dosing the female population with Love Potions.

Suddenly, he stiffened and froze when he felt Hermione's hand land on his thigh. Looking at her face out of the corner of his eye, he saw that she was still watching Professor Flitwick attentively while she diligently took notes. It was like she wasn't even conscious of what she was doing. Swallowing thickly, Harry shifted his leg to try and get her attention, but that only backfired on him. Not only did she not notice his squirming, but her hand inadvertently moved closer to his crotch.

Harry froze again, this time because Hermione's fingers were brushing his rapidly hardening length.

"Hermione!" he hissed urgently.

"Shh," Hermione said, waving him off. "Not now! I'm trying to take notes."

Harry drew in a breath to speak but then choked when her fingers curled gently around his shaft. His eyes widened when she ran her thumb teasingly over the tip, causing him to fully harden against her touch. Slowly, she started stroking him over his trousers, her fingernails tracing the shape of his length against his thigh.

He was convinced she had to know what she was doing. How could she not? Yet, it was something he never would have expected her to do. Could she really be doing it unconsciously?

If she was, he hated to think how good it would feel if she was actually trying.

“Hermione!” Harry whispered urgently.

“Not now,” Hermione hissed.

Her fingers tightened around his shaft warningly, and Harry clamped his lips shut. Whether she realized what she was doing to him or not, it didn’t matter now. Harry wasn’t going to risk getting his dick ripped off for trying to tell her again. That left him in a situation he never thought he’d be in. For more than an hour, Hermione teased and caressed his erection under the table relentlessly. By the time the lesson ended, Harry was sure he’d never been so hard and aching in his life.

“For homework, I want one foot of parchment on examples of Animation Charms you’ve seen in your daily life,” Flitwick said.

“Thank Merlin,” Ron muttered, standing up and throwing his things in his bag. “I’m starving.”

Without waiting for anyone else, he slung his back over his shoulder and strode from the classroom. Harry sighed and leaned closer to Hermoine.

“Hermione!” he hissed.

“What?” she asked, pausing in the midst of packing up her notes.

Wordlessly, Harry glanced down at his lap. Hermione followed his gaze. For a long moment, she stared uncomprehendingly at her own hand. Suddenly, she gasped, her eyes widening when he

throbbled against her fingers. She jerked her hand away as if it had been burned, stammering and stuttering as her face turned bright red.

“Oh! I – I had no idea. I’m so sorry. I-”

Closing her mouth with a snap, she haphazardly threw her notes into her bag and rushed from the classroom. Harry felt horrible watching her leave. He wished he hadn’t said anything. Chances were, if he hadn’t, she would have removed her hand and never even realized what she had been doing. Now, things were going to be awkward between them for sure.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned.

At least he now knew for certain that she’d been doing it unconsciously. But that raised another concern. Her actions were so unlike her that he couldn’t help but be concerned about what had caused her to do it in the first place. Something odd was definitely going on.

Sighing, Harry slowly packed his things away in an attempt to give himself time to calm down. It didn’t help. After more than an hour of relentless teasing from his best friend, he was still hard as a rock. Pulling his robes around him to cover the bulge in the front of his slacks, he stood up and walked quickly from the classroom, entirely conscious of the girls staring at him as he did. Out in the hall, the stares and dreamy looks continued. Even girls from the upper years that he’d hardly said two words to were smiling, waving, and greeting him like they did it every day.

Confused, concerned, and painfully aroused, Harry rushed up to his dorm and made straight for the bathroom. Thankfully, since it was lunchtime, no one else was there. He quickly took care of himself and washed his face in cold water before making his way down to the Great Hall. Rather predictably, Hermione was nowhere to be seen. With a sigh, Harry sat down next to Ron and ate his lunch quietly.

“Hi, Harry,” Angelina called from behind him.

“Hi,” he replied, turning in his seat.

“I set our first practice for Friday after dinner,” she told him, smiling prettily and twirling her hair around her finger. “We’ll set up a schedule that works for everyone then.”

“Okay, I’ll be there,” Harry smiled.

“See you then,” Angelina said.

Winking, she patted his shoulder and then ran her fingers across his back as she walked away. He stared after her curiously for a moment before shaking his head and turning back to his food.

After they finished eating, Harry, Ron, and the rest of the Gryffindors grudgingly made their way to Defense Class. They took their seats, and still, there was no sign of Hermione. Harry was starting to get concerned as the start of class neared. Finally, just as the bell rang, she rushed into the room and took a seat as far away from him as she could. She never even glanced in his direction. Her reaction was understandable, but he was determined to talk to her once they got back to the Common Room. He was going to need her help to figure out what the hell was going on.

“Good afternoon, class,” Umbridge smiled.

“Good afternoon, Professor Umbridge,” the class muttered.

Umbridge smiled widely and giggled girlishly.

“Wonderful,” she beamed. “Now, let’s pick up where we left off, shall we? Open your books to chapter twelve and read. There will be no need to talk.”

Muttering under their breath, the class did as they were told. Harry stared unseeing at the pages of his book and let his mind wander. He tried to think of all the things that could be causing the girls to be acting so differently towards him. Love Potions seemed possible but unlikely. It could just be that they'd changed their minds. However, none of his male classmates seemed to be acting differently, so he mentally ruled that out. Besides, there hadn't been any big story in the *Prophet* that would have caused that to begin with.

As he tried to think of anything else that might be the cause, he came up blank. Sighing, he glanced around the room, and his eyes landed on Lilith. Meeting his stare, she smiled and licked her lips before turning back to her book.

Harry smiled to himself. At least one good thing had happened to him today.

As his eyes continued to roam around the room, he noticed the other girls staring at him again. What was truly concerning, however, were the looks Pansy Parkinson and Millicent Bulstrode were giving him. Bulstrode looked like she wanted to eat him alive right then and there, and Parkinson looked at him with a disconcerting combination of anger and arousal.

Harry swallowed nervously and glanced toward the front of the classroom, only to find Umbridge staring at him intently with a curious look on her face. Slowly, a closed-lipped, smirking smile made its way across her face, and she reached up to undo the top button of her bright pink cardigan. Harry looked back down at his book so fast his neck cracked. Bile rose in the back of his throat while he shivered in disgust.

This couldn't be happening. He had to be going mad. That was the only explanation. There was no way Umbridge was staring at him with the same dreamy expression as the other girls.

Glancing up, he verified that, yes, she really was staring at him like that. Harry shivered again, feeling suddenly like a fly sitting too close to a toad. Defense class passed agonizingly slowly, each tick of the clock taking ages to pass. He stared down unseeingly at his book, ignoring everyone around him and praying that they would ignore him. Those hopes were dashed as class neared the end. The girls gave up on subtlety and started to turn to face him.

While most just gave him flirtatious smiles, Parkinson looked ready to leap over the desks to get to him, Bulstrode gazed at him with a terrifying intensity, and Umbridge was so busy raking her gaze over him that she didn't notice half the class doing the same. With only a minute left of class, Harry gripped his bag in one hand and his book in the other, ready to sprint to the door.

The bell signaling the end of class acted more like the start of a race. The girls all got to their feet, and Harry took off towards the door. Behind him, Bulstrode used her bulky frame to shove the desks out of the way effortlessly as she raced after him with Parkinson hot on her heels and a few other girls bringing up the rear.

Once he was in the hall, Harry glanced over his shoulder to see if he was safe. Seeing Bulstrode barreling after him with a determined look on her face, he took off at a dead sprint. He took a winding, twisting path through the hallway, hoping to lose his pursuers. Managing to get a small lead when the girls were slowed down by other students in the hall, Harry ducked into a secret passage and hid in the shadows.

A moment later, Bulstrode came charging past, only to pause at the grand staircase.

"Which way did he go?" she asked.

"There!" Parkinson yelled. "I think I saw him!"

They took off down the stairs, and Harry leaned against the wall with a sigh of relief. Taking off his glasses, he wiped the sweat from his brow and took a deep breath, trying to calm his racing heart.

"Hi, Harry!"

"Gah!"

Harry jumped, holding a hand to his chest, when he recognized the petite blond standing in front of him.

“Luna!” he gasped. “You scared the shit out of me.”

“Sorry,” Luna said, tilting her head to the side as she observed him. “Did Neville show you his plant?”

“What?” Harry asked, confused.

“The plant I got Neville for Christmas,” Luna said, blinking her large, bright blue eyes up at him.

“Er, yeah,” Harry said. “I saw it. Sprayed me good when I-”

He froze as he stared at her. That sap he’d been sprayed with was the only other odd thing that had happened to him lately.

“Luna,” he said, grabbing her shoulders. “That plant. It doesn’t make girls act crazy, does it?”

“Of course not, silly,” Luna told him.

Harry smiled and let out a sigh of relief.

“They’re just extremely attracted to the smell of the sap,” she continued before leaning and sniffing him. “You smell really good, by the way. Did it spray you?”

Staring at Luna, he opened his mouth, closed it, and then took her by the hand and pulled her down the hidden passage.

“Where are we going?” Luna asked curiously.

“The Room of Requirement,” Harry told her. “You and I need to have a little chat about this plant.”

“Okay,” Luna said unconcernedly. “Are you angry with me?”

Coming to a stop, he turned to her and sighed.

“No, I’m not angry,” Harry said, softening his tone. “I just want to know what’s happening.”

“Are you sure?” Luna asked. “I find life is more interesting when I’m not quite sure what’s going on.”

“I’m sure,” Harry said, unable to repress a smile.

Luna shrugged and started humming to herself as they quickly made their way up to the seventh floor and summoned the Room of Requirement. Stepping inside, they walked over to a worn but comfortable-looking couch and sat down in front of a crackling fire.

“Alright,” Harry sighed. “What is that plant you gave Neville, and what does it do?”



“Daddy and I found it when we went to Sweden over Christmas break,” Luna said. “We heard reports of a Crumple-Horned Snorkack, but it turned out to just be an oddly shaped rock formation. Then again, maybe that’s how they disguise themselves.”

“Luna, the plant,” Harry said gently.

“Oh, yes. The plant,” she said dreamily. “We met a lovely forest Nymph who showed it to me. She said it was called a Drenchwood Gushblossom. They can be hard to find, but the Nymphs use them all the time. The sap acts sort of like a lust potion, but it only works on people who are already physically attracted to you. It even works across species. We watched the Nymph have sex with Muggles, Wizards, Ogres, and even a pair of Centaurs before it wore off.”

“Centaurs?” Harry asked, feeling the blood leave his face.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Luna said, patting his arm. “I don’t think Centaurs would find you very attractive.”

Harry sighed in relief.

“Well, at least the males, unless they’re gay.”

Closing his eyes, Harry dropped his head into his hands.

“You said it wore off, right?” he asked hopefully.

“Oh yes,” Luna smiled. “But it was quite an interesting week. Daddy and I learned a lot about Nymphs.”

“A week?” Harry gaped. “Luna, I just had to run away from Millicent Bulstrode because she looked like she was ready to lock me in the dungeon.”

Luna huffed cutely and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Big girls deserve love too, Harry,” she told him seriously.

“What?” Harry asked confusedly. “I don’t want to sleep with her just because she’s big. I don’t want to sleep with her because she’s been a horrible bully since she came to Hogwarts.”

“Oh,” Luna said, relaxing her stern stance. “Well, that’s understandable, then.”

“We’re getting off-topic again,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Is there any kind of antidote or something? And why are you taking off your robes?”

While he’d been speaking, Luna had stood up in front of him and removed her robe.

“Well, I’m quite attracted to you, and the Drenchwood Gushblossom sap has made me quite aroused,” she told him calmly while unbuttoning her shirt. “Unless you don’t want to have sex with me either.”

“Er...,” Harry said.

Luna wasn’t an unattractive witch by any means. With her lithe frame and fair hair and skin, Harry often thought she looked like an adorable Pixie turned human. She was also a very good friend and seemed to understand what she was getting herself into. She’d been the one to give the plant to Neville, after all. Besides, turning her down now would probably hurt her feelings.

“If you’re sure you want to,” Harry said, licking his lips as her plain white bra came into view.

Luna beamed at him happily and quickly shrugged off her shirt. Her skirt hit the floor next, revealing her long, pale legs and a surprisingly round little bum.

“I was hoping Neville would get sprayed by it, but I’m quite happy it was you instead,” Luna said, unclasping her bra. “I’ve fancied both of you for quite some time. I thought having girls attracted to him would boost Neville’s confidence, but this worked out even better. You’ve been far too stressed, Harry. You really should try to enjoy life more.”

“Sure,” Harry mumbled as she dropped her bra.

Luna had small but perfectly shaped breasts with upturned, pale pink nipples. They jiggled alluringly as she bent over and pushed down her knickers, revealing her bald mound and giving him just a glimpse of her taut folds when she lifted her leg to step out of them. Looking completely comfortable with her nudity, she dropped to her knees between his legs and unbuckled his belt.

“So, how does this sap affect people, exactly?” he asked while she opened his trousers.

“Well, it feels like it’s just making the things I find attractive about you even more appealing,” Luna said thoughtfully.

“You don’t think it’s making you do anything you don’t want to, do you?” Harry asked.

“Of course not, silly,” Luna said, smiling. “When the Nymph used it, everyone was quite happy even after it wore off. Oh my!”

Holding his mostly hard erection in her tiny hand, Luna stared wide-eyed at the towering pillar of flesh.

“Harry, I find your penis *very* attractive,” she said, staring at it captivatedly as she began to stroke him gently. “You’re larger than the humans I saw the Nymph with... and most of the Ogres, too.”

“Er, thanks,” Harry said.

It was the first time anyone had ever complimented his manhood, and he wasn’t sure how to respond. Suddenly, Luna lurched forward and took him into her mouth. She only stopped when he hit the back of her throat, causing her to gag loudly. Narrowing her eyes, she glared at the rest of his shaft accusingly and tried to force herself down further. Harry gasped as he slid deeper and throbbed excitedly as he watched her thin neck bulge around his thick length. Just as her lips touched his pelvis, she gagged again. Eyes watering and saliva pouring from her lips, she shot off of his erection and coughed.

“Bloody hell, Luna,” Harry said, leaning forward to check on her. “You didn’t need to do that.”

“That’s what the Nymph did,” she said, wiping her lips. “Didn’t it feel good? Maybe I did it wrong.”

“It felt amazing, Luna, but you’re not a Nymph,” Harry smiled.

“Oh, I guess you’re right,” Luna said. “Can I practice with you later? Because I’d really like to give you my virginity now.”

“You can do that any time you want,” Harry said, grinning at the way she stated things so bluntly.

With a beaming smile, she got to her feet and pulled off his trousers. He quickly took off his shirt and tie and helped her climb onto the couch. Hovering over his rigid length, her knees on either side of his thighs, Luna gripped his shaft and aimed his swollen head at her leaking folds. Harry held onto her hips as she descended over his pulsating tip.

“Oh!” Luna gasped.

Eyes wide and staring off into space, she slowly lowered herself onto his length. Harry was speechless as he closed his eyes and groaned wordlessly. Her mouth had felt great, but being inside of her was a thousand times better.

“It’s so big,” Luna moaned.

“Does it hurt?” Harry asked, remembering some older boys talking about the need to go slow the first time.

“No, it’s amazing!” she said, gasping as her bum came to rest on his thighs. “Can you kiss me, Harry? I’d really like that.”

Smiling, he wrapped his arms around her thin body, pulled her chest flush with his, and kissed her passionately. Luna moaned into his mouth, her tongue dancing with his as she wiggled her hips. Harry let out a groan and fought the urge to start thrusting into her. Slowly, she began bouncing up and down on his lap. After just a few seconds, she pulled back from their kiss to throw her head back and moan. Grinning, Harry leaned forward and wrapped his lips around one of her hard little nipples.

“Oh, yes!” Luna cheered, threading her fingers through his hair. “This feels even better than she said it would.”

She started bouncing more vigorously, and Harry slipped his hands down to her bum to help her along. Each of her bubbly little cheeks fit perfectly in his hands. Soon, she started moving so

aggressively that he couldn't keep her nipple in his mouth. Leaning back with a groan, Harry sat back to enjoy the ride and the view of her bouncing breasts.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Luna chanted. "I think I'm close! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Her chants turned into a series of cute squeaks as she tightened around him. Suddenly, a shudder ran through her body, and Luna collapsed against his chest. Her hips bucked frantically and without rhythm as she climaxed powerfully. Harry could feel her arousal leaking around his shaft. Holding her tight, he groaned. The sensation was incredible, but he hadn't quite reached his climax yet.

After half a minute, Luna let out a satisfied sigh and went limp in his arms.

"You okay, Luna?" Harry asked.

"Oh, yes," she said in a satisfied murmur. "I'm just a little tired, but you can keep going."

Chuckling, Harry rolled her to the side and laid her down on the couch. Hovering over her, he settled between her legs and kissed her softly before thrusting forward.

"Mmh," Luna moaned, then pulled her lips from his. "You can go fast. I know men like that."

Smiling, Harry pulled his hips back and then drove forward harshly. Luna's tiny body jolted, and her eyes went wide as she gasped. When she didn't complain, he did it again and again, rapidly shortening the time between thrusts. In moments, he was huffing and sweating but having the time of his life. It felt amazingly powerful and satisfying to ravage Luna and hear her gasp and moan in pleasure.

In fact, it felt so amazing that he rapidly felt his climax approach. Growling under his breath, Harry thrust with an animalistic savagery that pummeled Luna into the couch cushions. Just as he tipped over the edge, she let out a high-pitched wail and sank her nails into his back. With a grunt, he slammed his hips forward, burying himself as deep as possible while he drained himself inside of her.

“I feel it!” Luna gasped in wonder, her eyes staring unseeingly at the ceiling. “Oh! It’s hot. That’s nice. I think I’m cumming again.”

Harry buried his face in her hair and groaned as her folds fluttered around him. By the time their climaxes finished, both of them were panting heavily and utterly drained of energy. Humming happily to herself, Luna ran her fingers through his hair and caressed his back. Harry had to fight the desire to close his eyes and fall asleep on top of her, but it felt so nice that he rested there for a couple of minutes until he’d finally caught his breath.

Sitting up, he eased out of her and relaxed with a sigh. A moment later, Luna giggled.

“I’m leaking,” she said, staring down between her legs.

Indeed, Harry had filled her with quite a lot, and now some of it was leaking from her red, swollen lips. Oddly, the sight filled him with a sense of pride. Then, Luna surprised him by running her finger through it and bringing it to her mouth.

“Hm, it’s not as bad as some of the girls said,” she said curiously. “I wonder if that’s because of the sap or if it’s just you.”

“I have no idea,” Harry chuckled.

Shrugging, Luna climbed over to him and curled up in his lap.

“Can we do this again, even after the sap wears off?” she asked.

“Luna, we can do this any time you want,” Harry said, smiling tiredly.

“Oh, good,” Luna smiled, resting her head on his chest. “I quite like your penis. I’d hate to have to go without it now that I know how nice it is.”

Laughing, Harry kissed the top of her head and closed his eyes.