

Summary: When a magical flower sprays Harry with a mysterious cloud of spores, he soon finds the side effects to be far more...pleasant than he expected. Now with every girl in the castle *obsessed* with him, Harry must decide whether to find a cure for this mystery ailment or give in to its more carnal benefits.

-

## Chapter 1: Stop & Smell the Roses

-

"Where do you want it?" Harry asked as he levitated the large oblong crate into the greenhouse.

"Oh! Sorry, on the table is fine!"

Harry nodded, quickly stepping over to the large workbench in the centre of the room and setting the crate down with a *'thud!'*

"There we are! Sorry again that you're stuck with me for this project of yours Susie. I know you didn't have much say when Professor Sprout assigned me to you for my detention." He said, turning to face the pretty auburn-haired girl standing behind him with a journal full of notes in her arms.

"Oh it's quite alright Harry! Really, I don't mind!" She said quickly. "It actually gives me a chance to practice my presentation on you before I give it to the Herbalist Board!"

Harry chuckled and leaned back against the worktable with his arms folded neatly across his chest. "Glad I could be of some help then." Craning his neck, he looked around the large greenhouse they were in, studying the various plants and tools around the workspace curiously.

"So what's this project of yours about anyway? Sprout never said but she seemed to think the idea of me helping you with it was hilarious."

A bit of an exaggeration, but the plump professor had indeed seemed too enthusiastic about being the one to assign his detention. Not maliciously of course. Professor Sprout was one of the sweetest individuals inside the castle and one of the few who had found the prank he pulled with the Twins humorous. Though to be fair, even he could admit that perhaps he was getting off

easy. From what he heard, as the masterminds of the plan, Fred and George were going to be spending the next several weeks cleaning the thick layer of purple goo from the walls of Snape's office by hand.

At his words, Susan's eyes lit up with a look of keen excitement as she nodded. "It's actually quite interesting! Here let me show you!" Moving towards the table, the Hufflepuff witch quickly spread out a series of notes and small vials of what looked like samples of plant matter, before turning towards the crate. "Oh! Uhm... you may want to step back a little."

Doing as he was told, Harry stepped away from the table with a look of curiosity as Susan pulled her wand free and flicked it towards the crate. The wooden container groaned slightly before falling away, revealing within a large potted red flower the size of a knee-high shrub with long wrinkled petals and a knotted and twisted stalk covered in red fibres. Harry looked at the plant in confusion, not really understanding what was so important about the sizable plant.

"Its...uhm...very pretty?" He said slowly, turning toward Susan with an unsure look.

Susan giggled and shook her head, flicking her wand once more and hitting the flower with a bright silver spell. Like a switch was flipped, the plant suddenly came to life, moving slowly as it uncurled its knotted stalk and seemed to almost stand inside its pot. Harry looked at the flower with no small amount of bewilderment as it began to gently sway back and forth, a sound like a musical trill filling the air as the plant shook off whatever stasis it had been under.

"This is what's called a *Floscor Passionis*. It loosely translates to Heart or Passion Flower.

They're very rare due to poor conservation efforts over the years. They were harvested almost to extinction until the ICW banned the use of their petals as potion ingredients." Susan explained.

"Petals?"

Susan nodded. "The petals are a potent ingredient when used in- ahm- when used in-" The girl's face began to heat up, turning a cute shade of red.

"Used in what?" Harry asked.

“Used in- uhm- lust potions.”

“Oh.” Harry said lamely. “Well uh...I guess it’s no wonder why these guys almost went extinct then.” Harry said giving the trilling flower a curious glance. “So then, if they’re a protected species, why do you have one?”

Susan perked up once more, her cheeks still dusted with a light shade of pink as she continued.

“Oh well you see, aside from potion ingredients, these flowers are highly useful in the fertility of other plant life. Their natural magical aura makes it so that any plant life found around them flourishes and reproduces at an exponential rate. They also have what can be described as a sort of low-conscious level intelligence and have been known to use their magic to intentionally affect their environment’s growth to their liking.”

As she said this, the tall flower began to trill in a happier tune, twisting and turning in place almost giddily. Harry watched in no small amount of amazement as the various mundane flowers and vines planted around the greenhouse shuddered under the musical hums before they began to grow and brighten with a vibrancy of life.

Susan giggled excitedly and quickly moved to make a note in her journal as the flower seemed to sigh happily and return to gently swaying from side to side.

“See? It’s already making itself comfortable here.” She laughed. “This specimen is one of the very few still left among the British Isles. For my project, I’m going to study the plant’s natural magic and biological properties and see if they can’t be used to help other specimens of its species grow and reproduce themselves.”

“That’s really something Susie.” Harry said impressed. “And it’s safe for you to do that? They don’t affect humans in any way like that right?”

Susan giggled and shook her head. “No of course not! In fact they’re quite inquisitive of humans. Some cultures going back thousands of years even saw them as prophets of love! Couples wishing to conceive would approach a Passion Flower, and if the flower approved of the couple, it was said that it would then place a ‘blessing’ of sorts on them.”

“A blessing? Really?” Harry said with a small tone of disbelief.

Susan shrugged. “That’s what the histories of the flower say. No one really knows what the blessing is or if it’s even a real thing the flower can do. No recorded instances of a Passion Flower blessing someone has happened in recent history at least. Herbologists’ best guess is that it was simply the natural magic that emanated from the plant that the ancient cultures believed to be some sort of divine blessing.” Turning back to her notes Susan gestured for him to approach. “It is harmless though. Come and get a closer look. I need some initial measurements for my report anyway if you could take that down for me.”

Harry stepped forward warily, eyes still watching the softly trilling flower for any sign of sudden movement or danger. Instead, the flower shifted, slowly turning its ‘face’ (If a plant could even have a face that is) towards him, its filaments curling and swaying slowly as if it were curious by him.

“Okay easy there.” He said lowly, approaching the large flower slowly. “I’m not gonna hurt you. I just need to get some measurements yeah?”

The trill from the flower shifted, becoming brighter and melodious as if were laughing. It shifted again, this time setting its entire body lower as it continued to study him, gentle coo’s wafting from its petals as it did so.

Harry took this as a show of consent and took a breath, pulling his wand free and, as gently as he could, measuring the different parts of the flower. It took some time, both because he wanted to be as accurate as possible for Susan’s report and because he didn’t want to accidentally make the magical love flower mad. It, however, seemed to almost enjoy his methodic tapping along its body, cooing and giggling with its echoing song of trills as he worked. At one point the plant seemed to think it was a game between them, as it started to softly brush its petals against another part of Harry’s body every time he tapped it with his wand for another measurement.

“Having some trouble there?” Susan asked after a while, her voice laced with amusement.

Harry huffed and shook his head, once more pushing the curious plant's petals out of his face. "M fine. Bloody thing just won't stay still!" No longer wary of the plant, Harry sighed and did his best to continue taking measurements while the annoying flower poked and prodded him back. Behind him, Susan giggled and stepped forward. "I think it likes you. Who knew you had such a way with plants!"

The flower lifted its 'head' at Susan's approach, studying the girl with just as much interest as it had Harry. With a light trill, it brushed its petals against the redhead's cheek, causing Susan to giggle and gently push it away. "My you are a friendly one!" She smiled. "Such a pretty thing too, isn't she Harry?"

Harry, who was still busy trying to wrangle the wiggling plant to stay still didn't respond. The Passion Flower, however, took note of the two's familiarity with each other, specifically what its own aura picked up as well. As a plant, the Passion Flower couldn't be said to have any sort of cognitive intelligence. It was a creation of magic, and while it acted and behaved like a free-willed entity, it was at its core a creation behold to the whims of the magic that created it. So when its aura caught the ever-so-subtle whiff of attraction emanating from the red-haired girl before it, an attraction directed at the young man whose magic made its aura hum with delight, it investigated further.

Reaching further outwards, as far as its own magic would allow, the curious little flower discovered a pool of attraction and longing for the raven-haired human hidden inside the pretty redhead. That wasn't all it discovered though. A whole trove of magical beings situated in a large structure nearby shone brightly against its aura. The flower trilled happily, its love for life happy to find such a collection of emotionally bright individuals. It was strange though.

The flower could feel more tethers of attraction. Some crisscrossed between the different beings, making a web of emotional threads, but even more were directed towards the lovely raven-haired human before her. That itself wasn't strange, it was natural for some beings to be coveted by more than a few of the opposite sex. No, the strange part was she could tell all the

strings were unfulfilled. Not a single one acted upon despite the many tethers directed to her little playmate's way. Perhaps the small beings simply didn't know about their attraction towards the young man? It wasn't uncommon and based on how deep some of the tethers were buried it could definitely be the case.

Well that just wouldn't do.

She'd just have to make the young man too irresistible to ignore! It was in her nature to incite the natural reproduction of species around her was it not?

With another giggling trill the large flower pulled away from her fun little wizard's hands and curled up.

"Hey! What are you-"

Before Harry could finish the question, he watched as the flower suddenly glowed a deep pinkish red, its stalk vibrating with an unseen energy before it *flung* itself forward. Harry had no time to dive out of the way as a large cloud of pink dust sprayed out from the flower's pistil. The strange dust instantly coated Harry's head and shoulder. His lungs burned as he accidentally breathed in a good bit of the strange material. He doubled over, coughing desperately to clear the dust from his lungs. So distracted by the mysterious powder in his throat, that he didn't even notice as his skin flashed with a similar pink light before it faded.

In front of him, the flower trilled once more happily before curling itself up once more, content with its actions and now winding itself up for a much-deserved rest.

"Are you okay?!" Susan said frantically as she helped him to his feet.

Harry nodded his head, coughing once more before looking at the dozing flower in pure bewilderment. "What the fuck was that?" He rasped, dusting the remainder of the pink dust from his robes and glasses. Strangely, there wasn't much left, only a light dusting that came off with a single swipe of his hand. He had to steady himself for a moment as another wave of dizziness washed over him. Thankfully Susan was there to catch him. He was distinctly aware of her soft

supple body pressed against his. The fact that he could feel his cock already swelling due to the girl's soft breasts pushed against his arm was evidence enough.

*'Now is not the bloody time.'* He chided himself mentally.

"I-I don't- ahem- I'm not s-sure." Susan stammered as she helped him steady himself.

Harry looked towards the auburn-haired witch with quiet alarm, his eyes locking onto the deep red flush that now permeated her cheeks and the uncomfortable shifting of her legs. Every now and then, she'd glance up at him, grey eyes cloudy and hazy before looking away quickly with a bite of her lips.

"Are you alright? It didn't hit you with any of that stuff did it?"

"N-No! I'm fine!" She said, shaking her head frantically. The blushing witch turned quickly and leaned against one of the other workbenches. Harry heard her take a few deep breaths before she turned his way, still refusing to meet his eyes. "We sh-should get you to the Hos-Hospital Wing. There's- ah- not telling what that pollen stuff-" Before she could continue, Susan swayed slightly on her feet. This time it was Harry's turn to reach forward quickly to steady the disoriented girl. The red head all but practically fell into his arms, her eyes clenched closed and her teeth digging into her bottom lip as if she was in pain.

"Susan what's wrong?" Harry asked worriedly. The redhead was breathing hard in his grasp. Her chest fluttered with every frantic lungful of air like she'd just ran a marathon, causing Harry's worry to only rise. He looked over her quickly, searching for any obvious sign of injury or bewitchment before his emerald green eyes met her stormy grey ones...Only they weren't so stormy anymore. Harry's confusion grew as Susan's eyes now held a thin ring of pink around her pupils, giving them an almost ethereal glow, but that wasn't all.

No longer was she seemingly in terrible pain, but now she was looking at him with a face of awe and...something else he couldn't place. Before he could so much as blink, Susan suddenly shifted, pulling him flush against her soft figure and resting her face mere inches from his.

“Uhh Susie? What are you doing?” He asked, a great deal more confused than worried now. He tried to gently push the girl away but she wouldn’t have it, pulling herself even closer with a dreamy sigh. Harry jumped slightly when the red head buried her face in the crook of his neck and inhaled deeply.

“You smell wonderful~” She cooed. “Mmm I just can’t get enough!”

“Thank I guess?” Harry shook his head and made to push the girl off once more. With the girl this pushed up against him like this it was much harder for Harry to control his hormones. Already his previously semi-hard cock had hardened significantly in his trousers and he desperately prayed to every deity he knew that the girl could not feel his erection poking into her thighs. “Susan c’mon that’s enough. We really need to get to the Hospital Wing. There’s no telling what that stuff was!”

Instead of releasing him like he hoped, Susan instead giggled and pulled away, a wide grin of amusement splayed across her lips. “Oh don’t be such a worrywort! It’s fine! We’re fine! In fact-” She began, finally releasing him as she stepped back just a half step. “-I have a much better idea on how we can pass the rest of our time together~”

Before Harry could question her, the red head suddenly dropped to her knees before him and reached for the waistline of his pants.

“Whoa! Susie what are you doing?!” Harry demanded, quickly snatching the girl's hands before she could continue.

Susan merely giggled and slapped his hands away. “Something I’ve wanted to do for a *very* long time.”

“What-”

Harry was interrupted as Susan struck once more, this time succeeding by fully hooking her fingers under his waistband and pulling his trousers down with a single tug. His stiffened cock sprung out as its denim jail fell away, leaving nothing to hide it from the awe and rapture of the girl before it.



“Holy shit.” Susan whispered to herself, her face brightened with a look of total glee as if Christmas had come early for her. Harry tried not to preen at the sudden praise from the girl though he did let himself enjoy her words if just a little bit.

Susan glanced up at him excitedly and reached forward to grasp his thick girth. The girl giggled and leaned forward as she 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, Susan kissed the underside of his shaft and continued slowly trailing a line of them up to his tip.

Harry should probably stop the girl now. The mysterious pollen the flower sprayed no doubt had a hand in this and there was no telling just what other effects it may have, good or bad. Harry shouldn't be standing there, gasping and moaning softly as one of the hottest girls in his year slowly kissed and licked her way up his stiff cock. Harry should and should not be doing a lot of things, but in that moment, Harry couldn't care less.

“Fuck Susie-” Harry groaned. “-I can't believe you're doing this.”

Flashing him a smirk, Susan 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 edge of the workbench to hold himself up.

This was the best detention ever.

Holding his tip firmly between her lips, Susan 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, large globes were revealed, nestled in a straining black bra that barely withheld the full volume of her massive tits. Susan 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.

For a less well-endowed witch, perhaps the bra would've still somewhat obscured her breasts when unlatched, but not Susan. As the bustiest girl in the school, by a wide margin too, the moment the clasp of her bra came undone a virtual *mountain* of flesh spilled free. Her breasts jiggled and bounced from the sudden release, hypnotizing Harry with the way they rippled. His eyes immediately locked onto the two pale pink areola that came into view, followed by her hard, red nipples.

As Harry gazed in wonder, Susan suddenly drove her mouth forward with a loud muffled moan, and only stopped when he hit the back of her mouth. Inhaling deeply through her nose, the redhead 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 workbench and groaned quietly, his eyes closing for a moment as he savored the incredible sensation.

The sheer desperation in Susan's movements made for quite a mess. As the girl sucked and gagged around his length, large globs of saliva dripped down from her mouth and coated her chin before dripping down further to coat her large swinging tits. Harry was entranced by the sight. Though much of it was obscured by the girl currently inhaling his cock as if her life depended on it, he still couldn't help but marvel at the way her tits gleam and shined, coated with the girl's very own spit.

Sensing his haze, Susan opened her pink rimmed grey eyes and pulled back, sucking hard on his engorged cock head before his length popped free from her mouth with a gasp. Without another word, Susan leaned back on her knees and squeezed her giant globes together, spreading the saliva evenly between them. Once satisfied, Susan suddenly lurched forward and encompassed his hard cock between her large tits. Harry groaned as she started to bounce her breasts upon his length, the warm pillowy prison enveloping his cock like a vice.

“Fuck!” Harry gasped quietly as the tight prison of flesh around his cock nearly had him tumbling over the edge right then and there.

His quiet moans only increased as the red haired goddess looked down and captured his tip in her mouth. Her tongue returned with a vengeance, attacking the sensitive cock head with hard quick licks. She whirled the wet muscle around the tip evilly, sending shocks of pleasure up his groin with every lick of his glans. After a few moments though, Susan suddenly halted her movements and look up at him with a small smirk. When Harry looked at her curiously, she grabbed his hands, moved them to the sides of her tits and gave him a challenging look. After a moment of thought, he realized what she probably wanted and firmly pushed her tits together around his cock and thrust forward. Susan giggled happily and adjusted herself, looking down with her mouth wide open and ready to take whatever he threw at her.

Harry didn't disappoint. As soon as her tongue rolled out he pitched his him forward, causing her tits to ripple from the forced as he pushed the tip of his cock deep inside the redhead's mouth. Susan moaned in delight as he pumped steadily into her mouth. Her tits rippled around him as he fucked both them and her slutty mouth like a man possessed.

Though he couldn't see it, Susan's hand weren't remaining idle either. Touched beneath the waistband of her skirt, her fingers were moving furiously, rubbing her swollen clit with more and more desperation as the man above her used her giant mammaries like his personal fuck doll. It wasn't long before Harry couldn't take it any longer. The combined feeling of Susan's breasts and mouth was enough to force him over the edge. As he swelled, Harry suddenly pulled back, and let himself erupt. Susan squeaked in surprise as jet after jet of his molten sticky cum gushed over her spit soaked tits without warning. Though the moment the first jet of cum landed the redhead herself moaned and moved down to lather her tongue excitedly around his pulsing head. Cum coated the red heads face. From her cheeks, chin, and doe like eyes, Susan was covered in his seed as she sloppily lapped at his spent cock head in abject worship.

Letting out a breath he didn't realize he'd been holding, Harry slumped against the wall just as Susan got to her feet. The redhead moaned as she licked a few droplets of his cum from her fingers before pulling her other hand up to show him the thick clear juices that coated them as well.

"Mmm~ That was nice!" She said with a dreamy sigh. "I wonder if I should include this in my report?"

Harry huffed a small laugh at the inquisitive look on the auburn haired witch's face as she contemplated that decision while standing there still covered in his cum.

He still didn't have a clue what the hell just happened but in that moment he certainly wasn't going to complain. Shaking his head, Harry readjusted his trousers and stepped forward to help the girl get cleaned up, unknowing to the happy trills emanating from the red flower in the greenhouse with them.

-

#### Author's Note

New story time woوو! Had this one on the back burner for a while and have a good deal planned for it so keep an eye out for future chapters!

Thanks for reading!