

Chapter 5

Harry stared up at Ginny as she rode his length up and down, her small, perky breasts and pink nipples bouncing on her chest. Luxuriating in the feel of her constricting folds, he trailed a hand up her abs to cup one of her breasts. Ginny moaned, rolling her hips wildly when he lightly pinched her hard pink nub. A shudder ran through her body, and she fell forward, kissing him hard between gasps of air.

With a grin, Harry grabbed her by the hips and rolled both of them over. A gasp left her lips when the position caused him to slide even deeper into her depths. Ginny raked her nails down his back and grabbed two handfuls of his bum as he rocked his hips against hers. It was like she was trying to pull him even deeper into her amazingly tight, hot core. Harry growled, his hips attacking her neck as he worked his hips faster.

The sound of their panting filled the inside of his four-poster bed as their movements grew frantic. Harry grew even harder inside of her as he watched her face scrunch up cutely. After just a few more thrusts, Ginny tipped over the edge with a squeal. He finished a moment later, grunting and groaning while he erupted inside of her spasming depths.

After taking a moment to catch his breath, Harry rolled off of her and onto his side. Ginny rolled over and cuddled with him for a while before the sun rose over the horizon, and she was forced to make her exit. Grabbing his cloak, she gave him one last kiss, flashing an impish smile, and disappeared from view. Harry laid back on his pillow and grinned to himself as he heard the door to the dorm open and close.

For the next hour, he dozed on and off until the sound of the others getting up roused him.

“Harry, you coming down to breakfast?” Ron asked.

“I’ll be down in a few,” Harry told him. “I didn’t get much sleep last night.”

“Oh, sure, mate,” Ron said sympathetically.

Harry doubted his friend would be so understanding if he knew that he wasn't kept awake by nightmares but by his little sister.

Waiting until everyone was out of the dorm, he climbed out of bed and grabbed his wand and a beaker he'd stashed in his drawer the night before. Slowly, he crept over to Neville's bed and stared at the plant.

"Hey, mind if I get a sample of that sap you sprayed me with?" he asked softly.

Suddenly, the yellow bulbs bent to face him, and the tips swelled like they were about to burst. With wide eyes, Harry jammed the beaker over the top of it. He was just in time. The bulbs sprayed their thick, white sap against the walls of the beaker and started to drip down the sides. Before it could fall out, Harry tipped the plant and beaker on their side and waited for the streams to end. Careful not to get any more sap on his skin, he righted the plant and quickly backed away before examining the contents.

The liter-sized beaker was filled just over halfway to the top. With a tap of his wand and a muttered incantation, Harry magically sealed the top. Quickly stashing the beaker in his bag, he slung it over his shoulder and left the dorm.

Walking down the stairs, he spotted Hermione reading on the couch next to the fire while Ron played a game of Exploding Snaps with Seamus, Dean, and Neville. Dean noticed him and waved him over, but he waved him off and took a seat on the couch across from Hermione.

"I got it," he whispered, patting his bag.

"Good," Hermione smiled. "I'll take it up to the seventh floor after breakfast and see what I can find out about it."

"Hey, Harry!" Lavender said brightly.

“Oh. Hey, Lavender,” Harry smiled. “Feeling better?”

“Finally,” she said, taking a seat right next to Harry, close enough that their hips touched.
“Madam Pomfrey gave me a clean bill of health.”

“That’s great,” Harry smiled.

“I kept notes for you so you can catch up in class,” Hermione said, pulling a stack of parchment out of her bag.

Lavender gave her a forced smile and took them, “Thank Hermione.”

Without a glance, she set them on the table and sat back, her large breasts pressing against Harry’s arm while her hand came to rest on his thigh. Hermione furrowed her brow and watched them closely as if she was observing some kind of experiment.

Bang!

“Bugger!” Ron shouted as several people laughed.

“What were you thinking?” Dean chuckled as Ron wiped the soot from his face.

“It’s too early for this,” Ron grumbled.

Getting to his feet, he walked over to the couch Hermione was on and dropped down next to her.

“Can we go to breakfast?” he asked. “I can’t think on an empty stomach.”

“Just a minute,” Hermione said, watching him curiously. “Do you notice anything odd this morning?”

Ron gazed around as Lavender’s fingers found Harry’s growing shaft, and her teeth nibbled his ear. His eyes passed right over them; like it was perfectly normal for his best mate to be groped in the middle of the common room on a Sunday morning.

“No, why?” Ron asked.

“Look at Harry, do you notice anything... different?” Hermione asked.

Harry slung his arm over Lavender’s shoulders and waited for Ron to blush, shout, something, anything. But there was nothing. He simply stared, blinked twice, and then turned back to Hermione.

“What are you on about?” he asked, furrowing his brow.

“Interesting,” Hermione said, taking out a scrap of parchment and making a note.

Lifting a brow, Harry decided to see just how much of an effect the sap was having. He dropped his hand down the front of Lavender’s blouse and grabbed her breast over her bra. With a giggle, she ran her thumb over his hardened shaft and pushed her substantial chest into his hand.

“Erm, did you get new glasses?” Ron asked, cocking his head to the side.

Harry snorted and shook his head, “Never mind. Let’s go get something to eat.”

Pulling his arm out of Lavender's blouse, Harry stood up and stretched. Hermione gasped at the tent he'd pitched in his trousers while Lavender smiled and licked her lips, and Ron ignored it completely.

"Would you mind studying with me later, Harry?" Lavender asked, batting her long eyelashes up at him and twirling a lock of her dirty blonde hair. "You know, to help me catch up?"

"Sure," Harry smiled.

Rolling her eyes, Hermione grabbed him by the arm and led him out of the common room while Ron trailed behind.

"Did you see that?" she hissed low enough so Ron wouldn't hear. "This is bad."

"Seems like a good thing to me," Harry smiled.

"Harry, this is serious!" Hermione scolded softly. "It also means there's nothing to stop every girl in this school from going after you whenever and wherever they want."

"Oh," Harry said, blinking rapidly. "Yeah, good point. But why do you notice it then? Maybe it only works like that on people that want to shag me?"

"That's... not it," Hermione admitted blushing, causing Harry to raise an eyebrow. "I think it works more like a Notice-Me-Not Charm. It only works if you don't know what's happening."

"Makes sense," Harry nodded thoughtfully.

"I need to talk to Luna and get to the Room of Requirement," Hermione said eagerly.

Tightening her hold on his arm, she sped up.

“Oi! Wait up!” Ron called.

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After a quick breakfast, Hermione grabbed Luna and dragged her, along with Harry, up to the Room of Requirement. Quickly, it was determined that Harry was useless at helping either of them. He tried, he really did, but Potions and Herbology were by far his worst subjects. While the girls stayed in the Room of Requirement to determine what was in the sap and how to counter it, he was released from his duties to go explore the castle.

Harry also thought part of the reason Hermione was so eager to see him gone was the fact that he was distracting Luna. She'd caught the eager blonde trying to take off his trousers three times before finally kicking him out of the room.

Smiling to himself, he strolled through the halls for a few minutes before coming to a stop outside of the library. Ahead, Susan Bones, Hannah Abbot, and Megan Jones were chatting and laughing just outside the door, where they wouldn't get in trouble with Madam Pince.

With a smirk, Harry decided it was time to conduct some experiments of his own – for research to help Hermione, of course.

As he walked closer, he eyed up each of the girls. Megan had long dark hair and eyes, along with a thin, athletic figure and small breasts. Next to her, Hannah was a slightly chubby, bubbly blonde with impressive curves. Although they weren't as impressive as Susan's. The short redhead was known for having the largest breasts and one of the best bums in the school. Only her shyness and the fact that her aunt was the Head of the DMLE kept most of the boys away from her.

As he approached, Susan's back was to him. Hannah and Megan smiled brightly when he stopped behind their redheaded friend and wrapped his arms around her waist. Her bust was so large that her breasts rested on the tops of his arms.

"Hey, girls," Harry smiled.

"Hi, Harry," Hannah and Megan chorused in unison.

Susan glanced over her shoulder and smiled but stayed silent even as she leaned back against him. Smiling, Harry lifted one of his hands and cupped one of her breasts over her jumper.

"Busy studying?" he asked casually.

"Just finished, actually," Hannah replied, giggling at Susan when she groaned.

"Oh, any plans?" Harry asked.

While he waited for an answer, he slipped his hands under Susan's jumper and bra to squeeze her soft, bare breasts. Several students walked in and out of the library, but other than a few flirtatious smiles from most of the girls, no one noticed or cared about what he was doing to Susan.

"Oh, we were just thinking about heading back to the common room," Hannah said, twirling a lock of hair and biting her lip as she watched his hands maul her friend's chest.

"We could show Harry the cuddle room," Megan jumped in, smiling excitedly.

"Ooh, that's a great idea," Hannah grinned.

“Cuddle room?” Harry asked, rolling one of Susan’s large, thick nipples and causing her to moan.

“It’s a hidden room near our common room,” Megan explained. “People go there when they’re feeling down, or couples want a bit of privacy. It’s brilliant. Come on; we’ll show you.”

“Lead the way,” Harry said with a grin.

Pulling his hands from Susan’s jumper a little reluctantly, he wrapped an arm around her shoulders as they followed Hannah and Megan down the stairs. Quickly, they arrived in the large corridor that led to the kitchens and the Hufflepuff common room.

“I need to go put these books away,” Megan said. “I’ll meet you there in a few minutes.”

“Okay,” Hannah smiled.

Turning to the left, Megan slipped into the common room behind the barrels while Hannah led Harry past the kitchens and further down the hall. Hidden in a dark corner, they walked down a passageway Harry had never used before. On the Marauder’s Map, it led to nothing but a dead end. Lighting his wand, he watched curiously as Hannah walked to the end of the short, dead-end hallway and tapped a slightly discolored stone.

“Togetherness,” she said.

There was a loud click, followed by a grinding noise as the wall at the end of the hall moved to the side. Behind it was a well-lit, circular room. An array of mattresses and cushions covered the entire floor, while colorful curtains hung from the ceiling, dividing the room into segments. They were held to the walls with ties, but a simple tug would free the curtain and give you at least some visual privacy from the rest of the room.

“Ta-dah,” Hannah said, smiling brightly. “What do you think?”

“Brilliant,” Harry grinned.

Guiding Susan into the room, he paused and looked back when the wall slid closed behind him.

“Shoes,” Hannah said.

Toeing hers off, she tip-toed between the cushions and sat down on a mattress with a smile. Harry and Susan did the same, leaving him flanked by the two pretty girls as he leaned back on his elbows.

“So, what do you usually get up to in this room?” he asked with a grin.

“Well, Susan and I only come here when one of us is upset,” Hannah replied. “Some of the other girls like to bring boys here to snog.”

“Just snog?” Harry asked.

Hannah and Susan shared a look, blushed, and giggled.

“Is that why you brought me here?” Harry asked, sitting up and putting his face close to Hannah’s. “To snog me?”

Blushing and smiling, she shrugged her shoulders, “If you want to.”

Brushing a lock of hair behind her ear, Harry leaned forward and kissed her softly. Hannah melted into him, her breasts pressing against his chest. When they separated a short while later, he turned to Susan and captured her lips. She squeaked in surprise but quickly started kissing him back. Harry couldn’t resist the desire to caress her breasts with his free hand. He’d dreamed about being able to get his hands on her amazing chest, and now, he finally had the chance.

When he finally pulled back, Susan was flushed, and her hazel eyes gazed up at him with a dreamy expression.

“When you and Hannah come here, do you two ever snog?” Harry asked.

Susan blushed and looked away, bringing a grin to his face.

“Sometimes,” she murmured softly.

“Susie!” Hannah exclaimed with a giggle.

“I’d love to see that,” Harry grinned.

Hannah and Susan shared a look that carried an entire conversation in a matter of seconds. Slowly, their faces drifted closer together until their lips met. The kiss started slow and soft, but they quickly got lost in their passion and started snogging in earnest. Harry had to adjust himself in his trousers as he watched them. Seeing two pretty girls kiss like that was one of the most erotic things he’d ever witnessed. Nearly a minute later, they broke apart breathlessly. Sharing a look, they burst into giggles.

Over the next few minutes, Harry took turns kissing each of the girls and even managed to pull them into a three-way, tongue-filled snog. Gradually, they began to tug at each other’s clothes, leaving them scattered across the cushions. While the girls stared at his rigid shaft, he gazed at their amazing breasts. Susan’s enormous breasts hung heavily on her chest and were capped with wide, brown areolas and thick swollen nipples. Although Hannah’s were smaller, they were still beautiful. Standing high and proud from her chest, they were more cone-shaped and capped with light pink, puffy areolas and tiny, inverted nipples.

Laying down on his back, Harry pulled the girls over to him so that their breasts hung over his head. He turned to Susan first, groping her breasts and burying his face between the soft mounds before latching his mouth onto her nipple. The redhead moaned and stroked his hair softly before he pulled back and did the same to Hannah. He was a bit more aggressive with the

blonde, sucking hard at her nipples to try and bring them out. Eventually, he managed to coax both of them into the open, and Hannah groaned as his tongue teased her tiny red nipples.

“Oh, that feels so good,” she moaned.

“I told you boys would still like them,” Susan giggled.

“They’re still not as nice as yours,” Hannah said. “Look at those things!”

Reaching out, she grabbed Susan’s breasts and squeezed. Susan squeaked, and they both broke into giggles while Harry leaned back with a smile.

“I think you both look great,” he said, gazing over their bodies.

Sure, Hannah was a bit on the thick side, but he wouldn’t call her fat. Privately, he found Susan the more attractive of the two. The shy redhead was a bombshell under her robes. Sharing a look, the girls giggled happily before Hannah trailed her hands over his abs.

“You’re not so bad yourself, Harry,” she said, flashing a nervous smile.

Biting her lip, her hand trailed down, and she carefully wrapped her fingers around his shaft. Harry groaned pleurably and bucked up into her hand, drawing a laugh from both. Hannah stroked him a few times before letting go, only for her hand to be replaced by Susan’s a moment later.

“Oh, wow,” Susan said, caressing him firmly. “It’s so hard.”

Harry tucked his arm under the back of his head and smiled as they took turns playing with his length. Gradually, their movements grew more confident and started feeling even better. Surprisingly, it was Susan who moved things forward. Bending down suddenly, she took him into

her mouth. Harry hissed in surprise from the feeling of her hot, wet mouth wrapped around him and then groaned loudly. Unfortunately, Susan didn't seem to know what to do after that. She sat completely still, just holding him in her mouth.

"What's it taste like?" Hannah asked eagerly.

Pulling off of him, Susan wiped a string of saliva from her bottom lip and blushed.

"I don't know?" she shrugged. "You try."

Hannah giggled and bent down to take his length in her mouth while Susan held the base of his shaft. Harry groaned as she sucked lightly and swirled her tongue around him. After a few seconds, she pulled back, and Susan took her place. This time, she bobbed up and down while Hannah gave her instructions.

"Suck as you pull up, and use your tongue when you move down," she said, brushing her friend's hair behind her ear for a better view.

Susan pulled back completely and looked at her curiously, "Where did you learn that?"

Hannah shrugged, "I read about it in Witch Weekly."

Harry smiled as they continued to take turns on his length. At one point, Hannah tried to deep-throat him but ended up gagging hard and pulled up coughing. Unanimously, they decided not to try that again, but they didn't need to. Harry was getting close already, but the constant switching kept staving off his climax. They spent another few minutes unknowingly edging him closer and closer until he finally felt like he was going to burst.

"I'm going to cum," he warned Susan.

Her eyes widened as she looked up at Hannah, her lips stretched wide around his shaft.

“Don’t stop,” Hannah scolded her. “Just keep going and catch it on your tongue.”

With a small nod of her head, Susan started bobbing her head again. Harry trembled and groaned as she quickly brought him over the edge. The moment he erupted, Susan jerked back in surprise and took the second stream directly to the face. Grabbing his length, Hannah quickly wrapped her lips around the head and finished him off. Harry groaned and bucked his hips lightly as she sucked and teased his sensitive head until, with a shiver, he stopped.

Sitting up, Hannah swallowed and giggled.

“It doesn’t taste as bad as I thought it would,” she said.

Turning to Susan, she burst out giggling. The redhead sat with a shocked look on her face, a white streak going from her chin, up over her nose, between her eyes, and into her bangs. As a drop fell from her nose, she licked it from her bottom lip.

Suddenly, the wall started to grind open, and Harry sat up. Megan stepped inside with a smile, and he had to admit he’d forgotten she was supposed to join them. The reason soon became clear when more girls walked in behind her. There was Sophie Roper, Leanne Martin, Sara Fawcett, and a couple of older Hufflepuff girls he didn’t even know the name of. Their eyes glazed over lustfully as they stared at him, and Harry swallowed nervously.

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“What happened to you?” Hermione asked when he stumbled exhaustedly into the Room of Requirement four hours later.

“Hufflepuffs,” Harry muttered.

Collapsing onto the couch, he leaned back and sighed.

“Does this mean you’re too tired to have sex with me today?” Luna asked with a pout.

Eyes flying open, Harry lifted his head and shook it frantically.

“Luna, I’ve got nothing left,” he told her. “My balls are so empty they hurt.”

“Really?” Luna asked, lifting her eyebrows. “How many?”

“Er, seven, I think,” Harry said. “I’m not sure. It all became a blur after a while.”

“A really fun, naked blur, or an I wish I could forget this blur?” Luna asked.

“The first one,” Harry admitted. “Any luck with a cure?”

“Not yet,” Hermione said, biting her lip as she looked at him in concern. “We did learn a lot, though. I just need to do some more research. In the meantime, I can brew you some stamina potions.”

“That would be great,” Harry said.

Leaning his head back onto the couch, he started to doze off as Hermione and Luna continued talking about the sap and a possible solution.