

## Chapter 4

Harry blinked open his eyes to a pleasant, familiar feeling enveloping his length. Lifting his head, he stared down at Ginny as she bobbed her head up and down his shaft. She looked up at him, her lips curling in a smile around him, and suddenly lit her wand. The sudden influx of light was painful, and it forced him to cover his eyes for a few seconds until they adjusted. When he dropped his hand, he pulsed at the sight before him.

Ginny was completely naked, her pale, freckled skin practically glowing under the wand light. He couldn't see much of her as she was lying on her stomach between his legs, her feet kicking back and forth in the air. What he could see was the expanse of her bare back, her pert, round bum, and her long, toned legs.

If he were honest, Harry had always thought of Ginny as a tomboy that lacked a womanly figure. But looking at her now, he knew he'd been wrong. Sure, she wasn't as curvy as Susan or Lavender, but she was still sexy in her own right.

"Fuck, Ginny," Harry groaned, running his fingers through her hair. "That feels really good."

Ginny smiled around his shaft and took him as deep as she could, pressing his tip against the roof of her mouth. Letting out a hiss, Harry tugged her hair and bucked his hips. Her blue eyes looked up at him sparkle, and she hollowed her cheeks. His breath caught in his throat as she pulled back slowly while sucking hard, her tongue caressing every millimeter of his sensitive glans.

"Bloody hell," Harry gasped.

Ginny's lips came off of him with a loud *pop*, and she giggled while laying his shaft flat on his stomach. Starting at the base of his shaft, she laid a trail of kisses all the way up to the tip. Her hands slipped under the sides of his T-shirt, pushing it up as she continued trailing kisses up his stomach and chest. When it reached his armpits, Harry grabbed the hem and roughly pulled it over his head. His eyes never left her as she straddled his waist and sat up. Her hot, damp folds hugged his length at the same moment he got his first look at her breasts.

They were small but larger than he'd expected. Just big enough to fill the palms of his hands, her breasts sloped up slightly, leaving her fat pink nipples to jut out prominently.

Grabbing his hands, Ginny smiled as she dragged his hands slowly up her sides, over her ribs, and up to her breasts. Harry gave them a squeeze and ran his thumbs over her nipples. He didn't think he'd ever stop marveling at how amazing breasts felt, no matter how many he got to feel in his life.

With a moan, Ginny tilted her back and rolled her hips, dragging her folds along the underside of his shaft. As Harry bucked up against her, grinding his shaft against her damp heat, she leaned her head down and sucked his thumb into her mouth.

"Merlin, Ginny," Harry groaned.

Smiling, she let his thumb slip from her mouth and leaned over him. Her forearms rested next to his head while her curtain of red hair fell around them. It made the whole thing suddenly feel much more intimate - like they were locked away in their own little world. Their breath mingled as they panted, their hips bucking and rolling as if they'd perfected some sort of primal dance.

Harry let go of her breasts and grabbed her hips to pull her down more firmly. Ginny mewled and kissed him passionately. There was a hint of mint on her tongue as it slid along his. As suddenly as it had started, she pulled away with a gasp and buried her face in the crook of his neck. With a groan, she rocked her hips forcefully, sending a shudder through her petite frame.

Looking over her shoulder, Harry watched Ginny's sexy bum flex and relax as she humped him with a growing desperation. Feeling his own climax rising, he gripped her bum in his hands and met her with equal fervor. She gasped in his ear, her body stiffening for a moment before she let out a long, low moan and trembled.

"Harry," Ginny moaned.

His only response was to growl in the back of his throat. Using his hands to move her harder and faster, he pulled a bit too hard, and Ginny moved up a few inches. They both gasped when that left his swollen head resting between her folds. There was a brief pause, and then Ginny started moving again. Every movement felt like it might send him plunging into her depths.

Too far along to stop, Harry resumed his grinding. Ginny squeaked the first time his tip bumped her clit, then shuddered the second time and started writhing on top of him wildly. He could feel her hard nipples dragging across his chest as their movements caused her whole body to slide back and forth on top of his.

Suddenly, Ginny stiffened and shook, her muscles spasming as she let out a series of cute little grunts. Her arousal bathed his shaft, making her even more slippery. Perilously close to his peak, Harry rolled Ginny over and sat up on his knees. Taking himself in hand, he stroked his shaft furiously. With a loud grunt, he erupted, splattering her pale skin with white streaks that reached all the way up to her breasts.

Shaking the last couple of drops free onto her stomach, Harry collapsed on his back next to her. While he caught his breath, Ginny sat up and smiled as she looked down at her body. Running a finger over her breast, she gathered some of his cum on it and sucked it into her mouth with an impish grin. Harry groaned, his spent length pulsing at the sight. Ginny laughed and laid back down, her head resting next to his.

“That was fun, but I need to go shower before anyone else wakes up,” she said after a moment.

Sitting back up, she kissed him softly and climbed off the bed. Harry lifted his head and rested it on his arm, watching her bum flex and breasts bounce as she got dressed in her pajamas. Ginny noticed him and smirked. Without bothering to clean her chest, she put her shirt on and grabbed his cloak.

“See you tomorrow,” she said with a promising look.

Harry watched her disappear a moment before the curtains around his bed opened and closed. Laying his head back with a satisfied sigh, he tucked himself away and closed his eyes. It was a

couple of minutes before he realized Ginny had just left with the perfect means to hide from any unwanted attention. His cloak.

“Bugger.”

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Harry caught a couple more hours of sleep before finally getting out of bed. After showering and changing, he made his way down to the common room.

“Finally,” Hermione said, standing from the couch. “Come on, we’re going to the library.”

Harry sighed but didn’t complain as he followed after her. As much as he hated studying on a Saturday, he’d been the one to ask for her help. They spent hours scouring Herbology books, only taking a short break for lunch. The closest they came to finding anything remotely related to Neville’s new plant was a few unusual ingredients for love and lust potions. None of them matched the look of Neville’s plant or the exact side effects of the sap unless it was combined with other ingredients and mixed into a potion. Even then, the effects only lasted for a few hours at most.

“Nothing,” Hermione sighed, closing her book. “I think I should talk to Luna. Maybe she knows more than she told you.”

“Why didn’t you do that five hours ago?” Harry asked.

“You know how Luna is,” Hermione replied, waving her hand in a circle. “She’s not the most reliable source of information. Here, go, put these books back while I check these out. They might have something useful.”

Taking the stack of three books from her hand, Harry got to his feet, glad to stretch his legs a bit. He walked over to the Herbology section and started putting the books back wherever he could

find space when Lilith turned the corner with a smile on her face. Harry turned as she walked up and pressed her body against his. One hand reached up to caress his chest while the other dipped down to cup his growing excitement. With a flirtatious look, she nodded her head towards the door.

“I’ll meet you down the corridor near the bathrooms in a couple of minutes,” Harry said. “I need to ditch Hermione first.”

Lilith smiled brightly, kissed him, and then slipped back around the bookcase. Stuffing the last book into the nearest space, he walked back over to the table just as Hermione was finishing packing up her bag. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched Lilith sway her hips and glance over her shoulder as she left the library.

“Alright,” Hermione said, shouldering her bag. “We can go.”

“I’ll meet you down in the Great Hall,” Harry told her as they walked towards the door. “I need to use the loo first.”

“Okay,” Hermione said. “If you happen to see Luna before I do, tell her I want to talk to her.”

“Sure,” Harry said distractedly, glancing down the hall.

With a wave, he left Hermione and turned left while she continued straight. When he got near the bathrooms, he looked around but didn’t see Lillith anywhere. Just as he was about to call out for her, a door across the hall opened, and she peeked her head out. Giving him a sultry look, she crooked her finger at him. Harry grinned as he walked towards her. Lilith grabbed a fistful of his jumper and tugged him into the room as he slammed the door shut behind him.

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“There you are,” Hermione huffed as she entered the common room.

Harry looked up from his copy of Quidditch Weekly and raised an eyebrow questioningly.

“I thought you were going to meet me in the Great Hall,” she said, stopping in front of him with her arms crossed.

“I did, but you were already gone,” Harry shrugged.

“I waited for almost an hour. Where were you?” Hermione asked.

“In the bathroom,” Harry lied. “I had an upset stomach.”

“Oh,” Hermione said, her countenance turning much less confrontational. “Well, I found Luna. She’s waiting for us on the seventh floor. Come on.”

Setting his magazine aside, Harry stood and followed her out of the common room. It was a quick walk from the entrance of Gryffindor dorm up to the seventh floor to the portrait of Barnabus the Barmy. The door to the Room of Requirement appeared the moment they approached the blank stretch of wall. Hermione pushed it open, and they both paused as they stepped inside.

Towering pillars made of bookcases stretched across the massive room, each filled to the ceiling, which Harry guessed to be at least fifty feet high, with books. Around the base of each pillar sat a colorful, circular couch that surrounded it completely. Fairies and Pixies fly about the room, their wings glittering in streams of sunlight that came from the glass panels in the roof. Given how late it had been when they arrived, Harry knew it must have been magically produced. As they gazed around, a pack of a dozen Dust Bunnies appeared, jumping from one couch to another as they let out little chirps.

“What – but – how?” Hermione stammered.

Harry shrugged and walked deeper into the room, Hermione following behind him. As soon as they got close to the Dust Bunnies, they squealed and dove under the couches.

“Luna!” Hermione called.

“Over here!” she called back.

Sharing a look, Harry and Hermione headed in that direction. As they got closer, he noticed a stream of sunlight, larger than the rest, pouring down through a glass dome in the center of the ceiling. In the middle of the circle of light sat a grass-covered field that was decorated like a common room. There were chairs, couches, paintings floating in the air, and even a hearth. On one of the couches, Luna sat cross-legged and completely naked, reading a book while a trio of Fairies braided a lock of her hair.

“Luna!” Hermione exclaimed, getting her attention and startling the Fairies. “What is this, and why are you naked?”

“Oh, hello, Hermione,” Luna said calmly as the Fairies finished the braid and flew off. “I couldn’t decide if we should meet in a library, a common room, or a courtyard, so I picked all three.”

“I – but,” Hermione sighed, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath before opening them again. “Fine, but why are you naked?”

“Because the way Harry looks at me makes me feel pretty,” Luna said.

Harry, who’d been looking at her breasts, glanced up at Hermione just as she leveled an accusatory glare at him.

“What?” he asked defensively. “It’s not like I asked her to show up like this.”

Hermione huffed, walked over to a chair facing Luna, and dropped into it. Meanwhile, Harry decided to sit next to Luna on the couch. He figured he wouldn't stare as much if he spent most of the time looking away from her. What he didn't expect was for Luna to jump into his lap and curl up like a large cat. Harry shared a look with Hermione, gave a bemused shrug, and wrapped his arms around her.

"I – never mind," Hermione sighed. "Luna, what can you tell us about that plant you gave Neville?"

"Just what I told Harry," Luna said, grabbing one of Harry's hands and placing it over her breast with a pat. "A Forest Nymph was nice enough to show it to us while Daddy and I were visiting Sweden. It was quite educational. Sweden is much more open to interspecies relationships than Britain. We saw her have sex with Muggles, Wizards, Ogres, and a couple of Centaurs."

Harry hid a grin in Luna's hair as Hermione gaped at her. He'd told her what he could remember about the plant, but he hadn't gone into detail about exactly what Luna had said.

"Oh my," Hermione said, her cheeks going pink. "How – how many – I mean – how long did the effects of the sap last?"

"Only a week," Luna said, grinding her bum against Harry's growing erection. "And she only had sex with two Centaurs. I didn't count the others, but there were probably forty Muggles, a dozen wizards, and I think four Ogres. It was hard to see in the cave."

"Forty!?" Hermione squeaked, her eyes going wide.

"She said it wasn't normally that many," Luna replied calmly. "We just happened to run across a campground full of them."

"I - that's," Hermione closed her mouth with a snap and dropped her face into her hands.



While she gathered herself to try and continue the conversation, Luna suddenly stood up and started opening Harry's trousers.

"Luna, what are you doing!?" Hermione gasped.

"I was going to have sex with Harry while we talked," Luna said, pulling his erection out into the open. "He's quite hard, and it seems a shame to let it go to waste."

Hermione didn't even try to respond. She stared, transfixed, as Luna lined him up with her entrance and sat down with a hum.

"Mmh, that feels nice," she said, leaning her back against Harry's chest. "What else did you want to ask, Hermione?"

"What?" Hermione asked, blinking. "Oh, right. Um, what side effects did you notice from the sap, exactly?"

Harry shook his head at how surreal the situation he was in felt and cupped Luna's breast as she started bouncing in his lap.

"From what the Nymph said, it just increases the attraction people already feel for you," Luna said. "That's why so many girls are sleeping with Harry. He's very attractive."

"I know," Hermione said, biting her lip before blushing heavily when her words registered. "I mean – I noticed! Did it do anything else? The sap, I mean. It seems to me like it might lower people's inhibitions."

Luna dropped down hard, her eyes going wide.

"Oh!" she gasped.

“What?” Hermione asked, leaning forward, concerned. “Did that hurt?”

“No, I realized you’re right,” Luna said.

Lifting her legs, she spread them wide and placed her feet on the seat of the couch. Harry knew that Hermione would have an open view of his girth splitting open her tight folds. Hermione swallowed heavily, eyes riveted to the debauchery in front of her as Luna started to bounce harder and faster.

“Is the sap making you do that?” she asked weakly.

“No,” Luna panted. “I’ve wanted to have sex with Harry for a while now. The sap just made me more willing to act on it. Oh!”

“What!?” Hermione exclaimed, her eyes finally moving up to Luna’s face. “Did you remember something else?”

“No, Harry’s penis feels really good,” Luna said with a moan. “Can you wait a minute? I’m going to cum now.”

Harry moved his hands down to Luna’s waist and helped her move as she tightened around him. With an adorable little squeak, her entire body shuddered, and her arousal soaked his shaft. Smiling, he kissed her neck and let her catch her breath.

“You’re still really hard, Harry,” she noted pantingly. “Are you close?”

“Not yet,” he admitted. “Do you want to take a break?”

“Hmm, no,” Luna said, wiggling in his lap. “If we can lay down, you can keep going. I just feel a little lightheaded.”

With a smile, Harry pulled her with him as he laid on his side. Tucking their legs up on the couch, he spooned her from behind and began rocking his hips.

“Mmh, this is nice,” Luna hummed. “You lasting a lot longer than last time. Have you had a lot of sex today?”

“Just twice,” Harry chuckled.

“What? When?” Hermione asked, her brow furrowed like she was trying to solve a puzzle.

“Ginny snuck into my bed this morning,” Harry shrugged. “We didn’t have sex, really, but it was close.”

Luna giggled, “She told me you covered her in your penis pudding.”

Harry stilled as he and Hermione blinked at her.

“His what?” Hermione asked.

“His penis pudding,” Luna said. “I can call it something else if you prefer.”

“No – that’s,”

“It’s fine,” Harry said, smiling amusedly. “And then I had sex with Lillith again.”

“When did you...?” Hermione trailed off, a calculating look on her face, and Harry knew he was in trouble. “It was when we left the library, wasn’t it? Harry! You said you were in the bathroom!”

“I was,” Harry said.

It wasn’t a total lie. He’d gone in there to clean up afterward. Lillith had been quite enthusiastic and left the front of his trousers soaked in her arousal. Hermione crossed her arms and looked at him disbelievingly.

“Well, not the whole time,” he admitted.

“Harry!” Hermione exclaimed, throwing her arms in the air frustratedly. “I thought you wanted my help because all this – this sex – was making you too tired.”

“It does sometimes,” Harry said. “And I’d really like to just turn it off sometimes, but what else was I supposed to do?”

“You could have told her no,” Hermione pointed out.

“Well, that wouldn’t be very nice,” Luna jumped in. “How would you feel if you told Harry you wanted to have sex with him and he said no?”

Hermione opened and closed her mouth several times, but not a sound left her lips. Harry was glad Luna had interjected. She made a very good point, and he hadn’t had an excuse ready other than he rather liked Lillith.

“That’s not the point,” Hermione muttered.

Luna ignored her and looked at Harry over her shoulder.

“And why do you want to make it stop?” she asked. “I thought you liked having sex.”

“I do,” Harry smiled. “But I’m not attracted to all the people that are attracted to me. Colin hit on me yesterday, and I swear Umbridge looked like she wanted to give me detention for something much worse than a Bloody Quill.”

Even with her kind nature, Luna wrinkled her nose at the thought.

“Besides,” Harry continued, “There is such a thing as too much sex. I was exhausted after Angelina, Alicia, and Katie got through with me last night. Don’t get me wrong, it was great. I just wish that, sometimes, I could turn this sap off, you know?”

“Oh,” Luna frowned. “I suppose that makes sense. Okay, I’ll help you.”

“Thank you,” Harry said with genuine gratitude as he leaned down to kiss her.

“We really need a sample of that sap,” Hermione sighed.

“I’ll get it tomorrow,” Harry promised.

Deciding that they were done talking for now, he smiled and rolled Luna onto her stomach with him on top of her. She gasped as he drove himself into her depths.

If they were going to cure him, he might as well enjoy it while it lasted.