

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.

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Chapter 4: Carnal Conversations

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Potions class, Harry decided, was his new favourite subject at Hogwarts.

It didn't matter who taught it. Snape, Slughorn, or even Voldemort himself could have waltzed through the door and started lecturing about the differing properties between Mandrake root and Mandrake seed. Harry wouldn't have batted an eye. Not when he had the two sexiest girls in Slytherin house currently taking turns riding his cock.

"OH FUCK YES! M-MORE~!"

No one batted an eye at Tracey's outburst from where she bounced eagerly on his stiffened length. Her back to him, she gripped the wooden desk in front of her with a white-knuckle grip. From her mouth spilt free all sorts of cries and erotic obscenities, ones that would make a Knockturn Alley hooker blush.

"YES! STRETCH ME WITH THAT B-BIG FUCKING C-COCK! OH FUCK! I- I'M G-GONNA-"

The brunette was cut off as her hips stilled atop him, a heavy, unyielding moan of euphoria ripping its way from her chest as she came. Yet still the magic of the Passion Flower held, forcing everyone around them to remain oblivious to their raunchy fucking. All except for one...

"You're such a dirty slut Tracey." Daphne said from where she sat atop the desk in front of her friend. "Speaking like some common muggle-born whore. Perhaps Harry should punish your filthy mouth?"

Tracey couldn't reply. Her climax was still raging, and as such, all she could do was glare up at her friend while she gripped the desk harder and moaned.

This seemed to amuse Daphne even more. The blonde, who'd been so nervous and unsure with such a public display of depravity not ten minutes prior, was now teasing her best friend's nipples while she came all over a half-blood's cock.

"Don't give me that look. If you didn't want to be called a whore then perhaps you shouldn't have been bragging about letting Harry bugger you for the past three days!" Daphne smirked, hand now ghosting over Tracey's neck.

Tracey, who had finally come down enough from her orgasm to speak, glared at her friend.

"Y-You weren't complaining when I l-let you view the memory in H-Hestia's pensieve- Hng!" The brunette was already moving once more, trading violent sporadic bouncing of her arse for a more rhythmic grinding as she fucked herself on his cock. Harry wasn't complaining about the change of pace though. He was content enough to let the petite witch set the pace while he sat back and enjoyed the view of her arse.

The brunette's comment seemed to catch Daphne off-guard as she blushed and flicked an embarrassed look his way before straightening. "I was merely fact-checking your story. You know how you like to embellish a few details here and there to make things sound more exciting."

Tracey half-laughed/half-moaned, moving her hands from the wooden desk to her friend's pale supple thighs to support herself. "A-And I'm sure the sounds c-coming from your bed that night was just m-more fact-checking?"

A lot of things happened all at once after that.

Snape docked Seamus Finnigan 20 points for coughing, Neville spilt his inkwell all over Dean's notes, Pansy accidentally cut Draco with her potions knife while she stared lustfully at the three of them, and Tracey gasped in surprise as Harry gave her arse a firm smack just for the hell of it. Of course, to Harry it was all simply background noise as he watched what Daphne did instead.

The blonde's eyes narrowed, giving Tracey all the warning she would get before her friend acted. As the brunette cried out from Harry's surprise slap against her arse, Daphne made her move. In the blink of an eye, the Slytherin Ice Queen had her friend's head held a firm grip between her thighs. Tracey's cry of surprise was muffled as Daphne's slickened folds pressed against her mouth.

"T-There! Ah- that'll k-keep you quiet!" Daphne gasped.

It seemed Tracey was wise enough not to argue, or at least was far too horny to care any longer, as she began to diligently lap at Daphne's cunt with a surprising eagerness.

Harry's green eyes met Daphne's ice-blue ones in an unspoken question. The blonde shrugged, leaning back while spreading her legs wide to allow Tracey more room.

"W-We practice- fuck!- on each other from t-time to time- Oh fuck Trace!"

Harry nodded, accepting that answer as he stood. Tracey's whine of disappointment as his cock slipped from her folds was muffled by Daphne's own. However, the absence wouldn't be long as he pushed his chair away and lined himself up behind Tracey's bent-over form. It wasn't her pussy he aimed for, however. Teasing Daphne's arsehole earlier had sparked something within him, and well, he knew from experience that Tracey could certainly take what he had in mind. The muffled squeal of delight was nothing compared to Harry's groan of satisfaction as he slowly buried his cock inside her tight backdoor. A sharp gasp from his left bought a moment of his attention. It was Pansy who had gasped, the bitchy Slytherin witch had her jaw hanging in shock.

"Holy shit..." She whispered, eyes locked where Harry's cock was currently buried within her classmate's arsehole.

"Quiet Parkinson!" Snape growled. "Stop gawking at Davis and get back to work!"

The man made no move to scream of rage at the public display of indecency playing out in front of him and part of Harry had to wonder just what *exactly* the man did see in place of three of his students fucking so brazenly in the middle of his class. Obviously he was still at least *aware* that

Tracey was still in the room, albeit far more preoccupied than he probably realized what with her mouth full of pussy and arse full of cock. Perhaps to him, they were simply working on their potion like the rest of the class? Regardless, it was something to think about later. Harry had far more important things to focus on at present.

Gripping Tracey's lithe hips, he pulled back, watching with rapt attention at the way her pucked hole stretched and constricted around his cock before, suddenly, slamming forward once more with a mighty '*SMACK!*' of flesh hitting flesh.

Tracey screamed into Daphne's soaked pussy, prompting the blonde to moan in approval and grip her friend's hair even tighter. Despite the brutal pace Harry was setting, ruthlessly pounding into her arse with very little regard for her comfort, Tracey continued to work her tongue between Daphne's folds with wholehearted devotion. Daphne's moans of approval only grew, her own pleasure slowly mounting despite the ragged jostling of her friend's body between her legs.

'SCHLIK SCHLIK SCHLIK!'

Harry's cock continued to ravage Tracey's arsehole. His sole focus in that moment was to pound the girl into a screaming mess. By Daphne's moans, it was clear that Tracey was throwing everything she had into eating the blonde's pussy, perhaps in a desperate bid to send her friend over the edge before she lost herself in the pleasure. He was dimly aware of the class bell ringing, signalling the end of their class. Their classmates filtered out slowly, leaving the three to finish their carnal coupling.

"Of Morgana please!" Daphne suddenly shouted, her nails sinking painfully into Tracey's scalp as she convulsed with a sudden and intense climax.

The taste of her orgasm on Tracey's tongue set the brunette off as well. Like a domino effect, Tracey screamed as well, her mouth finally leaving her friend's cunt as she too came. The feeling of her tight arsehole constricting around his cock was all he needed, and with a grunt, Harry let himself tumble over the edge as well.

Panting breaths, leaking cum, and skin heavy with sweat, the three of them could only collapse into one another in sexual exhaustion as the next class began to trickle in.

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Thirty-two.

Thirty-two winks, blown kisses, and the occasional not-so-subtle provocative gesture sent his way.

Thirty-two girls who have all but thrown themselves at Harry that *day*, and yet her best friend hasn't even questioned it once.

It wasn't like Hermione could blame them, though they could at least show some kind of decency from time to time! For Merlin's sake, if Cho Change had opened one more button on her blouse the Ravenclaw witch would have been practically waltzing through the castle topless, and she wasn't even the worst of the lot! The day before Hermione had caught Demelza Robins trying to sneak into the 6th year boys dormitory in nothing but a pair of thigh-high stockings. The fact that Hermione had been skulking around the boys dorms wasn't important!

Of course, the other fact that she had quite literally sucked Harry's cock in the middle of the common room along side three of her dorm mates was lost on the bushy-haired bookworm. But that wasn't important! The important thing was that Harry was receiving far more attention from the female populace than was ordinary.

It was only natural of course. Hermione knew there was something...gravitational about Harry. He was like a bright star. You couldn't help but get sucked into his orbit and stare in awe at how bright he burns. The warmth of his presence was both addicting and intimidating all at once... But she'd known that for years! These trollops were too little too late!

...Still it was a bit odd.

Even she was affected by this shift. While she may have carried secret (not-so-secret) feelings for her best friend for years now, she had never been brave enough to act on them. Until recently that was.

One day he'd just walked in and...

Want.

That was the only easy she could describe it, that feeling. The absolute and overwhelming urge of *want* she felt tugging on her. The one that had her breath coming out in little gasps and made knickers damp. The one that drove her to get on her knees in front of the entire common room and *worship* his cock.

Hermione shivered at the memory. Even now she could still feel his girthy member sliding down her throat. She could taste the salt of his cum and feel the power of his magic that permeated the hot sticky seed as she swallowed every drop she could.

Hermione had never experienced a stronger orgasm in her life than the one that assaulted her nerves when Harry's cum first splashed across her face.

Everything after that was a daze. She vaguely recalled kissing Lavender, not out of any sort of attraction or romantic feelings for the bubbly blonde, but simply so she could taste more of Harry's cum. After that- well let's just say she had to make a trip to Madame Pomfrey the next morning for a contraceptive potion or two.

But something about that night seemed off to her. Not the blatant public sex, nor the desperate sluttiness of which she and the other girls had thrown themselves at Harry, nor even when not a single one of their classmates batted an eye at the erotic scene playing out. No the part of that entire night that fell odd to her was just how...natural it all felt. Even Harry had acted as if what they had done was an everyday occurrence, and she was 100% positive it was, in fact, not.

So the question was: What changed?

What could cause not only her, but seemingly the entire female populace of Hogwarts, to become obsessed with Harry almost overnight?

Hermione had been stumped the first few nights. Love potions had been her first guess, but not only was there a love potions strong enough in existence to dose an entire castle for days on end, Harry would never stoop so low as to actually use one. Her second guess had been effects

from his connection to Voldemort, but that idea was shortly thrown out as well. His connection with the Dark Lord gave Harry nightmares, visions, and splitting headaches, it didn't act as some sort of twisted aphrodisiac.

It was frustrating. The type of frustration that she liked.

Hermione was good at puzzles, great even. When she picked one up she couldn't stop until it was resolved. The more difficult as puzzle was, the more enjoyable it was, and this puzzle was certainly giving her trouble. At least until she found the pattern.

It was easy enough to see when she finally worked through it. One morning she woke feeling completely normal, her romantic feelings for Harry were repressed as per the norm, and then something...shifted. And it just so happens that shift happened *after* Harry's detention with Susan Bones.

It wasn't an answer. Far from it actually, but it proved to be one hell of a common denominator. Which is what brought the Gryffindor witch here, standing outside the Hufflepuff dorms and waiting for a first year to fetch the aforementioned redhead.

She didn't have to wait long. The wooden barrels in front of her parted, revealing a short stone hallway that gave way to a large cozy commonroom with a multitude of greenery and other flora hanging down from suspended planters. Susan stood in the middle of the small hallway, a polite but slightly confused expression on her heart-shaped freckled face.

"Hermione! This is a surprise!" Susan greeted warmly. "What can I do for you?"

Hermione shifted, softly clearing her throat before looking the auburn-haired girl in the eyes.

"We need to talk." She said pointedly. "About Harry."

Susan's smile faltered just a bit. Her grey eyes widened as she glanced back into the common room behind her before stepping out into the hall.

"Okay." Susan breathed, licking her lips nervously. "Do you have somewhere in mind?"

Hermione nodded, turning quickly on her heel and wordlessly bidding the other girl to follow.

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Harry groaned loudly and tightened his grip on the handful of blonde ringlets tangled through his fingers. A low hum emanated from his groin as he did so. Glancing down he was met with the sight of Lavender Brown pulling off his cock with a loud slurp, her glistening saliva now coating his member from tip to sack.

“I’ve already told you I wouldn’t mind some light hair pulling!” Lavender giggled, her heavy round breasts squeezed between her arms. “I like it a little rough~”

Harry chuckled and cupped the bubbly girl’s cheek. Lavender cooed against his touch, leaning into his hand with a dreamy smile.

“We’ll get there. For now you just go at your own pace, yeah?”

Lavender nodded happily and dove back down, her pouty lips finding purchase around his cock once more and within moments she was back to eagerly bobbing her head along his shaft.

Harry groaned from the wondrous sensations of her velvety mouth wrapped around him and leaned his head back against the headrest of his favourite common room armchair.

It’d become a sort of habit of him as of late.

He’d wake up, go to class, maybe shag a witch or two throughout the day, and then end things in the commonroom with either Lavender or another girl’s mouth around his cock before taking them up to his dormroom for the rest of the night. Yesterday had been Parvati’s turn. The Hindu girl had displayed her own expertise at giving a titjob that put even Susan to shame. Even with her C-Cup breasts, Parvati had completely blown his first experience fucking Susan’s tits out of the water, and that was saying something considering the redhead’s mouth-wateringly large bust.

He had been half-tempted for a follow-up with the Gryffindor twin tonight, but then Lavender had cornered him with an excited gleam in her eye and something about trying something she read about in Witch Weekly.

Now here he was, sitting in his favourite chair in the Gryffindor commonroom while the Hogwarts Gossip Queen throats his meaty member with reckless abandon. He still had no clue what ‘new

thing; she wanted to try was, but he was happy enough to allow her to take the lead tonight. The blonde's ideas never failed to leave either of them satisfied before, so he trusted that would be the case here as well.

"Hiya Harry!"

He was pulled from his musings by a cheery voice calling his name before a weight suddenly landed on one of the armrests of his chair. Looking up, he was met with the familiar mop of bright orange hair and a proverbial mountain of freckles.

"Hey Gin'." He greeted warmly, uncaring that his cock was currently buried down Lavender's throat. "What's up?"

Ginny seemed just as unbothered by the current situation, only giving Lavender a single disinterested glance before settling back on him with a shrug.

"Nothing. Just wondering if you'd have time later to go over those new plays Ron and I drew up for the next match?" She asked, absentmindedly tracing small circles in his chest with her finger. Harry gave the girl an apologetic smile. "Sorry, I've already made plans with Lavender." He said gesturing down to where said witch was now sloppily lathering her tongue across his cock-head. "I'm free tomorrow afternoon though?"

Ginny hummed in thought, her hand now moving down to cup his spit-soaked balls while Lavender went back to bobbing up and down his length with loud wet sucks.

"That could work. Oh! Even better, the pitch is free all day tomorrow so we can fly through the plays ourselves before practice!" Ginny said, happy with compromise.

Harry could see through her though. With a chuckle, he pulled Ginny firmly onto his lap, ignoring Lavender's protests as she was forced to pull away. His cock now resting between Ginny's jean-clad thighs, he brought his hands up to cup the petite's girl's breasts, forcing a small strangled moan from her lips.

“Are you sure that’s the only reason you wanna meet at the pitch? I seem to remember someone enjoying the rather deep clean I gave her in the locker room showers.” He breathed huskily into her ear.

Ginny moaned again, her hands coming down to slowly stroke his spit-soaked cock while he in turn snaked his hands beneath her shirt to properly molest her perky breasts.

“Maybe~” She breathed, her voice heavy with an undercurrent of lust.

“Heyyyy!” Lavender whined from where she was still kneeling on the floor. “No fair! You promised it would be our night tonight Harry!”

Harry chuckled and gave the blonde a nod. “Fraid she’s right Gin’. I’ll see you tomoorw yeah?” He removed his hands from the ginger girl’s shirt as she stood.

“I suppose.” Ginny groaned, standing while shooting Lavender a heatless glare.

Harry bid the girl goodnight after that. No sooner had she left than did Lavender stand as well.

The blonde huffed, grabbing him by the wrist with a small scowl before pulling him along up the dormitory stairs. Harry allowed himself to be tugged along, up until they made it to the 6th year’s landing where he promptly pushed Lavender up against the stairwell wall.

The blonde squeaked in surprise, completely vulnerable to his attack as he crashed their lips together. Lavender’s shock gave way to approval quickly enough. Her soft lips moved against his, a breathless moan escaping as Harry squeezed her soft jutting breasts over her clothes.

The frenzied kiss broke when touching her through cloth wasn’t enough and so Harry dipped his hands beneath her shirt.

Lavender gasped as one hands roughly kneaded her bountiful flesh. Their eyes met, emerald green and honey brown staring into one another. Before she knew it they were in his dormroom. She was already lying atop his bed, her shirt discarded and her bosom bare to the world. When had that happened? Lavender furrowed her brow in thought but came up empty. Shrugging to herself, she decided it didn’t matter as Harry began to slowly push her legs apart with his hand.

Her supple body squirmed in pleasure for the gentlest of touches from him. His fingers dancing across her jean-clad thighs were no different and Lavender had to fight to suppress the throaty moan that threatened to bubble up from her throat.

“W-Wait!” She cried as he moved to unbutton her pants.

Harry did so immediately, looking down at her with a look of concern. Lavender paid him no mind as she sat up. Using her teeth to remove the elastic hairtie from her wrist, Lavender quickly pulled her luscious blonde ringlets back, throwing them into a messy bun before she rolled over. The world shifted, and now the blonde was viewing things upside down with her head hanging off the side of the mattress.

“I told you I wanted to try something out.” She grinned, hands coming up to squeeze her tits enticingly. “Remember what I said: I like it a little rough~”

With that she opened her mouth wide, tongue rolling out in invitation. Harry didn’t hesitate much to her excitement. In the blink of an eye his thick meaty cock was pushing its way inside her awaiting mouth. Two inches, three, four- Lavender stamped down the nearly overwhelming urge to gaga and instead relaxed her throat, allowing this monster of a dick to push its way down her gullet until a pair of swollen balls were pressed against her nose and her head swam from lack of oxygen.

The feeling of Lavender’s throat constricting around him was heavenly. The harder she fought to suppress her gag reflex, the tighter her hole became. He started slow at first, wary of hurting her as he began to gently rock his hips back and forth. When she grabbed him by his thighs and pulled him deeper down her throat, he knew then he had the go ahead to up the ante.

He started by grabbing large handfuls of her juicy tits. The pale globes were too mesmerizing to ignore. The soft rippling of flesh as he fucked her throat was halted as he kneaded the jutting mounds. With his impromptu handholds in place Harry picked up the pace. At first, the room was filled with the soft slapping of his balls against Lavender’s nose. Then came the squealching. Each thrust grew in both power and speed. Soon enough the combined forced

were enough to illicit the lewdest of noises from the blonde's throat. Slurps, gags, sharp swallows and the like played out. Lavender was completely at his whim now. She could do nothing but breathe and keep her mouth open while he used her throat to his hearts content. In that moment, lying back with her mouth full of his cock, Lavender looked like sensuality personified. As she kept her mouth open she was also busy allowing herself some pleasure as well. Though her jeans were mostly still in place, Harry could make out enough of her hand to know she was rapidly pleasuring herself as he took his own pleasure from her gullet. That wouldn't do.

Lavender's gasp of surprise was cut off by the hardened pole buried down her throat. Still, she gasped all the same and her back arched when his fingers tickled her dewy slit. Spreading her legs wider, Lavender allowed her cunt to be accessed more freely. She wasn't disappointed either. With a loud '*GLURK!*' Harry buried his cock as deep as possible down her throat as her jeans were tugged down roughly. His other hand found its way to her clit, and now she was breathing in heavily through her nose. She screwed her eyes shut, partly because of his rapid thrusting and partly because of the intense pleasure making its way through her cunt as Harry massaged her clit and was now adding his tongue to the mix as well.

How much time passed after that, Lavender hardly knew. In the end, her mind came back into focus as the familiar feeling of an orgasm ripped through her right before she felt Harry's cock swell within her throat. She came just as he unloaded his cum into her awaiting stomach. She coughed around his pulsing member, the sheer amount of jizz flooding her gullet nearly drowning her, yet Lavender remained steadfast. In the end she wasn't able to swallow every drop as she had hoped. There was imply too much and a decent amount ended up dripping down her face and onto the carpet below.

The blonde groaned as Harry pulled away. Her throat felt sore but her pussy felt amazing. She shivered in delight and rubbed her thighs together, looking up at Harry with a pleading look.

Her only response was a low chuckle as he climbed into bed with her. Soon enough she felt the familiar shape of his cock pressing against her entrance as he in turn pressed her face down into the mattress. It would be hours before she was allowed any sort of reprieve, something Lavender couldn;t be happier about if she were being honest.

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Author's Note

A bit of a shorter chapter plot wise but then again plot isn't exactly the focus of this story XD

Next chapter: Hermione and Susan talk. Harry 'practices' with Ginny and then has a meeting of his own with the older Bones.

Thanks for reading!