

Chapter 3

Harry groaned and bucked his hips as he slowly woke. He quickly realized that the amazing sensation around his shaft wasn't part of his dream and blinked as he looked down at his crotch. Seeing a head of familiar ginger hair bobbing over his length, he had a split second of panic before his vision cleared.

"Ginny?" Harry whispered incredulously. "What are you doing?"

Ginny looked up at him with her bright blue eyes. Her cheeks hollowed, causing him to gasp as she slowly dragged her lips up to the tip of his length.

"Sucking your big cock," she smirked, stroking his spit-soaked length. "And you don't have to whisper. I silenced the curtains."

"But – Oh, bloody hell," Harry groaned.

The corners of Ginny's lips turned up in a smirk even as they stretched around his girth. Her tiny hand stroked the lower half of his shaft at a leisurely pace while her mouth worked in time with the upper portion. She swirled her tongue around his swollen head, drawing a hiss from his lips, before taking him as deep as she could and pulling back with her cheeks hollowed. Ginny sucked so hard that Harry lifted his hips off of the mattress to follow the sensation.

Giggling, her lips came off of his tip with a loud *pop*. With a smile and a playful sparkle in her eyes, she let go of his length and pinned his hips to the bed. Opening her mouth wide, she dove down and swallowed his throbbing shaft. She gagged around him at the two-thirds mark, pulling back as saliva dripped from her lips. Ginny tried again and again to swallow him whole but always choked at the same point. It still felt incredible, and Harry ran his fingers through her hair as he groaned.

"I'm close," he warned.

Pulling back, Ginny took a deep breath and started stroking him quickly. A moment later, she bent down and bobbed her head rapidly over his tip. Harry groaned loudly as he reached his peak, his fingers unconsciously tightening in her long red hair. He burst against her tongue, causing Ginny to grunt cutely in surprise and stop her movements. Holding the back of her head, Harry pumped his hips back and forth as he emptied himself in her mouth.

Moments later, with a relaxed sigh, he dropped his hands and sagged against the mattress. Ginny giggled around his deflating length and sealed her lips tightly around him. Sucking hard enough to make him groan and shudder, she pulled off of him, holding her hand under her mouth to catch anything that might slip from the seal of her lips. Nothing did, and she gave a tight-lipped smile at her success.

Staring him in the eye, Ginny opened her mouth to show him the thick white pool covering her tongue. She closed it again a moment later and swallowed it thickly. Harry's length gave a throb of excitement as she watched her throat bob, causing a single pearly white bead to leak from his tip. With a smile, Ginny grabbed his shaft and licked the head clear with a delighted gleam in her eyes.

"Mhh, Luna was right. This is fun," she murmured.

"You talked to Luna?" Harry asked breathlessly.

"Yeah," Ginny smiled, sitting up on her knees.

For the first time, he noticed that she was wearing a t-shirt and flannel pajama pants. It was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her hard nipples showed through the thin fabric.

"She told me all about Neville's plant and what happened in the Room of Requirement," she grinned. "I wondered why I was soaking my knickers every time I walked by you."

Harry snorted with laughter, and then they both froze when they heard a noise outside the curtains. They listened as Dean, the resident early riser, opened his curtains and climbed out of bed.

“Seamus, get up,” he grumbled sleepily.

Seamus grumbled, and the springs of his bed groaned.

“Lazy git,” Dean muttered.

Suddenly, his footsteps neared Harry’s bed. In a panic, Ginny removed the Silencing Charm on the curtains and dove under the blankets. Harry sat up and pulled his pajama bottoms back up to his waist. To their relief, Dean walked past Harry’s bed and stopped at Ron.

“Wake up, Weasley,” Dean said.

“M up,” Ron mumbled.

They heard him collapse back onto the mattress, followed by a loud snore.

“Why do I bother?” Dean asked.

Walking further away, he opened the door to the bathroom and closed it behind him. Ginny sat up quickly and scooted to the end of the bed.

“Wait,” Harry whispered.

Quickly, he reached under his pillow, pulled out his cloak, and handed it to her.

“Take this,” he told her quietly. “But I need it back.”

Ginny smirked, “I’ll give it back tomorrow morning.”

Leaning forward, she kissed him on the lips, donned the cloak, and slipped out of the curtains. Harry fell back onto the mattress with a sigh as he heard the door to the dorm open and close.

“This is getting out of hand,” he said to himself.

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Harry showered, got dressed, and made his way down to the common room. He looked for Hermione, but she was nowhere to be seen. Hoping to find her in the Great Hall, he left through the portrait hole and started down the hall. Every girl he passed looked at him like he was a piece of meat. Harry sped up to avoid something happening in the middle of the hallway. As he turned the corner and stumbled into someone.

Susan Bones stared up at him with wide eyes and flushed cheeks as they both caught their balance.

“Sorry,” Harry muttered.

“I-It’s alright,” Susan stammered.

Smiling, he walked around her but turned back when she called his name.

“Harry, when’s the next study group?” she asked hopefully.

“Er, I haven’t figured that out yet,” he admitted. “I’ll let you know soon.”

Although she looked a little disappointed, Susan smiled and nodded. Harry continued on his way to the Great Hall with a sigh. He'd completely forgotten about the DA after getting sprayed by Neville's plant. He had no idea how he was supposed to teach a class full of horny girls that all wanted to jump him. He needed to talk to Hermione. Maybe she could find a cure or something. But first, he had to find her.

Stepping into the Great Hall, she wasn't at the Gryffindor table. With a frustrated sigh, Harry walked over to Parvati.

"Hey, have you seen Hermione this morning?" he asked.

"Oh, hi Harry," Parvati giggled, twirling a lock of hair around her finger with a flirtatious smile. "She grabbed some toast and then went to the library. You know how she is."

"Yeah, thanks," Harry said.

As he took his seat at the table to eat his breakfast, he knew she was still embarrassed and avoiding him because of it. Normally, he might have let the matter sit until she was ready to talk to him, but that wasn't really an option right now. He really needed her help. Glancing up at the Head Table, he shivered when he spotted Umbridge watching him intently. He shivered when he remembered the way she'd unbuttoned her cardigan in class and quickly pushed his breakfast away.

"Hi, Harry!" Colin Creevey chirped excitedly as he took the seat next to him.

"Hey, Colin," Harry said, taking a spit of pumpkin juice to wash down the bile that had risen in his throat.

"Listen, do you have any plans for the next Hogsmeade visit?" Colin asked. "I know it's a ways away, but I thought maybe we could hang out?"

Luna's words about the effects of the sap came back to him. Suddenly, an image of him being chased through the Forbidden Forest by a group of horny Centaurs popped into his mind.

"Er, ask me when it gets closer," Harry said, standing up quickly. "Sorry, Colin, I forgot something."

"No problem," Colin yelled with a smile. "See you later, Harry!"

Harry fled the Great Hall and turned the corner, only to find his face trapped between a pair of very large, warm breasts.

"Get a good feel there, Potter?" Julie Runcorn asked with a smirk.

Julie was a large girl but not unattractive. Taller than most of the boys at the school and broad-shouldered, she had long blonde hair and massive breasts. When she wasn't scowling, like now, he would even consider her quite pretty. As it was, her intimidating size and perpetual scowl meant she was left alone, even by her own housemates.

"Sorry," Harry muttered.

He moved to walk around her, but Julie sidestepped in front of him.

"What?" she asked aggressively. "You didn't like them? Maybe you need a better feel."

Before Harry could react, she grabbed his head and buried his face between her firm mounds. Laughing as he struggled ineffectually, she wrapped her strong arms around his head, the sides of her arms pushing her breasts together. It wasn't an uncomfortable place to be trapped, all things considered, but Harry did find it hard to breathe. When he started to feel light-headed, he put his hands on her chest and tried to push back.

“That’s it,” Julie purred. “Give ‘em a good squeeze.”

Harry took two handfuls of her breasts and gripped hard, hoping she would let go. He could feel her large nipples digging into his palms as she moaned and finally relaxed her arms. Pulling back quickly, he sucked in a deep breath, his glasses resting askew on his nose.

“I knew you’d like ‘em,” Julie grinned. “I never knew you were so forward, Potter. Feel free to get a good feel anytime you like.”

Harry dropped his hands from her chest and fixed his glasses.

“Right,” he said, straightening his messed-up hair and ruffled robes. “Er, I need to...”

Without bothering to think of an excuse, he dodged around her sizable frame and headed for the stairs. Spotting Pansy Parkinson glaring at him from the entrance to the dungeons, he sped up to avoid another confrontation—one, he was sure, would be much less pleasant. Harry raced up the stairs and headed straight for the empty third-floor corridor. With a sigh, he leaned his back against the door to the room that had housed Fluffy in his first year and slowly slid down to the floor.

Dropping his head into his hands, he sat there until the bell rang for class.

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Unfortunately, the rest of the day proved just as trying. In Transfigurations, Hermione was already seated next to Parvati and refused to so much as look at him. Throughout the lesson, girls from Gryffindor and Ravenclaw asked him for advice even though he couldn’t do the spell himself. Mandy Brocklehurst even copped a feel of his bum when Professor McGonagall wasn’t looking.

After class, Hermione fled before he could talk to her, and Harry decided to go to the kitchens for food. Dobby was glad to see him, and for the first time that day, he could eat in peace. Feeling more determined on a full stomach, he headed to Charms early and hid next to the door to wait for Hermione.

She entered surprisingly close to the start of class, and Harry grabbed her by the arm and led her over to an empty table.

“We need to talk,” he hissed.

“Not now,” Hermione whispered.

Professor Flitwick started the lesson before he could say anything else, and Harry sighed in frustration. Ignoring the lesson on Summoning Charms, he tried to think of the best way to bring up the plant to Hermione. Suddenly, he jumped in his seat when her hand landed in his lap. He looked over and found her listening to the lecture attentively, even as her fingers crept closer to his groin.

“Hermione,” Harry hissed.

“Not now,” Hermione hissed back. “We can talk after class.”

Just as Harry opened his mouth to speak, she grabbed his shaft and started to tease it to hardness. With a quiet groan, he ran a hand through his hair.

“Your hand,” he growled, a part of him wishing he could just let her continue.

“What do you mean my...,” Hermione froze and snatched her hand back like it was on fire when she realized what she’d been doing.

Blushing profusely, she glared at her hand accusingly before turning her attention back to the lesson, hands folded in her lap.

“There’s something I need to tell you,” Harry whispered.

“Later,” Hermione hissed pleadingly.

“It’s important,” Harry whispered urgently.

“Shh.”

“But-”

“Shh.”

Grumbling under his breath, Harry laid his head on the desk and stared off into space. When her hand unconsciously made its way back to his lap a couple of minutes later, he didn’t bother to tell her. If she was going to ignore him, he could return the favor. Besides, it felt good, even if he knew he’d be left rock-hard and wanting by the end of class.

True to his prediction, Hermione teased him through the entire double period. Towards the end of the lesson, Harry gazed around the classroom, wondering if he should find someone to help him take care of it. Susan and Hannah kept glancing his way and giggling, and both of them were quite pretty. Still, even with the sap affecting them, he didn’t feel comfortable approaching someone in the first place. Silently, he wondered if he could find Luna after dinner. He felt oddly comfortable being more direct with her, and she’d offered to help him.

As Flitwick dismissed class, Hermione jerked her hand back again and was out of her chair before he could get a word out. With a sigh, he watched her race from the classroom. Maybe letting her fondle him for most of the class hadn’t been such a good idea after all.

Using his robes to conceal his throbbing erection, Harry made his way down to the Great Hall for dinner. He'd barely been seated for a couple of minutes when Angelina stopped behind him.

"Don't forget we have practice tonight," she told him.

"Right," Harry said, having completely forgotten. "I'll be there."

Angelina smiled and patted his back, her fingers trailing across his shoulder as she left. Taking a seat next to Katie and Alicia, the three girls looked back at him and giggled. Harry sighed, knowing he would be able to find Luna like he'd hoped.

Letting Hermione tease him for three solid hours was looking like a really stupid idea now.

After finishing a quick dinner, Harry ran up to his dorm, grabbed his broom, and headed back down to the pitch. The halls were mercifully empty since everyone else was in the Great Hall. After quickly changing into his Quidditch uniform, Harry took the sky, the crisp, cold wind blowing away his worries for a blissful moment. He flew at breakneck speeds, pushing his broom and his skills to the limit while he waited for the others to arrive. He was so lost in his own little world that he only noticed he wasn't alone when he spotted the twins streak by in front of him.

"That was impressive, Harry," Angelina grinned as she hovered next to him. "With flying like that, there's no way we won't win that cup."

"I hope so," Harry said. "What's the plan for today?"

"I'm worried about Ron," Angelina sighed. "He's got talent. He just needs to ignore the crowd. We're going to bust his balls hard today. See if we can get him used to the pressure, you know? He'll probably hate me for it, but if it works, we have a real chance at winning."

Harry nodded. He didn't like the idea, but he had to admit it had merit.

“This’ll also give you a chance to practice something other than catching the Snitch,” Angelina grinned. “You’ve interrupted plays and helped us score by confusing the Keeper before. I want you to do more of that. It’ll give us an advantage.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded.

Still grinning, Angelina’s hand lashed out and smacked him on the bum, “Great.”

As she flew off, Harry shook his head and followed. Privately, he was glad neither she nor Alice were dating the twins anymore. If they were, things could have gotten awkward quickly.

Ron wasn’t thrilled by the planned practice. It was essentially him versus the entire team. He was even less thrilled when it started. His brothers gleefully pelted Bludgers at him, the three best Chasers at Hogwarts flew in perfect synchronization, and Harry bolted in from out of nowhere to confuse and distract him whenever he started to get comfortable. Ron managed a few impressive saves that left the team hopeful, but he wasn’t consistent. Far too often, he would get discouraged by a missed save and end up dropping the next few scores, which any decent Keeper should have stopped.

Angelina relentlessly kept up the pressure until Ron was huffing for air, his brow dripping with sweat and his hands shaking from exhaustion.

“That’s enough,” she called. “Let’s head in. Good job, everyone.”

Sagging tiredly, Ron flew to the ground, his shoulders slumped.

“Not too bad, Ronnie,” Fred said, slinging an arm over his shoulder.

“There’s still a lot of room for improvement, but you made a few good saves,” George continued, slinging his arm over his other shoulder. “A dozen or so more practices like that, and you’ll be unstoppable.”

“I’m useless,” Ron grumbled. “My arms are so tired I can’t even feel my hands.”

“Say, George,” Fred said thoughtfully. “Do we have any of that Firewhiskey left?”

Ron perked up at the mention of alcohol.

“I think so,” George replied, stroking his chin thoughtfully.

“Then I think our little brother could use a drink,” Fred said, turning them towards the castle.

Ron’s expression turned suspicious as he glanced back and forth between the twins.

“This isn’t some sort of trick, is he?” he asked.

“Oh, come on, Ron,” George said, ruffling his hair. “Would we do that to you?”

Harry chuckled and shook his head as they walked off across the lawn, their voices growing too distant to hear. Walking into the locker room, he took off his pads, grabbed a change of clothes and a towel, and headed for the showers. Quickly, he stripped out of his clothes, took off his glasses, and stepped under the stream of hot water. He let out a sigh of relief as his hands and feet finally warmed up. Running his hands through his hair, he turned his back to the spray and blinked. In the doorway, Angelina, Alicia, and Katie stood completely naked, watching him with a smirk.

“Hey, Harry,” Alicia smiled. “Our shower isn’t working. Mind if we use yours?”

“Er,” Harry stammered as he stared.

He’d had dreams like this more than once, but nothing could have prepared him for the reality of seeing his three very attractive female teammates naked. Katie stood on the left, her teardrop-shaped breasts with large, pale pink areolas and nipples jiggling as she giggled. To her right, Angelina was the tallest and curviest of the three. Her breasts, twice the size of Katie’s, hung like two heavy, fleshy torpedoes from her chest. His eyes traveled down her tight, toned stomach and narrow waist to where her wide hips flared out. Unfortunately, he couldn’t see her bum from the front, but he knew it to be large and round from what he’d seen when she wore jeans. Lately, he looked at Alicia. She smiled and waved, her small, pale breasts with thick, dark nipples shaking from the movement. Unlike Angelina and Katie, who had no hair besides what was on their heads, she had a small strip of brown, neatly trimmed curls adorning her mound.

“Someone’s excited to see us,” Angelina giggled, staring at his growing shaft.

While Harry struggled to think of any words to say, they all approached him. He swallowed thickly as they surrounded him and began caressing his body.

“I think it’s time we show you just how much we appreciate all your hard work,” Katie said, smiling prettily.

Before he could ask what she meant, she leaned forward and kissed him passionately. Her soft, perky breasts rubbed against his arm, and Angelina giggled when his excited length bobbed up and brushed her stomach. When she pulled back, he barely had a moment to take a breath before Angelina turned his head and kissed him hard. Moaning into his mouth, she pressed her chest against his and trapped his erection between their bodies. With a roll of her hips, she pulled back and smirked before Alicia cupped his cheeks and claimed his lips.

“Should we blow him first?” Katie asked.

“No,” Angelina replied. “There’s three of us, and I don’t know about you, but I want to feel that thing inside of me.”

Harry gasped and broke his kiss when Angelina grabbed his shaft and started stroking him lightly.

“Do you want to go first, Katie?” Alicia asked. “You’ve fancied him the longest.”

“Please,” Katie said excitedly.

Taking Harry’s hand, she laid down on the tile floor and spread her legs open invitingly. As he knelt between her legs, Angelina and Alicia laid on their sides on either side of her to watch. Harry swallowed nervously as Katie grabbed his shaft and pressed it against her taut entrance. Slowly, he eased inside of her, drawing a prolonged moan from her lips.

“So big,” Katie panted, wrapping her arms and legs around him. “You were right, Ang. I should have done this a long time ago.”

“I told you,” Angelina giggled.

As Harry paused with his length fully buried in Katie’s tight, wet heat, Angelina leaned down and kissed her on the lips. He pulsed excitedly as he watched lips and tongues move in a slow, sensual dance. Without thought, his hips started to rock back and forth. Letting out another moan, Katie pulled back and turned her head to the left. There was no hesitation from Alicia as she kissed her as well, one of her hands coming up to softly grope her breast.

“I think Harry likes that,” Angelina chuckled before addressing him directly. “I bet you boys fantasize about what we do in the showers all the time.”

“I might have thought about it once or twice,” Harry admitted with a smile.

Cupping Katie’s breast, it filled his hand perfectly. Squeezing the soft mound gently, he ran his thumb over her hard pink nipple, causing her to moan into Alicia’s mouth.

“You should hear about what we get up to in the dorm,” Angelina smirked.

Harry throbbed in arousal at the perverted images running through his mind and thrust harder into Katie. With a gasp, she pulled her lips from Alicia’s and dug her heels into his bum. Angelina trailed her dark-skinned hand down Katie’s pale, toned stomach and started rubbing her clit. Harry grunted as she groaned and tightened around him. His pace increased as Alicia pushed a lock of brown hair behind her ear and latched onto one of Katie’s hard, pink nipples.

“That’s it,” Angelina growled. “Cum all over Harry’s big cock. I want my turn.”

“Oh, Merlin,” Katie gasped.

Feeling his end approaching, Harry thrust hard and fast, trying to push her over the edge. Katie gasped and panted until her breath caught in her throat. She leaned her head back, and a shudder ran through her body. Harry groaned as she fluttered around his length and erupted in her depths. With a trembling moan, Katie hugged his body to hers and rolled her hips as they both rode out their climaxes.

Thanks to Hermione’s teasing, his orgasm was massive and left him feeling winded. It took several moments before he sat up and pulled out of her. A river of white poured from Katie’s pink slit, showing just how much he’d needed the relief.

“Bloody hell,” Angelina gasped, running a finger through the mess, causing Katie to groan and shiver. “You’re filled to the brim. Do you always cum this much?”

“No,” Harry admitted breathlessly.

“Pity,” she smirked, licking her finger clean. “Then I’ll just have to make sure I get my share.”

Before he could ponder what she meant, she leaned over Katie and buried her face in her mound.

“Ang!” Katie shouted, her brown eyes going wide. “Careful! I’m still sensitive!”

Despite his tiredness, Harry rapidly grew hard at the sight. With a grin, Alicia grabbed his hand and pulled him to his feet.

“Katie prefers it gentle, but I like it rough,” she told him. “I want you to pick me up, pin me against the wall, and fuck my brains out.”

“Hey! I wanted to go next,” Angelina protested, looking up and licking her glistening lips as a pearly white drop dangled from her chin.

“You snooze, you lose,” Alicia replied, hugging herself to Harry.

Angelina narrowed her eyes, “I’ll get you back for this.”

Alicia smirked, “I look forward to it. Come on, Harry.”

Gripping her full, firm bum, he lifted her up and pinned her against the wall like she’d asked. Alicia wasted no time in guiding him to her entrance and sinking him into her welcoming depths.

“Fuck!” she cried, her nails digging into his skin. “Merlin, you’re bigger than Angie’s strap-on.”

Harry pulsed inside of her at the image that immediately popped into his mind. Alicia grinned as if she knew exactly what he was thinking.

“Ooh, you like that?” she asked, spurring him into motion with her heels.

Harry growled under his breath as he started thrusting hard and fast. Alicia purred and bucked into him, wanting it even harder. Their skin met in loud, wet claps as Angelina and Katie came to stand on either side of her.

“Selfish bitch,” Angelina muttered.

Grabbing one of Alicia’s thick brown nipples, she pulled hard and gave it a rather vicious twist. Rather than yelp in pain, Alicia shuddered and moaned, her eyes fluttering. On her left, Katie smiled and took the other one between her pearly white teeth. Harry found it a little disconcerting that he found the sight of them abusing her nipples roughly so arousing, but Alicia clearly enjoyed it, so he let his concerns go.

“Fuck her harder, Harry,” Angelina told him. “When Alicia says she likes it rough, she means really rough. Don’t you, slut?”

Growling the last sentence, she pulled Alicia’s nipple hard enough to distend her entire breast away from her body.

“Yes!” Alicia hissed, arching her back.

Angelina suddenly released the nipple and slapped her breast hard. Alicia gasped, her eyes going wide and her depths fluttering even as a red, hand-shaped mark appeared on her skin.

“Harder!” she yelled.

Grunting, Harry threw her legs over the top of her forearms for better leverage and slammed his hips back and forth as fast and as hard as he could. Alicia threw her head back and groaned, her hazel eyes rolling into the back of her head.

“That’s it!” Angelina encouraged while Katie cheered.

As Harry huffed and puffed, his muscles straining, she trailed a hand down Alica’s side to cup her bum.

“Maybe we should’ve just had Harry pin you down and bugger you,” she growled.

Alicia groaned loudly, and although he couldn’t see it, Harry could feel Angelina’s finger delve against his balls. A moment later, it disappeared, only for him to feel it again, this time as it slipped inside Alicia’s bum and wiggled against his thrust shaft.

“Oh fuck!” Alicia gasped.

She tightened around him fiercely, and Harry felt an odd pressure build up around his length. Alica’s face turned bright red, her eyes rolled all the way back, and it looked like she’d stopped breathing. Worriedly, he stopped and pulled out of her. The moment he came free, a shower of arousal sprayed his chest and stomach. Alicia sucked in a sharp breath and screamed just as Katie reached over and rubbed her clit furiously. Harry watched, stunned, and four more jets of arousal hit his chest.

Alicia sagged, and Katie and Angelina gently lowered her to the floor as Harry stood there dumbly, his front drenched.

“She’ll be fine,” Katie told him with a smile. “That happens when she gets really excited.”

“Oh, good,” Angelina said, stroking his length. “You’re still hard.”

Smiling, she spun around and bent over to put her hands on the wall Alicia was resting against. Harry stared at her voluptuous bum as she swayed it back and forth teasingly, smirking at him over her shoulder.

“I wanted him to cum in me,” Alicia panted.

“I told you I’d get you back,” Angelina smirked. “If you’re nice, maybe I’ll let him cum on your face.”

Alicia moaned and rubbed her legs together while Katie giggled and Harry placed himself at Angelina’s entrance. After a full day of classes, Quidditch practice, and his first foursome, Harry was starting to feel tired. He just hoped that Angelina didn’t want him to go as hard as Alicia had. Sinking into her depths with a groan, he leaned over her back and cupped her heavy, hanging breasts. The soft, pillowy mounds overflowed his hands as he started working his hips.

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Harry stumbled into the castle tiredly and trudged up the stairs. As he made his way past the fourth floor, someone tugged on his robes. He turned around, and Lillith smiled at him and waved.

“Oh, hey,” he said.

Looking around to make sure they were alone, Lillith gestured to a nearby broom cupboard and then mimed a blowjob, her tongue pushing against her cheek.

“Er, I’d love to, but I can’t,” Harry said, rubbing the back of his neck. “Quidditch practice took longer than we thought, and I have homework I need to finish.”

Lillith nodded but still looked disappointed. As much as Harry enjoyed their last encounter, he also enjoyed getting to know her a little better, and he didn’t like disappointing her after she’d been so nice in Potions.

“I’m free tomorrow, though,” he said quickly. “We can meet after lunch.”

Lillith's smile brightened, and she nodded eagerly. Checking the hall once more, she tilted her head up and kissed him softly. When she pulled back, she bit her lip cutely and dashed off down the stairs. Harry sighed and smiled while shaking his head. Just as he was about to continue up to the dorm, he spotted Hermione walking towards him from the library, her nose buried in a book.

Hitching his back onto his shoulder with a determined look, he marched over, grabbed her arm, and started leading her down the hall.

"What? Harry?" she stammered, her feet moving quickly to keep up with his long strides.

"We need to talk," he told her firmly.

"Harry, this can wait until later," Hermione sighed. "I don't want to talk about... that--"

"Hermione!" Harry said, raising his voice to get her attention as he came to a stop in the middle of the hall. "I need your help."

Biting her lip, Hermione nodded and allowed herself to be guided to an empty classroom. Further down the hall, Pansy Parkinson watched the door close with a glare and huffed.