

Chapter 2

Because of his interlude with Lillith, Harry ended up needing to rush to get to Charms class on time. Breathing heavily, he slipped into the seat next to Hermione and took out his book.

“What took you so long?” Hermione asked curiously. “You left before us.”

“I’ll tell you later,” Harry whispered.

Glancing past her, he noticed Ron sulking moodily in his seat.

“What’s wrong with him?” he asked.

Hermione rolled her eyes, huffed, and crossed her arms over her chest.

“He’s mad because Professor Snape gave him a Dreadful on our potion, and I got Outstanding,” she told him.

“It’s not fair,” Ron grumbled. “It was the same potion.”

“And as Professor Snape pointed out, you made me do all the work,” Hermione hissed.

“I helped,” Ron protested. “And what does it matter, anyways? We turned in the same potion; we should get the same grade. Who cares how it got made?”

“He was grading us on our work, not just the end result,” Hermione argued exasperatedly. “Professor Snape told Harry the same thing. He only got an Acceptable because he didn’t take his time with the ingredients.”

Ron snorted, “More like he was too busy staring at Lilith’s tits,” he muttered with a smirk.

Hermione opened her mouth as if she was going to defend Harry, then closed it sharply and turned to him with an expectant look.

“Alright, everyone!” Professor Flitwick called out with a beaming smile just as Harry made to respond. “This term, we’ll be working on Animation Charms. Now, if you’ll open your books up to page two-hundred and eighty-seven...”

Harry paid close attention for the first few minutes, but once Professor Flitwick began to talk about the creation and history of the Animation Charm, his mind began to wander. As he looked around the room, he began to notice every girl in class continually glanced in his direction. Susan Bones blushed when he caught her staring at him dreamily, and Megan Jones shot him a wink while Hannah giggled silently between them. Padma flashed him a smile every time he glanced her way, all while doodling on a piece of parchment.

The only girl that wasn’t constantly staring at him was Hermione, but even she was acting oddly. It started small. At first, she just shifted closer on the bench, and he probably wouldn’t have noticed if her hip hadn’t bumped into his. A couple of minutes later, she leaned her arm against his. A minute after that, she rested her head on his shoulder. He ended up getting a face full of her bushy brown hair, filling his nose with the pleasant smell of her flowery shampoo. Harry glanced over at Ron, but the redhead had his head down, drawing absently while grumbling under his breath. He wasn’t even pretending to pay attention to what Flitwick was saying.

Harry wondered what was going on as he looked around the room and found his female classmates staring at him with wistful smiles. For a moment, he wondered if the twins had pranked him by dosing the female population with Love Potions.

Suddenly, he stiffened and froze when he felt Hermione's hand land on his thigh. Looking at her face out of the corner of his eye, he saw that she was still watching Professor Flitwick attentively while she diligently took notes. It was like she wasn't even conscious of what she was doing. Swallowing thickly, Harry shifted his leg to try and get her attention, but that only backfired on him. Not only did she not notice his squirming, but her hand inadvertently moved closer to his crotch.

Harry froze again, this time because Hermione's fingers were brushing his rapidly hardening length.

"Hermione!" he hissed urgently.

"Shh," Hermione said, waving him off. "Not now! I'm trying to take notes."

Harry drew in a breath to speak but then choked when her fingers curled gently around his shaft. His eyes widened when she ran her thumb teasingly over the tip, causing him to fully harden against her touch. Slowly, she started stroking him over his trousers, her fingernails tracing the shape of his length against his thigh.

He was convinced she had to know what she was doing. How could she not? Yet, it was something he never would have expected her to do. Could she really be doing it unconsciously?

If she was, he hated to think how good it would feel if she was actually trying.

"Hermione!" Harry whispered urgently.

"Not now," Hermione hissed.

Her fingers tightened around his shaft warningly, and Harry clamped his lips shut. Whether she realized what she was doing to him or not, it didn't matter now. Harry wasn't going to risk getting his dick ripped off for trying to tell her again. That left him in a situation he never thought he'd be in. For more than an hour, Hermione teased and caressed his erection under the table relentlessly. By the time the lesson ended, Harry was sure he'd never been so hard and aching in his life.

"For homework, I want one foot of parchment on examples of Animation Charms you've seen in your daily life," Flitwick said.

"Thank Merlin," Ron muttered, standing up and throwing his things in his bag. "I'm starving."

Without waiting for anyone else, he slung his back over his shoulder and strode from the classroom. Harry sighed and leaned closer to Hermoine.

"Hermione!" he hissed.

"What?" she asked, pausing in the midst of packing up her notes.

Wordlessly, Harry glanced down at his lap. Hermione followed his gaze. For a long moment, she stared uncomprehendingly at her own hand. Suddenly, she gasped, her eyes widening when he throbbed against her fingers. She jerked her hand away as if it had been burned, stammering and stuttering as her face turned bright red.

"Oh! I – I had no idea. I'm so sorry. I-"

Closing her mouth with a snap, she haphazardly threw her notes into her bag and rushed from the classroom. Harry felt horrible watching her leave. He wished he hadn't said anything. Chances were, if he hadn't, she would have removed her hand and never even realized what she had been doing. Now, things were going to be awkward between them for sure.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned.

At least he now knew for certain that she’d been doing it unconsciously. But that raised another concern. Her actions were so unlike her that he couldn’t help but be concerned about what had caused her to do it in the first place. Something odd was definitely going on.

Sighing, Harry slowly packed his things away in an attempt to give himself time to calm down. It didn’t help. After more than an hour of relentless teasing from his best friend, he was still hard as a rock. Pulling his robes around him to cover the bulge in the front of his slacks, he stood up and walked quickly from the classroom, entirely conscious of the girls staring at him as he did. Out in the hall, the stares and dreamy looks continued. Even girls from the upper years that he’d hardly said two words to were smiling, waving, and greeting him like they did it every day.

Confused, concerned, and painfully aroused, Harry rushed up to his dorm and made straight for the bathroom. Thankfully, since it was lunchtime, no one else was there. He quickly took care of himself and washed his face in cold water before making his way down to the Great Hall. Rather predictably, Hermione was nowhere to be seen. With a sigh, Harry sat down next to Ron and ate his lunch quietly.

“Hi, Harry,” Angelina called from behind him.

“Hi,” he replied, turning in his seat.

“I set our first practice for Friday after dinner,” she told him, smiling prettily and twirling her hair around her finger. “We’ll set up a schedule that works for everyone then.”

“Okay, I’ll be there,” Harry smiled.

“See you then,” Angelina said.

Winking, she patted his shoulder and then ran her fingers across his back as she walked away. He stared after her curiously for a moment before shaking his head and turning back to his food.

After they finished eating, Harry, Ron, and the rest of the Gryffindors grudgingly made their way to Defense Class. They took their seats, and still, there was no sign of Hermione. Harry was starting to get concerned as the start of class neared. Finally, just as the bell rang, she rushed into the room and took a seat as far away from him as she could. She never even glanced in his direction. Her reaction was understandable, but he was determined to talk to her once they got back to the Common Room. He was going to need her help to figure out what the hell was going on.

“Good afternoon, class,” Umbridge smiled.

“Good afternoon, Professor Umbridge,” the class muttered.

Umbridge smiled widely and giggled girlishly.

“Wonderful,” she beamed. “Now, let’s pick up where we left off, shall we? Open your books to chapter twelve and read. There will be no need to talk.”

Muttering under their breath, the class did as they were told. Harry stared unseeing at the pages of his book and let his mind wander. He tried to think of all the things that could be causing the girls to be acting so differently towards him. Love Potions seemed possible but unlikely. It could just be that they’d changed their minds. However, none of his male classmates seemed to be acting differently, so he mentally ruled that out. Besides, there hadn’t been any big story in the *Prophet* that would have caused that to begin with.

As he tried to think of anything else that might be the cause, he came up blank. Sighing, he glanced around the room, and his eyes landed on Lilith. Meeting his stare, she smiled and licked her lips before turning back to her book.

Harry smiled to himself. At least one good thing had happened to him today.

As his eyes continued to roam around the room, he noticed the other girls staring at him again. What was truly concerning, however, were the looks Pansy Parkinson and Millicent Bulstrode were giving him. Bulstrode looked like she wanted to eat him alive right then and there, and Parkinson looked at him with a disconcerting combination of anger and arousal.

Harry swallowed nervously and glanced toward the front of the classroom, only to find Umbridge staring at him intently with a curious look on her face. Slowly, a closed-lipped, simpering smile made its way across her face, and she reached up to undo the top button of her bright pink cardigan. Harry looked back down at his book so fast his neck cracked. Bile rose in the back of his throat while he shivered in disgust.

This couldn't be happening. He had to be going mad. That was the only explanation. There was no way Umbridge was staring at him with the same dreamy expression as the other girls.

Glancing up, he verified that, yes, she really was staring at him like that. Harry shivered again, feeling suddenly like a fly sitting too close to a toad. Defense class passed agonizingly slowly, each tick of the clock taking ages to pass. He stared down unseeingly at his book, ignoring everyone around him and praying that they would ignore him. Those hopes were dashed as class neared the end. The girls gave up on subtlety and started to turn to face him.

While most just gave him flirtatious smiles, Parkinson looked ready to leap over the desks to get to him, Bulstrode gazed at him with a terrifying intensity, and Umbridge was so busy raking her gaze over him that she didn't notice half the class doing the same. With only a minute left of class, Harry gripped his bag in one hand and his book in the other, ready to sprint to the door.

The bell signaling the end of class acted more like the start of a race. The girls all got to their feet, and Harry took off towards the door. Behind him, Bulstorde used her bulky frame to shove the desks out of the way effortlessly as she raced after him with Parkinson hot on her heels and a few other girls bringing up the rear.

Once he was in the hall, Harry glanced over his shoulder to see if he was safe. Seeing Bulstorde barreling after him with a determined look on her face, he took off at a dead sprint. He took a winding, twisting path through the hallway, hoping to lose his pursuers. Managing to get a small lead when the girls were slowed down by other students in the hall, Harry ducked into a secret passage and hid in the shadows.

A moment later, Bulstrode came charging past, only to pause at the grand staircase.

“Which way did he go?” she asked.

“There!” Parkinson yelled. “I think I saw him!”

They took off down the stairs, and Harry leaned against the wall with a sigh of relief. Taking off his glasses, he wiped the sweat from his brow and took a deep breath, trying to calm his racing heart.

“Hi, Harry!”

“Gah!”

Harry jumped, holding a hand to his chest, when he recognized the petite blond standing in front of him.

“Luna!” he gasped. “You scared the shit out of me.”

“Sorry,” Luna said, tilting her head to the side as she observed him. “Did Neville show you his plant?”

“What?” Harry asked, confused.

“The plant I got Neville for Christmas,” Luna said, blinking her large, bright blue eyes up at him.

“Er, yeah,” Harry said. “I saw it. Sprayed me good when I-”

He froze as he stared at her. That sap he’d been sprayed with was the only other odd thing that had happened to him lately.

“Luna,” he said, grabbing her shoulders. “That plant. It doesn’t make girls act crazy, does it?”

“Of course not, silly,” Luna told him.

Harry smiled and let out a sigh of relief.

“They’re just extremely attracted to the smell of the sap,” she continued before leaning and sniffing him. “You smell really good, by the way. Did it spray you?”

Staring at Luna, he opened his mouth, closed it, and then took her by the hand and pulled her down the hidden passage.

“Where are we going?” Luna asked curiously.

“The Room of Requirement,” Harry told her. “You and I need to have a little chat about this plant.”

“Okay,” Luna said unconcernedly. “Are you angry with me?”

Coming to a stop, he turned to her and sighed.

“No, I’m not angry,” Harry said, softening his tone. “I just want to know what’s happening.”

“Are you sure?” Luna asked. “I find life is more interesting when I’m not quite sure what’s going on.”

“I’m sure,” Harry said, unable to repress a smile.

Luna shrugged and started humming to herself as they quickly made their way up to the seventh floor and summoned the Room of Requirement. Stepping inside, they walked over to a worn but comfortable-looking couch and sat down in front of a crackling fire.

“Alright,” Harry sighed. “What is that plant you gave Neville, and what does it do?”

“Daddy and I found it when we went to Sweden over Christmas break,” Luna said. “We heard reports of a Crumple-Horned Snorkack, but it turned out to just be an oddly shaped rock formation. Then again, maybe that’s how they disguise themselves.”

“Luna, the plant,” Harry said gently.

“Oh, yes. The plant,” she said dreamily. “We met a lovely forest Nymph who showed it to me. She said it was called a Drenchwood Gushblossom. They can be hard to find, but the Nymphs use them all the time. The sap acts sort of like a lust potion, but it only works on people who are already physically attracted to you. It even works across species. We watched the Nymph have sex with Muggles, Wizards, Ogres, and even a pair of Centaurs before it wore off.”

“Centaurs?” Harry asked, feeling the blood leave his face.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Luna said, patting his arm. “I don’t think Centaurs would find you very attractive.”

Harry sighed in relief.

“Well, at least the males, unless they’re gay.”

Closing his eyes, Harry dropped his head into his hands.

“You said it wore off, right?” he asked hopefully.

“Oh yes,” Luna smiled. “But it was quite an interesting week. Daddy and I learned a lot about Nymphs.”

“A week?” Harry gaped. “Luna, I just had to run away from Millicent Bulstrode because she looked like she was ready to lock me in the dungeon.”

Luna huffed cutely and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Big girls deserve love too, Harry,” she told him seriously.

“What?” Harry asked confusedly. “I don’t want to sleep with her just because she’s big. I don’t want to sleep with her because she’s been a horrible bully since she came to Hogwarts.”

“Oh,” Luna said, relaxing her stern stance. “Well, that’s understandable, then.”

“We’re getting off-topic again,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Is there any kind of antidote or something? And why are you taking off your robes?”

While he’d been speaking, Luna had stood up in front of him and removed her robe.

“Well, I’m quite attracted to you, and the Drenchwood Gushblossom sap has made me quite aroused,” she told him calmly while unbuttoning her shirt. “Unless you don’t want to have sex with me either.”

“Er...,” Harry said.

Luna wasn’t an unattractive witch by any means. With her lithe frame and fair hair and skin, Harry often thought she looked like an adorable Pixie turned human. She was also a very good friend and seemed to understand what she was getting herself into. She’d been the one to give the plant to Neville, after all. Besides, turning her down now would probably hurt her feelings.

“If you’re sure you want to,” Harry said, licking his lips as her plain white bra came into view.

Luna beamed at him happily and quickly shrugged off her shirt. Her skirt hit the floor next, revealing her long, pale legs and a surprisingly round little bum.

“I was hoping Neville would get sprayed by it, but I’m quite happy it was you instead,” Luna said, unclasping her bra. “I’ve fancied both of you for quite some time. I thought having girls attracted to him would boost Neville’s confidence, but this worked out even better. You’ve been far too stressed, Harry. You really should try to enjoy life more.”

“Sure,” Harry mumbled as she dropped her bra.

Luna had small but perfectly shaped breasts with upturned, pale pink nipples. They jiggled alluringly as she bent over and pushed down her knickers, revealing her bald mound and giving him just a glimpse of her taut folds when she lifted her leg to step out of them. Looking completely comfortable with her nudity, she dropped to her knees between his legs and unbuckled his belt.

“So, how does this sap affect people, exactly?” he asked while she opened his trousers.

“Well, it feels like it’s just making the things I find attractive about you even more appealing,” Luna said thoughtfully.

“You don’t think it’s making you do anything you don’t want to, do you?” Harry asked.

“Of course not, silly,” Luna said, smiling. “When the Nymph used it, everyone was quite happy even after it wore off. Oh my!”

Holding his mostly hard erection in her tiny hand, Luna stared wide-eyed at the towering pillar of flesh.

“Harry, I find your penis *very* attractive,” she said, staring at it captivatedly as she began to stroke him gently. “You’re larger than the humans I saw the Nymph with... and most of the Ogres, too.”

“Er, thanks,” Harry said.

It was the first time anyone had ever complimented his manhood, and he wasn't sure how to respond. Suddenly, Luna lurched forward and took him into her mouth. She only stopped when he hit the back of her throat, causing her to gag loudly. Narrowing her eyes, she glared at the rest of his shaft accusingly and tried to force herself down further. Harry gasped as he slid deeper and throbbed excitedly as he watched her thin neck bulge around his thick length. Just as her lips touched his pelvis, she gagged again. Eyes watering and saliva pouring from her lips, she shot off of his erection and coughed.

“Bloody hell, Luna,” Harry said, leaning forward to check on her. “You didn't need to do that.”

“That's what the Nymph did,” she said, wiping her lips. “Didn't it feel good? Maybe I did it wrong.”

“It felt amazing, Luna, but you're not a Nymph,” Harry smiled.

“Oh, I guess you're right,” Luna said. “Can I practice with you later? Because I'd really like to give you my virginity now.”

“You can do that any time you want,” Harry said, grinning at the way she stated things so bluntly.

With a beaming smile, she got to her feet and pulled off his trousers. He quickly took off his shirt and tie and helped her climb onto the couch. Hovering over his rigid length, her knees on either side of his thighs, Luna gripped his shaft and aimed his swollen head at her leaking folds. Harry held onto her hips as she descended over his pulsating tip.

“Oh!” Luna gasped.

Eyes wide and staring off into space, she slowly lowered herself onto his length. Harry was speechless as he closed his eyes and groaned wordlessly. Her mouth had felt great, but being inside of her was a thousand times better.

“It’s so big,” Luna moaned.

“Does it hurt?” Harry asked, remembering some older boys talking about the need to go slow the first time.

“No, it’s amazing!” she said, gasping as her bum came to rest on his thighs. “Can you kiss me, Harry? I’d really like that.”

Smiling, he wrapped his arms around her thin body, pulled her chest flush with his, and kissed her passionately. Luna moaned into his mouth, her tongue dancing with his as she wiggled her hips. Harry let out a groan and fought the urge to start thrusting into her. Slowly, she began bouncing up and down on his lap. After just a few seconds, she pulled back from their kiss to throw her head back and moan. Grinning, Harry leaned forward and wrapped his lips around one of her hard little nipples.

“Oh, yes!” Luna cheered, threading her fingers through his hair. “This feels even better than she said it would.”

She started bouncing more vigorously, and Harry slipped his hands down to her bum to help her along. Each of her bubbly little cheeks fit perfectly in his hands. Soon, she started moving so aggressively that he couldn’t keep her nipple in his mouth. Leaning back with a groan, Harry sat back to enjoy the ride and the view of her bouncing breasts.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” Luna chanted. “I think I’m close! Oh! Oh! Oh!”

Her chants turned into a series of cute squeaks as she tightened around him. Suddenly, a shudder ran through her body, and Luna collapsed against his chest. Her hips bucked frantically

and without rhythm as she climaxed powerfully. Harry could feel her arousal leaking around his shaft. Holding her tight, he groaned. The sensation was incredible, but he hadn't quite reached his climax yet.

After half a minute, Luna let out a satisfied sigh and went limp in his arms.

"You okay, Luna?" Harry asked.

"Oh, yes," she said in a satisfied murmur. "I'm just a little tired, but you can keep going."

Chuckling, Harry rolled her to the side and laid her down on the couch. Hovering over her, he settled between her legs and kissed her softly before thrusting forward.

"Mmh," Luna moaned, then pulled her lips from his. "You can go fast. I know men like that."

Smiling, Harry pulled his hips back and then drove forward harshly. Luna's tiny body jolted, and her eyes went wide as she gasped. When she didn't complain, he did it again and again, rapidly shortening the time between thrusts. In moments, he was huffing and sweating but having the time of his life. It felt amazingly powerful and satisfying to ravage Luna and hear her gasp and moan in pleasure.

In fact, it felt so amazing that he rapidly felt his climax approach. Growling under his breath, Harry thrust with an animalistic savagery that pummeled Luna into the couch cushions. Just as he tipped over the edge, she let out a high-pitched wail and sank her nails into his back. With a grunt, he slammed his hips forward, burying himself as deep as possible while he drained himself inside of her.

"I feel it!" Luna gasped in wonder, her eyes staring unseeingly at the ceiling. "Oh! It's hot. That's nice. I think I'm cumming again."

Harry buried his face in her hair and groaned as her folds fluttered around him. By the time their climaxes finished, both of them were panting heavily and utterly drained of energy. Humming happily to herself, Luna ran her fingers through his hair and caressed his back. Harry had to fight the desire to close his eyes and fall asleep on top of her, but it felt so nice that he rested there for a couple of minutes until he'd finally caught his breath.

Sitting up, he eased out of her and relaxed with a sigh. A moment later, Luna giggled.

"I'm leaking," she said, staring down between her legs.

Indeed, Harry had filled her with quite a lot, and now some of it was leaking from her red, swollen lips. Oddly, the sight filled him with a sense of pride. Then, Luna surprised him by running her finger through it and bringing it to her mouth.

"Hm, it's not as bad as some of the girls said," she said curiously. "I wonder if that's because of the sap or if it's just you."

"I have no idea," Harry chuckled.

Shrugging, Luna climbed over to him and curled up in his lap.

"Can we do this again, even after the sap wears off?" she asked.

"Luna, we can do this any time you want," Harry said, smiling tiredly.

"Oh, good," Luna smiled, resting her head on his chest. "I quite like your penis. I'd hate to have to go without it now that I know how nice it is."

Laughing, Harry kissed the top of her head and closed his eyes.