

Chapter 6

After watching Ginny sneak out of his bed early in the morning, Harry took a shower and got ready for the start of a new week. Usually, that wasn't a big deal, but thanks to the sap, this week was set to be very interesting.

And it started that way before he even left the common room. As he and Hermione sat on the couch near the fireplace, waiting for Ron so they could go down to the Great Hall, Lavender came down the stairs and plopped down next to him.

"Morning, Harry," she greeted him, smiling brightly.

"Morning," Harry said, waving to Parvati as she sat down on a nearby chair.

Parvati smiled and waved while Lavender curled up comfortably against his side. Hermione took one look at the blonde before rolling her eyes and turning back to the book in her lap. She was studying a book on potion ingredients and their interactions, looking for a way to counteract the properties of the sap. Thankfully, he had the Stamina Potion she'd brewed for him in the meantime sitting in his pocket. It looked like he might need it as Lavender rubbed her entire body against his side and bit her lip cutely while her fingers caressed his rapidly swelling length.

Harry smirked as he wrapped his arm around her shoulders and slipped his hand under her blouse. Lavender had stunning breasts, and it fulfilled many a nighttime fantasy to finally get his hands on them. A giggle escaped her lips when he pushed his hands under the cup of her bra and kneaded the doughy mound. Pinning his ridged shaft against his thigh, she started outright jerking him over his trousers. Harry quickly glanced around the common room, glad to see that the sap was still working. The boys in the room didn't notice a thing, while the girls either looked on with interest or flashed knowing smiles before going on with their day.

A moment later, Harry heard the sound of a zipper being undone. Hermione looked over and gasped as Lavender reached inside his trousers and, with some difficulty, fished his erection out of his fly.

“Harry!” Hermione hissed.

“Don’t look at me,” he said, holding up his free hand helplessly.

Letting out a giggle, Lavender leaned her head down onto his lap and wrapped her lips around him. Next to them, Parvati perched on the edge of her seat and stared enraptured at the sight of her best friend bobbing up and down on his length.

“Bloody hell, that feels good,” Harry groaned.

Running his fingers through Lavender’s long, blonde hair, he leaned his head back and closed his eyes. When he opened them back up a few seconds later, he noticed Hermione gazing around the room with a critical eye. Harry looked around and noticed that all of the boys were still oblivious, but the girls were beginning to crowd around to watch. Reaching into her bag, Hermione pulled out a stack of parchment and a quill and started jotting down notes in her small, neat handwriting.

“Morning,” Ron said gruffly, dropping down heavily into a chair. “Ready for breakfast?”

“In a minute,” Harry groaned, bucking up into Lavender’s mouth.

She gagged lightly as he hit the back of her throat, her lips stopping a few inches from the base of his shaft.

“But I’m hungry,” Ron whined.

“Be patient, Ron,” Hermione reprimanded, then turned her eyes to the crowd of girls surrounding them. “Katie, can you see what’s happening here?”

Katie looked at her oddly.

“You mean do I see Lavender drooling all over Harry’s fat cock?” she asked, cocking her head to the side. “Uh, yeah.”

“And, Ron, you don’t see anything out of the ordinary?” Hermione asked.

Ron looked around, his brow furrowed in confusion.

“Should I?” he asked.

“You should lick his balls,” Ginny said to Lavender suddenly, leaning over the back of the couch. “He really likes that.”

Lavender stuck out her tongue and took him as deep as she could. Thick strands of saliva dripped from her lips onto his trousers as she gagged. Despite her best efforts, the best she could do was tease the base of his shaft with the tip of her tongue. Eventually, she pulled back to the tip and sucked in a much-needed breath.

“I’ll do it,” Parvati volunteered.

Dropping to her knees, she quickly shuffled over, turned her head to the side, and took his balls into her mouth.

“Oh, fuck,” Harry grunted, placing a hand on each other their heads.

“Told you,” Ginny smirked.

The girls around him giggled, and he could hear them quietly discussing other techniques they might use. Harry felt himself rapidly being pushed toward his climax by the sheer absurdity of the situation.

"I'm almost there," he groaned.

"Hurry up, I'm hungry," Ron grumbled.

"Shut up, Ron," Ginny bit out.

Harry held Lavender and Parvati still and grunted as he reached his peak. The girls cheered while Lavender squealed and sealed her lips around him as he erupted in her mouth, but some of his excitement escaped and ran down his shaft. Parvati moved her mouth up, eagerly using her lips and tongue to clean up the mess. When she licked up, her tongue brushing Lavender's lips, he grunted and throbbed excitedly.

Spent, Harry dropped his hands and melted into the couch. Lavender and Parvati spent a few moments licking his softening flesh clean before they sat up and giggled at his expression. As he recovered and caught his breath, they fell into conversation with some of the other girls about taste and technique.

"Can we go now?" Ron asked impatiently.

"Yeah," Harry said.

Tucking himself away, he looked at the mess of saliva and cum around his fly and sighed.

"Evanescio," Hermione said, tapping his trousers with the tip of his wand.

"Thanks, Hermione," Harry smiled.

Standing, he wrapped an arm around her shoulders, and they followed Ron out of the common room.

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“Is it just me, or do girls seem to be paying more attention to you today?” Hermione asked as she walked with Harry and Ron to Charms.

“It does seem that way,” Harry replied, grinning as the Carrow twins waved at him.

Hermione rolled her eyes and smacked his arm lightly.

“This is serious,” she hissed. “We have Defense today.”

“Oh, right,” Harry said, quickly losing his smile. “What am I going to do?”

“I don’t know,” Hermione sighed, running a hand through her bushy brown hair. “Do you have your cloak?”

“No,” he said. “Ginny still has it.”

“You should get it back,” she told him. “After this morning, I doubt Ron would notice even if you shagged her in the middle of the Great Hall.”

Harry raised an eyebrow, wondering if he could actually pull that off as they stepped into Professor Flitwick’s classroom and took their seats. Unfortunately, the class turned out to be mostly a lecture on the Refrigeration Charm. As they all settled in to listen, Hermione’s hand once again found its way onto Harry’s thigh. Glancing over, he found her engrossed in her note-taking and seemingly oblivious to what her other hand was doing.

He was seriously starting to wonder if there was something about Charms that made her randy.

Instead of telling Hermione what she was doing like he had the last two times she'd done this, Harry decided to have a little fun. Sitting back in his seat, he reached over and slipped his hand under the edge of her skirt to rest just above her knee. Hermione immediately froze and jerked her hand out of his lap.

"Harry?" she whispered. "What are you doing?"

"Just returning the favor," he smirked.

"But —" Hermione stammered, licking her lips. "But what if someone sees?"

Rolling his eyes, Harry reached over with his free hand and laid it over her breast. She inhaled sharply and gazed around the room worriedly. As if it had a mind of its own, her hand landed back in his lap, her fingers curling gently around his shaft.

"Relax," Harry whispered.

Swallowing thickly, Hermione sat back in her seat, relaxing slightly when Flitwick looked directly at them but said nothing.

"We shouldn't," she protested softly.

"You started it," Harry reminded her with a smile and then glanced down at his lap.

Hermione looked down, and her eyes widened when she saw what she was doing. She made to jerk her hand away again, but Harry was ready this time. He let go of her breast and caught her wrist. Gently, he placed her hand back in his lap, where her fingers unconsciously curled around him again. Smiling, he squeezed her leg and sat back in his seat.

As the class continued, Hermione turned back to listening to Flitwick and taking her notes while absently stroking his hardened length. Harry gave her a couple of minutes to relax before he started caressing her leg. Slowly, he started creeping his hand higher up her thigh. She squirmed in her seat, glancing around nervously, but she also spread her legs slightly further apart, giving him more room. It didn't take long for Harry to give up entirely on keeping his movements subtle, and he began blatantly groping her smooth thigh. Eventually, his pinky brushed the gusset of her knickers, and she gasped loudly.

They were damp to the touch.

Hermione blushed heavily and looked around the room, but no one was paying attention. Smirking, Harry teased her folds through the damp cotton, causing her to bite her lip. Her right hand stilled over her parchment as she breathed heavily through her nose. Meanwhile, her left hand gripped his shaft firmly, clumsily stroking him through his trousers. It didn't do much for him, considering what he'd grown used to over the last three days. But watching Hermione try to stifle her moans while listening to Flitwick's lecture was endlessly entertaining.

By the time class neared its end, the front of her knickers were soaked, the scent of her arousal filled the air around their desk, and her legs were trembling. Despite having her on the brink of climax for the last few minutes, Harry resisted the urge to tip her over the edge. Doing that to her in the middle of class was likely to cause her to avoid him again, and that was the last thing he wanted.

When the bell rang, Hermione stood slightly shakily as she gathered her things and placed them in her bag. Harry took his time packing up and followed her out of class. The moment they were in the hallway, he grabbed her by the hand and led her to a quiet little alcove out of the way of the normal school foot traffic.

"Harry, what-"

He silenced Hermione with a kiss, pinning her back first against the rough stone wall. She squealed in surprise against his lips but relaxed surprisingly quickly and started kissing him back. Harry slipped his arm between their bodies, thrust his hand under her skirt, and cupped her

hot, damp mound. With a gasp, she pulled her lips away from his. She panted, mouth hanging open, as he rubbed her folds over her knicker.

Harry stared at her face as he swiftly brought her over the edge. Hermione tensed, her body shaking before she suddenly fell forward against him. Burying her face in the crook of his neck to muffle her moans, she gripped his shirt and bucked her hips roughly against his hand as she rode out her climax. A grin formed on Harry's face as he reached around, slid his hand under her skirt, and gripped her bum.

When she eventually relaxed, Hermione sagged against his chest, panting as if she'd just run from one side of the castle to the other. Removing his hand from her mound, Harry wrapped his arm around her and gently rubbed her back as she caught her breath.

"Feel better?" he asked.

Hermione lifted her head to look up at him and nodded mutely, her face flushed and eyes glassy. Laughing, Harry kissed her softly before leading her to their next class.

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For the first time all year, Harry was dreading the end of Defense Against the Dark Arts.

Not because he didn't want to leave. He did. Desperately.

But with the way the Slytherin girls were staring at him, he knew he'd have to make a run for it again. Of course, he quite liked spending time with Lilith, but the others...

Greengrass was one of the most attractive girls in school, and Davis was easy on the eyes, but he didn't know much about them. Then there was Parkinson and Bulstrode. Parkinson honestly wasn't that unattractive, physically, at least; it was her personality he found repulsive. Bulstrode

was the one that truly frightened him. Beyond her undesirable looks, she had a mean streak a mile wide.

But that wasn't the worst of it. If Bulstrode frightened him, Umbridge was downright terrifying. She sat behind her desk, staring at him with a dreamy look and a simpering smile. It made Harry feel like a particularly juicy fly trapped in an aquarium with a starving frog.

Just the thought of touching that woman made him shudder in revulsion.

His leg bounced nervously as he glanced at the clock, watching as the seconds ticked down to the end of class. Any other teacher wouldn't mind if students left a little bit early, but he knew he couldn't give Umbridge any excuse to put him in detention.

With just five seconds left on the clock, Hermione coughed, and one of the painted plates behind Umbridge mysteriously fell. As the plate smashed on the floor and Umbridge turned around in shock, Harry took off like a shot. He was out of the door and two steps into the hall when the bell rang.

Glancing over his shoulder, he knew he'd have to do something nice for Hermione later. Her distraction had bought him a decent lead on his pursuers. Bulstrode barreled after him, knocking other students out of the way like bowling pins as they stepped into the hall. Parkinson was hot on her tail, followed closely by the rest. And they were gaining on him.

Damn his short legs.

Knowing he'd have to hide, Harry raced down the hall, took a sharp left, and ran right into a very large, soft pair of breasts. Before he could pull back, powerful arms wrapped around his back, trapping him in place.

"I knew you'd be back for more," Julie Runcorn grinned, smiling down at him.

“He went that way!” Parkinson shouted as the sound of their footfalls grew closer.

“Hide me,” Harry begged.

Julie looked at him curiously for a moment before her eyes widened in realization. Looking around, she lifted the tapestry next to her and roughly shoved him behind it. Harry stood perfectly still and held his breath as the footfalls rounded the corner and skidded to a halt.

“He went that way,” Julie said loudly.

They took off running again, and Harry let out a sigh of relief as they faded into the distance. Cautiously, he peeked out from behind the tapestry and only stepped out when he saw that the coast was clear.

“Thank you,” Harry said, sagging against the wall in relief.

“Looks like you owe me one, Potter,” Julie grinned.

“Er, I guess,” Harry muttered, looking at her warily.

Suddenly, she took him by the hand and started dragging him down the hall. She led him to the first unused classroom she could find, shoved him unceremoniously inside, and slammed the door closed. Julie stalked towards him like a predator eyeing its prey, and Harry backed up instinctively until he bumped into the teacher’s desk. She pounced on him, mashing his face against her breasts.

“Lilith’s been bragging about what a big cock you have all weekend,” Julie said. “I can’t wait to see it myself.”

She let go of his head, and Harry sucked in a deep breath as she smirked as she grabbed her blouse and ripped it apart effortlessly. One of the buttons hit Harry square in the forehead before clattering to the floor with the others. Shedding her ruined blouse and tie, Julie reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, releasing the largest pair of breasts Harry had ever seen.

Unlike Susan, whose breasts looked obscenely large on her short frame, Julie's were even bigger but looked more in proportion with her stature. They jutted from her chest like massive, fleshy torpedoes. Each was capped with a huge, perfectly round areola that covered the entire tip of her breast and short, fat, red nipples.

"Nice, eh?" Julie asked, smirking at his gobsmacked expression. "Lils said you were a tit man."

"Bloody hell," Harry gasped.

She laughed, causing her breasts to shake amazingly. Grabbing his hands, she brought them up to her chest. Harry hefted and squeezed her breasts, marveling at the massive mounds of smooth, soft skin.

"I've shown you mine; now it's time to show me yours," Julie said.

Regrettably, her magnificent breasts left his hands as she dropped to her knees and quickly unbuckled his belt. Undoing the button and fly on his trousers swiftly, she hooked her fingers under the waistband of his boxer and wrenched them down to his ankles. Harry's erection jumped up and smacked the bottom of her chin.

"Cor," Julie breathed. "Look at this thing. No wonder Lils was smilin' so much."

Wrapping her hand around him, she stroked him lightly, as entranced with his length as he had been with her breasts. Then, she looked up and smirked.

“You know what they say about us snakes?” she asked. “We like to swallow our food whole.”

Julie plunged forward, deepthroating him effortlessly. Harry gasped as she pressed her nose against his groin and shook her head from side to side. She stared up at him and swallowed, her tight throat convulsing around his shaft. With a groan, Harry tangled his fingers in her long, dark hair. After several long seconds, Julie pulled back, leaving his length glistening with her saliva.

“Like that?” she asked, stroking him firmly.

Before Harry could respond, Julie devoured him again. Grunting, he bucked his hips against her face. As if that was some kind of sign, she went from holding him as deep as possible to bobbing up and down his entire length. Each time she descended down his shaft, she swallowed and ungulated her tongue along his underside. When she pulled back, she sucked hard and swirled it around his tip before repeating the process all over again.

It was, without a doubt, the most amazing blowjob of his life.

Harry gripped her hair like a lifeline, desperate to try and hold on as long as possible. Julie stared up at him, her hazel eyes sparkling as if she knew what he was doing. If she did, she didn't make it easy for him. Grabbing his hips, she began spearing him into her throat over and over rapidly. His toes curled in his shoes as he tried to fight back his climax to no avail.

“Fuck!” he exclaimed. “Cumming!”

Pulling back to the tip, Julie stuck out her tongue and jerked him furiously. With a grunt, Harry exploded. A single, thick stripe landed on her tongue before she dove forward once more. His hands fisted her hair roughly as he desperately humped her face, his shaft swelling and pulsing in the tight confines of her throat. Julie took the abuse like it was nothing, her smug gaze locked on his contorted face.

“Holy shit,” Harry panted.

Once he was finished, Julie pulled back slowly, her lips sealed tightly around him. The moment he was free of her throat, she sucked hard, draining him of every last drop and causing him to shiver from the overstimulation.

“Lilith was right,” she said, smiling. “This is more fun on a real cock. Much better than the toys we play with.”

Harry looked at her sharply, his softening shaft jerking back to life at the thought of Julie and Lilith lying in bed, playing with Muggle dildos.

“Like that, do ya?” Julie smirked. “Lils thought you might. You should join us sometime, but right now, I want to ride that broomstick.”

Harry fell back onto the desk when she grabbed his legs and stood up. With a careless toss, she threw his legs up onto the desk so he was lying flat on his back. When he turned to look at Julie, she was already undoing her skirt. A moment later, it and her knickers hit the floor, revealing her shaved, glistening mound. Stepping out of her clothes, she climbed onto the desk, her breasts wobbling alluringly.

The old wooden desk creaked in distress as she straddled his hips and lined him up with her entrance. Harry barely had time to prepare himself before she took him to the hilt.

“Mmh, that’s nice,” Julie moaned.

Lifting herself back up to the tip, she slammed back down. Harry grunted as the air was forced from his lungs, and his hips ached in protest as her weight crashed onto them, but he didn’t mind all that much. It felt incredible.

“Oh yeah,” she said, slamming herself down on his length again. “Gimme that cock, Potter.”

Dropping down onto her elbows, she smothered him with her breasts as her hips rose and fell at a blistering pace. The desk creaked constantly, threatening to break under the strain, but neither of them cared much at the moment. Harry groped her breasts and sucked hard on her nipples as Julie rode him hard. It seemed like no matter how rough he was, she only moaned and fucked him harder.

“My dad hates you, you know,” Julie panted. “That bastard would freak if he knew I was fuckin’ the Boy-Who-Lived.”

Harry raised an eyebrow but couldn’t reply around the breast covering his face. Instead, he responded by gripping her bum roughly with both hands and urging her one. Her impressively powerful glutes flexed under his fingers as she moaned long and low.

“That’s it,” Julie crowed. “Ruin this Pureblood pussy!”

With his face buried between her breasts and his hands mauling her bum, Harry bucked up into her as best he could. Her movements became frantic as she neared her climax. Julie’s entire body trembled, and a low whine built in the back of her throat until it became an animalistic growl. She exchanged jumping up and down on his length for humping him with a desperation that he was sure was going to leave friction burns on his skin.

“Cum in me, Potter!” Julie yelled. “Defile me for those tiny Slytherin pricks!”

She let out a strangle grunt as she came, and Harry erupted inside of her. Eyes rolling into the back of her head, she rolled her hips spasmodically while her depths fluttered around him. Harry groaned into her chest as he emptied himself inside of her.

Eventually, she collapsed on top of him with a contented moan. Harry had to shift his head around so he could breathe, but he eventually found a comfortable position.

“Should I move?” Julie asked.

Harry responded by wrapping his arms around her back and hugging her. He probably couldn't stay like this for long, but telling her to move just seemed rude.

Luna was really starting to rub off on him.

They stayed like that for a few minutes before she sat up and looked down at him.

"You want to go again?" she asked.

Harry smiled, "I've got another one in me."

Grinning, Julie hopped off of him and bent over a nearby desk. Looking at him over her shoulder, she shook her bum enticingly.

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Harry grimaced, his bruised hips screaming in protest as he swung his leg over the bench at the Gryffindor table.

"What happened to you?" Hermione asked in concern. "Those Slytherin girls didn't catch you, did they?"

"Not exactly," Harry said, stacking piles of food on his plate.