

Chapter 1

(Hogwarts starts at 15 in this story.)

For the first time ever, Harry wasn't excited to return to Hogwarts. Between being thought of as a nutter by most of his classmates, ignored by the Headmaster, maligned in the press daily, and having Umbridge as a professor, life at school had become a trial. Even in other years, when his life had been in constant danger, Harry had never felt so reluctant to return.

Unfortunately, he didn't have a choice.

Entering the fifth-year boys' dorm of Gryffindor Tower with Ron, Harry sat down on his bed with a sigh. Neville, Dean, and Seamus were already there and had mostly finished unpacking. Seamus glared at him before slamming his trunk close and storming from the room.

"What now?" Harry asked.

"His mum gave him trouble over returning over the holiday," Dean told him with an apologetic smile. "Don't worry, I'll go talk to him."

Striding to the door, Dean slipped outside and closed the door behind him. Harry took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes tiredly. It was going to be a long term, he decided.

"How's your dad doing, Ron?"

"He's fine now," Ron told him while searching through his trunk. "Bugger, I think I left my new Keeper gloves at Grim – erm, I mean home. I'm going to go write to Mum and see if she can owl them. You want to come?"

“You go ahead,” Harry said.

He had no interest in experiencing the stares, glares, and whispers that he had on the way up again. With an understanding nod, Ron grabbed a quill, ink, and a sheaf of parchment from his trunk and left.

“How was your Christmas, Neville?” Harry asked.

After learning about his friend’s parents, who had been tortured into insanity by the Lestranges and Barty Crouch Junior, Harry felt a little awkward. But Neville was one of the few friends who had always stood by him, so he was just going to have to get over it.

“It was alright,” Neville replied. “Gran and I didn’t do much. The cold weather makes her bones ache. Oh, and I got a new plant! I was a little bummed when I had to leave my Mimbulus Mimbletonia in the greenhouse, but it outgrew its pot, and then this one was delivered by owl Christmas morning. No name or anything attached. Weird, isn’t it?”

Putting his glasses back on his face, Harry looked over and looked at the plant Neville had picked up from his nightstand and carried over to show him. It had a long, thick brown stem that ended in a cluster of a large yellow bulb covered in brown spots. The stem bent as if it was sentient, which Harry found a little disconcerting. Herbology had never been his favorite class.

“What is it?” he asked, feigning curiosity.

“I have no idea,” Neville replied with a grin. “I’ve never seen or read about anything like it. Even the lady at the Apothecary doesn’t know what it is. I’m hoping Professor Sprout might be able to tell me more about it.”

Eyeing the odd plant, Harry suddenly remembered what had happened earlier in the year when Ron had prodded Neville's last plant with his wand.

"It doesn't squirt anything, does it?" he asked cautiously.

"I don't think--"

As if it understood his question, the plant turned on its stalk to look at Harry. The three bulbs quivered and pulsed as a jet of sticky white slime sprayed Harry in the face. Thankfully, it didn't spray much, and it didn't stink like the Stinksap had.

"...so," Neville finished lamely.

With his eyes closed, Harry heard a high-pitched giggle that he knew came from the stupid plant. Grabbing his blanket, Harry quickly wiped his face clean.

"Sorry, Harry," Neville said miserably.

"That stuff won't make me go blind or grow an arm out of my face, will it?" Harry asked, only half joking.

"I don't think so," Neville said. "Like I said, I don't know what it is. But plants that do things like that are usually cataloged pretty quickly."

"That's reassuring," Harry muttered before heaving a sigh and getting to his feet. "I'm going to go take a shower. If you see anything odd growing on my face over the next few days, let me know, yeah?"

Grabbing a towel, Harry started towards the bathroom and paused.

“One second though, if you ever see something odd growing out of my face, tell me,” he corrected. “You never know what might happen with my luck.”

“Sure, Harry,” Neville said, setting his plant back down on his nightstand.

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“Morning, Harry,” Hermione said, dropping into the seat next to him at the Gryffindor table.

“Morning,” Harry muttered back between bites of toast.

As she reached for a glass of Pumpkin Juice, Hermione suddenly paused and started sniffing the air. She turned her head first one way, then the other, before leaning towards Harry and inhaling deeply.

“What, do I stink?” Harry asked, bending his head down and taking a whiff himself.

“No, you smell really good, actually,” Hermione replied. “Did you get a new cologne?”

“No,” he said, shaking his head.

“Hmm,” Hermione hummed, grabbing a bowl of porridge. “Maybe the House Elves are trying a new soap.”

"Maybe," Harry said doubtfully.

"Morning, Harry," Padma and Parvati said in unison as they passed him with a giggle.

Harry looked up at them curiously and waved. As he turned back to his breakfast, he spotted Ginny staring at him from across the table. Rather than blush, as she had in the past, she simply smiled coyly and turned back to her conversation with Demelza.

"Huh, that was odd," Harry muttered.

"What's odd?" Hermione asked distractedly.

Already, she had her nose buried in a book on the table. Turning the pages with one hand, she absent-mindedly shoveled a spoonful of porridge into her mouth with the other, her eyes never leaving the book.

"Nothing," Harry said. "What class do we have first?"

"We have Potions, Charms, and Defense today," she told him.

"Great," Harry muttered. "Well, at least Charms shouldn't be too bad."

"Just, please, try not to give Umbridge a reason to give you detention," Hermione said, glancing at him worriedly.

"I'll do my best," Harry assured her.

She looked unconvinced but didn't say anything else on the matter. Ron arrived just a few minutes before the start of class and wolfed down breakfast before they headed down to the dungeons.

"Quiet," Snape barked, his cloak flapping behind him as he strode quickly over to his desk. "Today, we'll be working on the Rejuvenating Draught. I will warn you now, the ingredients are volatile if not handled with care."

Pausing, he glared over at Ron, Harry, Seamus, and Neville.

"Blowing up your cauldron will earn you a zero for the day and detention with me tonight," Snape hissed. "The instructions are on the board. Begin!"

Harry and Ron shared a look before they both jostled to sit next to Hermione. She rolled her eyes at their antics and focused on finishing her notes while Ron dropped into the chair. Looking back at Harry, he flashed him a victorious smirk. Sighing in defeat, Harry turned to find a partner. Dean was working with Seamus, and Neville was already paired with Parvati. Since Lavender was out for the day with the Flu, they had an uneven number. Grumbling under his breath, Harry prepared to work by himself.

"Potter!" Snape barked. "You're working with Moon."

The Slytherins snickered as Lilith Moon moved her cauldron and tools over to Harry's table. Lilith was a brunette witch about his height and well-known among the boys for her impressive bust. She was also very quiet. In fact, Harry couldn't remember a time he'd ever heard her speak. On the positive side, even though she was a Slytherin, she'd never been a bully or a part of Malfoy's merry band of idiots. He decided it would be in both of their best interests to try and get along.

"Hi," Harry said with a smile. "Do you want to start the cauldron while I go get the ingredients?"

Looking at him with a relieved smile, Lilith nodded and started the fire. Harry looked over the blackboard carefully while gathering the ingredients they'd need for the potion and returning to the table. They worked in harmonious silence for several minutes, preparing everything carefully. Suddenly, while Harry was slicing the Shrivelfig, Lilith slapped his hand lightly.

"What?" he asked.

Lilith silently pointed towards the blackboard with an expectant look. Harry briefly looked over at the board, then turned back to her with a sigh.

"You could just tell me what I'm doing wrong," he said annoyed.

Lilith looked up at him and arched her brow at the same time Tracey Davis snorted next to them.

"Are you really that oblivious, Potter?" she asked, blowing a strand of light brown hair out of her eyes as she stirred her cauldron. "She's mute."

"Oh," Harry said lamely and turned back to Lilith with an apologetic look. "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

Lilith's other eyebrow joined the first as she looked at him disbelievingly.

"I didn't," Harry insisted. "Fine. Maybe I am oblivious, but in my defense, I usually have a lot of things going on."

Lilith considered him for a moment before tilting her head in acknowledgment.

“Friends?” he asked, holding out his hand.

She glanced at his hand with a touch of amusement and then shook her head. Harry rolled his eyes.

“Fine,” he huffed. “How about classmates that don’t hate each other and can finish this potion so we don’t get detention?”

Lilith smiled and shook his hand with a nod.

“Great,” Harry smiled. “Now, what am I doing wrong?”

Rolling her eyes, she picked up his knife, diced the Shrivelfig he’d sliced, and then pointed to the blackboard again.

“Oh, right,” Harry said, carefully rereading the directions. “I’ll be more careful.”

Nodding her head in acceptance, Lilith returned to the cauldron while Harry continued preparing the ingredients. This time, he read each step a bit more closely. As they worked in silence, the room began to heat up from the heat of the fires. The potion they were working on required an unusually long period of intense boiling. Everyone had lost their robes, ties were loosened, and sweat started to bead on people’s foreheads.

Over the next half an hour, Harry and Lilith had worked out a system where she would tap his hand to let him know when she needed the next ingredient. When he handed it to her, she would double-check his work before adding it to the boiling potion. She seemed to approve of most of his knife work, but he caught a slight, displeased narrowing of her eyes a few times. They probably wouldn’t get an O, but nothing had exploded yet.

Bang!

“Finnigan, Thomas, detention!” Snape barked.

“Ours isn’t going to do that, is it?” Harry asked as Seamus wiped black soot angrily from his face.

Lilith flashed him a small smile and shook her head. Taking a break for a moment, she gathered her hair together and tied it back in a ponytail. With her arms bent up and back, her chest became more pronounced. Harry couldn’t help but notice she’d undone the top two buttons, revealing a small but impressive bit of cleavage.

Realizing he was staring, he glanced up at her face, only to find her staring right at his face. He blushed at getting caught but noticed a sparkle in her light green eyes and a smile tugging at her lips as he turned back to cutting up the next ingredient. A moment later, she tapped his hand twice to ask for the next one to be added. He thought her touch lingered a little longer than normal, but it wasn’t long enough for him to be sure. Shaking the thought aside, he handed her the vial of crushed bat fangs.

Lilith poured it carefully into the cauldron, which produced a quiet hiss and turned light blue. With a satisfied smile, she nodded to herself, stirred it a few times, and then set down the ladle. Harry had just finished chopping up the salamander tail, the last ingredient, when Lilith sighed loudly and started to fan herself with her hand. Looking up at her face, the pale skin glistening with sweat, she smirked. Slowly, her hand trailed down her neck, over her collarbone, and she ran a finger through her exposed cleavage.

Harry felt his pants tighten as he followed her fingers down to the third button of her shirt. She had to know he was watching as she popped the button open and spread her lapel. He could see just a glimpse of her black bra peeking out while a single bead of sweat ran down her neck, followed the valley of her cleavage, and disappeared between her breasts. Swallowing thickly, Harry glanced up at her face.

Lilith's eyes bored into his, a knowing smirk on her lips. Unconcernedly, she bent over the cauldron and returned her attention to the potion, leaving Harry with an unobstructed and glorious view down her shirt. Glancing around to make sure no one was paying attention, he reached into his pocket and adjusted himself into a more comfortable position before his eyes returned to her chest. If she was going to let him look, and her persistent smirk certainly seemed encouraging, he wasn't going to turn it down.

For the next twenty minutes, Harry watched her breasts shift, wobble, and jiggle as she tended to the potion. His favorite part was when she stirred vigorously, which caused Lilith's breasts to sway hypnotically back and forth in her bra in time with the movements of her arm. Unfortunately, all good things had to come to an end, and Lilith eventually finished the potion. After she poured their potion into a vial, she gave him a knowing smile and rebuttoned her shirt, leaving only the top one undone.

Turning around, she walked over to Professor Snape's desk and set it in front of him. He examined it closely, then took a long, deep sniff before giving her a grudging nod.

"Exceeds Expectations, Ms. Moon," he said before turning his eyes to Harry. "Potter, on the other hand, will receive an Acceptable for his abysmal preparations. Hopefully, he learned something from watching a competent student fix his mistakes."

Harry bit back a sigh of relief that Snape thought he'd been staring at the potion and not Lilith's chest.

Fighting a smirk, he nodded, "Yes, sir."

"See that you remember it for next class," he drawled, staring down at the parchment on his desk while he waved his hand. "You're dismissed. Leave the mess for Finnigan and Thomas to clean up."

Harry returned to his table with a grin and began packing up his things. Lilith finished about the same time as he did, and he paused to open the door for her as they left the classroom. As the

door closed behind them, she grabbed him by the hand and pulled him down the hallway. Coming to a stop outside a door, she threw it open to reveal a broom cupboard. With a grin, she dragged him inside and closed the door, leaving them in complete darkness.

“What-”

Harry was interrupted when she pressed her finger to his lips. Lilith lit her wand a moment later, bathing the cramped space in white light. Her light green eyes sparkled as she set her wand down on a shelf and let her finger fall from his lips. One side of her lips quirked up in a smirk while she slowly dropped to her knees, her hand trailing down over his chest. Harry’s eyes widened when she ran the palm of one hand over the growing bulge in the front of his trousers and reached for this belt with the other.

With nimble fingers, she quickly unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his slacks, and unzipped his fly. His hands trembled, and his erection throbbed excitedly as Lilith gripped his shaft and pulled him out into the open. She stared up at him excitedly and rested his length lightly on her face. Her chin brushed his balls while the tip touched her forehead, his girth hiding her nose completely. Smiling, Lilith kissed the underside of his shaft and continued slowly trailing a line of them up to his tip.

“Holy shit,” Harry whispered disbelievingly.

Flashing him a smirk, Lilith placed an open-mouthed kiss on his swollen, leaking head. A bead of his excitement stuck to her bottom lip as she pulled back and only broke when she licked her lips. Harry pulsed in her hand at the sight, his breath catching in his throat. Slowly stroking his shaft, she opened wide and wrapped her pink, pouty lips around his head. He gasped as his sensitive glans was enveloped by her hot, wet mouth. The sensation of her tongue on the underside of his tip caused him to reach out and grab the shelf to hold himself up.

Snogging Cho in the Room of Requirement had been enjoyable, but this was mind-blowing.

Holding his tip firmly between her lips, Lilith lazily teased him with her tongue while she pulled her tie from around her neck and started undoing the buttons of her shirt. Harry watched, entranced, as more and more of her pale, full globes were revealed, nestled in a fancy black bra. Lilith drew a hiss from his lips when she suckled on his tip while reaching for the middle of her bra. Her hand obscured what she did, but when she moved it out of the way, her bra fell in half. Only the cups clinging to her damp skin kept it in place.

Harry was very conscious of her eyes gazing up at his face as he stared, enraptured, at her chest. Agonizingly slowly, she peeled the flimsy material away from her skin, exposing more and more of her breasts. Then, finally, what he'd been waiting for was revealed. Her soft pink areola came into view first, followed by her hard, red nipples. Lilith let the cups fall, presenting him with a completely unobstructed view of her large, perky breasts.

As Harry gazed in wonder, she suddenly drove her mouth forward and only stopped when he hit the back of her mouth. Inhaling deeply through her nose, Lilith began to bob her head back and forth slowly, her tongue swirling around his length as if she was determined to taste every inch of him. He leaned back against the wall and groaned quietly, his eyes closing for a moment as he savored the incredible sensation.

"I can't believe she did that."

Harry and Lilith froze as they heard the sound of Tracey Davis's voice from just outside the door of the cupboard they were in.

"Who?" a voice Harry thought he recognized as Daphne Greengrass asked.

"Lilith," Tracey replied. "Don't tell me you didn't see her flashing Potter at the end of class."

"Oh, that," Daphne said dismissively. "I don't see why you're so surprised. She's fancied him for years."

Harry arched a brow and looked down at Lilith. Somehow managing a smile around his girth, she started bobbing her head again. He had to bite his lip to hold back a groan as she sucked hard on his tip before diving forward.

“So does most of the school,” Tracey scoffed. “He’s rich, handsome, and famous. Half the girls in the school would spread their legs for him if he had the balls to try.”

“Jealous, Tracey?” Daphne asked, and he could hear the smirk in her tone.

“No,” Tracey replied unconvincingly. “I’m just surprised she had the guts to try something like that in class. If Snape had caught her...”

“He does have an unnatural hatred of Potter,” Daphne admitted.

At the brief lull in their conversation, Lilith pulled back to his tip and came to a stop. When Harry looked at her curiously, she grabbed his hands, moved them to her head, and gave him a challenging look. After a moment of thought, he realized what she probably wanted and pulled her forward. He figured his guess was correct when she closed her eyes and slipped a hand under the waistband of her skirt.

“Do you think she’s going to make a play for him?” Tracey asked curiously. “I heard from a Ravenclaw that he’s been getting cozy with Chang.”

The door shifted slightly, and Harry throbbed excitedly, his hips bucking at the thought of her leaning casually against the other side, completely unaware of what was happening on the other side.

Daphne scoffed, “He’s an idiot if he is. She’s clearly still pinning after Diggory. I feel bad for her, don’t get me wrong, but hooking up with Potter isn’t a good idea.”

“Is it just me, or did he get better looking over break?” Tracey asked.

Harry did his best to keep his breathing under control as he pumped his hips faster and faster. Lilith squirmed on her knees while her hand moved rhythmically under her skirt. The scent of her arousal filled the small cupboard, rapidly pushing him toward his building crest.

“There is something about him... appealing,” Daphne acknowledged.

“Ha, I knew it,” Tracey crowed. “You fancy him.”

“I said I found him appealing,” Daphne corrected. “Just because I find him appealing doesn’t mean I like him.”

“I don’t like him either, but I’d let him bend me over a desk,” Tracey said. “You couldn’t see it from your side of the table, but if the bulge in his trousers is anything to go by, Potter’s packing a serious wand.”

That comment, combined with Lilith’s mouth, pushed Harry over the edge. As he swelled, Lilith suddenly pulled back, aimed him at her chest, and stroked his length hard and fast. Gritting his teeth to hold back a groan, he erupted like a geyser, spilling himself all over her spectacular breasts.

Absently, he recognized the sound of receding footsteps and the fading voices of Daphne and Tracey as they walked down the hall. Letting out a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding, Harry slumped against the wall just as Lilith got to her feet. She looked down at her chest with a smile before looking back at him and pulling her hand free from her skirt. Bringing two glistening fingers up to her lips, she sucked them clean with a sparkling gaze. After she pulled them slowly from her lips, she fixed her bra and buttoned up her shirt, leaving the evidence of their encounter on her skin.

Harry quickly tucked himself away and did up his trousers, suddenly at a loss for what to do or say. Fortunately, Lilith didn't have that same problem. Smiling brightly, she leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. He caught just a hint of the taste of her excitement on her tongue before she pulled back. With a wave of her fingers and a promising gaze, she opened the door and slipped outside.

"What the hell just happened?" Harry asked.

Shaking his head, he stepped out into the empty hall and headed for the stairs.