

## Chapter 7

Daphne refused to tell Harry what her plan was to get payback for Tonks' teasing. He was sure it would be sudden and precise, but as time went by, he was disappointed to learn he was wrong. He had to give her one thing though, she was patient. When he asked her why she was waiting, she said she wanted Tonks to think about it, and explained that the anticipation was part of it. Indeed, as the days passed, Tonks became more and more jumpy, usually knocking over or spilling something whenever she was startled.

Finally, on the day before the start of Christmas break, and the last day of classes, Daphne got her revenge. It was near the end of breakfast, while they all sat at the Gryffindor table, that she smirked.

"How's your pumpkin juice, Tonks?" she asked.

Tonks eyed her suspiciously.

"Fine," she said setting her goblet down and pushing it away.

"Tastes pretty good today, doesn't it?" Daphne asked.

"What did you do?" Tonks asked, her eyes narrowed.

"Oh, just a little Lust Potion," Daphne said.

Tonks' eyes went wide. Grabbing her goblet, she brought it to her nose for a sniff and then waved her wand over it, causing the contents to glow pink.

"I hate you," Tonks said, her shoulders slumping.

“Not yet,” Daphne said with a smirk just before the bell rang for class. “See you at lunch.”

“You suck,” Tonks groaned.

Everyone grabbed their bags and Tonks, her shoulders slumped, trudged out into the crowded hall while Daphne left with a spring in her step and a satisfied smirk on her lips.

“Isn’t it dangerous giving her a Lust Potion?” Hermione asked worriedly.

“She’ll be fine, it’s just a mild dose. Just enough to be annoying without driving her crazy,” Daphne said. “It’s the same dose my mother takes when she has to sleep with my father.”

Hermione blinked at her curiously, but before she could ask Daphne anything else, they reached Transfigurations.

As it turned out, their morning classes were pretty boring. With it being the last day before break started, it was mostly review. Although, in Charms, Professor Flitwick taught them a spell to quickly and easily wrap presents.

At lunch, Tonks showed up half an hour late, her face flushed and sweaty. Harry could smell her arousal as she sat down next to him, their sides touching, and rested her hand on his thigh.

“What took you so long, Tonks?” Daphne asked.

The question sounded innocent enough, but the smirk on her lips told another story.

“You know damn well what took me so long,” Tonks said with a glare.

Hermione rolled her eyes while Daphne, Susan, and Penny chuckled at their friend's discomfort. Tonks continued to tease Harry for the next twenty minutes, her fingers tracing along his hard length.

"How about you skip Defense, and we go to the seventh floor?" she asked as the end of lunch neared.

"You can't skip class," Hermione said before Harry could answer.

"But Hermione, it's your last class before break. It's not like you're going to learn anything new," Tonks whined.

"No, if you skip class, I will tell Professor Quirrell," she threatened Harry.

Tonks groaned, dropping her head to the table with a *thunk*, and this time, Harry felt her pain. Still, it was quite humorous listening to Tonks, a fifth year, trying to talk a first year into letting her skip class for a quick shag. Hermione blushed, but refused to give in.

When the bell rang, Tonks grumpily stomped her way down the hall, and Harry pulled his robes around him to hide his erection. Defense was predictably boring, and Harry really wished he could have skipped class.

Their next, and last, class of the day was Potions. Snape was slowly but surely slipping back into his old ways after Harry's talk with him at the start of the year. Maybe it was time for a visit from the ghost of Christmas past, Harry thought as he rubbed his thumb over the Resurrection Stone in his pocket. The class was almost more horrible than usual, as Snape allowed Malfoy and his friends to continually try and throw random ingredients into his and Hermione's potion.

Harry used a shield to stop everything, but the fact that Snape blatantly ignored it was really starting to piss him off. Even the end of class wasn't a relief. Snape decided that anyone whose potion wasn't satisfactory, which just so happened to be all of the Gryffindor's, would get double the homework to do over the holiday.

“I don’t understand what we did wrong,” Hermione said after class, disappointed that their potion wasn’t considered good enough.

“There was nothing wrong with our potion, Hermione,” Harry told her. “Snape just wanted to punish the Gryffindor’s. You saw Crabbe and Goyle’s potion. It was black sludge, and they didn’t get any extra homework.”

“Harry’s right,” Daphne agreed as she joined them on the staircase. “Snape’s a prick.”

“I still think we should go to the library and check, just to be sure,” Hermione said.

Harry sighed and glanced over at Daphne, who rolled her eyes. They decided to follow Hermione to the library in the end, since they had a free period before dinner and nothing better to do.

Hermione looked up the potion they had been brewing in three different books. As expected, their potion had been nearly perfect according to all of them. Hermione looked hurt and grew more and more frustrated that a professor would act like Snape had. Harry was just glad she was starting to realize authority figures weren’t perfect.

Since they were already in the library, Hermione suggested they should make a start on their homework. Homework was probably the thing Harry hated most about coming back in time. He’d only just stopped having to do it, and now he was starting all over again. Still, he thought, it was a small price to pay to save hundreds of lives.

Of course, as usual, Hermione became engrossed in her work and they ended up staying long after the bell for the end of class.

“Can we go to dinner now?” Daphne asked impatiently.

“Just a minute, I’m almost done with this paragraph,” Hermione said distractedly.

While they were waiting for Hermione to finish, Tonks stormed into the library, her hair bright red and disheveled. Immediately, she strode over to Harry and took his hand in hers. As she pulled him out of his seat, he could smell her arousal and feel a wetness on her hand. Hermione blinked in surprise and Daphne laughed quietly while Tonks pulled him deep into the back of the stacks.

Harry was thankful it was dinner time and very few students were in the library as Tonks leaned back against a bookcase, wrapped her arms around him tightly, and kissed him hard. She’d had to deal with a Lust Potion coursing through her veins all day, and he knew she wasn’t going to take no for an answer right now. He didn’t even have time to put up a ward as she pushed off his robes and reached for his belt.

Flushed and panting, Tonks opened his pants and pulled out his cock. Adrenaline pumped through him with each beat of his racing heart at the risk they were taking. This time, there was absolutely nothing stopping someone walking up on them.

Tonks turned around, and Harry could see a damp spot on the back of her skirt. Lifting it up, she revealed a complete lack of knickers. Quickly, he lined himself up with her dripping entrance and easily sank to the hilt. She let out a whimper as he filled her tight depths, her hands gripping the bookshelf so tightly her knuckles turned white.

Harry began thrusting immediately, moving as fast as he could without making too much noise. Tonks came almost instantly, sticking her fist in her mouth to keep from screaming as her folds clamped down around him. Continuing through her orgasm, he untucked her white, button up shirt from her skirt and slipped his hand underneath.

Running his hand up her stomach, he shoved her bra up and cupped her breast. Tonks let out a whimpering groan as he rolled her swollen nipple lightly between his fingers. Leaning over her back, Harry kissed her neck and slid his hand up her thigh. As his fingers traced along her lips, he could feel her pulse through her engorged slit. Just the slightest touch set her off in a second, leg shaking climax, and she soaked the front of his pants in her arousal.

When her legs began to give out under her, Harry pulled out and spun her around. Lifting Tonks up, she wrapped her legs around his waist. Her hand desperately reached for his cock and lined him back up with her lips. Holding herself close to his chest, she buried her face in the crook of his neck and moaned as he pinned her back against the bookcase and began pounding into her.

While Tonks muffled her moans and groans against his shoulder, Harry caught movement out of the corner of his eye. Since they weren't being screamed at by a hysterical librarian, he looked over cautiously. To their left, Lilith Moon had pulled a book off the shelf and stared at them wide eyed through the gap. When she didn't immediately run off, Harry relaxed but kept an eye on her as he fucked Tonks.

Lilith glanced around to make sure she was alone before turning her attention back to Harry. He couldn't see anything except her face, but he couldn't help but wonder if she was pleasuring herself behind the bookcase. The added excitement made Harry throb needily inside Tonks as his hips moved furiously.

Panting, with sweat dripping down his temple, he groaned as he neared his peak. Tonks bit his shoulder, her body trembling when she hit her third climax in a matter of minutes. The feeling of her walls fluttering around him pushed him over the edge. Harry spilled himself inside of her, his hips bucking with each powerful pulse of his cock. Kissing her neck, he trailed his mouth up her jaw until their mouths connected in a heated kiss.

When they both caught their breath, he set Tonks down on her feet where she wobbled unsteadily for a moment.

"Merlin, I needed that," she said, a look of utter relief on her face.

Chuckling, Harry looked over to his left while Tonks fixed her bra and tucked in her shirt. Lilith was gone, but he wasn't too worried.

Taking Tonks' hand in his, he walked her back over to their table. Hermione was finally done, and they were able to head down to dinner.

“Have fun?” Daphne asked with a smirk.

“You know I’m going to have to get you back for this, right?” Tonks asked.

“I look forward to it,” Daphne said, grinning.

“Wait, you two didn’t...” Hermione said, looking between Harry and Tonks as what they had done dawned on her. “In the library!”

She lectured Harry on the inappropriateness of having sex in the library all the way down to the Great Hall. Even though she tried to look upset, he and Tonks both noticed how flushed and flustered she looked.

“Are you upset we did it in the library, or are you upset it wasn’t you?” Tonks asked as they reached the Gryffindor table.

Hermione sputtered and denied it before suddenly dropping the subject entirely. Tonks and Harry shared a smile as they looked over her head at each other.

While they ate, Harry noticed Lilith glancing at him constantly. She didn’t look too happy to be surrounded by Pansy and Malfoy, her nose wrinkling cutely as Pansy gushed over the blonde git. Malfoy might have redeemed himself towards the end of the war, but that didn’t mean Harry liked him.

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Two days later, Harry let Daphne talk him into finishing their homework early so they could enjoy the holiday. As much as he wanted to avoid it, he knew she was right. Together with Tonks, Hestia, Susan, Hannah, and Tracey, they all found a table in the fairly empty library. Tonks and Hestia, being in their OWL year, were swamped with work. Harry did his best to point them in the right direction with their Defense studies without revealing how much he really knew, but they did look at him oddly a couple of times.

After a couple of hours buried in their books, Lilith walked into the library. Harry gave her a friendly smile as she walked past them to sit at a small table by herself. She looked quite lonely as she glanced over at their table longingly on occasion.

“Hey, Daphne?” Harry asked. “Is there a spell to learn sign language?”

“I think so, I know there’s spells to learn other languages, but they’re really difficult,” she said, looking over at Lilith briefly. “But I don’t even know if Lilith knows sign language, I’ve never seen her use it.”

“Well, then we can use the spell on her too,” Harry said as he stood.

“I’ll help you look,” Susan said, looking at him proudly.

Hannah joined them as well, and it only took a few minutes to find the book they needed. Unfortunately, Daphne was right about how difficult the spells were. They were NEWT level Charms that could backfire dangerously if not done correctly. Harry was confident that he could cast them properly, but no without looking suspiciously skilled for his age. He asked Tonks and Hestia if they could do it for him, but neither of them felt comfortable casting it.

Looking over at Lilith, Harry thought about it carefully. In the end, he decided to just do it. It wasn’t like he could hide his skill forever anyways, and he was around friends right now.

“Harry!” Hestia exclaimed worriedly as soon as he cast the spell.

“I’m fine,” Harry said with a grin. “It worked!”

“Do you know how dangerous that was?” she asked incredulously. “You could have given yourself permanent brain damage.”



"I'm fine," Harry assured her. "Honestly, it's not as hard as they made it out to be. Anyone else want me to cast it on them?"

Hestia and the other girls shook their heads, looking at him dubiously.

"I'll do it," Daphne volunteered.

"You're crazy," Hestia said in exasperation. "Don't come crying to me when your brain starts dribbling out your ears."

Rolling his eyes, Harry raised his wand and cast the spell on Daphne.

"Whoa, that feels weird," she said. "It feels like my brain itches."

Harry nodded, having felt the same thing. Raising his hands in front of him, he signed to her.

*"Can you understand me?"* he asked.

*"Yes."* Daphne signed back with a grin.

Smiling back, Harry stood and walked over to Lilith. She looked up curiously as he stood across from her.

"Do you want to join us?" he asked.

She looked over at the table he'd just left and bit her lip as she looked at his friends. When Daphne waved her over, Lilith smiled and nodded. Harry helped her gather her books and carried them over to the table.

“What are you working on?” Susan asked as soon as she sat down.

Lilith picked up her Potions book and held it up while making a disgusted face, causing Susan to giggle.

“Lilith, do you know sign language?” Daphne asked.

Looking at her curiously, she nodded her head.

*“So do we,”* Daphne signed with a smirk.

Lilith’s eyes widened as she looked around the table. Harry smiled and nodded his head.

*“Why didn’t you tell me?”* Lilith asked, looking hurt.

*“We just learned it,”* Daphne signed, her hands moving quickly and smoothly. *“Harry found a book with the spell to learn it before he invited you over.”*

Lilith blinked as she looked at Harry, tears gathering in her eyes. Suddenly, she leapt forward and hugged him tightly. As he patted her back, the other girls all smiled at him. Pulling back, Lilith gave a tearful smile.

*“Thank you,”* she signed.

“You’re welcome,” Harry said.

“Well, it seems rude not knowing it now,” Tonks said with a sigh. “Go on, Harry.”

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“You and Daphne are still sane, so it should be fine,” she joked.

Smiling at her, Harry cast the spell on her. Seeing that Tonks was fine afterwards, the rest of the girls agreed to have it cast on them. Lilith had a massive, happy grin on her face by the time he had finished with Tracey. Harry smiled to himself as he watched her talk with the other girls at the table, glad he was able to help her.

Unfortunately, even though they were the only ones in the library, their quiet talking still upset Madam Pince. Tired of being shushed constantly, Harry suggested they take their books and head up to the Room of Requirement. Lilith listened in fascination as Susan explained the room to her on the way.

Pacing back and forth, Harry summoned the room to look like a comfortable common room with plenty of seats for everyone, but with no particular house colors. As they took seats, Susan curled up against his right side, and Daphne sat down on his left. Playfully, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and gave one of her huge breasts a light squeeze. Giggling, Susan slapped his stomach lightly as he chuckled.

Across from them, Lilith looked between him and Tonks worriedly.

“What?” Tonks asked, seeing the look.

*“I thought you were dating Harry,”* Lilith signed.

“We’re more like friends with benefits right now,” Tonks explained with a smirk. “Besides, Susan and Daphne are his mistresses, so I can’t really tell them to leave him alone.”

“What made you think they were dating?” Daphne asked curiously.

“She saw us fucking in the library the other day,” Tonks said.

Lilith blushed heavily and looked over at her with wide eyes.

“You saw her too?” Harry asked with a grin.

Lilith snapped her head around to stare at him, then covered her face with her hands.

“It’s nothing to be embarrassed about Lilith, I thought it was kinda hot,” Tonks told her with a pat on the shoulder.

“Slut,” Daphne said teasingly.

“Hey, it’s your fault in the first place,” Tonks protested.

“Was that the day she slipped you that Lust Potion?” Susan asked with a giggle.

“Yup,” Tonks said, then turned to Daphne. “I still need to get you back for that, by the way.”

“Good luck with that,” Daphne replied, unconcerned.

Tonks looked disappointed that she didn’t look remotely worried, and stuck out her tongue.

“Put that away unless you’re going to do something with it,” Daphne teased.

“Do you two talk about anything other than sex?” Hestia asked in an exasperated tone.

“Not if I can help it,” Tonks said with a grin.

Hestia rolled her eyes but smiled at her best friend.

As they settled back down to study, Harry noticed Susan, Daphne, and Lilith talking to each other with sign language. Every time he looked up to see what they were saying, they stopped instantly.

“I’m going to regret teaching you sign language, aren’t I?” Harry asked, shaking his head.

“Definitely,” Tracey said with a grin.

Harry let out a long-suffering sigh. Lilith smiled and her shoulders moved up and down as she let short, sharp breaths out her nose in a laugh. Smiling at her, he went back to work and left the girls to their silent conversation.

As the night grew later, more and more of the girls left until it was just Susan, Harry, and Lilith. With a triumphant grin and a sigh, Harry set down his quill and closed his books, completely finished with his homework. Stretching his arms, he draped one over Susan’s shoulder and trailed his fingers up and down her arm.

Leaning into him, Susan closed her book and rubbed her eyes.

“I’m done for the night,” she said tiredly.

With a flourish, Lilith finished her essay, slapped her quill down, and wiped her forehead dramatically.

“How long do we have until curfew?” Susan asked.

“About an hour and a half,” Harry said.

“Good,” she said. “Lilith was talking to us earlier, and she wants to see what it’s like to be your mistress.”

Harry looked over at the dark haired, bespectacled girl as she blushed shyly and bit her lip.

“Do you want to be a mistress?” Harry asked.

*“I want to see what it’s like first, like Susan is,”* Lilith signed shyly.

“And I take it you and Daphne are okay with this?” Harry asked.

“And Tonks, yes,” Susan said with a smile.

Leaning over, she gave him a short but steamy kiss before standing up.

“Have fun,” she said before leaving them alone.

Harry looked over at Lilith, who became even more shy now that they were alone. It still felt surreal that so many girls were willing to share him with each other, but he was beyond arguing against it now. If the girls didn’t mind, then why should he bother fighting it, he reasoned.

Standing up, Harry stood in front of her and held out his hand. Nervously, Lilith took it and allowed him to pull her to her feet. Reaching up, he took her glasses off of her face, and for the first time, really noticed her beautiful, hazel-colored eyes. Harry took off his own glasses, set both pairs down on the table next to the couch, and pulled her close. Slowly, he leaned forward.

Lilith's breath hitched and her bright eyes, sparkling with nervousness and excitement, drifted closed. Harry softly pressed his lips against her, then pulled back briefly. Shifting his body closer to her so that they were pressed together, he kissed her again. Tentatively, Lilith kissed him back, her lips molding to and moving with his.

Resting his hands on her waist, Harry slipped his fingers under the hem of her white turtleneck jumper and brushed lightly across the smooth skin of her hips. Lilith's muscles twitched under his light touch, and he smiled against her lips as she let out a quiet gasp.

Breaking the kiss, Harry wrapped his arms around her thighs and lifted her up. Lilith inhaled sharply as he spun around and sat down on the couch with her straddling his lap, her long, black skirt riding up her legs. Harry smiled at her as he reached up and ran a hand through her hair.

Smiling back, Lilith bent down and kissed him again. As he slipped his tongue into her mouth, he grabbed the hem of her jumper and slowly pulled it up, revealing more and more of her smooth, creamy skin. Pulling her lips back from his, she raised her arms over her head so he could remove her jumper completely and toss it onto the couch next to them.

Harry leaned forward and kissed the tops of her small breasts which were held in a thin, white bra. Lilith ran her hands through his messy black hair as he reached behind her back and unclasped it. Nervously, she lowered her arms so he could pull it away. Her arms moved as if to cover herself, but she stopped herself halfway through the movement. Harry gave her a reassuring smile and a brief kiss on the lips before looking down at her chest.

Her breasts were small, but perky, with absolutely no sag, and capped with proportionally large, light pink areolas and stiff nipples. Cupping her breasts, Harry ran his thumbs over her soft areolas and nipples before kissing her again.

Nervously, Lilith grabbed his long-sleeved shirt and pulled it off of him. When it was off, Harry pulled his wand out of his pocket and, with a wave, magicked off the rest of their clothes impatiently. Her eyes went wide as she suddenly found herself naked with his hard length pressed against her bare folds. Smiling, Harry cupped her bum and lifted his hips, pressing his cock firmly against her lips. Lilith's jaw fell open and she panted as her hips rolled instinctively.

Stroking her cheek, he trailed his hand down her neck, chest, stomach, and thigh, eyeing her lustfully. Grabbing her bum again, he lifted her up until the head of his cock was pressed firmly against her entrance. Holding her there, he paused and waited for her to make the first move. Hesitating for a moment, Lilith took a deep breath before slowly sinking down on his length. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as her depths gripped him tightly in a hot, wet grasp.

Letting out a quiet whimper, she leaned forward and kissed him hard as she gradually took inch after inch of his rock-hard length. He cupped and played with her small, jutting breasts, rubbing her nipples and running the back of his nails along their undersides. Moaning into his mouth, Lilith began moving up and down, her muscular thighs flexing as she raised and lowered herself slowly.

Breaking their kiss, she rested her forehead against his, staring into his eyes as she sped up, rolling her hips every time she bottomed out. Soon, she was riding him frantically, far faster and harder than he had ever expected of her. Lilith's eyes were glazed over in pleasure as she lifted herself up and then threw herself down onto him.

Harry groaned, his climax quickly building from her frenetic pace. Lilith seemed close herself as her rhythm devolved into a nearly mindless rutting. Her breath came in sharp pants and gasps, her small breasts jiggling wildly with her desperate movements.

With a gasp, she came suddenly. Leaning forward, Lilith hugged him tightly, her face buried in the crook of his neck as her hips rolled. Harry sucked at her neck and growled in the back of his throat as he bucked up into her as he reached his own peak.

As they collapsed against each other, Harry lifted her up, turned to the side, and laid down on his back with Lilith on top of him, his spent cock slipping out of her leaking depths. She laid on top him for a moment, panting as she caught her breath, before propping herself up with her elbows on his chest.

*"Can we study like this all the time?"* she asked.



“Any time you want,” Harry answered with a grin.