

Chapter Eight: Nurse's Office

Nothing quite beat mornings in Hogwarts.

Not when Harry was gently risen from a perfect night's rest by a long, lavish oral service from Hogwarts' selection of fine Witches.

"...good morning, Harry 💕" A quiet, friendly giggle greeted him as he opened his eyes, followed by a few wet smooches placed on the edge of his prick. A moment later he felt the excellent wake-up call Witch swallow his cockhead back into her mouth to finish him off.

He blinked, recognising the familiar blue eyes and brown ponytail just as he pumped his morning load into her mouth.

"...Katie..?" He muttered quietly as he woke, *"...What are you doing here..?"*

She slurped off the tip, swallowing carefully, before flashing him a grin. One that looked extra erotic with cum leaking from her lips, *"...Oh, McGonagall decided that I would take care of you this morning, Harry~!"*

She winked, wiping the cum and sucking it off her finger. Then her lips pouted with a brief worry, *"...oh no... did I do a poor job..?"*

"Not at all..." He laughed, *"It was lovely! The best way to wake up, no doubt. I'm just surprised... I thought it would be..."*

Considering today was the day that classes would be back in session, Harry had expected to wake to one of the numerous Witches that he'd missed over the Holiday. Katie, however, had stayed over the break.

"Well..." She kept a modest smile, looking suddenly bashful, *"To be honest... I kinda volunteered for this morning..."*

"Oh really..?" Harry grew a surprised smile.

"Yeah..." She said sweetly, with her legs kicking in the air behind her as she stroked his hard cock and cleaned his tip with playful licks, *"...I wanted to thank you... you know... for the gift..."*

"Oh..." Harry's chest swelled for a different reason. He was glad she liked his gift so much, considering it was one of the few he'd ever given to another, *"...You're very welcome, Katie... and thank you for the wonderful start to my morning!"*

"No problem~!" She said energetically, and gave his prick a happy kiss as she rose to her knees. As usual, she was bottomless inside the dorm, so he caught a glimpse of her cute, white butt as she turned around and crawled off the bed, whispering one last, *"...see you at Quidditch practice next week!"*

Harry watched her go, pleasantly surprised. Part of him wanted to pull her into bed with him... whether it was just to cuddle, or something more... But he decided to hold off for now, knowing there was going to be plenty of that once Quidditch Season started up again...

Instead, he focused his attention on his other morning distractions.

The extra-large bed was covered in a mess of strewn limbs and bare skin. Harry was treated to such a sight. First, there was Lavender, whose sizable chest served dutifully as the perfect pair of pillows every night. She was still wrapped around him, arms squeezing his head into her boobs, while one thigh was up on his chest.

Then to his other side was Parvati... who had backed her plump, round ass up against him.

Hermione was hugging Parvati, and wore a cute, peaceful expression as she snuggled up to the Indian Witch's own soft boobs.

Across their large, magically expanded bed were lace nighties, scarlet bras, modest knickers, and lacey thongs. All of which had been cast off during last night's session of pleasure.

"Lavender..." Harry softly whispered, rising from her boobs to brush the hair out of her face. He woke her the same as usual... Not by calling her name, but by leaning forward and planting a firm kiss on her lovely pink lips.

"Mnn..." After a long night of ample orgasms, Lavender was tuckered out and didn't want to wake. So he chuckled, raised a finger to her chin to slip her mouth open, and eased his tongue inside.

"Mmmm..!" Her buxom chest heaved as suddenly, her tongue flicked against his, and she let out a moan of pleasure. Then he felt her arms wrap around him and her lips and tongue kick into motion. She openly moaned in their hot kiss and began to grind against him.

"Mmm~ Good morning, Harry~!" She said delightfully, giving him a sweeter kiss on the cheek as she pulled away. Then she rose up on the bed, her big, round boobs thrust forward as she enjoyed a deep stretch.

She giggled with eyes turned toward Parvati and Hermione, who were locked in a cute, intimate embrace. Then she winked at him, "...you want Parvati today..?"

"...You read my mind." Harry shared a conspiring grin.

Together, they pulled the two cuddlers apart.

Lavender flipped Hermione onto her back. Then pinned the bookworm's hands above her head and crawled atop her. She woke Hermione with a deep, forceful kiss, as the two broke into moans.

Harry... was feeling creative. He slipped back into position, letting his cock naturally fall into the crevice of Parvati's amazing ass, as he embraced her from behind. He took a handful of her soft breast and began to grind against her.

Then he slipped down lower, until he felt a hot, moist crevice. Watching the other two dormmates suck each other's tongues in a sloppy French kiss, Harry pushed into Parvati's sweet, wet sex.

"Mmn~?" Parvati let out a gentle, confused moan as she woke with her head tilted up and Harry's tongue inside her mouth. She didn't question it and kissed back, only slightly surprised to feel a pleasurable sensation from her sex.

She blinked at him, reaching up to cup his cheek as she kissed him back, "Morning, Harry~! Mwuah~!" She murmured sweetly between their kisses.

"Morning, Parvati."

She had a gentle flush to her cheeks as she glanced down, "O-Oooh..! Y-you're inside me..?"

"Heheh, sorry." He said unapologetically, giving her a lopsided grin, "You must've been grinding that amazing ass of yours against me in your sleep, because my morning wood was even worse than usual..."

"...I did..?" She softly muttered, still drowsy as she moaned from some gentle morning love, "Sorry about that..." She apologised, giving him a remorseful look, as if guilty that her ass was always causing him erections.

Parvati bit her lip, giving a soft moan, "...well, since it was my fault... go ahead, Harry... I don't mind if you go a little faster..."

He grinned at her, "Thanks, Parvati. Your tight cunt always feels so fantastic." He said crassly, and pecked her on the lips.

She gave a flattered smile, as if he'd just complimented her hair, and didn't mind him grinding his cock deeper into her quivering hole. She gave him a sweet look and reached an arm around to wrap around his neck, "Oh, thank you... I'm glad you like it so much..."

Parvati began to release steady, muted moans as she relinquished her sweet sex to serve as his morning relief.

Beside them, Hermione's gasping voice broke out between kisses, "Mwuah~! I'm up..! I'm up..! Geez, if you keep sucking on my tongue we'll be late for classes!"

"Aw~!" Lavender pouted as she was pushed off of Hermione's naked chest and the latter got her cute, pale butt out of bed. Lavender's pouty expression watched her strut over to her wardrobe to begin getting ready. Then it trailed over to him and his partner.

"Mmm~ I still haven't wished you a good morning, Parvati~!"

"L-Lav..! W-wait..!" Parvati's brief gasp of pleasure was swallowed up by hungry lips. Soon, the Indian Witch was trapped between two lustful creatures. Harry gently rocked his hips, pushing deeper into her quivering sex, while Lavender showered her sweet lips in sloppy kisses.

It was a good thing that Harry's wake-up call came *very* early... because their mornings tended to be relatively slow to start these days.

Winter break had come and gone. This meant that, unfortunately, classes had returned and were back in session.

...But Harry was surprisingly welcome to the end of the break. He felt a sense of regret, of course, as the *best damn* Holiday he ever could've imagined came to a close... but he also felt a rising excitement as students, namely *Witches*, returned to the castle in droves.

The barren halls filled with swishing skirts and pretty smiles, and Harry, more than ever, was very keen to see it.

Sadly, this also meant that his temporary 'holiday' modifications to the dorm had gone as well. No more sex-themed slumber parties or showers with a dozen of his naked, giggling year mates... *Unless...*

Of course, it wasn't as if everything would return to the same... Now Harry's eyes were open. He was more curious than ever about those pretty smiles and fleeting glances of Hogwarts' fine ladies... and, perhaps more importantly, the ever-present allure of swishing skirts teasing him with lovely thighs and the occasional flashing glimpse of something more. His fun over the Holiday only fueled fantasies of naughty new adventures and experiences.

So, Harry was looking forward to it. Classes with Professor McGonagall and Sinistra... as well as the new and charming redhead, Professor Garlick. He wondered what kind of fun he could get up to in classes with such beautiful young Professors. Or maybe... he'd get himself some private 'tutoring' or even land himself in 'detention'!

He was looking forward to studying again with the girls... imagining Hermione's cute, round butt as she lay on her tummy, wholly focused on her parchment-work and ignoring his lingering gaze.

...and he had plenty of inspiration to spice these things up even further.

After some morning fun with the girls, Harry left the ladies to finish their morning prep.

In other words, he got kicked out.

Their enticing bums in revealing knickers would surely get him randy again whilst they bent over vanity mirrors to work on their hair and makeup. Sure, it was mostly his fault for forbidding skirts in the dorm, but he didn't regret a single second of it. Problem was, if they got him going, then they'd *never leave* and be late for Transfiguration.

Instead, he prowled down the steps to the common area of the female dorm. Since the Holiday was over and the population of the castle had returned, the area was much bigger. He smiled at a few pretty women he'd missed over winter break, who tended to smile and wave back at him. Although the Ledger made none question his presence in the female dorm, he was still a bit of a novelty, and he was usually greeted by waves, smiles, or lingering curious looks.

Harry didn't usually like attention, but this was impossible not to enjoy.

Especially when these beautiful young Witches were lounging around in tight-fitted leggings... or no bottoms whatsoever! Skirts weren't allowed in the female dorm after all, so even the ladies already dressed in proper uniform for classes were flashing knickers and bare thighs under their outer robes, and wouldn't slip on their skirts until the moment they headed to the door.

It was a lovely sight.

"Morning, Harry~!" A cheery voice called out to him.

He greeted a shorter blonde with a grin, "Morning, Fay..."

She had a few friends with her, who were also happy to greet him. After their slumber party and a few intimate showers shared with the female Gryffindors of his year, Harry found the girls much more friendly.

It was an odd thing to think, he knew. He'd already had sex with Fay! He'd seen several others naked many times in the showers, or had happened upon them casually jilling themselves in the common area. Yet he felt it was *strange* when they greeted him by name and wished him good morning.

'...Generally, I think you'd get at least that far in your relationship BEFORE you have sex...' He couldn't help but think, as he considered the bizarre state his life had turned into.

So Fay, one of the many more soft-spoken Gryffindors who hesitated to approach the *only* man in the *female* dorm... Now felt comfortable enough to greet him properly; the way that had become norm in this dorm.

She walked over with a pretty smile, reached up to wrap her arms around his neck, raised up on her toes and pecked his lips like it was the most natural thing to do. Harry's hands fell to her hips, enjoying her sweet, soft lips.

In their dorm, where girls practised kissing as much as they practised their wand work or studied for courses, it became a trend to share kisses of greeting or goodbyes. To them, it was no different than a smile or a wave.

'...She's too cute.' He thought, *'How could I possibly resist?'*

While Fay only had the purest intentions with the kiss, Harry was roused. He leaned down into her, holding the small of her back. Fay let slip a noise of surprise as he

suddenly deepened the kiss, attacking her lips, but she was not opposed. She giggled and gladly reciprocated, happily meeting his tongue in a dance usually reserved for passionate relations.

Her friends, just as bottomless as Fay and in equally enticing crimson knickers, watched with apparent interest, not because of arousal or excitement, but for another reason.

“Mwuah~!” Fay’s wet lips parted as she gasped. There was a flush to her cheeks as the tingling pleasure of her sensitive tongue filled her body with delightful tingling, “Oh my... Heheh, it really is different kissing a boy...” She remarked casually, looking into his eyes.

Then she somewhat shyly looked over her shoulder. A noteworthy expression, considering how calm she was about approaching Harry herself and giving him a sweet good morning kiss.

“Uhm... I suppose guys really do like to grab butts, huh..?” Fay remarked with a light laugh, but there was a hint of uncertainty to her tone. Kissing was fine, and sex was completely okay, but when Harry couldn’t help himself and grabbed a gentle squeeze of the pale white tush decorated by lacey crimson knickers... Fay showed some confusion.

He might’ve been lucky she considered it part of a guy’s way of ‘kissing’ or some blend of overlapping rules, because otherwise she might’ve slapped him.

“Well,” He smiled at her, “You have such a nice arse, Fay. And those little racy knickers look so good, I couldn’t help myself. It’s a very squeezable bum.”

Then, like magic, Fay’s confusion disappeared. Her face lit up into a brilliant smile, “Oh, I see..! You’re too sweet, Harry...” She accepted his compliments on her shapely bum as if he’d praised her eyes or hair.

They shared a smile, Harry still resting his hand on her ass for another moment. Mentally, he was recalling how sweet she looked naked and gasping beneath him, and how wonderfully tight her sex felt around him. He knew, and was very tempted, how easy it would be to jot down one quick little line... and have her passionately riding him by the fire, for the whole dorm to witness.

But Fay wasn’t alone, and the other girls were attractive enough to distract him. As he glanced over, they smiled and greeted him.

“Hey, Harry...”

“Morning, girls.” Harry hadn’t been properly introduced to the two pretty ladies Fay was with, but that didn’t stop him from taking initiative. They seemed slightly surprised as he pulled them in one after the other for a good kiss each.

“Oh wow... it really *is* different...” The first one said with a breathless gasp, biting her lip.

“Mmm... I can’t say it was a bad experience though~” The second said with a little cute giggle and red cheeks. She was shifting slightly, rubbing her legs together.

Both were flushed from the experience, as their sensitive tongues and lips caused a reaction with his more aggressive kiss.

Then, they looked at each other and at Fay.

“I’m kind of worked up now...”

“Me too. Wanna rub one out before class?”

“Oh shoot. We’d better hurry, or we’ll miss breakfast!”

“Don’t worry, I think I can cum quick after that...”

“Heheh~ You really enjoyed it, hmm~?”

The brief, casual conversation between the two girls was stimulating to him. He watched their exposed backsides and racy red knickers as they dragged Fay away to a nearby couch for a quick fingering before class.

“Bye, Harry~” Fay gave him a sweet smile as she left, and he watched her join the other two on the couch and slip her knickers down her legs. Soon, the three of them were chatting and giggling, as sweet moans began to be shared between them.

Was tempted to enjoy the show, or maybe even join them... but the common area only became more lively as young women woke up early and came down in droves.

“Hi, Harry~! If I’d have known McGonagall had a party planned, I might’ve stayed for the Holiday. Shame I missed it!”

One of the Gryffindor ladies he’d recently befriended came up to him next, also greeting him with a friendly smooch.

“Harry~! I missed you~! Give me a kiss~! Mwuah~!”

Harry was, for once, glad to be the centre of attention for his growing group of female friends in Gryffindor.

“Good morning to you all. I hope you enjoyed a restful holiday and are coming into my class with minds refreshed and ready to make magic...”

Harry sat comfortably close to Hermione on the front bench. In most cases, he would have preferred the back, but this just happened to be *both* of their favourite classes.

Hermione looked excited. She was hanging on every word out of the Professor’s lips, as they gave a brief introduction to the topics they would be covering in the coming weeks.

Harry was enthralled. He sat at the front of the class and was not distracted by the cute, *silky-haired* bookworm beside him. Nor his other pretty dorm mates in the seats just behind, or any other girl for that matter.

Instead, his gaze was focused, as if wholly concentrated on the Professor’s introduction.

...But of course, he wasn’t as enthusiastic about coursework as Hermione. Instead, he was simply charmed by the beautiful, young and sexy Professor McGonagall at the front of the class. She looked prim and proper as usual, taking care in her neat appearance... But with natural beauty, a touch of magic and makeup, and the mystical allure her status and appearance as ‘Professor’ provided, she was always a real treat for his eyes.

He was thrilled to be back behind this desk. The best seat to take full effect of the Accounts inside the classroom.

Minerva somehow achieved ‘professional’ and ‘sexy’ at the same time. Her plump thighs were usually hidden by a tight skirt beneath her deep green robe. But when Harry was looking, it was as if she made it a point to sit on the edge of her desk, teasing his eyes every time she shifted or crossed her long, sexy legs. She wore stockings, of course, but that didn’t make it any less sexy to Harry.

He glanced around and felt a smug smile creep up his lips.

Harry knew he wasn’t the only bloke who’d noticed their castle’s hot Professor. But when he glanced around the classroom, he saw Draco ignoring the Professor entirely in favour of whispering to another Slytherin, and Ron half asleep on his desk.

He'd heard whispers from some of the guys regarding McGonagall, and they'd upset him more than he expected. He knew it was selfish, but after he'd shared some very private and intimate lessons with the hot Professor, Harry didn't want other guys leering at her like that.

So...

...men inside Hogwarts, other than H.J.P., show no attraction to Professor Minerva McGonagall...

He felt a little dirty after writing that rule, but easily justified it to himself. According to her bio, Minerva had no romantic relationships with men, nor was she actively seeking them out. Thus, he was actually *doing her a favour* by putting a stop to leering looks and rude remarks, right?

Inwardly, he was very pleased. He had the sole attention of the hottest Professor in the world, who was teasing him with sultry eyes, glimpses of cleavage, and lovely thighs throughout the whole lesson... No other man could enjoy this privilege.

Harry was thrilled with the results and was looking forward to every class shared with this gorgeous, teasing Professor.

"..Harry!"

He heard a sharp whisper in his ear and turned to see Hermione nudging his shoulder with a pointed look.

"Pay attention."

He gave a sheepish chuckle, *"Haha... sorry, Hermione... I just..."*

Hermione's eyes fell to his lap as he shifted uncomfortably. Her eyebrows raised in minor surprise, then her lips pursed. She glanced across to the bench next to them, then slipped her hand into his lap.

Harry let out a silent groan.

"...you're hard..." Hermione whispered with a bit of a tight tone, *"...but this morning... didn't you have enough?"* She sighed and bit her lip, her face contorting into a cute, worried expression.

He swallowed the spit in his mouth, resisting an automatic compulsion to pull her into his lap and kiss her.

'Damn...' He was surprised by how aroused he was. He received a dutiful, incredible wake-up blow from a hot older Gryffindor, then woke Parvati up with a quickie... and followed it up by joining Hermione and Lavender in the bath for two more rounds.

If his morning wake-up call hadn't come *so early*, they would've missed breakfast without a doubt.

But Harry hadn't considered what the effects of the break really entailed. He spent weeks with nothing but female companions to keep him entertained. After Christmas, he spent every night in a naked tangle with his three sexy roomies.

...and to indulge in that pleasure, he'd written one of the only Accounts of the Ledger that affected himself. With three Witches sharing his bed and even more enticing prospects beyond his dorm room, Harry wanted more stamina to have fun all day long.

But he underestimated the effect that such a change would have on his body. Now that there was no natural damper on his libido that followed an orgasm, he found himself easily aroused.

So, of course, with Minerva flashing him glimpses of her lovely thighs under her skirt, while his head was spinning with thoughts of long, sweaty nights spent between her sheets, Harry was hard as a beater's bat.

Hermione chewed her lip, whispering with frustration, *"...Harry..! W-we... we can't..!"*

His ears perked up, realising that it might be the *only* time he'd heard those words from Hermione. He wore a somewhat stupefied expression as he looked at her.

She blushed hotly, a rare occurrence and looked around. Then she leaned in, ducking down like she didn't want to be seen from the higher rows, *"W-we're in class..! Can't you wait until..?"*

"Hahah... sorry, Hermione." Harry softly chuckled. He felt a little bad about how worked up she was, but since he wasn't embarrassed at all, it was mostly just cute to see. He shrugged, *"Can't really do anything about it."*

"..." Hermione sent him a truly apologetic look, like it broke her heart to leave his erection unattended for more than a single minute. Her hand still rested on his bulge, hopefully hidden by his robe.

He stared at her with a silent stupor. He saw her brows furrowing in an expression like she was considering just crawling under the desk right here in the middle of class. He waited, curious what she'd decide to do.

“...I guess I can’t really blame you...” Hermione muttered, still softly massaging his stiffness. Her eyes lingered downward, as she whispered quietly, *“You must be so excited... I know how you get around the Professor...”*

Harry’s eyebrows rose. He struggled to keep a grin off his face and silently urged Hermione to continue.

Hermione met his gaze with a slightly coy smirk. He felt her nimble fingers give his stiffness a squeeze, *“...I mean, she’s so gorgeous... and I know how much you love large... breasts... the Professor’s are really something, aren’t they..? I’m not surprised they could distract you in class...”*

Harry had to let out a slow exhale as Hermione whispered in her ear. She was being so quiet and careful, like she was afraid of being overheard talking about the Professor’s tits, but that just made it more exciting.

Harry felt acutely aware of Hermione as she unintentionally teased him with every word. Her scent and warmth, and the softness of her shoulder pressing against him as she leaned in to whisper in his ear. Her hand gently lay on his hard, aching lap. To her, complimenting the Professor’s tits was nothing strange, after all, she was their Gryffindor Head of House. Hermione *appreciated* her body, just as she did those of Lavender and Parvati. But to Harry, it only ramped up his arousal.

He felt ready to explode. He met Hermione’s eyes, who still looked apologetic, she couldn’t beat him off or take him into her mouth since they were in class.

Then he looked over to the Professor. She was sitting on the edge of her desk, legs crossed and hands clasped over her knee, whilst an enchanted piece of chalk quickly scrawled out their schedule for the coming weeks, and she explained. Her sexy stockings and flaunted cleavage teased him. As did her smoky eyes and ruby lips.

He snapped his fingers, and a book that no one could see appeared on the desk. As it unfurled in a flutter of pages, he felt a familiar power radiating from this leather-bound tome.

With this... he could have all the fun he wanted, right in the middle of lecture.

Hermione’s gentle hand, cautiously resting on his bulge, was at the forefront of his mind. He pictured the gorgeous, *silky* brown haired Witch kneeling under his desk mid-lecture, pestering him to write her detailed notes while she worshipped his balls.

He twisted a feathered quill between his fingers, nearly writing that scene into existence right then and there.

But...

The hair on the back of his neck stood up, and his ears slightly burned. He couldn't help but feel like the gazes of all the other men in class were turned toward him.

Harry scowled, slightly clicking his tongue, *'...If only they weren't here...'*

Harry knew that with just one written line, he could make all the other guys ignore what he was up to in the front row. Then he could have Hermione blow him off, or climb onto his lap.

...But he felt the same kind of selfishness he had with McGonagall. He didn't want random blokes getting even a glimpse of Hermione, Lavender, Parvati... *or any other girl he had his eye on.*

Harry tried to shake those thoughts from his head. Thanks to men and women taking 'different routes' through the magical, shifting castle, and his own bunk in the female dorm, Harry hardly saw men at all anymore, only during classes or during meals.

That was usually plenty enough for him to be satisfied. He only had one lecture today, which meant only an hour and a half without sex.

So, *usually*, he never even considered the guys in his class... But that was how it was *before* the Holiday, and before Harry had truly indulged in the possibilities of the Ledger.

But today, a particular thought floated across his mind.

'...imagine if the class had only female students...' He smiled, twisting his quill between his fingers. He had a brief fantasy of a classroom with no other men. He was surrounded by pretty witches on all sides, while their sexy Professor sat on the edge of his desk to give her instruction.

...

"Mr. Potter."

He looked up to see Minerva's sultry yellow cat-eyes pointed at him with a raised brow.

'Whoops...' He realised he had completely lost himself in his own little world.

Minerva was standing right in front of his desk, leaning forward a bit and peering down at him. It was apparent he hadn't been paying attention.

But just then, Harry made his decision.

'You know... Hermione's so happy to be back in class, I shouldn't ruin that for her, should I?' He thought with a hidden smile, *'...And now that I think about it, I'd probably take shoddy notes if she's distracting me with her mouth.'*

'Instead...' He thought of someone *much* better suited to the role of crawling beneath his desk.

He put his quill to parchment and quickly jotted down a single line.

...Lavender Brown offers an excuse to relieve Harry's erection to Professor McGonagall...

"Professor!" Lavender suddenly spoke up in a cheerful voice, "I think Harry's feeling a little out of sorts..."

His ears perked up as the busty blonde called out to the Professor. As familiar with her as he was, he immediately heard the underlying coy tone of her voice and knew she was up to no good.

Lavender smiled innocently at the Professor, "You know, he had quite a... *hard morning.*"

Harry barely resisted a snort at her thinly veiled meaning and turned around to look at Lavender.

She grinned and winked at him, licking her lips suggestively. Since she had her back to most of the class, no one noticed, except maybe the Professor.

"Oh..? Is that so..?"

Minerva's heels softly clicked on the castle floor as she came over... and sat right on the edge of his desk.

'...Dear Merlin...!' Harry breathed, as Minerva's scent filled the air, and she leaned toward him, providing her tightly squeezed cleavage for his eyes to devour.

He felt her hand brush the messy hair from his forehead as her voice purred, "Mmm... you do seem rather *flush*, Mr. Potter."

He gulped as her yellow eyes glanced down. She clicked her tongue as she noted the swollen problem in his trousers. Then she looked up, meeting his eyes with a look between exasperated and *sexy*.

"And quite... *uncomfortable.*"

“Professor..!” Lavender continued with a mischievousness to her tone, “May I take him to the Nurse..?”

Harry’s eyes went wide, ‘...*Nurse..?*’ He was shocked by Lavender’s suggestion. He didn’t really know what to expect or what kind of ‘excuse’ she’d use to ‘relieve his erection’ but that was part of the fun. He should’ve expected she’d ask to step out of class.

But part of him also felt that this was Lavender’s idea just as much as it was Harry’s. He had a feeling she *gladly* took the excuse to ditch class. While his subtle meddling had ‘made her enjoy studying with her friends’ it didn’t help too much for her boredom in class.

Lavender was probably the only Gryffindor bold enough to pull one over on McGonagall... and probably the only one who could get away with it too! Due to her dramatic turnabout grade-wise.

“Very well.” Minerva allowed it, giving another look to Harry, “...It’s obvious Mr. Potter is in no state to pay attention to my lessons. I’ll just have to leave him in your *capable hands*, Miss Brown.”

“Oh, don’t worry...” Lavender’s voice purred with hunger, as she licked her lips with a light giggle, “I’ll take *very good* care of him, Professor!”

...

With McGonagall’s permission, Lavender happily took him in her soft hand and sauntered out of the classroom.

Malfoy smirked at him as he passed, probably laughing at him for being so pathetic that he needed a trip to the Nurse... But while that look might’ve pissed off Harry in the past, now it only made a smug look grow on Harry’s face.

Malfoy had *no idea* what Harry was *really* being dragged off for... and that felt like the ultimate victory.

...

As soon as they closed the chamber door to the Transfiguration classroom, Lavender broke into a fit of giggles.

“Heheh~”

“Woah..! Lav..!” Harry softly gasped as she pounced on him, meeting his lips in a hungry kiss. He wasn’t a fool and went along with it right away. His back bumped against the cold wall as Lavender pressed her full, soft figure against him.

“Mmnngg~!”

He was surprised by how she moaned, hungrily sliding her sweet tongue against his in fast, wet kisses. He felt her plush, pillowy chest squished against him as one of her thick thighs came up to his waist. With soft moaning, she began to grind against him.

Harry was shocked by how forward she was being.

“Mwuah~!” Her wet lips and tongue hungrily met his as she panted hotly, “C’mon, Harry..! Mmmgh..! I’m almost there..!”

His hands slipped into her robes, sliding around to grab her ass and pull her deeper into the passionate embrace. Together they groaned as her loins met his hardened prick, and their deep kiss continued.

Then, to Harry’s utter astonishment, Lavender let out a muted squeal, shuddering and leaning against him. She kept her lips pressed against his as she rode through waves of pleasure, moaning with relief.

‘Damn..!’ Harry’s own arousal was at its peak, but it would take more than kissing and grinding to get him the same relief. But the fact that Lavender had just actually used his tongue to make herself cum, right outside their classroom door, was thrilling.

“Oh shit...” She softly gasped as her wet lips pulled away, with a face flush with arousal and delight. She grinned at him with a sunny, dopey smile, “Oh Merlin... That was so hot...” She softly gasped, in no hurry to pull her soft, huggable curves away from him. In fact, she was still slowly grinding against him.

She smiled sensually, eyes glassy as she stared into his, “...I feel so naughty... sneaking out of class for a little quickie... isn’t it exciting..?”

Harry stared at her in a stupor. His eyes were wide with sudden realisation. Lavender, just like him, had spent the break enjoying pleasure.

Had she really gotten just as horny as he was from sitting in class?

What shocked him was that this was unprompted, at least on his part. He recalled no ‘Accounts’ of Lavender getting aroused in class. (Although, if it resulted in a steamy, frustrated breaking point at the end of class, then he might keep the idea on hand)

That meant that *this* was just... Lavender.

That thought prompted him to recall several situations in the dorm. He remembered when he first woke up, confused, in the girls' dorm. *Lavender* was casually pulling on a bra, paying him no mind, while Hermione was scolding her for 'improper' behaviour.

And that was just where it started! Lavender was always teasing and seemed so open and adventurous about sex. When Hermione was beating him off, it was simply following McGonagall's instruction to relieve his stiffy... But Lavender was the one who actively stirred it up in the first place and *was always* the first to volunteer to take care of it.

Harry stared at her tempting smile, and the two pretty blue eyes that seemed to beg for more. He wondered, with a stiff prick, '*...damn... she might even have a bigger sex drive than I do..!*'

"You're so hot, Lav..." He muttered in his lust, grinning at her, "You're constantly thinking about sex, aren't you..?"

Perhaps his first statement made her take it as a compliment... or maybe Lavender simply didn't mind in the first place.

Her playful smile stretched even wider, showcasing her brilliant teeth. "Heheh~" she giggled, leaning further into him to envelop him in her sweet scent and warmth. Then she fluttered those baby blue eyes, "I'm a dirty girl~"

"...that's what I love about you..." He groaned, both from her hips pressing against him and her words whispered in his ear.

"I know~" She said victoriously, and moaned, "...I can feel how much you mean that..." Her slender fingers slipped between them to grab and squeeze the shaft jutting up from his trousers.

Lavender grinned, "...Heheh, you helped me... so don't worry. I won't leave you like this. Mmm, after all... McGonagall left you in my... *capable hands*..." She softly squeezed him, making him groan again.

Harry was one second away from pulling her into the nearest empty room or private alcove-

"...M-my word..!"

-when a *scandalised* voice blustered up.

Lavender and Harry both froze, their eyes going wide. Lavender's mouth fell open, her face immediately flushing not with arousal, but embarrassment, as she quickly shuffled away from him and looked down to hurriedly make herself decent.

Together they turned their heads... to see the portrait of a 17th-century elderly Witch fanning her face with a wide-eyed look. Around her frame, there were similarly speechless portraits of Witches and Wizards muttering about improper behaviour in Hogwarts' hallowed halls.

Lavender's shoulders dropped as she let out a silly giggle of relief. Realising it was just a portrait that caught them, she no longer seemed to care.

She looked at him, "Well, I guess we'd better get you to the Nurse's office..." Lavender smiled, then pulled him close to squeeze his arm into her plush chest. She leaned over to whisper in his ear, "...heheh, I hear there are curtained-off beds in there... and I'm still feeling naughty..."

Harry didn't need any convincing to hurry off with an eager, excited Witch.

'...Hogwarts' Nurse..? Madame Pomfrey..?'

He'd met Madame Pomfrey before, and while she was nice enough... There were specific reasons why he was not in any hurry to bump into her right now.

But that did get him thinking, *'...she's the Matron, right..? The HEAD Nurse..? Wouldn't that mean there are other nurses too?'*

"Ssshhh..."

Harry felt a new kind of thrill as he followed Lavender's swishing skirt into the medical wing of the castle. He had no real fear of consequences, not with the Ledger always at his side. But it was fun in its own way, walking through the barren castle halls when they should've been in class.

Soon, Lavender dragged him all the way to the Hospital Wing and quietly cracked the door.

Looking around, they saw that very few of the beds along the walls had been taken. The 'Matron' was missing as well.

"...perfect~!"

Lavender quickly pulled him into bed and threw the curtains closed. Then she smiled at him and climbed into his lap. Harry softly groaned, enjoying every second of it as she began to kiss him with passionate moans and grind up against his trousers.

In just a few seconds, they were all over each other like horny teenagers. Lavender whimpered every time he kissed or nibbled her lip or massaged her sensitive tongue. Her hands feverishly pulled off his outer robes and fumbled with his tie.

Harry groaned, pulling himself up on the bed as he saw her shimmy her tight, chest-squeezing blazer up and over her head. She tossed it to the side, fluffing her blonde curls, while he stared at her incredible tits in her tight undershirt. She grinned playfully as his eyes were drawn in. She popped a few buttons, letting her girls breathe a bit and treating him to her juicy, tight cleavage.

Harry was one second away from pulling her into his lap- but she stopped him with a hand on his chest.

"...relax..." She whispered with a smile that made him lean back and let her do as she pleased. Her hand reached down to give his stiff prick a squeeze before she opened his fly and began to pull off his trousers.

He felt a soft hand curl around his rigid length as Lavender slipped down between his legs.

"Mmm, you really were pent up~" Lavender giggled, pushing her cheek against his shaft as she looked up at him. She gave his shaft a teasing smooch, "Let me take care of it~"

Then, without even prompting her, Lavender gleefully took him into her mouth.

He groaned, reaching out to stroke her hair as she teased him with her tongue before taking him between soft lips.

"...so sexy..!" Harry softly muttered. Her blue eyes looked up at him so teasingly, like she was enjoying this even more than she was.

Her eyes fluttered under his praise and the pleasure of having him inside her sensitive mouth as she sank down deeper. He groaned as she went straight to work, softly moaning as she sucked him deeper and began bobbing her head.

Harry was treated to her energetic service, feeling her slobber all over his shaft as he lay back on a bed in Hogwarts' Medical Wing. He swelled in her mouth, to her delight, aroused by Lavender's forwardness and the naughty feeling of skipping class for sex.

"Glllck~! Mwwuuuaah~!" Lavender softly gagged, but her eyes fluttered with pleasure as he pushed deep into the back of her mouth. She drew back with a wet sucking noise and popped off his nob. Her tongue hung out as she gasped, then grinned lewdly at him, pumping his now slick shaft with her hand.

"Fuuuck..." She shivered with a moan, looking at him hotly, "I-I nearly came just blowing you... I'm so worked up..."

Harry's eyes were glued to her as she let him go for just one hurried moment. She rose up on her knees, giggling with horny excitement as she quickly unbuttoned and cast off her skirt.

Harry's prick twitched as he saw a soaked patch in her skimpy, red lace knickers.

Lavender sucked noisily on her fingers, and shoved them down into her knickers to quickly begin rubbing herself, "...Mmm~ That's better..!" She smiled with relief, then turned her focus back on him, "Now let me get back to it..."

"...Lavender..!" He softly gasped as she hungrily swallowed him back into her mouth, bobbing her head with steady motions. Her focus was wholly on sex. The two sources of pleasure: his prick in her mouth, and the fingers stirring up her juicy sex.

Harry delighted in how passionate she was. Lavender was a girl who liked it fast and hard. She began blowing him with the same wild energy she used whilst fingering herself silly each night. She sucked and lapped at his cock, pumping the root with her hand as she teased the head, as if it were her ticket to another tremendous orgasm. Her legs opened wide as she raised her plump rear on the bed, with her hand busy fingering her slick cunt.

"Glllllck~! Gllllck~! Gllllck~! Slrrrrrrp~!" Lavender's eyes clouded over with lust, pushing him deep into her mouth. Her lovely pink lips kissed the root of his cock and held it there. A moment later, he felt a vibration rumble from her throat as she trembled on the bed, and he watched her eyes flutter closed in bliss.

He held her hair, gently but urgently pushing his hips further into her hot mouth, while he swore under his breath, "...shit..! Did you just *cum*..?" He asked, shocked and aroused.

“Pwuah~! S-sorry, Harry..!” She lightly coughed, but her voice sounded wholly unapologetic as she pulled her slick fingers from her cunny to pump his shaft, “I-I got a little too excited...”

Then she sent him another naughty smile, “Let me make it up to you...” She purred and reached one hand over to pop another button from her tightly stretched undershirt. More of her two, doughy hills came into view, causing his cock to jump in excitement.

A few seconds later, Lavender was giggling on the bed in nothing but a pair of striped Gryffindor thigh-highs and soaked knickers. Her white undershirt was joined by her hefty red bra on the floor, while her two heavenly soft boobies were gleefully wrapped snugly around his arching prick.

Lavender looked up at him with steamy eyes, “Mm~ There..! How's this, Harry..?” She softly gasped, squeezing her titties around his cock as she began to bounce them on his lap.

“Lav...” He softly whispered, making the pretty, adventurous blonde look up at him. Her eyes seemed prepared to fulfil his every desire.

...But Harry hadn't forgotten where they were.

So he asked, “...What do you know about the school Nurse..? Is she the only one who works here?”

“...Mm..? Madame Pomfrey..?” She muttered, entirely focused on massaging his cock with her tits, “...I don't know...” Then her lips curled up, “...are you thinking something naughty..? Sorry to disappoint you, Harry... But I think she's old...”

Harry silently snapped his fingers. Unseen and unnoticed by Lavender, a large book dropped onto the bed beside them. With just a glance, it flipped open in a flutter of thousands of pages, before it landed on the one required.

Harry softly groaned, petting Lavender's pretty blonde curls to urge her on as he glimpsed the 'Accounts' of one 'Poppy Pomfrey'.

If not for his cock being squeezed between heaven, he might've scowled. By all accounts, Poppy Pomfrey was a generally liked Medi-Witch by the students and faculty. However, her strict and stubborn nature seemed to displease some.

‘...Should I really be thinking of..? But it worked out last time...’ Harry stewed in silent thoughts while Lavender continued to squeeze his cock with her plush tits.

She made it all the worse with a bit of teasing, "...were you hoping for something, Harry..? Is that why you were so happy to come along with me~? Hoping an attractive Nurse could help me soothe your pains..?"

"..." Harry silently groaned, her soft tittytuck and the teasing finally got to him.

She let out a happy squeal as his cockhead flared and twitched between her titty-trap, and she caught a few thick strands of cum on her smiling face. She leaned down, dropping her tits to jerk him to completion while she sucked the twitching tip between her lips.

Harry filled her mouth with a big load while his head was full of fantasies with Lavender dolled up in a slutty mockery of a Nurse's uniform.

Lavender giggled, smacking her lips as she swallowed his cum, enjoying the taste as always, "Wow~! You really covered me this time, Harry..." She grinned at him with one eye squeezed shut.

He softly gasped, catching his breath, while the two of them were still immersed in the excitement.

...cast to the side, but not forgotten by Harry, was the large leather-bound Ledger.

The Hogwarts Ledger lay open. Poppy Pomfrey's Accounts were still revealed, and with them, the ever-present feeling of temptation.

While Lavender joyfully kicked her feet up behind her on the bed and lapped his cock clean, Harry felt a quill appear in his hand, summoned from nothing but his desire to write new Accounts in Hogwarts Castle.

After a fresh climax, one might suppose Harry's head had been cleared and he was less inclined to make a rash decision. But as an unexpected consequence of using the Ledger to increase his own sexual stamina... Harry had diminished his body's natural repression of his libido following ejaculation.

In other words, he was still plenty horny... and knew exactly what he wanted to do about it.

...

The sound of heels on flagstone alerted the two naughty students, but they barely had time to gasp in shock before it was too late.

The curtain that circled the bed was suddenly thrown back.

Lavender squealed in embarrassment. She hurriedly covered her privates while the two of them looked over to find none other than the Madam herself standing there.

...Harry knew he could've easily used the Ledger to ensure their naughty fun was uninterrupted... But he didn't... In fact, he did quite the opposite... Their sudden interruption was just the last line of drying ink on the page... at the bottom of a list of *other* Accounts.

"Well, well..." A female voice called out to them... But it was not the strict tone of an older, cranky school Nurse. Instead, it was youthful, and borderline sensual, "A naughty pair of *misbehaving* students..."

Harry's mouth went dry as he saw who had caught them.

She was the Nurse, no doubt, but not at all how Harry remembered her. What he saw was a bloody gorgeous Nurse who couldn't be far over thirty. Sleek blonde hair in a professional braided bun, full cherry-red painted lips curled into a smirk, and a pair of brilliant blue eyes. Her wide hip was cocked, while she raised a perfect, slender brow at them, maintaining a playful smile.

'...*Merlin...*' Harry stared speechlessly.

Her hand rested on her cocked hip, calling attention to her distinct hourglass figure. What should've been a modest white smock was transformed into the stuff of wet dreams with just a few loose buttons. Nearly bursting from tight confines were two full, round breasts in a paralysing display of cleavage. Her neckline was so low that Harry saw a glimpse of lace peeking out, hinting at the sexy lingerie she wore beneath.

Her lower body was no less mesmerising, as a tightly-fitted white pencil skirt squeezed around plump thighs. There was a short mockery of a nurse's apron tied around her waist, but it did nothing to obstruct the view. Beneath, he saw some innocent, pure-white stockings, clipped with some sexy garters that disappeared beneath her skirt.

All in all, she was HOT. A young man's fantasy of a 'sexy Nurse', now fully realised here at Hogwarts.

Harry felt his heart hammer with excitement, '*...she's even better than I could've imagined..!*'

"M-Madame Pomfrey..!" Lavender gasped, and fumbled with an excuse, "W-we were just..!"

The busty, *youthful* Nurse gave a melodic laugh and rolled her eyes, “Oh, I know *very well* what you were up to, darling...” She remarked with a tone notably lacking any reproach as she eyed up Lavender’s state of undress. Her ruby lips quirked up with amusement as she said teasingly, “It’s all over your face~”

Lavender was slightly flushed, but only because she couldn’t very well keep her tits covered *and* search for something to clean herself up with.

Meanwhile, the Nurse had let her gaze focus on Harry’s erect, uncovered member.

Lavender was only flustered because of the situation. She didn’t even blink at the beautiful, rejuvenated school Nurse. Nor did she even question who it was she was talking to. Lavender recognised her at once, as if it were the same woman she’d known.

Harry was beyond thrilled.

“Madam Pomfrey,” Lavender said after collecting herself. Now that it was clear she wasn’t immediately in trouble, she cleared her throat, one arm covering her naked chest, and spoke courteously, “Professor McGonagall asked me to bring Harry to the Nurse’s office so that I might relieve his erection without disrupting the class!”

Lavender told the Nurse unabashedly. She even sounded proud about it, as if she were acting the model student by ditching class to wank him.

“Don’t worry, dear,” Madam Pomfrey flashed pearly white teeth in a smile to Lavender, “Professor McGonagall advised me that something like this might occur. She informed me about a *strapping* young man in one of her classes. One whom she was concerned with, due to his rather... *vigorous* libido.”

The hot blonde Nurse pinned him with a deep, teasing look, winking at him, “It’s very good that you brought him to me... Why don’t you let the *professional* have a look?”

“Oh, of course!” Lavender brightened up in a broad smile, almost forgetting her naked bust. He couldn’t tell if she was excited that they had avoided trouble, or that his erection was about to receive ‘professional care’.

Harry gulped as the sound of heels clicked on the flagstone floor and Poppy came around to the side of his bed. She met his gaze with enchanting blue eyes as she rested her fine rear on the edge of his bedside and leaned over. He hissed as he felt her grasp his rigid length.

“Poor boy.” She pouted her ruby lips and leaned over, flaunting her massive cut of cleavage to his hungry gaze, “Still so worked up... even after a splendid titwank from

your busty classmate here..?” She said with a teasing tone, glancing over to Lavender’s tits to give the girl another coy smile.

“Don’t worry. You’re in my care now... Just relax~” She spoke with a soothing, gentle tone that could make all his worries disappear... Which, when combined with her hand lightly squeezing his prick, sounded sultry in the best way.

“Madame Pomfrey...” Harry softly gasped with excitement as her thumb brushed his leaking tip, and she began to give his erect member a few strokes with soft hands.

“Oh, hush now...” She leaned in deeper, bringing her incredible tits closer to his face. She reached out, brushing fingers through his hair as she pouted full, red lips sensually, “...I’m not some old lady... Call me Poppy, dear.”

“...Yes, Poppy...” He grinned at her, twitching in her hand. He was already lost, imagining those shiny red lips wrapped around his prick.

“Oh yes...” She softly gasped, looking down at his length, “This is quite the *big* problem you have indeed, Mr Potter...”

She gave him a sensual smile, and slipped her tongue across her full, ruby lips, “I’ll need to take care of it straight away... Just relax.”

For the second time, Harry lay back and relaxed in his bed, as a busty, gorgeous blonde brought her lips to his prick. This time, the young and provocative Matron of the Hospital Wing, a rejuvenated Poppy Pomfrey, was looking up at him with tender, teasing eyes. She placed a gentle smooch on his tip.

Then with one last lingering smile, she drew a longer lick up his shaft, and swallowed the swollen head into her lips. Harry groaned in bliss as she began to ‘soothe’ his erection with a *professional* blowjob. Her mouth sank down deeper with bobbing motions, each motion leaving its own red ring as she dutifully smeared her freshly applied lipstick down his throbbing shaft.

“...oh wow...” Lavender softly gasped beside him. She was still down to her knickers, but had stopped bothering to cover her tits. She just watched wide-eyed, with a look of awe or respect as Poppy took him deep and fast in her first go.

Harry was also surprised, as this insanely hot sex parody of a Nurse gave him just as good of a blow as Lavender had before.

She slurped her wet lips up the tip and popped off, letting her tongue drool as it hung from her mouth, and she met his gaze, "Mmm~ Magnificent taste... Please excuse me, Mr. Potter." She grinned at him, "You might feel a little tingle..."

Harry groaned, clutching the bed as Poppy lowered even further. He felt a soft pair of lips kiss his balls, while her hand kept diligently pumping his shaft. She softly sucked on his sack, letting out a womanly purr, before marking each one of them with a red kiss mark.

"Mm~" She rose back up, licking her lips, "...a healthy pair of balls as well." She noted, "...full of young, healthy semen, so eager to be released."

She smiled at him, pumping his spit-shined shaft with slick motions, "...You seem to be in perfect health... other than the rather apparent case of sexual arousal... Mmm, let's see what we can do about that, shall we, Mr. Potter..?"

She rose up and threw one long, shapely leg over his waist. Then he watched with lustful eyes as she pulled up her skirt and apron, revealing a pristine pair of sexy, white-lace knickers. She smiled at him and pulled them to the side. "I believe a quick session of vaginal intercourse will have you feeling better in a jiff."

Harry grinned, sounding very eager, "...If that's what you think is best, Poppy."

"Oh shoot." Lavender suddenly said, "I knew I should've just jumped on your cock the moment we got to the bed." Then she flashed him a pouty look, rubbing his chest, "Oh, I'm sorry, Harry. You were so enamoured with my boobs that I thought a titwank would help you more! I wasn't trying to deny you my cunt, promise!"

She seemed genuinely upset, as if she'd caused him some undue pain or frustration by not offering her pussy straight away.

He chuckled, but Poppy beat him to the punch.

"Oh, don't worry. You did a fine job, Miss Brown... If the evidence is anything to judge by, I'd say he was quite pleased by your tits." She said, eyeing the semen still sticking to Lavender's chest. The blonde student gave a flattered expression as she scooped a dollop on her finger and licked it clean.

"But sometimes... A nice, snug cunt is required💕" Poppy claimed, as she reached down to guide his head into her hot, moist pussy. With a seductive smile, she sank down, and in unison, they groaned as his erection slid into her inner depths.

Harry groaned with relief, grabbing her hips as she settled down on his member. She rolled her hips, giving a soft womanly moan as she leaned down to put her hands on his chest.

“There..! That’s it..! How does that feel, Mr Potter..?” She softly gasped, maintaining a low, sensual tone.

“...amazing...” He said full of arousal, “...your cunt is so tight!”

She smiled appreciatively, accepting the ‘compliment’ as any other woman in Hogwarts would, “Thank you, dear... Now just relax and enjoy it. Please just focus on ejaculating and let yourself go whenever you think you can.”

Then Poppy began to work her hips in a building tempo. Her hands smoothly slid across his chest, feeling his muscles, while she bounced her wide hips on his lap. Her snug cunt swallowed up his length, squeezing him diligently as it tried its best to work him up to a nice, healthy climax.

Poppy kept her eyes on him, shooting a flirty smile, “...Mmm, what a fine, strapping young man you’ve turned into Mr Potter.” She commented with a floaty moan mixed into her voice. Her hands were practically groping his chest now, as she looked at him with saucy eyes, “I remember when you first came in..! Mn... Little more than a twig you were... But I’m glad my potions worked their magic💕 Quidditch has done you well too~!”

Harry was shocked, feeling his ego get an unexpected boost as Poppy suddenly decided to mix in some flirty dialogue.

“I’m such a lucky Witch,” She winked at him, still bouncing on his throbbing rod, “...to get the privilege of ‘nursing’ such a fine young man..! Mmm~! I must say I never expected this kind of thing when I became a Medi-Witch, but..! Oooh, I can’t say I mind such benefits💕~!”

“...fuck..!” Was all Harry could say, as the sexy Nurse flattered him, whilst her inner walls did their best to wring the cum from his painfully stiff cock.

Lavender was watching all of this with wide eyes, staring at the Nurse’s hips as they bounced and gyrated on Harry’s cock. She looked utterly impressed, “Oh wow...” Her eyes sparkled with admiration for Poppy as she watched. She studied the Nurse’s hip movements like a diligent student taking mental notes on how to better relieve Harry’s future erections.

The Nurse caught her watching and smiled, "...Don't be shy... Here..." Poppy pulled out the short, white wand she had slipped into her thigh-high stockings and waved it.

Lavender slightly gasped as she felt a tingling caress across her skin, and all the sticky mess covering her face and tits disappeared.

Then Poppy gave her a wink as she rocked her hips, "Miss Brown... would you like to assist me in treating this patient? I think you have the proper equipment for the job~!"

Lavender's face brightened up as she eagerly rose, naked tits bobbing on her chest, "Oh yes~! It would be my pleasure!"

Then Harry gasped in astonished delight as Lavender shoved herself on top of him, "Mmmph~!" He let out a soft moan as she smothered his face in her creamy, warm softness.

She giggled and squeezed her freshly cleaned tits against his face, "You really do love boobs, huh, Harry~? Your eyes were glued to Poppy's the entire time..! Well, I don't mind it... Heheh, you can see my boobs anytime you want, I promise!"

He softly groaned in response, grabbing her thin waist while he rubbed his face into her boobs.

"Oh, that's it..! He likes that~! I can feel him twitching inside me..!" Poppy softly moaned, smiling with satisfaction as she slowly gyrated her hips on his prick, "I think we'll have this erection sorted in no time, Miss Brown. Keep it up..."

"Yes, ma'am..!" Lavender happily replied and joyfully rubbed her tits in his face.

Harry took her breasts into his hands, squeezing and playing with them, before raising his head to taste her lips in another hot kiss. They hungrily devoured each other's lips, moaning in unison as their excitement grew. Then he broke away and muttered something in her ear.

"Heheh~ whatever you want, Harry~" Lavender quickly agreed.

Poppy watched with a raised brow, "Not exactly what I would expect would help things along... But whatever gets the job done!"

Lavender slung a leg over him and leaned back, parking her bare ass over his face so he could grab her thick, doughy ass cheeks and pull her down to eat her cunt. Thanks to some prior rules, her pussy and fluids tasted *divine* on his tongue, and he had no hesitation eating her just as energetically as she had blown him before.

Lavender grinned at the curious look on the Nurse's face, moaning to herself, "Mhm..! H-harry's always happy to help get us girls off when we need to masturbate at night... A-and since he only has one prick, well~" She softly giggled, reaching up to squeeze her own naked tits as she grinded her moist cunny on his eager tongue, "Oooh~! Right there..!"

Poppy shared a sultry look with the blonde student, biting her lip as she continued masterfully rolling her hips on his prick, "...how delightful. Mmm, I'd reckon there aren't many wizards who'd be so selfless as to help you girls with nightly orgasms. They'd probably be much too embarrassed to do 'Girly' things like masturbating together at night, or to join you ladies in the shower to soap up some tits!"

Poppy giggled, sharing a smile with Lavender as they rocked their hips in unison. Together they shared a laugh, as if those were the sort of things that guys would *loathe* to do.

"Oh yes..!" Lavender softly squealed, half in response and half from the feeling of Harry's well-practised tongue teasing her clit, "H-he's been just wonderful..! That's why I'm so happy to..! Mmngh... *give him a hand* whenever he needs it!"

"How sweet." Poppy said with a beautiful, pearly white smile, reaching over to brush Lavender's hair with her fingers, "It warms my heart to hear you are looking out for each other. You girls got lucky~ Mm, I would've loved to have my time at Hogwarts spent with a nice, stiff cock like this one~!"

"Now..." Poppy breathed out in a rasp, looking into Lavender's eyes with a sultry smile, "Let's see if we can't give Mr Potter some much-needed relief..!"

"Yes, ma'am..!" Lavender softly cried, trembling on top of him.

The Hospital Wing descended into pants and moans as Poppy worked her hips vigorously. He groaned at the tight vice of her silken walls, and the soft repetition of her ass coming down on his thighs with gentle smacks.

It didn't take much more for Harry to reach his peak and let loose such a fat load of cum straight into the hot Nurse's raw pussy.

"Oh..! There it is..!" She let out a carnal, womanly moan, rolling her hips as she felt him splurt inside her, filling her with warmth, "That's it dear..! Let it all out..!" She passionately urged him, while it felt like her walls tightly squeezed, wringing his cock of every last drop of cum.

“Oooh..!” Lavender’s lips curled into a blissful smile as she quivered on top of him, showering his face with juices as she reached her own climax.

The stone hall of the Hospital Wing was filled with the sounds of three passionate lovers enjoying the peak of their union.

“Mm~”

A few breathless moments later, Lavender climbed off him, still tingling down to her toes. Harry, face wet with Lavender’s delicious juices and hair dishevelled, looked to see a fantastic sight.

The hot, busty Nurse gasped as she raised her bare cunt off his cock, and squatted over his legs. She was huffing, with a pleasant red flush down to her cleavage, as she tenderly spread her lower lips with her fingers, and a white trickle of fresh cum leaked out of her sex.

She purred with womanly satisfaction, “Mmm... well done, Mr Potter... that was a splendid ejaculation.”

The unexpected praise from such a hot Nurse was surprisingly arousing to hear. Combined with the lewd sight of her creampie'd cunny, his prick had no chance of softening.

The Nurse, however, was not deterred. In fact, Poppy’s sultry red lips curled into a smirk as she stared at his hard cock, “Oh my... This *is* quite a problem, isn’t it? I’m afraid I might need you to assist me for a while longer, Miss Brown.”

Lavender wasn’t finished either, and already had fingers petting her sensitive sex. Her eyes brightened with excitement, “Oh yes..! Gladly!”

...

On the bedside table, the Ledger lay open, but unnoticed by the three moving bodies on the bed.

Its page was lightly glowing, as all the modifications to the ‘Accounts’ of Madam Poppy Pomfrey settled in with drying ink. All of Harry’s fantasies come to life in the form of a sexy, attractive Nurse.

Madam Poppy Pomfrey

Age: 34

Appearance: Poppy Pomfrey is the epitome of the sexy Nurse stereotype.

Description: She is kind, friendly, and caring, making her well-loved among students. When treating Harry Potter or female students, she is known to be a flirt and a tease. While her dress may be provocative, it is accepted by the Hogwarts faculty and student body.

He hadn't been very creative with her altered 'Accounts'... But that was part of his experiment. Unlike McGonagall, who he'd simply changed her age at first... Harry wanted to see what the Ledger would do if he'd merely written 'sexy Nurse stereotype'. Needless to say, the results hadn't disappointed him in the least.

The new, gorgeous 'Nurse Poppy' was brimming with youth and sexual energy. Her every look was cock-teasing, while every step provoked him with swaying hips and bouncing tits.

"...Mr. Potter... How nice of you to return to us."

Harry felt quite guilty as he and Lavender came back to the class... One full hour and a half lecture later...

Hermione was sitting at the front, pursing her lips in a pout. He didn't know if she was upset with him for skipping class... Or out of some twisted concern over his health since it had taken so long. Parvati sent him a gentle, supportive smile.

McGonagall was eyeing him down her spectacles. But he couldn't see that look as anything but sexy with those golden cat eyes and smoky eyeshadow.

"Sorry, Professor!" Lavender was struggling to keep a broad smile off her lips, positively glowing with the air of a good, long shag, "I-It was a bit more difficult than I expected! Thankfully, Poppy- Err, I mean Madam Pomfrey was there to help satisfy his erection! Otherwise, I'd still probably be on my back beneath him, haha~!"

Minerva merely raised a brow, "Thank you, Miss Brown. Take five points for care and consideration for your classmate."

Lavender beamed happily, as House Points were the cherry on top of a round of good sex.

Minerva then pushed off the desk, strutting over with swaying hips and clicking heels. She reached down and took a quick squeeze of the front of his trousers, piercing him with a stern look, "I understand your excitement to return to my class, Harry... But if you can't make it through a single lesson, then we will certainly have a difficult semester ahead of us..."

"Hahah..." Harry gave a loose chuckle, "Sorry, Professor. I think I'll manage better next time."

"I certainly hope so." She mused, "Otherwise we may have to resort to... drastic measures."

The look she gave him sent a shiver down his spine. He felt both excited and dreadfully nervous to find out what those 'dramatic measures' might turn out to be. He decided it was safer to think up a solution on his own.

So, Harry's first day back to class came to an end after a surprise visit to the Nurse's office.

But his dalliances with the Ledger in the Nurse's Office only felt like the beginning. He would *certainly* see some 'routine' checkups from Poppy... as well as come up with some creative new ideas for fun *in class*.

He felt a little disappointed he'd missed out on Transfiguration, but there was always next week.

End of Chapter - Thanks for Reading!

A/N: It's been about ~3-4 months since the last one of these! Didn't mean to leave it hanging so long and I'm going to try to work out more regular updates.

Next one will be Quidditch (most likely)

My question this time is this; How do you guys prefer 'Free Use'? Particularly I'm wondering about the presence, or lack thereof, of *other* men. This fic won't ever *directly* involve other men, like in a m/m/f threesome or w/e. It's designed to be 'free use for one'. But, I know it's popular, and I've enjoyed it myself, when these

'normality/normalise' style fics do public sex with other men in the scene, but giving no reaction or acting normal.

So to give an example, if I went for a scene with say, sex in class with McGonagall, would you guys prefer other guys completely removed, or simply ignorant/ignoring the sex and acting like its a normal class?

My original intention with this story is to *eventually* poof other men out of the castle, but once that decision is made it's permanent so we're taking it slow getting there!

For final clarification, this is a sole-male harem story. So Harry's the only one getting any action. However, the 'free use for everyone' or porn parody type story can be enjoyable on occasion for me too. So I guess let me know if you are interested in that as well. But if I were to write something like that, it would be its own story with that as the focus.