



Chapter 16

Staring at his watch, Harry waited until the time ticked over to ten-fifteen and twenty-seven seconds before walking around the corner. He just saw Snape disappear into the storage closet as he walked silently down the torch lit hallway of the dungeons. As he came upon the door, Snape muttered a curse when his wand slipped from his fingers and clattered to the floor.

While the potions professor was busy muttering to himself, Harry smirked and gave his wand a slight wave. It wasn't much. Just enough to make his wand roll just outside the closet while the door clicked shut... locking automatically. Smirking, Harry silenced the door and stooped to pick up the pitch black wand and stow it in his pocket without breaking stride.

Before Snape had even realized there was a problem, the hallway was deserted, and his enraged screams could only be heard inside the tiny room in which he was trapped. Ascending the stairs while humming a tune, Harry lifted the visor on one of the many suits of armor spread around the castle and dumped the wand inside. Frowning, he wiped his hand on his robes.

"Even his ruddy wand feels greasy," Harry muttered to himself.

Barley paying attention to where he was going, Harry dodged smoothly around a pair of sixth year Slytherins who glared at him and then continued down the hall. While smoothing out his tie, he heard the familiar, dulcet tones of Draco Malfoy up ahead.

"You really might want to reconsider going to the ball with me, Greengrass," he said smugly.

"And why would I want to do that?" Astoria, Daphne's sister, a year younger than her, asked.

"Because I put out the word to make sure no one else asks you," Malfoy replied, the smirk easily heard in his tone.

"You-" Astoria began only to cut herself off.

He knew from past experience that she was seething at the arrogant ponce, her fists balled at her sides as she glared venomously at him.

“You should be honored to go with a rich, powerful pureblood such as myself,” Malfoy drawled. “Besides, it’s not like anyone else is going to ask you now.”

Crabbe and Goyle chuckled stupidly as Harry glanced at his watch.

Ten sixteen and Forty-nine seconds... fifty... and fifty-one.

Harry minced around the corner and hit Malfoy with a Sticking Charm just as he leaned his back against the wall, his arms crossed over his chest smugly. It only took him a moment to realize something was wrong, but by then, it was too late. With his back stuck to the wall and his arms stuck to his chest, there was nothing he could do but struggle in place.

“Really, Malfoy. Is blackmail the only way you can get a date?” Harry asked.

“Potter,” Malfoy growled.

Grunting, he tried to free himself from the wall but only succeeded in tiring himself. Harry ignored him and turned to Astoria, who had gone from furious to amused.

“Well, if no one else is brave enough to cross this git to ask a pretty girl like you to the ball, then I guess it’s up to me,” Harry smiled.

Astoria gazed at him with her light blue eyes, blushing prettily even as she smiled. Much like her older sister, she had straight, golden blonde hair and a beautiful, sharp-featured face. However, whereas Daphne had a full, curvaceous figure and a large bust, Astoria’s figure was more athletic and nearly four inches shorter. Even so, she was still very attractive, and Harry was more than happy to save her from Malfoy’s pathetic scheming.

“Don’t you dare, Potter,” Malfoy growled dangerously. “Crabbe! Goyle!”

Harry rolled his eyes as he heard the two trolls crack their knuckles menacingly. Smiling at Astoria and giving her a wink, Harry aimed his wand nonchalantly over his shoulder just as Goyle raised his.

“Stupify!” Goyle bellowed.

Harry’s wordless Banishing Charm hit Goyle’s hand just as he finished his incantation. Instead of hitting Harry in the back, like he intended, his wand was shoved to the side. Goyle blinked stupidly at his wand as Crabbe dropped to the floor, unconscious.

“You idiot!” Malfoy screamed.

“So, what do you think, Astoria?” Harry asked, smiling. “Would you do me the honor of going to the ball with me?”

“I’d love to,” she beamed.

“Goyle!” Malfoy shouted.

Harry grinned, lifted his wand, and aimed it over his shoulder again.

“Stupify!”

This time, Goyle’s wand was banished upwards, and he was hit in the face with his own Stunning Hex. Malfoy seethed impotently as his body dropped next to Crabbe’s.

“Care to join me for breakfast?” Harry asked, offering his arm.

Astoria giggled as she looked behind him, gave Malfoy a smug smirk, and then hooked her arm through his.

“And here I thought you Gryffindors were just mindless brutes,” she teased.

“We have our moments,” Harry shrugged.

“You’ll pay for this, Potter!” Malfoy seethed as Harry and Astoria stepped over Crabbe and walked down the hall, arm in arm. “My father will hear about this! You hear me! Potter!”

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While Harry enjoyed his date with Astoria, she limited their after-dance activities to a rather pleasant snog. While he would admit he was disappointed, he wasn’t upset. He could hardly blame her for not being willing to jump into bed on the first date. While he might have been able to find a way to go further with enough time, he wasn’t that bothered by it. Astoria was nice, but she wasn’t quite his type.

Still, the night wasn’t a total loss. Malfoy had fumed the whole night; no one had cared to look for Snape by the time he’d left - which Harry found hilarious – and he’d shown Astoria an enjoyable evening where she normally would have stayed in her common room. He just wished she could remember it.

With the night still fairly early, Harry made a few notes in his ever-expanding journal before grabbing his cloak and map.

I still have a few hours to do some research, Harry thought.

Opening the map, he wanted to check the coast was clear before heading towards the library. As he spread out the intricately folded parchment, however, he caught sight of a name that sent a wave of anger over him.

Rita Skeeter.

Without hesitation, Harry gathered up his wand, threw the cloak over himself, and raced out of the dorm. Seeing her name makes its way out the front door and onto the grounds, he chased after her, weaving between the students hanging out in the Entrance Hall. Ironically, had Snape been around, far fewer students would have been hanging around the front courtyard.

Refusing to feel any sort of remorse for the bastard, Harry continued tracking his target as Skeeters name drifted closer and closer to Hagrid and Madame Maxime. Unfortunately, besides the two Half-Giants and their awkward courting, he saw nothing amiss. Looking at the map again, he noticed Skeeters name was practically on top of them, yet she was nowhere to be seen.

Maybe she has a cloak, too, Harry wondered.

Poking just the tip of his wand out of his cloak, he cast a silent Summoning Charm.

*'Accio Invisibility Cloak.'*

Nothing. Not even a flutter and Skeeter was still there. As Madame Maxime stormed off and Skeeter started to drift away, Harry got desperate.

*'Accio Rita Skeeter.'*

Harry was so disappointed that nothing seemed to happen that he almost missed it. A momentary flicker from a reflection. Eyes moving in that direction, he caught sight of

something small and dark zipping towards him. His hand reaching out on instinct, Harry caught it in the palm of his hand as it buzzed and struggled wildly.

Animagus, Harry thought with a smirk.

Looking around to make sure he hadn't been seen, he gripped the beetle in his hand and made his way back to the castle. Moving quickly to the first unused classroom he could find, he found the door lock and heard a giggle inside. Muttering a curse, Harry climbed to the second floor and into Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. Mercifully, it was empty, with even Myrtle nowhere to be seen.

Locking and silencing the door, he added Imperterable Charms to make sure she could slip out before opening his hand. Rita jumped into the air, and her wings buzzed frantically as she looked for an escape.

Harry made a mental note to ask McGonagall or Flitwick about the Animagus Reversal Charm as he smirked at her desperate attempts to slip under the door.

"You're not getting out, Rita," Harry said.

Turning to face him, the beetle shifted and grew until Rita Skeeter stood, glaring at him. She had barely changed back when Harry hit her with a Disarming Charm, catching her wand easily.

"How dare you!" Rita hissed. "Give me back my wand and unlock this door now, before I call the Aurors."

Harry quirked an eyebrow.

"You know, maybe that's a good idea," he said. "You're not supposed to be here, so that's definitely trespassing."

“And this is kidnapping!” Rita barked, holding out her hand. “Now, give me my wand.”

“And I’m betting you haven’t registered as an Animagus,” Harry continued, unconcerned.

Rita paled slightly and dropped her hand as she looked him over with a calculating gaze.

“What do you want?” she asked.

“A public apology saying you lied about everything you wrote about me and for you to never write again,” Harry replied.

Rita glared at him and folded her arms over her chest.

“Not going to happen, little boy,” she growled. “I’d rather take my chances with the Aurors. I’ll probably just get off with a fine.”

“You’re not in a position where you should be insulting me, Rita,” Harry spat angrily. “Besides, a fine would be the least of your worries.”

“What are you talking about?” Rita asked, trying and failing to hide her fear.

“You mean besides the fact that your career would be over?” Harry asked, grinning when she paled dramatically. “I’m betting you know a lot of things you shouldn’t, things people might be worried you tell the Aurors to get out of Azkaban. Honestly, I’d be surprised if you even made it to trial.”

Rita looked about ready to pass out but managed to put a strained smile on her face.

“Harry,” she said as if they were old friends. “Surely, we can-”



“Of course,” Harry interrupted. “That’s assuming you haven’t been stealing information from the Ministry. I mean, that’s treason. And with someone as corrupt as Fudge in office. He’d feed you to the Dementors if he thought you were spying on him.”

Rita stumbled back until she hit one of the sinks and leaned against it to keep herself standing. The panic was clear in her eyes as they frantically scanned the room, looking for any way to escape.

“I’ll do whatever you want,” Rita begged. “I’ll give you a front-page apology. I’ll write whatever you want me to - just – just please, don’t turn me in.”

“How’s it feel being on the other side of things for once?” Harry asked angrily.

“Who’s there?” A familiar, nasally voice called out from behind Harry. “I hear a boy. You’re not supposed to be here. This is – oh, hello, Harry.”

Moaning Myrtle came floating out of one of the stalls behind Harry and smiled, her translucent cheeks turning a more solid white in what he presumed was a blush. Then Myrtle caught sight of Rita and glared while folding her arms over her chest.

“What is *she* doing here?” she demanded.

“I caught Rita doing something she shouldn’t, and I was just trying to figure out what to do with her,” Harry said. “I take it you knew her.”

“Oh, yes,” Myrtle hissed. “Rita picked on me horribly while she was here. Always making up lies about everyone and spreading them around. She used to make up things about me too,” Myrtle paused, a smirk flitting across her lips. “At least she did... until I caught her in the Prefect’s Bath with Warren Thompson.”

Harry saw Rita scowl as Myrtle tittered.

“What were they doing?” Harry asked curiously, though he could guess.

“Rita wasn’t a prefect, but she snuck into the Prefect’s Bath anyways,” Myrtle said with a snicker. “Warren, he was such a nice boy, caught her there and threatened to turn her in. To stay out of trouble, Rita offered to... give him a blowjob!”

Harry snorted as Myrtle cackled and floated around him, stopping when she was right next to his ear.

“I don’t think she was very good at it,” she whispered.

Myrtle floated back with a giggle and then seemed to take interest in something over his shoulder. Looking back over at Rita, he found her with a thoughtful look on her face as she unbuttoned her robe. When she noticed his gaze, she gave him a smile that tried to be sultry, but looked far too uncertain. Harry raised an eyebrow as she pulled open her robe, displaying a healthy amount of bulging cleavage, her grapefruit-sized breasts held tightly in a silky, lime green bra.

“Harry,” she said, fluttering her eyelashes at him over the top of her glasses.

Strutting towards him, Rita stopped in front of him and trailed a long, bright red fingernail down his chest.

“Surely we can come to some sort of – arrangement,” she said suggestively.

This was certainly not how Harry had thought things would go. Rita’s article had definitely pissed him off, but since he couldn’t really get any kind of revenge until the whole time issue, he’d only planned to walk her down to the Great Hall and make her admit she lied. Sure, it was

a little petty, but it wasn't like he had anything better to do. At least he had plenty of time to think about what he wanted to do to her, now that he knew her secret.

The thought of blackmailing Rita for sex had never even crossed his mind. Just the thought of doing something like that made Harry's stomach twist unpleasantly. That said, as horrible of a person as Rita was, she wasn't unattractive. And if she was going to offer...

He wished Suzette was there with him. Dealing with someone like Rita would be much easier with her there, and it would certainly add to the fun.

"What, exactly, do you have in mind?" Harry asked.

"Well, we do have this bathroom all to ourselves," Rita said with a wink, looking much more comfortable than she had just a few moments ago. "I'm sure we can think of something."

With a thoughtful look, Harry looked over at Myrtle, who was looking back and forth between them excitedly. Turning back to Rita, he smirked, hardening in anticipation of the things he could do to her.

"Alright," he said, shrugging off his outer robe.

Harry folded his robe over, dropped it at his feet, then looked at Rita expectantly. With a nervous smile, she looked down at it and started to kneel.

"Take off your robe first," he said.

Swallowing thickly, Rita put a coy smile on her face and unbuttoned her robe the rest of the way. Shrugging it off her shoulders, her cheeks colored as Harry made a show of eyeing her up and down. Rita was thin, her skin pale white and dotted with the odd mole here and there. Her bright green bra held her breasts tightly, pushing them up and creating far more cleavage than

she would normally have. Matching green panties sat high on her hips, giving the illusion that her hips were wider than they actually were.

Harry decided that she was really quite attractive, but would probably be even more so if she didn't try so hard. Between her bleach blonde hair done up in an elegant bun that contrasted with the light brown of her eyebrows, her obviously fake nails, overly long eyelashes, and the help her figure got from her knickers, it looked like someone had taken an average but attractive woman and turned her into a mockery of a model.

"Not bad," Harry admitted.

Rita scowled, her blue eyes flashing angrily before she forced a smile on her face. Reaching behind her back, she popped open the clasp of her bra and let it fall down her arms. A smirk played at the corner of her lips as she looked at him expectantly.

Her surprisingly perky breasts sat high and round on her chest with slightly upturned, light pink nipples. Compared to the size of her nipples, her areolas were quite small but perfectly round. Seeing the smug look on her face, Harry reached out and cupped one firmly, his thumbs running roughly over her hardened nipple. Rita gasped, staring wide eyed at his hand as he casually groped her firm mound.

"I thought they'd sag more."

Harry bit his lip to hold back a laugh as Rita glared at a smirking Myrtle. The same thought had crossed his mind not a moment ago.

"My breasts do not sag," Rita sneered. "And they're a lot better than your flat chest."

Her sneer turned into a hiss as Harry pinched her nipple none too gently.

“Be nice. You’re in enough trouble without your mouth getting you into anymore,” he reminded Rita, causing her to pale slightly.

“I can think of something better she can do with it than talk,” Myrtle added, crossing her arms over her chest and smirking at Rita.

Huffing and glowering at Myrtle, Rita dropped to her knees, using Harry’s robe as a cushion, and reached for his belt. Once his trousers were open, she yanked them down along with his boxers. They stopped halfway down his thighs, and she gaped at what lay beneath, bringing a smirk to his face.

Harry’s length, swollen but not yet erect, hung impressively.

“Morgana’s tits,” Rita gasped.

“The other boys don’t look like that,” Myrtle muttered.

Reaching out tentatively, she took him in her hand, jumping slightly when he pulsed in excitement. Gradually, the surprise left her face, dissolving into a calculating gaze.

“You would have witches all over you if they knew about this,” she said, her eyes glittering as she looked up at him.

Harry rolled his eyes.

“You’re not writing an article about the size of my cock,” he deadpanned.

“You could have any witch you wanted,” Rita purred seductively, her eyes gleaming like Galleons. “I have contacts over at Playwitch. One little article and a few pictures – You’d be raking in the Galleons *and* the witches.”

“Not interested,” Harry said with a grimace.

Rita pouted as she stroked him to hardness. Myrtle floated closer, moving around to get a better look at him. Holding him with one hand, Rita used the other to run the hard, smooth fingernail of her index finger over his engorged head teasingly.

“Maybe there’s something I can do to convince you,” Rita said promisingly.

Leaning forward, she wrapped her bright red, pouty lips around his swollen tip, sucking lightly as her tongue swirled around him. Harry hissed, bucking his hips unconsciously and driving an extra inch of his shaft between her lips. Rita hummed smugly, dragging her lips back off of his length and leaving behind streaks of waxy lipstick.

“I bet even that Veela would be falling over herself to get a hold of this,” Rita said promisingly. “If she knew about it.”

“What makes you think she doesn’t?” Harry smirked.

Rita’s eyebrows arched high on her forehead as a smirk pulled at the corner of her lips.

“Ooh, someone’s been a naughty boy,” she sang.

Taking him back into her mouth, she plunged down his length until his head bumped against the back of her throat. Bobbing up and down, the base of her tongue swirled around the sensitive head while the tip lashed at his shaft. It made Harry wonder if she’d been forced to use these kinds of talents to get out of trouble before.

Resting his hands on her head, he caught sight of Myrtle as she circled around and learned a surprising fact about ghosts. They could remove their clothes. Myrtle had opened her shirt, displaying what little cleavage she had and the middle of her bra. Her hand had slipped inside,

teasing herself while her gaze remained riveted to his length. When she spotted him looking, her cheeks went bright white. Harry smiled and gave her a wink, bringing a pleased but embarrassed look to her face.

Apparently upset with his focus not being on her, Rita pulled off of him and rested his spit and lipstick coated length on her face as she slathered his balls. He thought about commenting on how much better she looked with his cock covering her face, but thought better of it when she gave a particularly hard suck that felt less than pleasant. With a grimace, Harry pulled back and offered her his hand.

Knowing what would be expected next, Rita hesitated, eyeing his throbbing length nervously before taking his hand. Pulling her to her feet, he led her over to the row of sinks. With his hands on her hips, he spun her around to face them, both of them glancing at their reflections in the mirror.

Harry smirked as she took a deep breath and bent over at the waist with her hands gripping the sink. Grabbing the waistband of her panties, he tugged them down her thin legs and helped her step out of them. As he stood, Harry ran his hands over Rita's bum and grinned when he caught a whiff of her arousal. With one hand on her hips, he used the other to run his head between her wet folds, gathering her arousal on his tip before lining up with her entrance.

Staring at her face in the mirror to watch her reaction, Harry pushed forward. Rita gasped, her mouth hanging open and her eyes wide as he stretched her walls. Taking his hand off his shaft, he gripped her shoulder and paused so she could adjust.

"Sweet baby Merlin," Rita panted. "It's like being fucked by a Troll."

Harry snorted while Myrtle giggled.

"You fucked a Troll?" she asked.

Snarling, Rita turned her head to the voyeuristic ghost to retort. Before a word could leave her lips, Harry drove forward, not interested in hearing her insults. A harsh gasp, rather than words, let her lips, prompting Myrtle to giggle again. Closing her eyes, Rita whimpered as he into her clutching depths. Turning to Myrtle, Harry smiled, causing her to blush once more. Her eyes didn't stay on his for long, turning back to look at Rita with a vindictive yet whistful expression.

Eventually, Harry bottomed out and stopped with his hips resting against Rita's ass. Myrtle floated closer, looking from the mirror and down to the spot where his sizable cock disappeared into the reporter, then up to Harry's face. Seeing Rita's eyes still closed as she tried to adjust to his size, Myrtle's face took on a shy expression as she floated in front of him. With one last look at Rita, she pulled her shirt open further and tugged her bra up over her breasts.

Harry was quite shocked to suddenly be flashed by the notoriously shy ghost but gathered himself quickly. Myrtle had small breasts, perhaps just large enough to fill the palm of his hand. It was difficult to make out details with her being completely white and partially transparent, but they looked quite pointy for their small size. Her areoles covered the entire tip of her breast and followed the curve of her breasts, with small, hard to see nipples in the center.

"Perfect," Harry said softly.

Myrtle's nervous face broke out into a bright, beaming smile. Both of them turned their attention back to Rita a moment later when she let out an explosive breath. Harry looked at her face in the mirror just as she opened her eyes. Her cheeks flushed red when she noticed them watching her closely, her eyes tightening when they met Myrtle's. Grinning, Harry pulled his hips back.

"Merlin!" Rita exclaimed.

Stopping halfway out, Harry thrust back in. Rita, her eyes wide, gasped as he re-entered her swiftly. He pulled back again, further this time, stopping when just his head remained trapped between her folds. When he surged forwards, Rita cried out, her eyes shut tight and her right hand lifting off the sink to brace herself against the mirror. A shudder ran down her spine as he bottomed out, drawing another gasp from her bright red lips.



Harry paused, waiting for her to open her eyes before drawing his hips back again. Their eyes still locked, he plunged forward, his thick length stretching out her tight, hot depths. This time, Rita's eyes drooped, and a low, sensual moan escaped her parted lips. Harry grinned when her eyes widened, and her cheeks flushed brightly a moment later.

Thrusting again, and again, Harry settled into a rhythm of long, deep thrusts. Each one sent Rita's thin frame lurching forwards and her firm breasts trembling slightly in the mirror. The bathroom soon filled with the sound of heavy breathing, pleasure filled moans, and the steady *clap* of colliding flesh.

His pace and force steadily growing, Harry growled when Rita's head drooped. Lifting his hand off her shoulder, he grabbed a fist full of her blonde hair and pulled her head back. Rita gasped when she found herself staring back into the mirror, her eyes glazing over as her glasses fell into the sink with a clatter. Floating around in front of the ravaged reporter, Myrtle stopped in front of her with an enraptured look on her face.

"How does it feel?" she asked breathlessly.

Rita opened her mouth, but only grunted in reply.

"Answer her," Harry demanded.

She opened her mouth again, but before she could reply, her face scrunched up, and a scream ripped free from her throat. Myrtle flew back in shock, then stared open mouthed as Rita writhed frantically. Harry grunted as she tightened around his thrusting length, her slick walls fluttering wildly. Suddenly, he felt an odd pressure build up around his cock. Pulling himself free, he stared in surprise as Rita showered the floor in her arousal. Her legs shook violently as she squirted onto the tile floor twice more before she went limp while gasping for air.

"Well, I guess that answers that," Harry said.

Rita groaned, her forehead resting on the mirror. Grinning, Harry pulled her against his chest and then spun her around. Lifting her up, he sat her down on the edge of the sink. Rita blinked dazedly as he hooked her legs over his arms. A small yelp left her lips as she ended up with her back resting against the mirror and her legs sticking up in the air. As she blinked, her eyes focusing, Harry lined himself up and slid deep inside of her.

Rita gasped, her eyes going wide as she stared at his face.

“Potter!” she exclaimed. “Merlin, you’re going to ruin me.”

“That’s the idea,” Harry grinned.

Pulling back slowly, he barely paused before slamming forward again. Rita arched her head back, the muscles and tendons straining against the delicate skin of her neck as he settled back into a rhythm. One of Harry’s hands gripped her shoulder, pulling her down into his thrusts, while the other groped and squeezed her breast. A smirk stretched his lips as he looked at her face. With her lipstick smudged and her hair disheveled and coming loose from its bun, she looked a mess.

He could only think of one thing that would make it better.

Rolling and tugging at her swollen pink nipple, Harry hammered into Rita. Her knuckles turned white as she gripped at the edge of the sink, and her head fell forward.

“Look at you stretching me!” she gasped, staring down at his cock as it plunged in and out of her.

Harry followed her gaze. Her soft pink lips clung to his glistening shaft as if it slid in and out of her folds. Myrtle joined him, then giggled vindictively at what she saw.

“You’re destroying her,” Myrtle chortled happily.

“At least I know what it feels like to be with a man,” Rita hissed.

Seeing the genuinely sad look flit across Myrtle’s face, Harry pinched Rita’s nipple roughly. Rather than being the punishment it was intended as, the blonde moaned whorishly while a tremor ran through her body. Staring at Harry with a half-lidded, sultry gaze, Rita licked her lips and hummed.

“Maybe it’s a good thing I don’t get to write that article in Playwitch,” she smirked. “Now I get to keep you all to myself.”

Harry snorted and pulled back to give her a brutal thrust. The clap of his hips colliding with her ass echoed around the bathroom, her flesh rippling from the impact. Rita threw her head back with a gasp and writhed on the sink.

“I’m cumming again!” she gasped in surprise.

Hearing a growl, Harry looked over at Myrtle’s, her face twisted with fury. Suddenly, she rushed towards Rita, her form stretching and twisting as she flew into the reporter’s open mouth. Harry paused in shock as Rita blinked before looking up at him.

“Oh my!” she gasped in Myrtle’s voice. “That feels amazing. Please don’t stop, Harry. I’m really close.”

As Harry gaped, nonplussed, Rita’s face transformed into a scowl.

“What are you doing!? Get out of me!” she demanded.

Rita huffed.

“It’s your fault for teasing me,” she said in Myrtle’s voice. “I just want to see what it feels like.”

Rita snarled.

“You can’t just take over my body!” Rita yelled.

Her eyes rolled.

“I’m not taking over. I’m just hitching a ride,” Myrtle said. “I’ll leave as soon as you’re done. Please, Harry.”

Shaking his head, Harry smiled down at her pleading look. Just as Rita took over again and opened her mouth to retort, he pulled back and thrust forward again. It was difficult to tell, but he was sure he could hear both Myrtle and Rita moan at different times. Harry was a bit gentler now that the kind, if temperamental, ghost was along for the ride.

“Oh, that feels so good,” Myrtle moaned.

“Harder!” Rita barked.

Soon, Harry felt his own climax begins to build. Fortunately, Rita had already been close to her peak.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” Myrtle chanted.

“Yes!” Rita hissed.

Rita’s body stiffened, and her face scrunched up in pleasure as he felt pressure build up around his length. Yanking his cock out of her, Harry barely got out of the way before a stream of

arousal arched past where he had stood a moment before to splatter on the floor. While Rita's body shuddered, and three more jets of arousal shot through the air, Harry stroked himself furiously. With his free hand, he gripped the base of his cock tightly, holding back his orgasm as Myrtle and Rita savored theirs.

"Myrtle, you might want to leave," Harry said as Rita's sagged against the mirror.

With a disappointed moan, Rita's mouth opened, and white smoke poured from her mouth. A moment later, Myrtle floated next to him, a satisfied, contented smile on her face. Harry stepped closer to Rita as she shook her head. Just as she started to get her bearings, he released his grip at the base of his cock.

A massive jet of cum shot from his bloated tip and painted a line from the middle of her breasts to the top of her head. Exhausted from her own climax, Rita just closed her eyes and licked her lips as several more shots of cum landed on her face and body. By the time he was done, and because of the way her body was hunched, Harry had managed to coat both her face and her breasts with a significant amount.

Smirking at the mess he'd made of the woman who'd lied about him in the paper, Harry pulled up his trousers and tucked himself away. Rita wiped a streak of cum from her left eye before cautiously opening them.

"Does this mean we're even?" she asked, sucking the finger into her mouth.

"For now," Harry replied as he tucked in his shirt. "As long as you behave."

"I don't know, Harry," Rita purred. "I can be a very naughty girl."

"Then I'll just have to punish you again," Harry grinned, backing towards the door. "Goodnight, Rita, Myrtle."

“Bye, Harry,” Myrtle waved, her small breasts jiggling enticingly.

Smiling and waving back while Rita scowled and climbed off the sink on wobbly legs, Harry sealed the door and slipped out into the hall.

“What a weird night,” Harry said, shaking his head.

Checking his watch, he still had a couple of hours before time reset. Shrugging, he tossed the cloak over his shoulders and pulled out the map as he headed towards the library.

No one noticed a green water beetle flying through the halls a few minutes later.

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Meanwhile, in the Great Hall, Professor McGonagall frowned as she watched the hourglass for Gryffindor losing its gems at a rapid rate.

“Albus,” Professor McGonagall called. “I think something’s wrong with the house point hourglass.”

Dumbledore looked across the hall and frowned.

“That is quite odd,” he admitted. “A prank, perhaps?”

“I doubt a student could do anything that would affect magic the founders cast,” McGonagall said.

“You’re probably right,” Dumbledore acknowledged. “Perhaps a malfunction, or some kind of interference? I’ll examine it in the morning.”

“Very well,” McGonagall nodded.

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In the dungeons of Hogwarts, Professor Severus Snape sat on the floor of a locked storage closet, glaring maliciously at the door.

“A hundred points from Gryffindor for being absolute dunderheads,” he growled. “When I get out of here...”