

## Chapter 2

Harry stepped out of the carriage after Ron and Hermione as it rolled to a stop near the castle entrance. He kept his hands shoved deep in his pockets, his mind still half-trapped in the haze of the morning's dream and the lazy afternoon in Hogsmeade. Every so often, a flash of silvery-blond hair or the wet heat of a fantasy mouth would creep back in, making his trousers feel uncomfortably tight. He shook his head, trying to focus on the present. The second task wasn't going to wait for his dick to calm down.

"Blimey, it's cold," Ron grumbled, stamping his feet as they pushed through the doors. "Feels like my bollocks are gonna drop off."

Hermione shot him a withering look but didn't bother correcting him. "At least we're back well before dinnertime. I still have that Arithmancy essay to finish."

They made their way up the castle staircase. Harry trailed slightly behind, watching the crowd thin out as people split off toward their common rooms. By the time they reached the Fat Lady's portrait, his thoughts had drifted again to Fleur's sapphire eyes looking up at him and to Rosmerta's generous tits straining against her blouse.

"Password?" the Fat Lady demanded, eyeing them lazily.

"Fortuna Major," Hermione said crisply.

The portrait swung open, and they climbed through into the cozy Gryffindor common room. The fire crackled merrily in the hearth, casting flickering golden light over the scattered armchairs and tables. A few students lounged about, some reading, others playing Exploding Snap, but it wasn't too crowded. The warmth hit Harry, chasing away the last of the outdoor chill.

"Right," Hermione said, adjusting the strap of her bag. "I'm heading up to the dorm. That essay won't write itself, and I want to get a head start before dinner." She gave them both a pointed look. "Don't be late for dinner, you two. And Harry, whatever your mysterious plan for the task is, I expect details tomorrow."

"Yeah, yeah," Harry said with a grin. "Later, Hermione."

She disappeared up the spiral staircase to the girls' side, her bushy hair bouncing with each step.

"Think I'm gonna join them for a game of chess," Ron said, gesturing toward Dean and Seamus who had claimed the table by the fireplace. "Wanna join in?"

"Nah, I'm good. Might just head up and relax for a bit."

"Suit yourself, mate." Ron clapped him on the shoulder and headed over, whistling tunelessly. Harry shook his head, amused.

He climbed the stairs two at a time. The dorm was empty. Dean and Seamus were in the common room, and Neville must've been in the greenhouses or the library. Perfect. He shut the door behind him with a soft click, the latch catching firmly.

Harry ran a hand through his messy hair as he walked further into the dorm. His eyes fell on his bed and the dream flickered through his mind again. Fleur's throat squeezing around him, those filthy gluck-gluck sounds, and the way she'd swallowed every drop like it was her favorite bloody treat. His cock twitched in his trousers, half-interested even after the shower wank earlier in the morning.

"Focus, Potter," he muttered to himself. What had gotten into him?

Sighing, he cleared his throat and spoke clearly into the quiet room. "Dobby?"

With a sharp crack like a whip, the house-elf appeared right in front of him, bouncing on the balls of his feet. Dobby's enormous green eyes lit up like lanterns, his bat-like ears flapping with excitement. He wore a mishmash of clothes, a Gryffindor tea cozy as a hat, several mismatched socks, and what looked like one of Mr. Weasley's old jumpers tied around his waist like a kilt.

"Harry Potter, sir!" Dobby squeaked at top volume, launching himself forward and wrapping his spindly arms around Harry's legs in a vice-like hug. "Dobby is so happy you is calling for him! Dobby has been waiting and waiting, hoping the great Harry Potter would need his help again!"

Harry chuckled, patting the elf awkwardly on the back. "Easy there, Dobby. Good to see you too. But, uh... mind letting go? Your grip's too tight."

Dobby released him instantly, stepping back with a sheepish grin that showed all his teeth. He wrung his hands together, practically vibrating with energy. "Dobby is sorry, Harry Potter, sir! Dobby is just so excited! What can Dobby do for the noble Harry Potter today? Anything! Dobby will polish your shoes, or iron your robes, or anything, sir!"

The elf's enthusiasm was infectious. Harry couldn't help but grin as he leaned back on his bed, propping himself up on his palms. "Calm down a bit, yeah? I just need a favor. It's for the Triwizard Tournament, the second task."

Dobby's ears perked up even higher, his eyes widening to saucer size. "The second task, sir? Dobby knows about the tasks! Harry Potter is so brave! Beating a dragon on a broom! Only Harry Potter could do that!"

Harry chuckled, keeping his voice low just in case anyone came back early. "I need Gillyweed. It's this weird plant that lets you breathe underwater for a while. The task is in the lake, and I reckon it'll come in handy. I've enquired in most of the stores I know of, and there's none in stock. Think you could track some down for me?"

Dobby's eyes lit up like he'd just been handed a lifetime supply of socks. He clapped his hands together rapidly, an excited grin on his face. "Gillyweed! Oh, yes, Harry Potter, sir! Dobby thinks he knows exactly where to find the best Gillyweed! And Dobby can ask the other elves! Dobby will get it right away, sir! Dobby will not fail Harry Potter!"

"Whoa, hold on," Harry said, laughing as he sat up straighter. He reached into his trunk and pulled out a small leather pouch heavy with galleons, some of what he'd taken out of his vault this past summer. "The task's still a few days away. No need to rush and get yourself in trouble. Take this." He pressed the pouch into Dobby's small hands. "Use whatever you need to get the good stuff. And keep the rest for yourself. Buy more socks or whatever makes you happy."

Dobby stared at the gold, his lower lip trembling with emotion. Tears welled up in his massive eyes. "Harry Potter is too kind! Dobby does not deserve such generosity! Dobby will get the finest Gillyweed in all of Britain! Fresh and potent, sir! Dobby swears it!"

The elf clutched the pouch to his chest like it was the most precious thing in the world before he bowed so low his tea-cozy hat nearly touched the floor. "Dobby will return soon with what Harry Potter needs! You can count on Dobby, sir!"

With another loud crack, the house-elf vanished.

Harry flopped back onto his bed, staring up at the canopy with a satisfied sigh. "That went better than expected," he murmured.

He trusted Dobby to come clutch for him and hoped this time Dobby's help wouldn't bite him in the arse somehow. The little guy meant well, but his enthusiasm had a habit of causing chaos. Still... all he had to do was fetch some Gillyweed. How complicated could that be? It was a straightforward task, and there was no room for screw-ups.

He let his eyes drift shut for a moment, the warmth of the room and the distant crackle of the common room fire below lulling him. The memory of Fleur's mouth returned unbidden, hot and insistent, making him shift uncomfortably on the mattress.

Little did he know...

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Harry found himself back in the Three Broomsticks, but the pub was empty except for him and Madam Rosmerta. Warm golden light bathed the wooden interior, and the air smelled of butterbeer and something sweeter, more intoxicating.

Rosmerta stood behind the bar, wiping a glass with a cloth, but her usual friendly smile had turned into something far more predatory and seductive. Her generous tits

strained against the thin fabric of her blouse, the top buttons undone to reveal deep cleavage that jiggled with every movement. Her hips swayed as she came around the counter, her skirt hugging the lush curve of her ass.

“Well, if it is not my favorite customer,” she purred, her voice low and husky. She stopped right in front of him, close enough that he could feel the heat radiating from her body. “You have been staring at these all day, handsome. Why don’t you have a proper look?”

Before Harry could respond, she reached up and slowly unbuttoned the rest of her blouse. Her heavy breasts spilled free, full and pale with rosy pink nipples already hard. Harry groaned softly, his hands moving of their own accord to cup them. They were incredibly soft and warm, overflowing his palms as he squeezed gently. Rosmerta moaned in approval, arching into his touch.

“You like them, do you not?” she whispered as she pressed closer, palming his raging hard-on. “I can see how much. Let me take care of this.”

She dropped to her knees right there, her fingers deftly tugging down his trousers and freeing his throbbing cock. It sprang out hard and leaking, and Rosmerta licked her lips at the sight. Her eyes, dark with lust, locked onto his as she leaned in and dragged her warm, wet tongue slowly up the underside of his shaft from base to tip. Harry hissed in pleasure, one hand tangling in her wavy hair.

“Fuck, Madam Rosmerta,” he breathed.

She chuckled throatily around him as she took the head into her mouth, sucking hard. The wet heat enveloped him, her tongue swirling expertly around the sensitive tip before she sank deeper. Harry thrust his hips forward instinctively, and she took it all, relaxing her throat until her nose pressed against his pelvis. The tight, velvety squeeze made his eyes roll back.

Gluck. Gluck. Gluck.

The obscene sounds filled the empty pub as she bobbed her head with enthusiasm, saliva dripping messily down his balls. Her tits bounced with every movement, brushing against his thighs. She pulled back with a wet pop, strings of spit connecting her swollen lips to his glistening cock, and grinned up at him.

“Such a thick, pretty cock you have, Harry. I’ve been thinking about it since you walked in today.” She stroked him firmly with one hand while the other rolled his heavy balls. “You are going to cum down my throat, right? You’ll give me every drop, won’t you?”

She dove back down before he could respond, sucking harder and faster. Her throat constricted rhythmically around him as she hummed, sending vibrations straight through his length. Harry gripped her hair tighter, fucking her mouth with shallow thrusts while she moaned around him in approval.

The pleasure built rapidly, coiling tight in his gut. Her breasts pressed against his legs, soft and warm, and the sight of her kneeling there, servicing him so eagerly, pushed him closer to the edge.

“Madam Rosmerta... I’m close,” he gasped.

She pulled off just long enough to stroke him furiously, her tongue flicking rapidly against the leaking slit. “Cum for me, love. Fill my mouth. Let me taste you.”

Harry groaned loudly as she swallowed him to the hilt again. The suction was perfect, her throat milking him relentlessly. His balls drew up tight, and the orgasm crashed over him like a tidal wave.

Just as the first powerful spurt shot down her throat, Rosmerta moaned loudly. The sound echoed, and Harry’s eyes shot open.

The moment his eyes opened, Harry yelped. He let out a strangled choke, barely stifling a shout. His heart hammered wildly against his ribs, his cock pulsing and twitching inside his boxers.

The source of his alarm was a pair of enormous tennis ball sized eyes that hovered inches from his face, filled with concern.

“Dobby!” Harry gasped, scrambling back against the headboard so fast he nearly smacked his head on the wooden post. His chest heaved, sweat slicking his skin, and a deep flush burned across his face and neck. He yanked the blanket up hastily to cover the very obvious wet spot on his boxers.

Dobby scooted backward instantly, his ears drooping as he wrung his hands together. “Harry Potter, sir! Dobby is terribly sorry! Dobby did not mean to frighten you! But Harry Potter was making such distressed noises in his sleep. Moaning and groaning and breathing so heavily. Dobby thought Harry Potter was having a terrible nightmare, sir!”

Harry stared at the elf, his brain still foggy with the remnants of the incredibly vivid dream. Rosmerta’s mouth, those perfect tits, the way she had sucked him so greedily. His cock gave one final twitch, and he clenched himself firmly to prevent ruining his boxers any further.

He winced, mortified. “A nightmare. Right. Yeah. Something like that.”

‘*Fuck, man. Again!?*’ He thought as he ran a shaky hand through his messy hair, trying to calm his racing pulse. The dormitory was empty, meaning he’d slept in again. Two days in a row it had happened.

Humiliation burned in his chest. Of all the times for Dobby to pop in...

Dobby tilted his head, looking genuinely worried. "Dobby is very sorry for startling Harry Potter. Is Harry Potter alright now? Dobby can fetch some calming tea or a nice warm blanket if Harry Potter feels cold?"

Harry let out a weak, embarrassed laugh, shifting uncomfortably under the covers. "No, no tea. I am fine, Dobby. Really. Just... uh... a really intense dream. Not a bad one. Sort of the opposite, actually." He cleared his throat, avoiding the elf's wide-eyed and utterly oblivious gaze. "What are you doing here so early anyway?"

Dobby's expression shifted instantly from worry to pure excitement. His ears perked up and he bounced on the spot, a massive grin splitting his face.

"Dobby has brought what Harry Potter asked for!"

He held out two small pouches proudly in his tiny hands.

Harry blinked, still catching his breath.

"Wait, what? Already?"

He sat up more carefully, looking at the pouches that Dobby handed him over. One was clearly the one he had given Dobby yesterday, unopened. The other looked older, slightly worn. He opened the second one and peered inside. A handful of slimy, greenish gray plant strands met his eyes. It looked exactly like the descriptions of Gillyweed he had read in Neville's book.

"This is it?" Harry asked, shocked. "You got it so fast? And without spending any money?"

Dobby nodded vigorously, practically glowing with pride. "Yes, Harry Potter, sir! Dobby did not spend even one knut! Dobby found it in the Come and Go Room!"

Harry frowned in confusion. "The what now?"

Dobby climbed onto the edge of the bed, eager to explain. "The Come and Go Room, sir. That is what the house elves call it. It is a very special room here at Hogwarts. It only appears when someone is needing it very badly. The elves use it all the time to store things that students and professors leave behind or lose over the years. Hundreds and hundreds of years of lost things are in there, Harry Potter, sir! Almost everything one could ever need is accumulated there. Furniture, books, potions ingredients, old clothes, and yes, even magical plants like Gillyweed."

Harry listened, intrigued despite his lingering arousal and embarrassment. "Where is this room exactly?"

"It is on the seventh floor, sir, across from the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy. You think very hard about what you need, walk past the spot three times, and the door appears. The elves know all about it. When Dobby asked the other Hogwarts

elves about Gillyweed for the great Harry Potter, a few of them told Dobby to check the Come and Go Room. Dobby went there and found two nice bunches right away!"

Harry stared at the elf, turning the pouch over in his hands. "You are sure this is proper Gillyweed? Not some old shriveled up weed someone tossed out?"

"Oh yes, Harry Potter!" Dobby assured him earnestly. "Dobby took it straight to the elf who works in the greenhouses. That elf looked at it very carefully and confirmed it is excellent Gillyweed. Very potent. It will work perfectly for the second task, sir."

Relief washed over Harry like a cool wave. The second task problem, which had been weighing on him for weeks, was suddenly solved. Just like that.

"Dobby, you are brilliant. Seriously. I cannot thank you enough."

The house elf's eyes welled up with happy tears. He clutched at the hem of his mismatched jumper, bouncing again. "Harry Potter is too kind! Dobby only wants to help the greatest wizard Dobby has ever known!"

Harry smiled warmly and picked up the pouch of galleons. "Here. As promised, this is yours. Go buy yourself as many socks as you want. Or whatever makes you happy."

Dobby recoiled as if burned, waving his hands frantically. "No, no, Harry Potter, sir! Dobby cannot possibly take payment for helping his friend! Dobby is happy just to serve!"

Harry insisted, pressing the pouch forward. "Take it, Dobby. You earned it."

After several minutes of back and forth, Dobby finally accepted with great reluctance, but only plucked out a single galleon. "One galleon is more than enough, Harry Potter, sir. Dobby will buy the most wonderful pair of socks with it." His voice trembled with emotion.

Harry did not argue further. "Thanks again, Dobby. I am going to head out soon and test this Gillyweed to see how it works. Wish me luck."

Dobby beamed. "Dobby knows Harry Potter will win the task just like he won the first one! Good luck, Harry Potter, sir!" With a sharp crack, the elf vanished.

Harry sat there for a long moment. He looked down at the pouch of Gillyweed in his hand, turning it over thoughtfully. A small, satisfied smile tugged at his lips.

Finally, he was ready. But first, he had to test it out, and he had the perfect place in mind for it.

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Harry descended the stairs from the boys' dormitories, the pouch of Gillyweed tucked safely in his pocket. Ron and Hermione were sitting near the fire, talking about something.

"Morning," Harry greeted them, dropping into an armchair across from them.

Ron looked up. "That's the second time I've made it down before you. At least you look like you slept well. Ready for double Potions?"

Harry shook his head. "Not today. Got something important to work on for the second task."

Hermione's eyebrows shot up. "Skipping classes? Harry, I know you're allowed to do that, being a champion and all. But you shouldn't skip classes just because you can."

"I know, Hermione. But this is about the task. I've got to test something out."

"What exactly have you got planned? You have been very vague about this whole thing."

Harry hesitated for a moment before he reached into his pocket and pulled out the small pouch. He opened it and showed them a few strands of the slimy green plant. "Gillyweed. It lets you breathe underwater for about an hour. Neville told me about it, read it in a Herbology book. I got it this morning. Figured I would test it out properly before using it in the task."

Hermione leaned forward, her eyes widening with interest as she examined the plant. "Gillyweed? I have read about underwater breathing charms, but I have never heard of a plant like this. It seems fascinating. How does it work exactly? What are the effects?"

Ron coughed, grinning. "Blimey, you admitting you don't know something? Seems like there's a first time for everything."

Hermione shot him a sharp look, but her cheeks flushed slightly. "It falls under Herbology, Ronald. Even I have not memorized every rare plant yet."

Harry smiled. "Neville suggested it. He really is the best in our year at Herbology."

Hermione nodded thoughtfully. "That makes sense. Neville has a real talent there. Well, good luck with your test, Harry. Just be careful. And let us know how it goes."

"Sure."

They chatted briefly before Ron and Hermione gathered their bags and headed out for classes. Harry waited a few minutes until the common room thinned out a bit more and then made his way through the corridors toward the fifth floor, where the

Prefect's bathroom was located. The password "Pinefresh" worked perfectly, and the door swung open.

Inside, the luxurious bathroom was empty and quiet, just as he had hoped. Sunlight streamed through the high windows, glinting off the massive pool like bathtub in the center. Intricate marble fixtures and a large painting of a mermaid adorned one wall. Harry closed the door behind him and approached the taps, turning several on until the enormous tub began to fill with warm, bubbly water that foamed invitingly. The aroma of various scented oils filled the air as slight steam rose above the surface.

He stood on the edge of the tub for a moment, watching the surface. His heart beat faster with anticipation. This was it. Pulling out the pouch, he stripped down to his underwear, the cool air raising goosebumps on his skin. He put his clothes away and held the Gillyweed in his hand, eyeing the slimy strands.

"Wonder what this tastes like," he muttered. "Hope it's not completely disgusting."

He stared at it for a few more seconds, bringing it close to his nose and taking a whiff. It smelled like plant.

*'Well, here goes nothing,'* he thought.

He shoved the handful into his mouth and chewed quickly, forcing it down his throat. The taste was foul, like a mix of rubbery seaweed and old socks soaked in brine. He gagged slightly but swallowed it all, cursing internally. "Merlin's balls, that is nasty."

For a long moment, nothing happened. Harry shifted on his feet, starting to worry that Dobby had somehow brought the wrong thing. That was when the itching began. It started on the sides of his neck, a prickling sensation that spread rapidly down his torso and across his back. His hands and feet tingled fiercely. He looked down and watched in amazement as webbing grew between his fingers and toes. Slits formed along his neck and torso, gills fluttering open. His skin took on a slightly mottled, sleek appearance. He turned toward the large mirror on the wall and stared at his reflection. He looked like a human fish hybrid, with prominent gills running down his sides and back, webbed extremities, and a streamlined look that felt both strange and powerful.

"Wow," he breathed, touching the gills on his neck. They felt sensitive but somehow, he knew they were functional.

Taking a deep breath, Harry dove into the deep water. The world changed the moment he submerged. Bubbles swirled around him as he opened his eyes underwater. Cool, oxygen rich water flowed through his gills, and he could breathe. Easily. Comfortably. Relief and excitement surged through him. It felt odd at first, this

new form, but the feeling was incredible. He kicked experimentally and shot forward with surprising speed, the webbing on his hands and feet propelling him effortlessly.

He spent a long time exploring, twisting and turning underwater with growing confidence. He tried loops and dives, then launched himself out of the water like a dolphin before plunging back in with a splash. Laughter escaped him in streams of bubbles underwater. The sensation was addictive. The water felt alive against his new gills and skin. For a long time he simply enjoyed the sensation, swimming laps around the massive tub and testing his agility.

During the play, he felt occasional twitches in his groin and head, strange pulses that he attributed to the transformation but mostly ignored as he focused on enjoying his new abilities. Time passed smoothly. He stayed submerged, pushing the limits.

More than an hour went by before the itching returned. His gills began to feel strained, and breathing grew slightly harder. He held on as long as he could, swimming strongly until his lungs burned for surface air. Finally, he kicked hard and burst out of the water, landing neatly on his feet at the edge of the pool.

Water streamed down his body as the transformation faded completely. His gills closed and the webbing receded. He stood there catching his breath, facing the mermaid painting, when a surprised voice from behind him broke the silence.

“Oh wow!”

Harry whirled around, his heart jumping. His eyes widened when he saw the sight in front of him.

Angelina Johnson and Alicia Spinnet stood near the pool, both in the middle of undressing. Their robes were already discarded, and they were working on the buttons of their school shirts. The girls stared at him with wide eyes, their gazes roaming openly over his mostly naked, still damp body clad only in clinging wet underwear.

For a long moment, silence stretched between them. Harry could feel their appreciative stares tracing his chest, arms, and the slight bulge in his underwear that grew as he became aware of their presence and their eyes on him.

“Uh, hi,” he managed awkwardly. “Didn’t expect anyone to be here this time of day. With classes and all.”

Angelina recovered first, a small smile tugging at her lips and her dark eyes sparkling. “We didn’t expect to see you here either, Harry. In fact, we didn’t even know someone was in here. The water was so still, and the bubbles were all gone.”

Harry glanced at the pool, and the bubbles were indeed gone. Angelina flicked her wand and water began flowing into the pool again.

“What brings you two here?” he asked, trying to keep his voice steady even as his eyes flicked downward. Their shirts were partially unbuttoned, revealing the lacy edges of their bras and smooth expanses of cleavage.

The girls gave him an unimpressed look before glancing pointedly at the pool. Harry chuckled in understanding. “Right. Bath.”

Alicia smiled. “We are free until lunch. Decided a nice hot bath would be perfect in this chilly weather.”

Harry’s gaze wandered again to their exposed skin. The partially open shirts offered tantalizing views of full breasts cupped in lace, the soft upper curves rising and falling with each breath. He felt his cock twitch and begin to harden noticeably now, thickening against the wet material.

Angelina and Alicia noticed immediately. Their eyes dropped to the growing bulge, and they shared a coy smile between them. Without a word, they exchanged a quick nod and resumed undressing, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Harry’s mouth went dry as more buttons came undone. Their shirts slipped off their shoulders, revealing matching lace bras that cupped their full, firm breasts perfectly. Their skirts followed, sliding down their toned legs to pool at their feet. They stood before him in nothing but delicate lace underwear, their athletic Quidditch bodies on full display. Smooth skin, curved hips, long legs that seemed to go on forever, and breasts that strained invitingly against the thin fabric.

One of them, Angelina, asked casually while reaching back to unhook her bra, “So what brought you here, Harry?”

He watched, transfixed and shocked, as more skin was revealed. Her bra came loose, freeing her breasts. They were round and perky, with dark nipples that tightened in the warm air. Alicia followed suit, her own breasts slightly fuller and her nipples a soft pink, bouncing gently as she freed them.

Harry’s mouth went dry as he stared. His bulge grew more pronounced, his cock throbbing fully hard now and straining against his wet underwear. The girls’ eyes dropped to it with obvious appreciation, their smiles turning sultry and heated.

Harry blinked, realizing they had asked him a question. “I was trying out an idea for the second task.”

“In a bathroom?” Alicia asked, her voice light and teasing as she hooked her thumbs into her knickers.

“The second task is underwater in the Black Lake,” Harry explained, his voice rough with arousal. “We have to stay underwater for a while.”

Both girls looked surprised. "Underwater? For how long?" Angelina asked, stepping closer to the edge of the pool in just her lace knickers. Her hips swayed, her breasts jiggling softly.

Harry kept staring, drinking in every curve, the way their nipples hardened further, and the slight sheen on their skin. His cock throbbed even more.

Finally, he caught himself. "I should go. Leave you to your bath."

Before he could move, Alicia spoke. "You can stay."

Harry froze. "What?"

Angelina smirked, her voice low and suggestive. "We do not mind our star Seeker keeping us company. After all, it is like swimming in a pool. We can talk while we swim around. Maybe you can tell us a few things we are curious about regarding the tournament."

Harry stared at them for a long moment, his heart racing. Their smiles were unmistakably seductive. They turned and descended the steps into the bubbling water with as much sexiness as they could muster. Their hips swayed, their asses flexing enticingly. As they submerged, the water rose around them, lapping at their upper chests and leaving the upper swells of their breasts exposed, glistening and inviting above the foam.

Alicia prompted gently, "Coming, Harry?"

The sight jolted him back to reality. His heart pounded as he slowly made his way back to the pool, his erection tenting his underwear prominently. The water felt wonderfully warm against his skin as he stepped in, his eyes locked on the two gorgeous girls waiting for him.

Beyond the lust and arousal that had clouded his brain, there was only one other thought.

*'What the fuck is going on!?!'*