

# HARRY POTTER: A LESSON IN FEMALE ANATOMY

*A transformation fan fiction story by JohnManTD*

## Chapter 1: Just A Harmless Prank

The stone walls of the eighth-year boys' dormitory seemed to echo with the sharp, authoritative snap of the door closing. Harry Potter lay flat on his back, staring up at the canopy of his four-poster bed, listening to the heavy silence that followed.

On his chest rested a massive, aggressively color-coded roll of parchment.

"I think," Ron Weasley muttered from the adjacent bed, "that if I have to look at another one of her 'highly optimized' revision schedules, I'm going to throw myself off the Astronomy Tower."

Harry let out a long, exhausted breath. He picked up the parchment by the corner and tossed it onto his nightstand. "It's only October, Ron. We have seven months left. Pace yourself."

"Pace myself?" Ron sat up, the springs of his mattress groaning. He ran a hand through his messy red hair, glaring at the door Hermione had just stormed out of. "Harry, she had us scheduled for three hours of Arithmancy review tonight. Neither of us even take Arithmancy."

"She said it builds character and foundational logic," Harry replied dryly, rubbing his eyes beneath his glasses.

It had been like this since they returned to Hogwarts. After the war, the battle, the funerals, the dust settling... they were supposed to be normal students again so they could actually complete their final year this time. But Hermione had thrown herself into their "eighth year" with a frantic, suffocating intensity. It was her coping mechanism. Harry knew that. Ron knew that. But her constant hovering, the condescending lectures about their focus, and the way she treated them like they hadn't literally saved the world together was beginning to grate on their last nerves.

"She thinks we're idiots," Ron grumbled, swinging his legs over the side of the bed. He kicked his trunk open. "She walks around here looking down her nose at everyone. Literally everyone."

"She's just stressed," Harry offered, though he lacked any real conviction.

"No, she's arrogant." Ron started digging through the bottom of his trunk, shoving aside crumpled robes and a battered pair of Quidditch gloves. "Did you hear what she said about Romilda in the common room yesterday? Just because Romilda happened to... you know, fill out over the summer."

Harry smirked. "I noticed Romilda. Half of Gryffindor noticed Romilda."

"Exactly!" Ron said, his head still buried in his trunk. "And Hermione spent twenty minutes ranting about how girls who display their bodies like that are 'undignified distractions' and how true witches rely on their intellect, not their biology. It's bollocks, Harry. She's just dead envious."

"Or she just thinks she's above it," Harry said, sitting up. "She's always prided herself on being the smartest person in the room. She probably thinks having a chest like that makes you look stupid."

"Well, I say it's time someone knocked her off her high horse."

Ron pulled himself up. In his hands, he held a heavy, leather-bound book. The leather was a deep, bruised purple, completely unmarked by a title, but it seemed to hum with a faint, warm energy that made the air around it smell faintly of ozone and crushed roses.

Harry frowned, recognizing the aura of illicit magic. "Ron... what is that?"

Ron looked around the empty dormitory, as if expecting McGonagall to step out of the shadows, before walking over and dropping the heavy tome onto Harry's bed.

"I found it over the summer," Ron whispered, a mischievous, reckless glint in his blue eyes. "In a locked chest at the very back of Dad's shed. He must have confiscated it during a Ministry raid years ago and never turned it in."

Harry pulled the book closer. He cracked the cover open. The parchment pages were thick, yellowed, and covered in sprawling, elegant calligraphy. The title page read: *The Compendium of Carnal Charms*.

Harry's eyebrows shot up to his hairline. He quickly flipped through the first few pages, catching glimpses of moving illustrations that made his face burn instantly. "Ron! You brought

illegal smut to Hogwarts?"

"It's not just smut!" Ron defended, though his ears were turning a violent shade of red. "It's actual, ancient magic. Pure physiological manipulation. It's brilliant. There are charms in here that..." He cleared his throat, pointing to a dog-eared page. "Well, there's one in here we can use."

Harry looked at the page Ron had marked. It detailed a localized expansion charm. The illustration next to it depicted a woman clutching her chest as her breasts rapidly swelled to ridiculous, over-encumbered proportions.

Harry looked up, deadpan. "You want to give Hermione massive tits."

Ron swallowed hard, defensive indignation flaring. "It's a prank, Harry! Think about it. She's constantly lecturing us, constantly judging the other girls for being 'distractions.' What better way to teach her a lesson than to give her exactly what she hates? Let her walk around with those for a day. See how dignified she feels when she's knocking over cauldrons with her chest."

Harry stared at him for a long moment, letting the silence stretch until it became heavy and awkward. A slow, knowing smile spread across his face.

"You just want your girlfriend to have a massive rack," Harry said bluntly.

"She is not my girlfriend!" Ron barked, his voice cracking an octave. He took a hasty step back, his face now entirely crimson.

"Right," Harry scoffed, leaning back against his headboard. "Which is why you two snogged in the Chamber of Secrets, right in front of me, covered in basilisk dust."

"That was—we thought we were going to die!" Ron stammered, waving his hands frantically. "It was the heat of the moment! Adrenaline! We haven't even talked about it since!"

"Which is exactly the problem," Harry pointed out, crossing his arms.

It was true. The summer had been a messy blur of grief and rebuilding. Whenever the tension between Ron and Hermione bubbled to the surface, one of them would inevitably panic and retreat into bickering. They were circling each other, completely terrified of ruining their friendship.

"It has nothing to do with that," Ron insisted, snatching the book back and gripping it tightly. "She's being a nightmare. This is purely tactical. A prank between friends. Are you in or not?"

Harry looked at Ron. He thought about the three hours of Arithmancy review he had been commanded to do. He thought about Hermione's smug, patronizing tone. He grinned.

"Fine. I'm in. But you're casting it."

"Brilliant," Ron grinned, opening the book to memorize the archaic pseudo-Latin incantation.

Down the spiral staircase, the heavy wooden door of the dormitory creaked open.

"Harry! Have you seen my Arithmancy text? I swear I had it when I was..."

Hermione Granger marched into the room, her school robes crisp, her tie perfectly knotted, her wild bushy hair pulled back into a severe, practical clip. She stopped at the foot of Harry's bed, hands on her hips, her brown eyes narrowing as she took in their suspicious postures.

"What are you two doing?" she demanded. Her gaze dropped to the thick, purple-leather book in Ron's hands. "Ronald, what is that? Are you reading instead of revising? Give that here."

She reached out, stepping forward.

Ron panicked. It was now or never. He dropped the book onto the mattress, whipped his wand out from his sleeve, and pointed it directly at Hermione's chest.

"Pectus Amplifico!"

A bolt of dense, shimmering pink light shot from the tip of Ron's wand. It hit Hermione squarely in the center of her crisp white blouse.

Hermione gasped, her hands flying up as the impact knocked the breath out of her. She stumbled back a step. "Ron! What on earth did you just—"

She didn't finish the sentence.

A sudden, sharp tearing sound echoed in the quiet dormitory.

Hermione froze. Her brown eyes went wide, staring down at her own chest. Beneath the fabric of her uniform, the magic took violent, immediate hold.

It started as a heavy, blooming heat. Then, the physical expansion began. Her modest, sensible bust surged outward. It wasn't a gradual swelling; it was an aggressive, unstoppable inflation of flesh. The cotton of her blouse strained instantly, pulling tight across her ribs.

Pop.

The top button of her shirt gave way, pinged off the stone floor.

Hermione let out a choked, breathy shriek. She instinctively brought her arms up to cover herself, but the sheer momentum of her growing body pushed her hands away.

Pop. Pop. Riiiiip.

Two more buttons flew off as her chest ballooned into massive, heavy globes. The pristine white fabric of her shirt tore down the middle, unable to contain the sheer volume of pale, soft flesh pouring outward. The sturdy, practical brassiere she wore underneath let out a high-pitched groan of snapping underwire before the clasps gave out entirely.

"Harry!" Hermione panicked, her voice high and terrified as she staggered forward under the sudden, immense weight. "Make it stop! Make it stop!"

But it didn't stop. They kept growing. The flesh spilled over her forearms, heavy and pale, veined with faint blue lines from the rapid expansion. They surged outward until they were the size of overripe melons, dominating her entire torso. The weight was so severe it pulled her shoulders forward, forcing her to physically cradle the massive, shifting mounds with both hands just to remain upright. Her nipples, tight and flushed dark pink against the cool air of the dormitory, strained proudly through the shredded, ruined flaps of her shirt.

The magic finally fizzled out, leaving a heavy, stunned silence in its wake.

Hermione stood in the center of the room, panting heavily. She was hunched over, her arms wrapped awkwardly under the absurd, colossal weight of her new chest. She looked down at the pale flesh spilling out everywhere, then slowly, deliberately, lifted her head to look at Ron.

Her face was scarlet. Not with embarrassment, but with a murderous, unadulterated rage.

"You," she hissed, the word trembling with fury.

"Blimey," Ron whispered, his wand slipping slightly in his grip, his eyes completely glued to her massive, heaving cleavage. He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. "It... it really works."

"Fix it!" Hermione roared. She dropped her left hand, letting one massive globe sag heavily against her ribs, and drew her own wand from her pocket. She jabbed it at her own chest. "Finite Incantatem!"

Sparks rained down over her exposed skin. Nothing happened. The heavy flesh didn't even twitch.

Panic flared in her eyes. She tried again. "Reducio!"

A sharp, stinging jolt of static shocked her fingers, causing her to drop her wand. The magic was actively resisting her.

"Ron," Harry said, the humor suddenly draining from the situation as he watched Hermione's genuine distress. "Reverse it. The joke's over. Do the counter-curse."

"Right, right," Ron stammered, shaking himself out of his stupor. He lunged for the purple leather book on the bed. He flipped to the dog-eared page, scanning the archaic text. "Okay, let's see... counter-curse... counter-curse..."

Ron's finger traced down the margin. He stopped.

The blood completely drained from his freckled face, leaving him chalk-white.

"Ron?" Harry asked, standing up. "What is it?"

"Uh," Ron croaked, his voice barely a whisper. He looked up at Hermione, pure terror in his eyes.

"Read it, Ronald!" Hermione commanded, her chest heaving, the massive weight shifting mesmerizingly with every furious breath.

Ron cleared his throat, his hands shaking so hard the heavy book trembled. He read the translation note scrawled in the margin by whoever had owned the book before his father.

"Warning: Spells within this tome bind to the latent sexual energy of the subject. They are tethered to the biological core." Ron swallowed thickly, unable to look her in the eye. "They cannot be dispelled by standard counter-curses, nor by the caster. The magic will only dissipate, and the body return to its original form, upon the subject achieving a complete and total carnal release."

Silence.

Harry stared at Ron. "Wait. You mean..."

"She has to climax," Ron whispered, staring at the floorboards. "To break the spell."

The air in the dormitory seemed to turn to ice.

Hermione stood perfectly still, the words washing over her. She looked at her ruined shirt, at the grotesque, hyper-sexualized weight pulling at her spine. She looked at the two boys she had spent seven years fighting dark wizards alongside.

"You sexually frustrated, absolute idiots," Hermione said. Her voice was terrifyingly calm. It was the tone she used right before she set Snape's robes on fire in their first year.

"Hermione, we didn't know!" Harry pleaded, holding his hands up in surrender. "Ron didn't read the fine print!"

"I am going to kill you both."

Hermione lunged forward. She didn't use magic. She simply barreled into Ron, the massive, soft weight of her new chest slamming into his shoulder and knocking him backward onto the bed. She snatched the heavy purple book right out of his hands.

"Hermione, wait!" Ron scrambled backward, tangling in his sheets.

Hermione ignored him. She hefted the book, resting its heavy spine directly atop the shelf of her massive, spilling cleavage. Her brilliant, furious mind went to work. She began speed-reading the archaic text, her brown eyes scanning the Latin incantations with terrifying efficiency.

"You want to play with biology?" she muttered, flipping a page violently. "You want to reduce me to some... some undignified, bouncing spectacle for your amusement?"

"Hermione, please, we can figure this out!" Harry stepped forward, reaching for his wand.

"Don't move, Harry Potter," she snapped without looking up. She found the page she was looking for. A dark, vicious smirk curled the corner of her lips.

She turned, pointing her wand directly at the space between Harry and Ron.

"Let's see how much you boys enjoy being 'distractions'"

"Corpus Transmutare!"

A sweeping, blinding wave of golden-pink magic erupted from her wand, filling the entire room. It slammed into Harry and Ron with the force of a bludger.

Harry collapsed to his knees, a raw shout tearing from his throat. The heat was instantaneous and agonizing. It felt as though his entire body had been dunked in boiling water.

His center of gravity plummeted. He heard the sickening, grinding sound of his own bones shifting. His hips flared out violently, the pelvis cracking and widening, pulling his thighs apart to accommodate the sudden, luscious curve. His waist cinched inward, his ribs compressing until his spine arched naturally, emphasizing the newly widened flare of his lower body.

"Harry!" Ron screamed, but the sound was wrong. It pitched up, cracking, softening into a high, breathy squeal.

Harry looked down in absolute horror as his school trousers grew impossibly loose around his waist, yet terrifyingly tight around his new, plush thighs. Between his legs, a white-hot burning sensation took hold. He choked on a gasp as his manhood rapidly shrank, retreating upward. The flesh inverted, folding in on itself with a slick, wet sensation, leaving behind a tight, incredibly sensitive slit of nerves.

"No, no, no," Harry whimpered. The sound of his own voice shocked him. It was light, musical, and undeniably female.

His chest began to burn. Beneath his crumpled button-down shirt, two firm, tender mounds of flesh pushed their way out. They swelled rapidly, pushing the fabric taut. They weren't the colossal, over-encumbered weights they had cursed Hermione with, but they were perfectly round, full, and terrifyingly sensitive. The fabric of his shirt brushing against his newly hardened nipples sent a jolt of electric pleasure straight down to his inverted core, making his knees weak.

His shoulders narrowed, losing their broad, seeker's build. His jawline softened, the stubble melting back into the pores, leaving behind skin as smooth and soft as silk. His messy black hair shot outward, cascading past his shoulders in thick, lustrous waves.

The golden light faded.

Harry slumped against the foot of his bed, his chest heaving, two perky mounds rising and falling beneath the strained cotton of his—no, her—uniform shirt.

Beside him, Ron let out a breathy, terrified whimper. Harry turned his head, his wide, emerald-green eyes locking onto his best friend. Ron was entirely unrecognizable. The lanky, awkward boy was gone. Sitting on the rumpled bedsheets was a stunning, curvy redhead. A cascade of fiery waves tumbled past delicate, freckled shoulders. Ron's waist had dramatically narrowed, giving way to a pair of plush, incredibly wide hips that threatened to split the seams of his school trousers.

Ron's hands were hovering nervously over her own chest, where two firm, remarkably full mounds of flesh pushed aggressively against her Gryffindor sweater. She looked absolutely terrified.

Hermione stood over them, panting slightly as the residual golden magic cleared from the air. Even burdened by the colossal, aching weight of her own over-expanded chest, she looked down at them with an expression of supreme, victorious authority.

She snapped the heavy purple book shut with a resounding thud.

"What... what did you do to us?" Ron squeaked. Her hands flew up to cover her mouth, utterly betrayed by the light, musical pitch of her own voice.

Hermione tucked the thick tome under her arm, resting its heavy leather spine directly atop the massive, pale shelf of her spilling cleavage. She adjusted her grip, hefting the ridiculous weight of her breasts with a wince of discomfort, but her glare remained razor-sharp.

"I applied the exact same rules, Ronald," Hermione said coldly. "The spell is tethered to your biological core. Meaning you two are stuck exactly like this until you achieve a 'complete and total carnal release.'"

Harry shuddered. A horrifyingly intense spike of heat shot straight down to his newly inverted core just at the mention of the word release. His new body was a live wire of sensitivity, completely alien and overwhelmingly distractable. The rough fabric of his trousers rubbing against his thighs was suddenly hyper-stimulating.

"You can't leave us like this!" Harry cried out, his voice a breathless, feminine gasp. "Hermione, please! We're sorry!"

"Apology not accepted, Harry," Hermione said, turning on her heel. The sheer mass of her chest swayed heavily with the movement, but she held her head high. "You wanted a prank. You wanted to make a point about biology. Well, let's see how much you boys enjoy being 'undignified distractions:'"

She marched toward the door, struggling slightly to squeeze her newly broadened upper half through the wooden frame without knocking her shoulders.

"Hermione, wait!" Ron pleaded.

The heavy oak door slammed shut behind her. The lock clicked.

Silence descended on the boys' dormitory once again, thick and suffocating.

Harry sat frozen on the stone floor, his heart hammering against the soft, unfamiliar weight pressing on his ribs. He looked down at his hands—slender, elegant, the callouses from years of Quidditch completely smoothed over. He ran a trembling hand down his own side, feeling the impossible, dramatic dip of his waist and the plush flare of his new hips.

"Harry," Ron whimpered from the bed.

Harry looked up. Ron was staring at the large grandfather clock in the corner of the dormitory. The redhead's face was pale, her full, pink lips trembling in absolute panic.

"Harry," Ron repeated, her high-pitched voice cracking with pure terror. "We have Double Potions with the Slytherins in ten minutes."

Harry slowly looked down at his own chest, watching the two firm, perky mounds rise and fall rapidly against his ruined shirt. He thought about Malfoy. He thought about the rest of the school. He thought about the terrifying, aching wetness pooling between his thighs that demanded an incredibly specific, embarrassing cure.

Harry closed her eyes and let his head thump back against the wooden bedpost.

"Oh, fuck."

