

Chapter 4

The early weeks of Harry's first year seemed to fly by. To him, it felt like they went from celebrating Hermione's eighteenth birthday to the end of October in the blink of an eye. It was also startling how different his life was after only a few small changes. He was friends with people he had barely known the first time around, even after going to school with them for six years.

More than once, he'd spent the night thinking about his decisions. Because of his friendship with Daphne and Tracey, two Slytherin girls, Ron spent less time with him, and Hermione didn't seem to know what to think. Tonks came around once in a while, but being in her OWL year, most of her time was taken up with studying.

Often, Harry would question whether he was doing the right thing by changing the future. The memory of seeing the bodies of his friends and classmates laid out in the middle of the Great Hall told him it was the right thing to do, but he couldn't help but wonder if he was only making things worse in the long run. It was hard to imagine how, but the thought stayed with him day and night.

That question grew even stronger as he woke up on October 31st. Harry questioned if events would play out the same as they had before, and he questioned even more if he should let them. In the end, he decided to let things unfold naturally. It was a hard choice to make, but this was one of the defining moments of his life. Tonight would bring him and his two closest friends back together. Maybe it was a selfish decision, he admitted, but it was one he thought Ron and Hermione would forgive him for.

Leaving his still snoring dormmates, Harry got dressed and headed down to breakfast. The Great Hall was already decorated with floating jack-o-lanterns in place of the usual candles, and Transfigured bats flew around the rafters.

Though the day was the same, everything felt so different that he wondered if history would repeat itself after all. His broom had come earlier than it had last time, he'd already foiled Malfoy's plan to have Filch catch him out after curfew, and without their adventure to the

third-floor corridor, there was no reason for Hermione to be angry at him. Harry's gut twisted at the thought of losing his two best friends because of his decision to change the past.

By the time they made it to Charms, Harry's nervousness was at its peak. Once again, he was paired with Seamus, while Ron was paired with Hermione. He remembered being relieved to be partnered with Seamus over Neville in his first experience, but Neville was doing much better with his new wand now, and Seamus still had a tendency to produce explosive results when miscasting a spell.

Even after all of the changes Harry had made, it seemed there was one thing that would never change: Ron and Hermione's love of bickering. He had to fight not to smile as Hermione tried to correct Ron in an admittedly condescending and bossy manner, while Ron snapped back at her.

"Fine!" Ron nearly shouted, having reached his boiling point. "If it's so simple, you do it!"

Hermione huffed and aimed her wand at the feather sitting on their shared desk.

"Wingardium Leviosa," she said.

The feather rose smoothly off the desk and drifted up towards the ceiling.

"Oh, well done Ms. Granger. Well Done. Five points to Gryffindor," Professor Flitwick cheered.

Hermione beamed with pride while Ron slapped his wand down on the desk and folded his arms angrily. Internally, Harry cheered. Unfortunately, he was so focused on Ron and Hermione that he didn't notice Seamus' increasingly sloppy casting. He jumped at the loud bang and looked over to see Seamus with a blackened face and singed hair as their burned feather fluttered to the floor.

"I think we're going to need another feather over here, professor," Harry deadpanned.

Hermione sat back with a small, smug smile, while Ron slouched forward and fumed silently, his ears glowing red. When the class was finished, he quickly caught up with Harry and Seamus to complain.

“No wonder she hasn’t got any friends,” Ron said. “She’s a nightmare, honestly.”

Harry felt someone push between them, and Ron grunted as an elbow was driven sharply into his ribs. Hermione knocked them out of the way as she strode past, tears in her eyes.

“I think she heard you,” Harry said sadly.

“So,” Ron said, looking slightly guilty. “It’s true, isn’t it?”

Just like last time, Hermione skipped their next class. On their way to the Great Hall, they heard Parvati tell Lavender that she was crying in the girls’ bathroom and wanted to be left alone. Ron looked even more awkward at that, but he soon forgot about it when presented with the Halloween feast. Harry, on the other hand, was filled with too much nervous anticipation to be distracted.

Almost as soon as they reached for the food, Professor Quirrell burst into the Great Hall.

“Troll-in the dungeon-thought you ought to know,” he panted before collapsing to the ground.

In hindsight, it was rather poor acting, Harry thought while his classmates panicked. As Dumbledore ordered the prefects to take the students to their common rooms, Harry grabbed Ron by the arm.

“Ron, Hermione,” he said.

“What about her?” Ron asked.

“She doesn’t know about the Troll,” Harry said. “Come on.”

Ron showed a moment of indecision, then nodded. The two of them broke off from the mass of students flooding out of the Great Hall and raced through the halls to the girls’ bathroom on the first floor.

This time, because Harry knew where they were going, they got there before the Troll. Ron stopped at the door nervously, but Harry blew past him and shouldered the door open roughly. At the sound of his entry, Hermione and – surprisingly – Susan Bones, looked at him from where they stood at the sinks.

“Harry! What are you doing?” Hermione asked, then glared when she spotted Ron creeping in the door and looking around curiously. “What are *you* doing here?”

“No time,” Harry said quickly. “We need to go, there’s a Troll in the school.”

“What?” Susan gasped.

“That’s not funny, Harry,” Hermione said sternly. “There’s no way a Troll could-“

The door to the bathroom exploded inwards, hitting one of the stalls. Susan screamed in fright, while Hermione paled, and Ron whimpered. Ducking down, the massive Troll, club in hand, squeezed its way into the bathroom.

“I’ll distract it, you run,” Harry said quickly.

Running forward, he shot harmless sparks at the Troll in an attempt to get its attention. His efforts were successful, and it turned to him angrily. Hermione, however, remained frozen in fear, unable to move even as Ron and Susan tugged at her arms.

Raising its club, the Troll swung at Harry, but he ducked out of the way. Swishing past his ear, the club slammed against the stone floor and the Troll let out a roar of rage.

“Any time would be good,” Harry yelled as he ducked under another wild swing.

Biting her lips, Susan stopped tugging on Hermione’s arm and slapped the brunette hard across the face. Hermione flinched and finally tore her eyes off the Troll and looked at her in shock.

“Sorry,” Susan said.

“Come on,” Ron yelled annoyedly.

Finally, they were able to drag Hermione out of the door while Harry continued to dodge the Troll.

“Come on, Harry!” Hermione yelled nervously.

“I’m a little busy,” Harry grunted as he dropped to the floor to avoid another swing of the club.

The biggest problem was that the Troll was between Harry and the door. Growling in frustration, he backed up as far as he could. Roaring, the Troll charged at him, club raised high. Taking off at a sprint, Harry ran towards the Troll. Just before the club collided with his skull, he dropped to the floor and slid under the Troll. As he passed between its legs, he shot his foot up and kicked it as hard as he could in the loin cloth.

Magically resistant the Troll’s skin may have been, but that did nothing to stop the beast from dropping to its knees in pain. Climbing back to his feet, Harry ran out of the door.

“Time to go,” he said, grabbing Hermione and Susan by the arm and taking off at a run.

Looking back, he saw Ron following them with the Troll close behind.

“We’re going to die,” Hermione gasped as she looked back to see the Troll charging after them.

“No, we’re not,” Harry said. “This way.”

Harry led them up the stairs, a plan forming in his head. Running up two flights of stairs, the whole group was panting as they sprinted down an empty corridor with the Troll right on their heels.

“We can’t-keep-running,” Susan gasped.

“In here,” Harry said.

Reaching the door at the end of the hall, Harry threw it open and stopped just inside. As soon as the others joined him, they too stopped – albeit for an entirely different reason. While they gaped at the sight that greeted them, Harry turned back to watch the Troll charge towards them.

Just before it burst through the doorway, Harry shoved Ron to one side room, then dove in the opposite direction, taking Hermione and Susan with him. Landing on his side, he looked up to see if his plan would work.

With its prey suddenly gone, the Troll stumbled to a stop and grunted dumbly as it looked up. Fluffy growled and lunged forward with all three of its heads. Susan and Hermione cringed and buried their faces in Harry’s shoulder as the troll was torn apart. Across the room, Ron turned away, his face green.

“Come on,” Harry whispered.

While he was almost certain Fluffy wouldn't attack students, he didn't want to test that particular theory while he was in the midst of tearing apart his newest toy.

Climbing to their feet, Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Susan snuck out of the room. Closing the door softly, he couldn't keep the smile off his face as the adrenaline rushed through his veins, even as his friends looked pale and shaky.

"What-was *that*?" Susan asked.

"Fluffy," Harry said.

"That thing has a name?" Ron asked.

"Whatever," Hermione said. "I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm going back to the common room before I get killed, or worse, *expelled*."

"She needs to sort out her priorities," Ron muttered to Harry.

Harry smiled at the familiar conversation. Then, just as Hermione turned to leave, Professor Snape came running around the corner, followed closely by Professors McGonagall and Dumbledore.

"What are the four of you doing here," Snape demanded, his black eyes narrowed into a scowl. "You were specifically told to go back to your common rooms."

Hermione looked ready to speak up, but Harry patted her shoulder and she fell quiet while turning back to look at him questioningly.

“Hermione was in the bathroom, so she couldn’t have known about the Troll,” Harry explained. “Ron and I went to get her, and we found Susan too. That’s when the Troll found us.”

McGonagall paled and put her hand to her chest, while Snape looked around suspiciously, as if searching for evidence of the magical creature.

“It chased us through the castle, so we led it here,” Harry finished.

“It’s true, Professor,” Susan added. “Harry saved our lives, and it was his idea to lead it into that room.”

McGonagall gaped at him, Snape glared, and Dumbledore smiled faintly.

“We’ll see how true that is,” Snape sneered.

Pushing his way past the students, he grabbed the brass knob and threw open the door. The room was a bloody mess, and two of Fluffy’s heads were fighting over the only remaining part of the Troll, its leg. The head not fighting with the other two, on the far right, looked over at Snape, the Troll’s loin cloth hanging from its teeth, and growled menacingly. Slamming the door shut, Snape spun around wide eyed and pale, his arms outstretched to bar the door closed.

“I hope he doesn’t get an upset stomach after eating that,” Harry said.

Hermione goggled at him, most likely at his making a joke after such a harrowing experience. She’ll get used to it, Harry thought with a smile.

“Potter!” Snape barked suddenly. “This corridor is forbidden for a reason! Ten points from Gryffindor for not following your prefect, and another ten for entering this corridor.”

“Then I shall have to award twenty points for protecting your fellow students, and another twenty for dealing with the Troll,” McGonagall said in their defense with a glare at Snape.

“Excellent,” Dumbledore said while clapping his hands, cutting off Snape before he could retort. “Well then, I believe you four have seen enough excitement for tonight. Harry, I trust you and Mr. Weasley can see these two young ladies back to their common rooms with getting into any more trouble?”

“I’ll do my best,” Harry said.

Dumbledore smiled and nodded as Harry led the group past the professors down the hall.

“What in the ruddy hell is a thing like that doing in the school?” Ron asked as soon as they were out of earshot of the professors.

“Trolls are pretty stupid, I don’t know how it would have found a way in though,” Susan said.

“I meant the dog,” Ron told her.

Blushing, Susan ducked her head. Feeling bad for his shy friend getting caught up in the night’s dramatic events, Harry reached over and squeezed her shoulder.

“Oh, honestly!” Hermione said in frustration. “Didn’t you see what it was standing on?”

“I wasn’t looking at its feet, I was looking at its heads. In case you missed it, there were three!” Ron yelled incredulously.

“It was standing on a trapdoor,” Hermione told him.

“You think it’s guarding something?” Susan asked hesitantly.

“I don’t know, and I don’t want to,” Hermione huffed. “If the professors are hiding something, then it must be for a good reason.”

“I don’t know,” Susan argued. “If they’re hiding something so dangerous that it needs a Cerberus to protect it, should it really be hidden in a school in the first place?”

Hermione bit her lip, unable to argue with that logic. Harry was glad someone else was getting her to start thinking of authority figures as people capable of mistakes besides him.

“Ron, Hermione,” Harry said as they reached the stairs, “why don’t you two go back to the common room and I’ll walk Susan back to Hufflepuff?”

Still shaken from their adventure, the two nodded and headed up the stairs quietly. Meanwhile, Harry and Susan made their way down to the first floor. Passing the entrance to the kitchens, they walked to a stack of barrels a little further down the hall in a dimly lit corner. Harry knew from his time as Head Boy during his returning seventh year how to get in, but he thought that was best kept to himself for the time being. Susan had had enough surprises for one night, he decided.

“Thanks for coming to save me tonight, Harry,” Susan said as they stopped just outside the entrance to the common room. “I know you were just looking for Hermione, but-“

“I’d’ve gone looking for you too, if I knew you were missing,” Harry told her with a friendly smile.

Susan blushed, but her lips quirked up in a smile.

“Still, thanks for saving me. There’s no way I would have survived if you hadn’t come looking for us,” she continued.

“Don’t mention it,” Harry told her with a grin.

Susan surprised him by lunging forward and giving him a tight hug, her huge, soft breasts flattening slightly from how tightly she held him. As Harry wrapped his arms around her and hugged her back, he could feel her shaking lightly.

“You alright?” he asked when she pulled back several seconds later.

“I’m fine,” she said quietly, suddenly shy. “Good night, Harry.”

“Night, Susan,” Harry replied.

Walking over to the barrels, Susan tapped the correct barrel in the right pattern to open the entrance. When it did, he heard several of her housemates shout her name and rush forward to greet her worriedly. Smiling, Harry turned and made his way all the way back up to the sixth floor.

When he got back to the Gryffindor common room, he was surprised it mostly empty, with just a handful of people still there. One of them was Hermione, who stood up to meet him.

“I’m sorry, Harry. I never did thank you, for coming to look for me,” she said shyly.

“No worries,” Harry said. “What are friends for?”

With a beaming smile, Hermione threw herself at him and gave him a crushing hug. Just as quickly, she seemed to realize what she’d done and pulled back quickly, her cheeks going pink.

“Thanks, Harry. Goodnight,” she said quickly.

“Goodnight, Hermione,” Harry said as she took off up the stairs.

Sighing, and feeling the events of the day catching up with him, Harry decided to call it a night.

The next morning, Harry noticed Dumbledore missing from the Head Table as he went down for breakfast with Ron and Hermione. After hearing some truly ridiculous rumors about the previous night, Tonks and Daphne both came over to ask him about what happened. Tonks moaned about missing all the fun, while Daphne actually complimented him on his resourcefulness.

Hermione joined in on the conversation more than usual, and Harry was glad to see her starting to relax more. It was good to see her beginning to make friends with Tonks and Daphne. While the girls discussed how a Troll could get into the castle, he spotted Professor McGonagall enter the Great Hall and head straight for him.

“Mr. Potter,” she said, stopping across from him and startling Hermione, “The headmaster would like to see you in his office. He also asked that you bring your uninvited guest. I trust you know what he means?”

“Yes ma’am,” Harry said with a grin.

Nodding, McGonagall turned and walked towards the Head Table.

“Harry?” Hermione asked curiously as he pushed his plate aside and stood.

“I’ll explain later,” Harry said quickly.

As he ran out of the Great Hall excitedly, he never noticed Susan walking over to the Gryffindor table and taking his place next to Daphne.

Sprinting up to the Gryffindor common room, he slipped into his dorm and sealed the doors and windows discretely. The brown rat on Ron's bed never even woke before he hit it with a Stunning Hex and tossed it into a cage transfigured from a stray sock on the floor.

"Got you," Harry said with a malicious grin as he held the traitor up to his eyes.

Tapping the cage, it briefly glowed blue as he made it unbreakable before heading straight down to the second floor. Giving the Gargoyle statue the password, he rode the revolving spiral staircase to the top and knocked on the door.

"Enter!" Dumbledore called out.

Walking into the headmaster's office, he was surprised to see not only Professor McGonagall there, but Madam Bones as well. Dumbledore actually looked relieved to see him. Recalling the events of the previous night, he realized Albus had probably had a difficult morning explaining to Madam Bones why a Troll and a Cerberus were in the school.

"Ah, Harry. Come in, come in," Dumbledore said, then glanced at the caged rat in his hand. "I see you've brought our guest."

"A rat?" Madam Bones asked.

McGonagall looked confused as well, but remained silent.

"I assure you, that is much more than just a mere rat," Dumbledore said cryptically. "Would you care to explain, Harry, or shall I?"

"I will," Harry replied, then turned to Madam Bones. "After I learned about what really happened to my parents, I went to visit Godric's Hollow. I found my mother's diary in the house, and I took it with me. In it, she wrote that they changed Secret Keepers at the last

minute. Sirius Black didn't betray my parents, it was Peter Pettigrew, he was the Secret Keeper."

Madam Bones' eyes went so wide that her monocle fell away, dangling from the chain to which it was attached. Behind her, McGonagall gasped and collapsed into a chair with a horrified look on her face. After a long moment of silence, Madam Bones put her monocle back into her eye and steeled her expression.

"Even if that was true, and we could prove it, Sirius Black still murdered Peter Pettigrew and fourteen innocent Muggles," she told him.

Setting the cage down on Dumbledore's desk, Harry opened it and pulled out the still unconscious rat and set it on the floor. Drawing his wand, he looked over and nodded at the headmaster.

"Animagus Revertio," Dumbledore intoned.

Madam Bones drew her own wand and McGonagall gasped as the rat began to grow and change. In seconds, Peter Pettigrew was lying unconscious on the floor.

"Merlin's beard," Madam Bones gasped.

"My father and his friends all became Animagi when they were at school to help Remus Lupin during the full moon," Harry explained.

"Amelia," Dumbledore said. "If Sirius didn't betray the Potters, or kill Peter Pettigrew as we thought, it's likely he wasn't responsible for the deaths of those Muggle as we've believed either."

Nodding, her jaw clenched in anger, Madam Bones bound the pudgy, balding wizard tight enough that he began to wake. Blinking his eyes open, Peter looked around in horror as his situation dawned on him.

“Peter Pettigrew, you’re under arrest for the betrayal of the Potters and the framing of Sirius Black,” Madam Bones said.

It would be hours before Harry actually left the office. Aurors and Minister Fudge were called in, and the tedious process dragged on and on. Only after a long argument and questioning under Veritaserum would the man admit to a possible mistake. It took Harry and Dumbledore, along with threats of arrest from Madam Bones, even longer to convince him to give Sirius the trial he deserved. Harry was sorely tempted to just Hex the man into doing what he should have done in the first place, and it was only the presence of the Aurors that stopped him.

Finally, it was Dumbledore persuading Fudge to blame the previous Ministry and Barty Crouch, that caused him to eventually give in. Only after getting a guarantee from Madam Bones and Fudge that Sirius would get a trial immediately did Harry leave the office.

After missing both Potions and most of Charms, he decided to just head down to the Great Hall for an early lunch. In the back of his mind, he tried to think of a way to get rid of Fudge and replace him with someone better. How anyone could elect that man, he would never understand.

When his friends joined him later – including Susan, who had met her aunt briefly in the Entrance Hall – Harry finally explained what had happened. Understandably, everyone was horrified to hear about such a miscarriage of justice and the Minister’s reluctance to fix it. Hermione, especially, found it difficult to swallow that the leader of Magical Britain would act that way. The revelations were worse for Ron, however. He looked sick at the thought of his pet rat actually being an Animagus.

By the end of the day, the story of Sirius Black’s innocence had spread throughout the entire school. After being pestered with questions, Harry was looking forward to the end of dinner so he could go hide in the Room of Requirement for a while. As he left the Great Hall early, however, Susan ran over to catch up with him.

“Hey, Harry,” she said. “Do you have a minute?”

“Sure,” Harry said as he continued to climb the stairs.

“I-well, I’d like to repay the life debt I owe you,” Susan said nervously.

Instinctively, Harry wanted to refuse, to tell her she didn’t owe him anything, but stopped himself. He knew firsthand how powerful life debts could be, and Luna had taught him about how important it was for most of the older families to repay debts.

“Alright,” Harry said reluctantly. “If you think that’s necessary.”

“Thank you,” Susan said with a smile, then became shy again as she pulled a roll of parchment out of her pocket. “I’d like to offer to become a mistress for House Potter.”

Harry came to a dead stop in the middle of the hall and turned to stare at her.

“I-er, that’s a bit much, isn’t it?” Harry asked, stammering slightly in his surprise.

“Not really,” Susan said, biting her lip nervously. “And it would work out for both of us. I repay you for saving my life by being your mistress, and any kids we have would get to keep my name, so the Bones family doesn’t die out.”

“Susan, that’s a really big decision,” Harry said.

“I know,” she said quietly, not meeting his eye. “I already talked to Daphne and she’s fine with it, but I’ll understand if you don’t want me.”

"It's not that," Harry told her. "It's just-do you really want to make a decision about something that's going to change the rest of your life so soon? I mean, this is only our first year at Hogwarts. What if you meet someone else you'd rather be with?"

Susan's shoulders slumped in defeat as they stood in the middle of the stairway. Worried about someone else overhearing their conversation once more students left the Great Hall, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and led her up the stairs. Seeing how surprisingly upset she was, Harry decided to see if he could reach a compromise.

"How about this," Harry said. "What if we keep things unofficial for now, and if you still want to be a mistress later, I'll sign the contract."

"Really?" Susan asked hopefully.

"Really," Harry nodded.

Smiling and skipping with excitement, Susan hugged him tightly.

"Thank you!" she said brightly.

"You're really that excited to be a mistress?" Harry asked.

"Well, partially," Susan admitted. "Auntie told me not to worry about it, but I don't want to see the Bones family die out. Plus, I've always wanted to be a part of a big family with lots of kids. It gets lonely with just me and auntie, especially since she works so much. You already have Daphne as a mistress. She's probably going to want kids to continue the Greengrass line, along with whoever you end up marrying and having kids to continue the Potter line."

"Well, I'm not sure if Daphne's going to stick around," Harry said.

"I know," Susan said, her enthusiasm not dropping a bit.

Harry reflected that if this had happened during his real first year, he probably would have shit himself and run for the hills. Even the thought of starting his own family, as much as he wanted one, would have been a daunting, terrifying thought. Now that he was more mature, and had really given it a lot of thought, starting a family of his own felt much more achievable.

Before he knew it, he realized they were on the seventh floor. Susan gave him a strange look as he paced back and forth in front of a bare stretch of hallway, then her eyes widened when the door to the Room of Requirement faded into view. Opening the door, Harry waved her in. Currently, the room just looked like a comfortable sitting room in Gryffindor colors. Unintentionally, or perhaps subconsciously, he'd summoned the room he usually used with Tonks and Daphne, meaning there was a large, fluffy bed off to one side.

Susan looked over at the bed and blushed as she closed the door behind her.

"D-do you want me to start acting like your mistress tonight?" she asked, blushing heavily as she glanced between him and the bed.

Harry raised an eyebrow at her. He hadn't expected that offer.

"Do you want to?" he asked in return.

Susan blushed heavily and looked down shyly. Walking over to her, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her short, curvy frame against him, watching her reaction closely. Her breath hitched and she rested her hands on his biceps as she looked up at him nervously. Giving her a reassuring smile, he leaned down and kissed her softly.

With a soft moan, Susan wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back. By the time they broke apart they were both breathless, and Susan's eyes looked glazed over. Chuckling, Harry grabbed her hand and led her over to the bed. Lifting her up, he sat her on the foot of the

bed and stepped between her legs. Her skirt raised her legs, showing more of her thick, creamy white thighs.

Susan stared up at him with nervous anticipation as he bent down and kissed her again. As their tongues danced, Harry pulled off her yellow and black tie, then began working on the buttons of her crisp white shirt. As soon as he had it open, he placed his hands on her bare sides, feeling her breath tremble as his fingers slid up over her ribs and then up to her huge, bra clad breasts. Susan moaned into his mouth as he cupped them gently and lifted the heavy globes. Even through the fabric of her bra, he could feel her stiff nipples press into the palms of his hands.

With shaking hands, Susan reached up to undo his shirt and tie, her nervous fingers fumbling with a couple of the buttons. Once she had it open, Harry took off his shirt and dropped it to the floor, before helping Susan remove hers. He'd always known she was busty, but seeing her massive breasts in just a thin white bra somehow made them seem even larger than he imagined.

Looking down at her flushed face, Harry slowly reached around her back, giving her plenty of time to stop him, and reached for the clasp of her bra. Susan panted nervously but made no move to stop him as he popped open the clasps. Under the bra, her heavy, heaving breasts drooped slightly under their own weight once they were freed. Despite that, they still looked incredibly perky and firm. Grabbing the shoulder straps, he pulled the bra completely away.

Capped with light pink nipples and wide, soft areolas, Susan's breasts nearly had him drooling. Looking up at her nervous expression, Harry gave her a smile and then kissed her on the lips while pushing her backwards to lie flat on the mattress. Moving past her chin, he kissed down her neck to her chest as her fingers threaded through his hair.

Taking his time, Harry kissed all over her breasts, licking, sucking, and lightly nipping at the pale, expansive flesh. By the time he finally wrapped his lips around one of her swollen nipples, Susan was panting and nearly writhing under him from the anticipation. A long, drawn-out moan left her parted lips as he moved from one nipple to the other, his hands pressing her huge, pale globes together.

After spending a couple of minutes at her chest, Susan's fingers tightened in his hair and pulled his lips back up to her. Shuffling forward, Harry pressed his straining erection against her damp, panty clad mound, drawing another long moan from her lips. Smiling against her lips, Harry reached for the side of her skirt, popping open the button and lowering the zipper. Straightening up, he pulled off her skirt and panties in one go, leaving her entirely bare except for her white, knee-high socks.

Gazing at her stunning hourglass figure, Harry toed off his shoes and stripped out of his pants and boxers. Sitting up on her elbows, Susan stared, wide eyed, at his rock-hard length. As he moved back closer to her, she unthinkingly raised her knees and spread her legs open for him. Both of them moaned when his rigid shaft met her damp folds, their hips bucking unconsciously to increase the friction.

Grabbing himself at the base, Harry ran his engorged head between her taut lips, coating it in her arousal. Placing himself at her entrance, he looked up at her questioningly. When she nodded her assent, Harry eased his length into her depths. With a gasp, Susan arched her back, thrusting her magnificent tits into the air while her heels dug into his glutes, driving him deeper into her.

As he thrust back and forth, slowly easing his entire length into her, Harry reached up and groped one of her gently swaying breasts. Susan had her eyes closed and her head tilted back as she panted heavily. When he finally bottomed out, she opened her eyes and stared up at him with such a wanton expression his cock throbbed inside of her.

Bending down, Harry kissed her hard as he sawed back and forth inside of her. Her tight, slick walls gripped him with each movement, her drooling lips dragging along his shaft as they attempted to keep him trapped in her sweltering depths.

As she grew wetter, and his movements became easier, Harry straightened up and increased the speed and power of his thrusts. The sight of her swaying, jiggling mounds was hypnotic. He found himself driving into harder and harder, just to see how much he could make them move. Susan took it willingly, her gasps and moans revealing her pleasure.

Her hands tightened around his forearms and a flush ran from the top of her head to the middle of her breasts. With a cry, she came around him, her walls fluttering as her body trembled. Harry slowed his thrusts through her climax, staving off his own orgasm for just a bit longer.

When Susan finally calmed, gasping for breath, Harry lifted her up and scooted her back on the mattress until he had enough room to climb up himself. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he rolled over onto his back and then pulled her on top of him. Moaning, Susan pressed her hands against his chest and rolled her hips.

“Merlin, you’re incredible, Susan,” Harry told her.

Smiling, Susan kissed him briefly before she started bouncing up and down on his towering erection. Gripping her wide hips, Harry watched as her massive breasts bounced on her chest. Planting his feet on the bed, he bucked upwards in time with her bouncing.

In a matter of moments, they’d worked themselves into a frenzy. Both of them panted heavily as their bodies collided with loud, meaty slaps. Harry grunted under her while Susan let out a series of loud moans and cries.

The intense pace had him quickly reach his breaking point. Tightening his grip on her hips, Harry pulled her down while he thrust up and exploded inside of her, his thick cum painting her depths. Above him, Susan closed her eyes and trembled as she moaned. Jerking his hips upwards, Harry emptied himself inside of her and the two of them collapsed into a panting heap.

If this was his new life, Harry thought, he could definitely get used to it.