

Summary: Harry intervenes when another student gets a little too handsy with Susan Bones. As a reward, Susan promises to teach him some of her aunt's "secret" defense techniques. Too bad Harry doesn't know that Bones women have a weapon more powerful than even Voldemort could imagine.

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Hands Off the Merchandise

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Evening hung heavy over Hogwarts. The late October air was brisk and cold within the stone castle halls foreshadowing the coming winter snows. Most inhabitants of the ancient school had already made their way back from dinner, their moods light and cheerful as they retired to the warmth of their respective common room. There were a few stragglers throughout the halls. Students running last minute errands before curfew, one or two professors starting their patrols for the night, and even the odd ghost floating lazily through walls and doorways.

One individual roamed aimlessly as well, no true destination in mind as he wandered the castle. Harry paid little mind to the few others he passed in the halls. His mind was too heavy with thoughts of burden. His hunt for Horcruxes with Dumbledore. Professor Slughorn and the knowledge he's keeping hidden. Draco Malfoy's secret plot. And of course Voldemort himself.

Each one weighed heavily on his mind. No progress had been made on any front. He and Dumbledore hadn't found anything more on the Horcruxes or their location.

Slughorn was their only lead for just the amount there were to begin with! And yet, besides using an old book to cheat and become number 1 in the class, Harry was no

closer to making the man spill his secrets than he was at the start of term.

Then there was of course Draco Malfoy. The sneaky ferret was up to something and Ron and Hermione were too busy drooling over one another to bloody notice! They shrugged off any of Harry's arguments like they didn't even matter.

Finally, there was Voldemort. There was no need to describe how terrifying it was, knowing that he was out there somewhere, planning, plotting. Harry's connection to him made things all the more complicated and it wasn't just nightmares that kept him up at night. In fact, he had a sneaking suspicion tonight would be just as sleepless. His mind was too abuzz with the stress of everything.

So he wandered. Retracing routes he had walked dozens of times years earlier, when he was a simple kid exploring the strange new place he found himself in.

It was this reason why he found himself slowly walking past the Hufflepuff dorms and deeper into the dungeons. He idly peered into the old classroom that hosted Nearly-Headless Nick's deathday party back in his second year as he passed. Memories of the rotten food made his skin crawl and so he did his best to get away from the room at a reasonably fast pace.

A muffled shout from the adjacent storage closet brought his mild escape to a halt. Harry's senses were immediately put on high alert. Taking out his wand, he stalked quietly towards the storage room door. It was cracked open just slightly, allowing him a small glimpse into the old closet. The sight of old musty shelves didn't interest him though, it was the voices coming from inside that peaked his interest.

"For the last time I said no! Now let me pass!" A feminine voice exclaimed.

There was a shuffling sound that followed, as if someone had moved to block her way.

“Now now, don’t be like that! We could have so much fun together if you just relaxed, Susie.” Another voice chimed.

The girl bit out a small growl at the other person’s words. “I’m not interested in having any sort of ‘fun’ with you Justin!” Her words were followed by a small cry.

“You should really reconsider Bones.” Justin ground out angrily.

“Let me go! You’re hurting me!”

“Shut it slut! You spend everyday walking around this castle and flashing your tits to anyone who’ll look. Well now it’s time you learn your lesson for being such a tease!”

There was a sharp slapping sound of flesh hitting flesh that rang out followed by a choked sob.

Harry had heard enough after that. With a swift kick, the door banged open to reveal the scene inside. Justin Finch-Fletchley loomed over Susan Bones with a sneering face. He held her wrist in a white knuckle grip with his other hand raised high in the air. From the tears in Susan’s eyes and the red handprint on her cheek, it didn’t take a genius to figure out the bastard had already slapped her once and was poised to do so again. If that didn’t make Harry’s blood boil in rage, then the sight of the red-heads t-shirt ripped half-way down her chest would have.

With an angry growl, Harry shot off a spell towards the Hufflepuff boy. The red crackling orb slammed into his raised hand with a sickening crunch. The boy dropped to his knees instantly and howled in pain. He glared up at Harry while clutching his now broken wrist in a tender grasp.

“Who the fuck- Potter?! What are you- I’ll fucking kill you for that scar head!” Justin seethed at him.

Harry glared down at the simpering boy and hit him with another spell. Any further words from the Hufflepuffs mouth were silenced by the painful swelling of the infected bee stings around his lips. Hitting him with a bodybind just to be safe, Harry turned to Susan to assess her injuries.

The red head looked up to him with a look of relief, though there was still an undertone of fear mixed into her features. Harry knelt down and gingerly took her arm. He hissed internally at the deep purple bruise that marred her skin and promised himself to make Justin's punishment all the more painful and humiliating.

"Are you okay Susan?" He asked gingerly.

The girl made to answer, her mouth opening briefly only to pause as her lips began to tremble. The next second, Harry's world was covered in a tint of auburn. The red head witch hugged him tightly, soft sobs wracking her form as she cried in relief. Harry froze at first, not knowing how to properly handle this new situation. Eventually, he settled on what felt natural and wrapped his arms around Susan's waist to pull her close.

He did his best to ignore how nice it felt to hold her this way. Her soft body pressed so nicely against his and the sweet scent of her shampoo invading his senses. It was just a friendly gesture, he was just a shoulder to cry on after all. Eventually, he pushed her back. Susan came undone easily enough, though she did let out one pitiful whimper as he extracted himself.

"C'mon, wait outside for me and I'll walk you back to your common room. I just need a moment alone with this arse." He nodded over to Justin.

"O-Okay." Susan nodded. He helped her stand and guided her to the door. As they passed Justin, Susan turned with a look of abject fury and swiftly kicked the bound boy

between the legs. Justin let out a muffled scream from the abuse to his genitals, one that brought a smirk to Harry's face.

"If Harry doesn't cut your tiny cock off then I'll be sure to do it myself you piece of filth!" Susansaid before spitting at the Hufflepuff's prone form and walking out.

Harry watched her leave, closing and locking the door once she was gone. The lock clicked into place softly and he turned back to the would-be-rapist with a malicious grin.

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"-Seamus says a prefect found him all starkers and glued to the ceiling this morning before breakfast. Pomfrey was able to transfigure his head back to normal and all, but whoever spelled the tattoo on his chest made it permanent!" Ron laughed as they walked to their morning class. "I say he deserves it though! That and the shrinking charm on his nadders! Bloody prat was always too full of himself and now that tattoo will let everyone know exactly what kinda man he is!"

Harry listened to his friend as he detailed Justin Finch-Fletchley's discovery that morning. It took some effort to keep the proud smile off his face as Ron praised the 'mystery assailants' work.

He had been afraid he went a bit overboard with Justin's punishment truth be told. But that fear was soon washed away as he listened to the various people agree that the ponce deserved what he got.

The words 'Ugly Pervert' would forever be emblazoned on the prat's chest for all to see. Harry had made sure to use the more painful variant of the tattoo spell for good measure. Though he did wish Madame Pomfrey had left his head as a donkey arse. That one really spoke for itself.

Regardless, Justin's punishment had brought a sort of levity to Harry's day. He was in a much better mood than the one he'd been in last night and actually looked forward to the day ahead.

Turning to Ron, he made to comment on what the ginger was saying before he was suddenly bumped to the side by someone.

"Omph! Hey watch where-!" His words died off as he turned to catch the retreating form of Susan Bones shoulder past him. She stopped briefly when he called out and gazed back at him out of the corner of her eye. Her gaze flicked downwards towards his pockets before the girl straightened once more and walked away.

Harry furrowed his brow in confusion. Reach down he sifted through his previously empty pocket. He paused when his hand encircled a small slip of parchment within. He wanted to pull the note free and read it then and now but hesitated. Ron would surely notice, if he hadn't already noticed his friend shout out and stare at the red head who bumped into him.

Shaking his head, Harry let the note go and promised himself to look at it later.

It wouldn't be till after lunch when he'd get the chance. He ditched Ron and Hermione as they entered the great hall to eat and ducked out to a hidden alcove under the grand staircase. Tentatively he pulled the note free and read its contents.

The Special Place. 8:00 pm.

He looked at the note in confusion. He knew what 'the Special Place' was of course. It was one of the many names the DA used in correspondence when referring to the Room of Requirement. Not very creative, but unique enough to get the point across.

His confusion was centered around why Susan would feel the need for all the cloak and

dagger. Surely if she just wanted to talk to him the girl would just ask right?

He sighed and put the note away. There was really only one way to get answers. He'd just have to wait till 8 o'clock to get them.

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He managed to ditch Ron and Hermione again without issue. Really it wasn't so much ditching if the other two didn't even know you were there. They really needed to get a room already.

A door was already waiting for him upon arriving at the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy. He briefly considered barging in but discarded the idea. No doubt he was the only one Susan was expecting, but still, the girl had gone through an ordeal the night before. It was probably best not to scare her.

He rapped his knuckles across the wood with three quick knocks. The door clicked open almost instantly without issue. It swung open to reveal a smallish room decorated in warm hues of brown and yellow, fitting for a Hufflepuff really. Inside there was a single couch facing a small roaring fire. Strangely enough, there was also a small four poster bed tucked away in the corner though Harry knew not why.

Susan sat on the couch, her wand pointed steadily at his chest. Harry smirked when he saw that, mentally applauding her vigilance.

"Easy Sue, I come in peace." He smiled warmly, raising his hands in faux surrender.

Susan blushed and cleared her throat. Storing away her wand she gave him a small smile and gestured for him to come in.

"Sorry Harry. I'm still a bit rattled from last night I suppose."

Harry waved her off and sat down on the small loveseat next to her. "S'alright. No harm

done yeah? I'm more concerned with how you're holding up. I know you said you were fine last night after I walked you back to your dorm but..."

"But that was clearly a lie." She finished softly.

Harry shrugged with a guilty smile and nodded. Susan sighed and looked down at her lap, rubbing her hands together nervously as she did so.

"I knew that Justin had a crush on me. He's asked me out enough times in the last two years to make that obvious. But I also knew what kind of person he was and it was not the kind of person I'd ever wish to be with. I always did my best to turn him down gently, but I guess in some sick way he thought I was playing hard to get. Or maybe he simply didn't care when I said no." She took a moment to steady her breath before continuing.

"After last night I think it was the latter more and more. I never dreamed he would go as far as he did and if you hadn't-" Her words became stuck in her throat and she grimaced as a sob threatened to escape.

Harry reached forward quickly to place a comforting hand over hers. Susan latched onto the hand and brought it to her chest in a small hug. Harry could feel her heart steady as she embraced his arm and soon enough she gave his hand a squeeze and released him with a shaky smile.

"Regardless, now the whole school knows what he really is thanks to you Harry, and I don't think I can ever hope to repay you."

Harry shook his head with a frown. "You don't need to repay me Susan. I just helped a friend in need, that's all." He explained.

"Still, I'd like to show my thanks somehow." Reaching forward she took his hand in hers once more. "Please Harry?"

Harry sighed and scratched his head in thought. "Alright- well I suppose I could use a little help in herbology if that works? Besides Neville and Hannah, you are top of the class in the subject."

Susan's face flushed red at his words and averted her gaze downwards once more. "Thats- ah- I already had something else in mind actually." She stammered.

"Oh, uhm- okay? What is it?"

The red head bit her lip nervously. His hand was still within her grasp and she was absentmindedly playing with his fingers as she weighed her options.

"It's s-something I need to show you. You could call it a form of- uhm- defense if you'd like? Or distraction? A technique t-that Bones- ah- women use..."

Harry was confused by her explanation. A new defense technique? Maybe it was a spell or something? He mentally shrugged. It was at least worth it to hear the girl out. The Bones family was famous for their duelists after all. Justin had specifically cornered Susan when she didn't have her wand for that reason. As meek as the girl seemed, she was a force to be reckoned with when her wand was in her hand. Harry had no doubt Justin would've been nothing more than a bloody smear on the floor if she did have her wand last night.

"Alright sure." Harry agreed. "Uh- do we wanna change the room up before you show me? It's kinda cramped in here."

For some reason his words made Susan blush even harder. "N-no! No this- uhm- this room is fine. Just... close your eyes. Please?"

Again Harry felt confused by her request but did so anyway. As soon as his eyes were closed he felt the weight next to him shift and a sound like rustling fabric come from her

direction. After a few moments, the rustling stopped and the girl's weight disappeared.

Harry was just about to open his eyes again when he felt something warm and soft settle onto his lap. He almost jumped up in surprise if it weren't for Susan's hands coming to rest on his shoulders, calming his brief panic.

"It's okay! It's-" She paused. "Y-you can open your eyes now."

Harry did so, blinking away the darkness as his eyes refocused to the light. When they did, they were greeted by the sight of two large globes settled directly in front of him. It took him a moment to realize exactly what they were. It wasn't until his eyes razed over the pale freckled flesh and soft pink areolas that his brain finally kicked back in.

"Susan! You're- Bloody hell!" He gasped.

Surprisingly, Susan giggled at his exclamation. Her breasts jiggled with the action which caused him to lose focus briefly. His mind was mesmerized by the bountiful globes and he briefly considered reaching up to cup the tantalizing flesh but stopped short when he remembered exactly the situation at hand.

"You can touch Harry." Susan said from above him as she pressed her tits closer to his face. "I don't mind."

It was only then that his shell-shocked mind registered that the red head was currently perched on his lap. She sat straddling him with her legs spread on either side. The softness of her bum pushing into his lap was drowned out only by the heat of her core. It was only by tearing his eyes away from the addictive view of her breasts that he realized the red head wasn't wearing any pants either.

He eyed the small patch of red hair peeking out from her groin. Already his cock was hardening rapidly from the fact that a sexy woman was sitting on his lap completely

nude.

“Susan I- You don’t have to-”

Susan cut him off with a soft ‘shh’ and she leaned forward to kiss him softly on the lips. Harry groaned into her mouth as her shifting caused her bum to wiggly teasingly against his cock. Susan seemed to feel it as well. The red head whimpered against his lips and deepened the kiss. Her tongue forced its way into his mouth.

Harry grabbed her thighs tightly as she plundered his mouth. He fought back against her exploring tongue, nibbling gently against her bottom lip in retaliation. She moaned heatedly and broke the kiss with a gasp, though not before seeking out a few last hungry pecks before fully pulling back.

“L-like I s-said. I want to.” She gasped. Her face was flushed, both from embarrassment and arousal. The flutter of her chest drew his attention back to her breasts and this time he could not resist.

He cupped both of the round globes gently. Susan closed her eyes and inhaled softly as he did so, content to let him explore her body as he saw fit. Harry marveled at the way the flesh spilled out between his fingers. Her tits were soft and pillowy, firm enough to hang from her chest without drooping but still had enough give to ripple under the smallest of touches.

He palmed the two large breasts for a few moments longer before moving on to her nipples. The crinkled flesh was already hardened and her small nubs had grown to be still peaks. When he idly brushed his hand over one of these peaks, Susan let out a shuddering breath. He did so again to the same results, and again a third time to a small mewl of pleasure from her lips.

Harry smirked at the sound and leaned forward. The moment he sucked firmly on her nipple, Susan's eyes flew open with a louder than intentional moan. He sucked once more when she blushed and made to cover her face, drawing another gasp from her lips. Eventually Susan stopped trying to hide in embarrassment and let him enjoy the noises she made as he explored her breasts.

He sucked, licked, and even bit at her breasts a bit longer, eventually leaving a purple hickey on her porcelain skin. Susan's face was glowing red by then and her breath came out at a hurried pace. She whimpered pleadingly when he pulled back, but Harry simply laughed and pulled her in for another kiss.

This one was slow to begin with, but soon grew to be just as inflamed as the first. Susan was much more brazen with her lips as she not only explored his mouth, but his jaw and neck as well.

Harry let out a hiss when the red head sank her teeth into the pulse point on her neck. His hands on her thighs sank deeper into her flesh and Susan hummed approvingly. With a jerk of her hips, she ground herself suddenly on his clothed length causing both of them to moan heavily into each other's lips.

Pulling back with a gasp, the Hufflepuff eyed him hungrily as she began to grind on him even harder

"I-I need you Harry- P-please!~"

Harry growled and, with a hold on her asscheeks, stood abruptly. Susan squealed in surprise before blushing as she realized where he was taking her.

Harry threw her onto the bed as gently as his lust would allow him. She bounced twice on the plush mattress, causing her breasts to jiggle enticingly. Susan looked up at him,

her face embarrassed yet her body aroused by his hungry look.

Hesitantly she looked away and slowly spread her legs apart. Harry's eyes feasted on his first full look at her cunt. Her light pink lips were bare except for the stylized small tuft of hair above her mound. Her outer lips gave way to the deep pink, almost red of her inner depths, already glistening with arousal.

Harry couldn't help himself. Sinking forward, he descended upon the witch's womanhood and gave it a long lick. Susan squeaked in surprise before breathing out a shaky moan. Pressing forward, he began to test her folds. He licked and sucked, noting down every move of his tongue that Susan enjoyed.

It wasn't long before she had a strong grip in his hair and her mouth was a symphony of whorish moans. The sounds she made when he lapped at her clit was especially erotic to his ears.

With every second he devoured Susan's virgin pussy, her legs would shake more and her cries would grow louder. Harry didn't know why the sounds she made turned him on so much. He simply knew he wanted to hear more, needed to hear it. There was a certain amount of pride that came with making a woman cry out to god about your skills. That was exactly what Susan did as well. One moment she had been grunting with pleasure and pulling his hair almost painfully, and the next she was screaming to the heavens as her legs trembled and pussy gushed with her juices. Through it all, Harry kept his pace, eagerly devouring her cunt and lapping up her juices with gusto as her body shook. It was only when the girl's orgasm reached too high a peak that he stopped, and only then when she pushed him away with a strangled garble of a cry.

"It' 'o m'ch!" She slurred, covering her pussy protectively from his devilish tongue. With

a groan she clamped her legs closed around her hands and let the deliciously painful pleasure ebb away.

Harry huffed out a small laugh. "All tuckered out?" He asked teasingly.

Susan responded by opening her eyes and whimpering, her gaze focused solely on the hardened tent of his pants. She sat up and reached out to grasp his prominent bulge with a hesitant hand.

"I-I think I can be convinced to k-keep going." Susan said with a bite of her bottom lip.

Harry groaned in delight when her hand finally cupped his clothed cock. Susan took this as a good sign to keep going. She fumbled with his belt at first, but soon enough had his buckle freed.

Harry helped her remove his pants before discarding the rest of his clothes as well in short order, until all that remained were the thin pair of boxers around his waist.

She spent some time admiring his form, even going as far as to unconsciously lick her lips as her eyes roved over his bare torso. Soon enough though, Susan reached for his boxers and with a breath, tugged down on the hem.

His cock being freed was signaled by the red head's sharp gasp as she finally saw his length in all its glory.

"It's- Oh merlin, it's big..." She breathed.

Harry felt himself swell with pride at her words. Placing a gentle hand on her shoulder, he eased her back on the bed until she was laid flat on the plush mattress. He followed after her the entire way, climbing on the bed and settling between her legs. Susan's hand sought him out as he finally settled between her spread thighs. Harry sucked in a gasp as her warm hand wrapped around his cock and gave it a few test pumps. She

giggled at his reaction and the way his cock jumped in her hand, before looking at him with a deep look of want and lust.

She guided him to her entrance while never breaking eye contact the entire way. Only once the tip brushed against her dripping folds did she stop and look down to gaze nervously at their touching sexes.

“Hey.” Harry said gently. He reached up to cup her cheek, turning her eyes back towards his. “We’ll take it slow, yeah?”

Susan smiled and nodded, grabbing his hand with a squeeze.

Harry smiled back. He moved his hands down her body, taking care to feel every curve along the way, before they finally settled on the red head’s wide hips. With an intake of breath Harry pushed forward, piercing her womanhood slowly. Susan gasped as he sank into her. She grimaced slightly from the pain and gripped his arms in a clawed grip.

“Don’t stop.” She hissed when he hesitated. “It’s okay, keep going.”

Harry did so and thankfully it wasn’t long before he finally bottomed out inside of her. Susan shuddered from the feeling. Her body and face twitched every now and again as he sat as still in possible within her depths. After a few minutes though, the red head opened her reddened eyes and nodded.

The first thrust forced a small whimper of pain from her lips. The second and third the same, but much quieter. He took it as slow as possible, wanting to ease her pain and bring out her pleasure instead. Soon enough, Susan whimpered again, but this one was much more relaxed and passionate. Her hands move from the gouges in his forearms to his waist as she pulled him closer with a moan.

“Oh god! Yes Harry p-please! F-faster!” She mewled.

Harry quickened his pace as ordered. The slow, almost sensual rock of his hips morphed into steady thrusts into her wet cunt. His balls slapped softly against her bum with every plunge back inside her dripping pussy and soon her quiet moans were full blown wails of pleasure.

“F-FU-FUCK! GOD YES HARRY! O-OH YOUR B-BIG FUCKING COCK IS RUINING MY POOR P-PUSSAHHH!”

Harry was slightly stunned by the vulgar words coming out of the ‘Sweet & innocent’ Susan Bones’ mouth, but he wasn’t going to complain. It was fucking hot in his opinion and seeing her scream out such profanity while cumming around his dick was even better.

Everytime she came, her body would writhe even harder under him and her words would become even more filthy. In turn, Harry’s hips hammered into her gushing snatch with even more force. Soon the gentle slapping of his balls against her ass morphed into full blown *smacks* of flesh against flesh as he pounded the life out of the busty redhead.

“AH- HNG- M-M-MORE! UNGGGHHHH!” She cried as she creamed on his cock once more.

Her tits moved like tsunamis of flesh, rippling with every powerful thrust that assaulted her pussy. Harry marveled at the way they moved, his mind mesmerized by the pillowy globes once more. Reaching up, he gave one of her jiggling tits a firm slap, sending another moan spilling from the girl’s lips.

“Y-you like my b-big t-titties huh?” She slurred under him. “M-make me c-cum again and I’ll let y-you f-fuck them!”

Harry cock twitched excitedly at the offer. With a growl, he heaved his arms under the girl's thick thighs and bent them forward at her waist. His cock quickly found purchase against a rough bundle of nerves inside her slippery pussy walls and Susan moaned happily at the contact.

He hammered into her g-spot with reckless abandon. No longer supporting himself by her thighs, he instead sought out her wondrous tits and gripped them hard, using his weight to keep the redhead folded in half instead. The roughness of his efforts was soon rewarded by an ear-shattering scream from the Hufflepuffs lips. An audible '*GLUSH*' echoed out from her cunt as she came, soaking his groin and the sheets beneath them with her juices.

Harry had no time to revel in her orgasm though. His own end was coming soon, but not before he took his prize. Tearing free from her twitching cunt, Harry quickly pulled himself up until he was straddling Susan's stomach. He grabbed to fistfulls of her pillow breasts and smashed them together around his cock. Susan helped to keep the large globes closed around his dick as he began to move his hips with frantic thrusts. She took it a step further and tilted her head down with her mouth open. The few inches of his cock that peeked out from the valley of her tits slammed into her awaiting mouth with every thrust. The combined softness of her tits and lashing of her tongue against his sensitive tip was soon his undoing.

With a shaky moan, Harry surged his hips forward and erupted inside the redhead's mouth. Susan sucked loudly and greedily at his pulsing cock, trying desperately to swallow down every last drop. She was unsuccessful though and soon enough he was painting her tits and face with large ropes of cum. His orgasm ended with an audible

sigh from both parties as he fell against the mattress beside her.

They lay there for a while, both working to ease their breathing and enjoy the post-fuck high running through their body. Eventually though, Susan stood on wobbly legs and made towards the door. He was slightly afraid the redhead was choosing to simply leave without even saying a word and it worried him that maybe he had pushed her too far.

This proved incorrect however, as Susan instead stopped to root around in her pile of clothes instead. She pulled her wand free a few seconds later, and with two quick flicks, she locked the door and cleaned the mess of white cum painting her body. With a smile, she then turned and limped her way back to the bed before cuddling up into his side and pulling a blanket over their bodies.

Harry smiled and wrapped his arms snug around her body. For the first time in a while, he slept through the night without a single nightmare or vision.

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Author's Note

I worked on this little one-shot between chapters of Undercover Lover and somehow forgot about it??? No clue how but I'll blame it on my ADHD lmao. Hope you enjoyed it!

Thanks for reading!