

Chapter 2

Harry stared at the Marauder's Map as he watched the little footprints and nametags move across the parchment. Specifically, he was watching one particular pair of footprints as they broke off from the others and started making their way down the hall towards where he was hiding, in a secret passage behind a tapestry. It was just before his last class of the day, Charms, and he had been anticipating this moment since waking up this morning. When he could hear the approaching footsteps, he whispered the phrase to clear the map, and tucked it into the pocket of his robes. As the sound of their approach neared, his body tensed and his muscles coiled, ready to strike.

They passed in front of him and Harry leapt out from behind the tapestry, quickly and silently. Before a sound could be made, he slid one hand over their mouth and the other around their waist, pulling them behind the tapestry just as quickly as he had left it. As they struggled against him, trying in vain to escape his grasp, he leaned down and placed his mouth next to their ear.

"Did you miss me?" He asked in a playful, quiet tone.

All struggling ceased instantly and Harry dropped his hands, a shit-eating grin stretch across his face. Susan spun around the moment he let go of her and slapped his chest, hard.

"You prat! You scared the hell out of me." She scolded him, glaring angrily.

He merely chuckled in the face of her anger, and put his hands on her hips.

"Sorry, I couldn't help myself." He said, still smiling.

Susan sighed and shook her head at him, her lips twitching as she tried, and failed, to hold back a smile.

"Prat." She called him, affectionately.

Pulling her closer, she wrapped her arms around his neck as he leaned down and kissed her deeply. After a long few moments, they broke apart and Susan smile happily at him.

“So, is *this* why you pulled me in here?” She asked, playfully.

“Not entirely.” He said suggestively.

“Harry! We have class soon.” She admonished him.

Harry smiled at his girlfriend's dirty mind.

“I know. I just want you to give me your panties.” He told her, sliding his hands around and caressing her bum.

“Harry!” She exclaimed, her cheeks going a light pink.

“C’mon, hand ‘em over.” He ordered, his hands sliding down her thighs to the hem of her skirt.

“You’re going to make me go to class without knickers?” She asked, incredulity and excitement mixing in her tone.

“Yup.” He said, raising his hands back up, this time under her skirt.

Grabbing the waistband of her panties, he tugged them down her legs and slid them off over her shoes. He wadded up the light blue fabric into a ball, and stashed them in his pocket. Harry’s hands slid back up smooth legs and grabbed her full, round cheeks.

“So, ready for class?” He asked.

Before she could answer, he grabbed her by the hand and pulled her out into the hall. Looking back, he could see Susan running her hands down her down her skirt, smoothing it excessively. Her eyes flickered from person to person as they passed other students in the halls, as if she was worried that they might, somehow, know she wasn't wearing any underwear. Spotting the pink tinge to her cheeks, he knew she was just as excited as she was nervous.

Harry led her through the halls and into the Charms classroom, just in time for the start of class. Taking a seat at the back, he gestured with his head for her to sit next to him. Once she was seated, he removed his outer robes and laid it across their laps. For most of the class, Harry was forced to listen to Professor Flitwick as he taught them how to cast the Unbreakable charm on teacups. It wasn't until near of class, after he had demonstrated that he could cast the charm properly, that he was able to turn his attention to the curvy redhead next to him.

While Susan was still coming to grips with the spell, concentrating on her teacup, Harry slipped his hand under his cloak and set it on her leg, just above the knee. Her head shot up and she looked at him with wide eyes as he smiled at her. Susan bit her lip, glancing around the classroom nervously as he gathered the thick fabric with his fingers, and slipped his hand underneath. The tip of her wand started to quiver as his finger slowly trailed up the smooth, soft skin of her thigh. Moving cautiously, so as to not draw attention, he rested his palm on her leg, his fingers slipping in between her warm thighs. With his pinky resting against her hot lips, his fingers started to lightly draw random patterns across the soft skin of her inner thigh.

Harry continued to tease he gently for a while, limited by what he could do without moving too much and drawing attention. His pinky slid up and down between her lips, growing moist as she became more excited. Susan's cheeks were stained pink as she valiantly tried to cast the spell, her eyes darting around the room occasionally, checking to make sure no one was looking at her.

"Alright, everyone. One more try before the end of class." Professor Flitwick called out above the sound of shouted incantations and shattering ceramic.

"Go on, Susan. Give it a try." Harry told her.

Harry stopped moving his hand to let her cast the spell. She raised her wand and cleared her throat, trying to focus.

“Infragilis.” She incanted, the tip of her wand and the teacup glowing a light blue, briefly.

Looking around the room to make sure no one was looking at them, Harry turned his hand and slid his middle finger into her pussy. Susan’s eyes widened and she buried her brightly blushing face in her hands. He pumped his finger in and out of her a couple of times, before sliding it out and flicking it across her clit and pulling his hand out from under his cloak. She let out a shaky breath, her eyes following his hand as it reached out to pick up the teacup. He held it over the edge of the desk and dropped it.

THUNK

The cup hit the ground and bounced, remaining in one piece as it rolled for a short distance, coming to rest against his foot.

“Great job.” He told her, leaning over to kiss her on the cheek.

Susan smiled brightly as he bent down to pick up the cup. Soon after, Professor Flitwick ended the class, only giving homework to those who hadn’t managed to perform the spell. Gathering their things, Harry and Susan left the classroom hand in hand.

The halls were chaotic as students made their way down to the Great Hall for dinner. Tugging on her hand, Harry pulled Susan down one of the lesser used hallways. As soon as they were out of sight from the rest of students, he opened a door to an abandoned classroom and pulled her inside.

“I can’t believe you did that! What if we’d been caught?” She asked.

“Don’t pretend like you didn’t enjoy it.” He said with a smile.

Susan bit her lip and looked away. Harry smiled even wider and walked over to her, placing one hand on her hip and gently grabbed her chin with the other. Tilting her head up to look at him, he leaned down and kissed her, pulling her body against his. Her massive breasts were squashed against his chest as they continued to make out. Eventually, they both pulled back, slightly out of breath.

“Ready to go to dinner?” He asked.

Susan nodded and started to leave the room, but Harry tugged on her hand, pulling her back to him. She looked at him questioningly.

“One more thing.” He said with a mischievous smile, causing her to look at him nervously. “Your bra.”

Her eyes widened again as he loosened her tie and started to undo the buttons of her shirt. Quickly, she was left with nothing but her black bra covering her chest. Reaching behind her, he unsnapped the clasp and pulled the bra off, exposing her enormous, pale breast. Stuffing the bra in his pocket next to her panties, he reached up and grabbed both of her breasts, squeezing them in his hands. Susan whimpered as his fingers sank into the soft flesh, his palms rubbing against her hardened nipples.

Bending down, he took a nipple into his mouth, sucking hard and flicking it with his tongue. He switched to the other one, giving it the same treatment. With one last kiss, and a squeeze, he grabbed her shirt off of the floor and helped her put it on. Once her shirt and tie were back on, her hard nipples straining against the white fabric and clearly visible, he tossed her robe into her bag. He grabbed her hand and quickly pulled her towards the door.

“But, Harry, my robe. People will see!” She stammered.

“That’s the point.” He told her, turning around to smile at her.

Giving her a peck on the lips, he led her out of the room and down to the Great Hall. Susan stared down at her feet the whole way, her long red hair covering her blushing face as they made their way through the halls. Without her bra, her large, soft breasts bounced and jiggled under her shirt with every step. Harry saw several of the boys they passed turn and stare, eyes locked on his girlfriend's chest. One nearly colliding with a suit of armor in his distraction.

Arriving at the Great Hall, he pulled her by the hand over to the Gryffindor table to sit across from Ron and Hermione. All through dinner, while he talked with his two best friends, he saw Ron, along with several other boys, and even some of the girls at the table, stealing glances at Susan's breasts. Hermione had caught Ron looking twice, and on both occasions had stomped on his foot, hard, under the table. While Hermione tried several times to draw Susan into the conversation, she stayed fairly quiet, apparently focusing on eating. Harry, however, could see the pinkness of her cheeks, and her breath speeding up every time she noticed a boy looking in her direction. More than once, he caught the faint smell of her arousal wafting up to his nose.

When dinner was over with, the group left the table and made their way back through the halls. Susan held on to his hand tightly, her other hand wrapped around his bicep and her side pressed against his as they walked. While Hermione dragged Ron to the Library to finish his homework, he told them he was going to practice spells with Susan in the Room of Requirement. Parting ways, the couple quickly made their way to the seventh floor. Susan pressed herself tighter against him every time someone stared at her, her hard nipples rubbing against his arm.

Entering the Room of Requirement, Harry wrapped his arms around Susan as soon as the door was closed, kissing her passionately. As their tongues danced across each other, his hand ran under skirt, and up to her hot, wet pussy. Susan moaned and thrust her hips against his hand as he rubbed her, coating it in her excitement. Breaking the kiss, Harry looked at her with a smirk.

"Someone enjoyed themselves." He teased her with a smirk.

Susan bit her lip, arousal dancing in her deep brown eyes as she continued to rub against his hand, desperate for relief. Harry pulled his wet hand away from her slit, reached up with both hands to grab the side of her shirt, and ripped it open. She let out a squeak of surprise, and her breasts bounced as they were released.

“Harry!” She exclaimed. “I’m going to run out of shirts if you keep doing that.”

“I’ll buy you new ones.” He assured her, reaching down to undo her skirt.

Quickly, Harry had her completely naked, and he hurriedly stripped out of his own clothes. Wrapping his arms around her again, he pressed their naked bodies together. He could feel her hard nipples pressing against his chest.

“How did it make you feel, walking around like that?” He asked.

“Scared. Excited.” She admitted. “Like, like I was some kind of whore.”

“You’re not a whore, love.” He assured her, looking at her intently. “Whore’s get paid, you just do it for fun. That makes you a slut.”

Susan gasped, looking at him with wide eyes, looking a mixture of surprised, nervous, and aroused.

“But, you’re my slut, aren’t you?” He asked in an affectionate tone. “Say it, Susan. Tell me what you are.” He demanded.

Susan’s chest heaved as she licked her lips nervously. “I-I’m your slut,” she said quietly.

Harry smiled brightly, leaning down to kiss her hungrily. Grabbing the back of her thighs with his hands, he lifted her off the ground and her legs locked around his waist. Carrying her over to the bed, he crawled on to it with Susan still clinging to him. Laying her down, he broke the kiss and sat up between her legs. Reaching down with one hand, he stroked two fingers between her moist lips, the other hand groping her breast.

“Your tits are so beautiful, Susan. Did you see how many guys were staring at them today?” He asked, sliding his finger into her.

Susan moaned, laying back with her eyes closed. Harry smiled at feeling how incredibly wet she was. Her hot, tight pussy soaking his hand as he fingered her. Extending his thumb, he placed it just above her clit and started to move it in slow circles while his fingers slid easily in and out of her.

“Did you see that 6th year who was so busy watching them bounce that he almost walked into a suit of armor?” He asked.

Her breathing sped up. His fingers thrust in and out of her faster and his thumb pressed down harder.

“Ron was looking at them so much, Hermione had to kick him twice to get him to look away.” He said, exaggerating a bit.

Her breathe caught in her throat and his fingers slowed down, moving to press against the bundle of nerves on the top wall of her tight pussy. He wrapped his other hand around her breast close to her chest. Squeezing tightly, the part above his hand stood up firmly, her hard nipple pointing straight up.

“Even some of the girls were staring at them.” He told her, his fingers moving more quickly inside of her. “Some of them were jealous, but a few looked like they wanted to pull you into a broom cupboard.”

Susan whimpered, her pussy spasming around his fingers. Her chest was heaving, and her hands gripped the sheets tightly. Harry picked up the pace suddenly, his whole arm moved back and forth rapidly as his fingers pressed firmly against the bundle of nerves. The breast in his grip had started to turn red, filling with blood and becoming more sensitive.

“Did you see Seamus?” He asked as she began tense and quiver on the bed. “I don’t think he managed to eat anything. He spent the whole time staring at your big, fat, nipples.”

As he said the last word, he bent down and took her red, swollen nipple into his mouth, scraping it with his teeth and sucking hard. Susan arched her back, muscles tensed, and let out a scream, her pussy squeezing around his fingers. Harry pulled back and looked down when he felt his hand and arm bathed in warmth. He watched, mesmerized, as Susan squirted, spraying his arm and the bed in her cum. She writhed on the bed as he continued to finger her, gasping for breath as her orgasm continued.

Looking back up to her face, he saw the whites of her eyes as they rolled into the back of her head as she convulsed on the bed. Her hand shot out, roughly shoving his hand away from her and cupped her pussy almost protectively. She rolled on to her side and into a ball, her body shaking and twitching while she let out the occasional, high-pitched grunt. Crawling over to her, Harry curled up against her back and rubbed her arm soothingly as she gradually began to calm. It was quite a while before she had stopped shaking and her breathing evened out.

“You okay?” He asked.

Susan hummed and nodded, turning around in his arms to snuggle against his chest. Harry chuckled and ran his fingers lightly up and down her back. A few moments later, he wrapped his arms around her and rolled them over, so he lay on his back with her on top of him. Susan pushed herself up on her arms, her breasts dangling and swaying beneath her, and looked at him questioningly.

“You still have something to take care of.” He said, thrusting his hips up and grinding his erection into her stomach.

Biting her lip, Susan scooted forward and sat on his hips. Grabbing his cock by the base, she raised her hips and slowly lowered herself on to him. Harry groaned as the tight, wet, heat of her pussy enveloped him. She sat still on top of him with her eyes closed once she had taken all of him, her hands pressed against his abs. Lifting one of his hands off her hips, he brought it down with the soft slap on her ass, making her squeak as her eyes popped open.

Harry smiled as she got the message and started to slowly move her hips, rocking up and down on his cock. Sliding his hands up her body, he grabbed her breasts and massaged the soft, pliable flesh.

“All those guys watching you today would kill to be where I am right now.” He said.

Susan gave a short moan as her hips began to pick up speed, rising further up on his cock, before dropping back down on him. Harry let go of one of her breasts, while continuing to grope the other. He watched as it bounced and jiggled with her movements, the smooth skin rippling deliciously.

“What do you think they would've done, if they knew you were such a slut?” He asked, drawing a whimper from her lips.

“Maybe they would have just reached out and grabbed your tits in the middle of the hallway.” He said, giving her breasts a squeeze.

Susan rocked her hips back and forth as she continued to bounce on his cock, and her pussy squeezed around him. Holding her breasts tightly, he ran his thumbs roughly over her hardened nipples.

“Maybe they would have formed a line, taking turns to touch you anywhere they wanted to. I wonder what they would have thought, when they found out you weren't wearing any panties.” He said.

She moaned loudly as she bounced on him even harder. Harry let go of her breasts to hold on to her hips, and groaned at the feeling of her tight pussy moving up and down his cock. With her breasts free, they bounced around wildly, slapping into her chest with a rhythmic clapping sound.

“Maybe,” he started, pausing to groan as she tightened around him briefly. “Maybe they would have just bent you over in the middle of the Great Hall and fucked you right there, in front of everyone.”

A low whine escaped her lips as she jumped up and down on his cock. Harry used his grip on her hips to thrust up into her. He could feel his end rapidly approaching, and he was desperate to finish. From the way Susan moved, and the sounds she was making, he knew she was close as well. Just as he opened his mouth to speak, the sound of the door opening caught his attention. He watched helplessly as the door opened, and Hermione walked in, looking at a stack of parchments that was in her arms.

“Harry, do you think we could-” She started, breaking off to stare wide eyed, frozen in shock at the scene in front of her.

Harry had seen her walk in, but Susan, lost in her pleasure, hadn’t known she was there until she spoke. Her head snapped to the side and she stared at Hermione, her hips still moving, as if unable to stop. There was a moment where no one spoke, the only sound in the room was of heavy breathing from the couple on the bed.

Susan squealed, not in surprise or embarrassment, but in pleasure, as she clutched hard around him and came hard on his cock. Collapsing against his chest, she buried her face in his neck, muffling her grunts against his skin as her hips bucked as she orgasmed.

Harry lost it. His girlfriend cumming around him while his best friend stood in the room, drove him over the edge. He grunted, jerking his hips as his cum flooded Susan’s grasping pussy. He continued to stare at Hermione’s stunned expression as his cock pulsed inside of Susan, her presence heightening his climax.

“Oh my god!” Hermione exclaimed, dropping her papers and running from the room.

Harry grabbed Susan by the ass, pulling her hard against him as he pumped his cum into her and watched his best friend’s retreating figure as she slipped out of the door. As it slammed shut, he closed his eyes replaying the moment in his head as his orgasm waned. Breathing

heavily, he ran his hands up and down Susan's back, little twitches and spasms running through her body on occasion.

"So, you like it when people watch, huh?" Harry asked.

Susan only groaned against his neck in reply, making him chuckle. As he lay there, enjoying the moment of bliss, an idea began to form in his mind.