

Chapter 8

Late at night on Christmas Eve, long after the few remaining students had gone to bed eagerly awaiting morning, Harry stood in the Room of Requirement. With so few people in the castle, the professor hadn't even bothered to patrol the halls, making his trip to the seventh floor all too simple.

Pulling the Gaunt ring out of his pocket, he slipped it onto his finger and closed his eyes. While spinning the ring around three times, he thought of all the people he wanted to see. Slowly, Harry opened his eyes to see an army of ghostly figures standing in front of him, smiling, and waving. Of course, there were his parents, as well as his grandparents, Cynthia and Gerald Evans, Edgar and Patricia Bones, Ariana Dumbledore, Fabian and Gideon Prewett, and Rowena Ravenclaw.

Harry smiled softly at the faces staring back at him.

"Hello," he said.

"It's so good to see you again, sweetheart," Lily said, walking forward to hug him.

Wrapping his arms around her, he took a long moment to savor her embrace before letting her go.

"You know, son, I'm not sure whether to be proud of you, or jealous," James said with a teasing smile. "You've put me and Sirius to shame with all the witches you've got fawning over you."

Lily rolled her eyes and gave him a light slap on the chest with a playful glare.

"As long as you're happy, that's all we care about," Lily told him.

Harry smiled at her as his grandparents walked up to him.

“It’s so nice to finally meet you,” his grandmother, Cynthia, said as she too hugged him. “I’m so sorry for the way Petunia treated you. I don’t know where we went wrong with her.”

“It’s not your fault, grandmum,” Harry told her softly.

Sniffing, Cynthia pulled back and lovingly stroked his cheek with a watery smile.

“Your grandfather and I are so proud of you,” she told him.

Harry returned the smile, his eyes burning as he fought back tears as his heart swelled with happiness.

“Absolutely,” his grandfather, Gerald, said with a nod.

Walking up to Harry, he clapped him on the shoulder before pulling him in for a brief, tight hug.

“As good as it is to see you, Harry, I’m guessing you brought us here for a reason?” Lily asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said, clearing his tight throat. “I wanted to see if we could change things for the better. There’re quite a few people that could use some closure. Edgar, Patricia, I thought you could go see Susan for a bit.”

“We’d love to,” Patricia said with a smile. “I know it might be unusual, but I’m glad Susan is part of your group.”

Edgar didn’t look like he fully agreed, but he didn’t seem too upset about it either. Harry smiled and breathed a sigh of relief.

“Ariana, I know Albus and Aberforth would love to hear from you,” Harry said.

Smiling, Ariana nodded and drifted away.

“Grandmum, Grandpa, I was wondering if you would go have a talk with Aunt Petunia,” Harry said.

“Gladly,” Gerald said. “I don’t know if it’ll make much of a difference, but we’ll do our best.”

“Harry, it might help if Vernon’s parents were there as well,” Cynthia suggested, then continued at his dubious look. “I’ve spoken with his mother, Margaret, and she’s just as disappointed as we are. His father, Frederick, could help as well. He’s had to make up for a lot of his past mistakes.”

Harry hesitated for a moment before wordlessly twisting the ring again. Next to his grandparents appeared a second, larger couple. The man looked like Vernon without the mustache, while the woman looked like a slightly thinner version of Aunt Marge. The biggest difference though, was the way they looked at him. Their eyes held none of the contempt or disgust that he was so used to seeing from their offspring.

“Thank you for bringing us, Harry,” Margaret said with a kind smile. “I promise, we’ll do our best to help them see the error of their ways.”

“Thanks,” Harry said with a small smile before turning away. “Rowena —”

“I presume I’m here to speak with my daughter,” the founder interrupted.

“Mostly, but I’d like to speak with you before you leave, if you don’t mind,” Harry said.

Rowena looked at him curiously for a moment before bowing her head in acknowledgement.

“After all you have done to defend my school, I am at your service,” she said.

Nodding in return, Harry turned to his parents.

“Mum, would you mind having a word with Snape?” he asked.

“It would be our pleasure,” James said with a crooked grin.

Lily elbowed him in the gut and gave him a look that clearly told him to behave.

“We’ll our best, son,” Lily said with a motherly smile.

“Thanks, mum,” Harry said. “Dad, I actually wanted you to go talk with Sirius and Remus. I think they’re both staying at Grimmauld Place.”

“I’m sure we could do that after we deal with Snape,” he said.

“No, James, Harry’s right,” Lily said. “You being there will only make things worse, and your friends need you.”

“But Lily – “

“James,” his mother said sternly.

“Fine,” James whined, crossing his arms with a pout. “Ruin my fun.”

Harry chuckled as he watched his parents interact.

“Last but not least, Fabian, Gideon, I’m sure Molly would love to see you, and the twins,” Harry said.

“Oh, I’m sure we can handle that,” one of them said, Harry wasn’t sure which, with a mischievous grin.

“Try not to give anyone a heart attack,” Harry said.

“No promises,” they replied in unison with identical grins.

Smiling, Harry shook his head.

“Well, I think that covers everything,” he said. “I was hoping Neville’s parents would be here, but...”

“They haven’t moved on yet,” Lily told him sadly.

“I figured,” Harry said with a sigh while running a hand through his hair. “None of you happen to know a way I can help them, do you?”

Around the room, everyone turned to look at each other, but no one seemed to have any answers.

“My apologies, but what is wrong with them?” Rowena asked.

“They were tortured into insanity with the Cruciatus Curse,” Harry informed her.

“Are they catatonic?” Rowena pressed.

“Not completely,” Harry replied. “They don’t really talk, but they are conscious and able to walk.”

“Hmm,” Rowena hummed thoughtfully. “I’m not aware of any cure for such a condition, but I’ll see what information I can discover. Recall me in a fortnight and I will let you know my findings.”

“Thank you,” Harry said gratefully. “Alright, well, I think that’s it.”

As everyone left after wishing him a happy Christmas and getting hugs from his parents and grandparents, Harry was left alone with Rowena Ravenclaw.

“What do you wish to speak with me about?” she asked.

“Do you know a way to remove a Horcrux without destroying the container?” Harry asked.

Rowena frowned as she began to pace back and forth.

“At its essence, a Horcrux is still a spirit. I’ve never had to deal with one myself, however, it would stand to reason that an Exorcism Ritual would suffice. The problem you will need to overcome is one of strength. In order for the exorcism to work, the caster will need to be more powerful than the spirit. The Dark Lord’s power will not be diminished, no matter how small the piece of soul you are fighting. I believe you would be capable of such a feat. However, you will still find the challenge quite daunting,” she explained.

“Well, it’s worth a shot. Thank you,” Harry told her gratefully.

“You’re quite welcome. I do have a request, if I may?” Rowena asked.

"Of course," Harry said.

"I would like to see my Diadem destroyed," Rowena told him. "That particular artifact has already caused far too much strife."

Nodding, Harry closed his eyes and focused on what he wanted. Around him, he could hear the room shift and changing. When the noise stopped, he opened his eyes to find himself in the Room of Hidden Things. He looked around, trying to get his bearings, but Rowena took off, clearly knowing where the Diadem was.

Harry followed her through the maze of towering junk for only a couple of minutes until they reached their destination. Covered in dust, the Diadem sat atop a fake bust. As he neared it, the Diadem trembled and radiated a sense of fear. Harry forced himself to continue forward, ignoring the desire to turn and run.

Drawing his wand, he aimed it at the Diadem.

"Avada Kedavra," Harry growled.

The curse struck true. With an unearthly shriek, the blue gem in the center of the Diadem cracked in two as a black smog poured out of it. With a final scream, the smog took on the face of a young Voldemort before dissipating into the air.

Another one down, Harry thought.

Bang!

The Diadem exploded as it shattered in two. Harry, his eyes wide, was blown backwards several feet before he landed back first on the unforgiving stone floor. Coughing, he rolled over to his hand and knees as he tried to get his breath back.

“Ow,” Harry grunted.

Climbing back to his feet while rubbing his bruised tailbone, he saw Rowena standing over the remains of her Diadem with a pleased smile on her face.

“Thank you,” she said gratefully. “I believe it’s time I go reconcile with my daughter.”

Before Harry could reply, Rowena turned and walked away, passing straight through a pile of furniture. Smiling, he shook his head and looked around to find a path back out. As he did, he spotted the Vanishing Cabinet that Malfoy had used to sneak Death Eaters into the school. Setting his jaw, Harry aimed his wand at it.

The tip glowed a bright, sparkling red before it shot forwards like an arrow. The moment it hit the cabinet, it exploded into a thousand tiny pieces with a booming thud. Harry threw up a shield to protect himself as debris fell for several seconds afterwards. Satisfied, he turned and made his way out of the room.

Albus Dumbledore, clad in a long purple nightgown and pointed sleeping cap, sat at his desk, enjoying a nice cup of tea mixed with brandy before bed. Just as he downed the last dregs, he spotted a ghost coming through his door. Not an unusual occurrence. With little to do but gossip, the ghosts often came to him with the latest news of his more adventurous students.

Turning his head, he froze, his face paling and his hand trembling as the tea cup slipped from his fingers to land on the carpet with a dull thud.

“Ariana,” Dumbledore breathed.

“Hello Albus,” Ariana said with a smile.

“It can’t be,” Dumbledore said, getting to his feet. “It’s not possible.”

"When I was eleven, you sent me pictures from Hogwarts every week so I wouldn't feel left out," Ariana said. "I kept them in an album, and then made you tell me about every single one when you got back during the summer. As the years went on, you sent them to me less and less until you stopped sending them altogether. That's when Abe took over and began doing the same thing."

"It is you," Dumbledore gasped, falling weakly into his chair as he stared at her in wonder and fear. "But how?"

"Harry," Ariana said simply as she approached him with a soft, kind smile. "I forgive you Albus, I know you never meant to hurt me."

Dumbledore covered his eyes as he wept, relief at being forgiven mixing with the pain he still felt from the memories and mistakes of that night. Ariana wrapped her arms around him gently and stroked his long, white hair as he cried.

"I'm sorry," he gasped, "I'm s-so sorry."

"Shh, it's alright," Ariana said softly. "I'm at peace now. I never have to worry about hurting anyone ever again."

They stayed like that for a long moment before Dumbledore pulled back, only now realizing that he was able to touch her, something impossible with a ghost.

"I'm so proud of everything you've accomplished, Albus," Ariana said before he could think on it.

"Nothing I have done can make up for the mistakes I've made," Dumbledore said quietly.

“Everyone makes mistakes, it’s what we do to make up for them that matters, and you have done more than enough,” Ariana said with a smile. “I can’t stay for long, but I’d like to stay and talk while I can.”

“I’d love that,” Dumbledore said.

Lily walked through the door into Snape’s private quarters and found him working on a potion with his back turned to her.

“Hello, Severus,” she said.

“How did you get in here? I –”

Snape froze and paled as he stared at Lily in utter shock.

“Lily,” he breathed barely above a whisper.

“Would you care to explain to me why you feel the need to give my son such a hard time?” Lily asked, her arms folded over her chest as she glared at him.

“This must be a trick,” Snape snarled, red splotches appearing on his pale cheeks in his anger. “Potter! I know it’s you!”

“During our fifth year, just before Christmas, you gave me a necklace and then tried to kiss me,” Lily said, watching his face pale and his expression turn to shock. “I stopped you and told you we would only ever be friends.”

“This isn’t possible,” Snape whispered, more to himself than to her.

“Oh, it’s very possible,” Lily told him. “Now, why do you keep giving my son a hard time?”

“I’ve done no such thing,” Snape said, looking away to stare down at his robes as he straightened them. “I don’t know what he’s been telling you –”

“Harry hasn’t told me anything, he doesn’t need to,” Lily interrupted. “Do you really think I wouldn’t keep an eye on him just because I’m dead? I’ve seen everything. I saw the way you singled him out in his very first class, I’ve watched you give him unfair grades and allow your students to try and throw dangerous ingredients into his potion. And don’t you dare pretend like you didn’t notice, you’re not that stupid, Severus.”

“I have to play me role as a spy,” Snape said defensively.

“Oh, bullshit!” Lily exclaimed. “You hate him because he’s James’ son. Well guess what, he’s my son too in case you’ve forgotten.”

Snape wince as if physically struck.

“I’ve protected him, just like I tried to protect you,” Snape said.

“You mean you tried to protect me *after* you sent Voldemort after my family in the first place,” Lily growled.

“I didn’t know,” Snape said miserably.

“It shouldn’t have mattered!” Lily yelled. “You’re smart Severus, you knew exactly what Voldemort was going to do with that information. Tell me, if the prophecy hadn’t involved my family, would you have still gone to Dumbledore?”

The shameful look on Snape's face answered the question long before he could bring himself to speak.

"Exactly," Lily said. "You still don't get it, after all these years. I didn't stop being friends with you because you called me a name, I stopped being friends with you because of what you were becoming. For God's sake, Severus, you were completely willing to send Voldemort after an innocent child just to gain favor with him. The only reason you changed sides was because Voldemort didn't spare me like you begged him to. And what did you expect to happen after that? Did you think I was just going to run off with you? Sit at home and be the dutiful housewife while you went out at night to rape, torture, and murder innocent people?"

Lily panted as she let out all of her pent-up anger at her former friend.

"I've wondered for a long time if you ever actually cared about me at all, or if I was just some sick obsession of yours," she said more calmly.

"Of course, I did," Snape said, finally looking up at her. "I always loved you."

"Then you sure have a funny way of showing it," Lily huffed. "Did you know I was pregnant when Voldemort killed me?"

Snape closed his eyes and swallowed thickly.

"A daughter," Lily continued. "I even managed to talk James into making you her Godfather. I didn't know you had taken the mark already, and I hoped we could settle things since we were out of school. Knowing what I do now, I doubt you could have gotten over your hatred of James long enough for me to even make the offer."

Snape staggered back and fell into a chair with his head in his hands.

"I'm sorry, I—"

“Don’t tell me you’re sorry, show me,” Lily told him. “Start caring about your students and teach them without being a complete asshole. Stop harassing students like my son, Hermione, and Neville. That one pisses me off almost as much as how you treat Harry. You’re directly responsible for what happened to his parents, and you constantly attack him. Do you even know that the number of Potions NEWTs is the lowest in three hundred years since you took over the post? It has nothing to do with their ability, and everything to do with you. Hundreds of students have given up on careers that require a NEWT in potions, just because they can’t stand your class.”

Lily walked closer to Snape and waited until he looked up at her.

“If you ever cared about me; If you ever want to speak to me again, you seriously need to change,” she told him.

Turning around, she walked towards the door.

“Wait!” Snape called out.

Lily stopped but didn’t turn back to look at him.

“When will I see you again?” he asked desperately.

“When I have a reason to see you,” Lily said.

Without another word, she left his quarters.

While Ariana spoke with Albus before preparing to meet Aberforth, four ghostly figures invaded the normal, peaceful neighborhood of Privet Drive. At this time of night, there was no one up to peer through their curtains to see them enter Number Four.

Inside, Cynthia led the group up the stairs to the master bedroom, where they found Vernon and Petunia Dursley sound asleep in their beds. Petunia was curled up on her side at the edge of the bed, while Vernon's bulk took up the rest of the mattress. As the parents spilt into pairs and moved to their child's side of the bed, Cynthia leaned down to look at her daughter.

"Petunia, Petunia, wake up," she called out.

Petunia stirred and blinked open her eyes before they went wide with fright at the sight before her. With an ear-piercing scream, she sat upright and back against the headboard. Vernon grunted as he woke up and blinked, nonplussed, at the sight of his parents and in-laws standing before him.

"Now really, is that any way to greet your mother," Cynthia said.

"BOY!" Vernon shouted, his face slowly turning from white to puce. "If this is one of your freak tricks I swear I'll snap your ruddy neck!"

"Vernon, stop it!" his mother, Margaret, yelled sternly while Cynthia and Gerald glared daggers at him. "You call Harry that again and I *will* take you over my knee."

"How could you treat Harry like that Petunia?" Cynthia asked disappointedly. "He's your family, your nephew, and you throw him in a closet, starve him, insult and belittle him at every turn? We raised you better than that."

"H-he deserved it!" Petunia stammered. "We never wanted him to begin with. That boy was always causing trouble."

"No, he wasn't," Gerald said as he stepped next to his wife. "He was a child, your sister's child, and you abused him. I was never as disappointed in you as I was when I saw how you treated him. Why would you do such a thing?"

“He was a freak!” Vernon spat. “He should be grateful we took him in at all.”

Smack!

Vernon blinked in shock and rubbed his cheek where Margaret had slapped him. Looking up, he cowered at the furious expression on her face.

“I did not raise you to be a child abuser,” Margaret hissed at him. “Do you have any idea how lucky you are Harry never went to the police. You two should be in jail right now, and it’s only because of that nice young man that you aren’t.”

“You may have escaped justice in this life,” Frederick told his son, “but you will not escape it in the next. Part of this is my fault for raising you the way I did, and for that, I’m sorry.”

“What are you on about?” Vernon asked, staring at his father with a bewildered look.

“We all pay for the wrongs we inflict on others, son,” Frederick explained. “I spent ten years in, well, I guess you could call it hell. Ten years of making up for my mistakes and bad decisions without ever being able to see your mother. Unless you seriously change your ways, I expect you and Petunia will be spending even more time there.”

“No! I can’t!” Petunia whimpered.

“Then you had best start trying to live a better life,” Gerald told her sternly. “Let go of your petty jealousy before it ruins you.”

“And you better start keeping a closer eye on Dudley,” Cynthia said angrily. “What you’ve done to him is nearly as bad as what you did to Harry.”

“We never hurt my Dudders,” Petunia said offendedly.

“You raised him in a household where abuse was not only accepted, but encouraged,” Cynthia nearly yelled in frustration and anger. “You encouraged him to overeat so Harry would have less, and now he’s a glutton and severely overweight. Your actions taught him that abuse is perfectly fine, so long as he doesn’t get caught, and now he’s the biggest bully in the neighborhood. You were so focused on seeing the best in him that you ignored his blatant flaws, now he’s out drinking and doing drugs every chance he gets. If you don’t wake up and start paying attention, he’ll end up in jail soon.”

“No, he wouldn’t,” Petunia said weakly.

“There’s nothing wrong with my son!” Vernon growled.

Before the conversation could continue, Lily walked through the closed door and into the room.

“You!” Petunia gasped, bringing her knees up to her chest as she stared at her sister in horror.

“Yes, me,” Lily snarked back before turning to her mother. “Has she apologized yet?”

“Apologize for what?” Petunia spat, interrupting her mother before she could speak. “You left us with the boy, and we took him in. If anything, you should be thanking us.”

“Thanking you?” Lily asked in a dangerously quiet voice. “And if something had happened to you, and I were to raise Dudley, would you be thanking me for treating him like you did Harry?”

“As if we’d ever let a freak like you raise our son,” Vernon growled.

“Vernon!” Margaret scolded him.

“Well, since logic and reason doesn’t work with you, I think we might need to try something a bit more drastic,” Lily said as she raised her arms, a white mist gathering around her.

“Now see here!” Vernon shouted.

Before he could continue his tirade, Lily thrust her arms forwards. The white mist shot forward, flowing into their mouths, noses, and ears. They both slumped backwards, their eyes flitting rapidly behind their eyelids as they began to relive all of the mental, emotional, and physical abuse they’d heaped upon Harry, from his perspective. Lily hoped it would allow them to see themselves how her son did.

It took only a few moments for them to relive a whole childhood’s worth of memories. Vernon and Petunia gasped as they came back to themselves. Petunia looked absolutely shocked, but Vernon tried to look unaffected.

“Pet,” he said, reaching out to touch Petunia’s shoulder.

Startled, she flinched and covered herself with her arms with a yelp. Vernon jolted back, looking hurt just before she broke down into tears.

“What did you do?” Vernon asked, shaking his head as if it might dispel the memories running through his head.

“Gave you a taste of your own medicine,” Lily said. “And you’ll keep reliving those moments in your sleep until you feel true remorse for your actions. Harry will never be coming back here, and I probably won’t see you again until you pass on. Goodbye, Petunia.”

Lily, still fuming, turned and left to go find James. Hopefully, seeing Sirius and Remus again would cheer her up.

James stepped into Twelve Grimmauld Place and slowly made his way to the den. Looking around the dust and grim covered house, he wrinkled his nose. He'd never actually set foot in the Black home before, and he could now see why Sirius had never even tried to invite him. If the people were anything like the décor, then he could imagine they would have been pleasant to talk to.

In the den, he found Sirius sitting on the couch, a full glass of Firewhiskey in his hand and a half empty bottle within arm's reach.

"You know that stuffs bad for your health," James said with a crooked grin.

Sirius sloshing his drink all over the floor.

"Damn it, Remus, that's a waste of good -"

Sirius broke off as he looked up at James. With wide eyes, the glass tumbled from his finger to land on the filthy carpet.

"James?" he gasped. "Am I dead?"

"No, my friend, you are still very much alive," James said with a grin as he walked into the room.

Sirius jumped up from the couch and came to an abrupt stop as he reached out with his hand. When he touched James' shoulder, and realized he was solid, he threw himself forward and hugged him tightly. James hugged Sirius back as he broke down into tears.

"I'm so sorry, James. It's all my fault," Sirius wept.

“Easy Padfoot,” James said, pushing him back to look at his face. “Listen to me, what happened to us was not your fault. We all trusted Peter.”

“But it was my idea, and -”

“And I agreed with it,” James interrupted. “I know you’ve been looking for forgiveness, but there’s nothing to forgive. We all made mistakes and it’s no one’s fault except Peter’s.”

Nodding, Sirius wiped his eyes, some of that haunted look leaving his eyes and looking as if a weight had been lifted off of his shoulder.

“Come on, let’s take a seat. There’re a few things we need to talk about,” James said. “By the way, where’s Remus?”

“Oh, he asleep,” Sirius said. “The full moon was just a few days ago.”

A mischievous grin stretched across James’ face.

“Well, it would be quite rude if we didn’t wake him,” he said.

Sirius’ eyes light up and he grinned widely as they made their way up stairs.

James walked through the door to Remus’ room while Sirius crept in silently. James lifted a finger to his lips, telling Sirius to be quiet. Levitating a few feet into the air, James laid parallel to the floor and glided forward until he was right over top of Remus.

“WAKE UP!” James shouted as loud as he could.

Remus jump as he opened his eyes. The moment he saw James, he let out a girlish scream and scrambled out of bed. His legs got tangled in the sheets and he ended up fall onto the floor with a thud. Sirius held his stomach as he laughed hard, tears gathering in the corners of his eyes. Remus jumped to his feet, wand in hand as he looked around to get his bearings. Spotting Sirius, his bewildered, frightened look turned angry.

“Damn it, Sirius, that’s not funny!” he yelled.

“It wasn’t my idea,” Sirius replied, nodding to James.

“Sorry, Remus,” James said with a grin. “I couldn’t help myself.”

“For fuck’s sake, Sirius! Have you completely lost it?” Remus fumed. “What ever spell this is stop it. I can’t believe you would use James’ image for a prank!”

James reached out and rested his hand on Remus’ shoulder. Remus froze, staring at the ghostly hand in shock.

“This is no prank, Moony,” James told him with a smile. “Well, waking you up was, but I’m the real thing.”

“How?” Remus asked softly as he looked up at James’ face.

“I can’t say,” James said. “But I’ve been granted a few hours to come and visit the world of the living.”

“What about Harry?” Sirius asked, his grin fading.

“Lily and I have already seen him,” James said. “Come on, let’s go downstairs and have a chat.”

Back at Hogwarts, Harry stood atop the Astronomy Tower, gazing out across the grounds. The inky black sky just beginning to turn a dark blue. As soon as the horizon turned red, the sun beginning its climb over the mountains in the distance, Harry rubbed the ring on his finger. He waited a minute longer, giving the summoned spirits time to say one last goodbye before releasing them, and allowing them to return to where they belonged.

Letting out a sigh, Harry smiled and closed his eye as the warm sunlight touched his skin, warming his cold face. Inhaling deeply, he let the crisp, Christmas morning air fill his lungs.

“Harry?”

Harry turned around. Susan, wearing a yellow jumper and loose-fitting pair of sweatpants, had just reached the top of the steps and walked towards him.

“Morning, Susan. Happy Christmas,” he said.

“Happy Christmas,” Susan replied, a warm, contented smile on her face. “You’re not going to believe what happened last night. I’m not sure if it was just a dream. I know this might sound crazy, but my parents came to see.”

“You’re not crazy, Susan,” Harry told her as she came to stand next to him. “I saw my parents, too.”

“Really?” she asked, turning away from the beautiful sunset to look at him as her face broke out in a huge smile. “I’m so happy for you.”

Susan pulled him towards her and wrapped her arms around him in a tight hug. Harry smiled as he hugged her back. As they pulled back, he realized that he’d never seen Susan look more at peace, or more sure of herself than she did at that moment. Even if that was the only good thing that came out of last night, it made it all worth it.

"You're freezing, let's go inside," Susan said.

Hooking her arms through his, she pulled him back into the castle.

"My parents like you, you know," she said as they walked through the halls.

"Really?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, they said they're glad I found someone like you," Susan told him.

Smiling, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulder and pulled her close to kiss the top of her head. Susan's arm wrapped around his waist.

"Susan, Gryffindor Tower is back there," Harry said as they passed the staircase.

"I know," she replied with a grin.

Harry realized where she was taking him as she led him further down the seventh-floor corridor. Smiling, he waited as she paced back and forth to summon the Room of Requirement. He barely had time to enter the room and close the door before she hugged him and tilted her head up to kiss him passionately.

Squatting down, Harry wrapped his arms around her and lifted her up. She giggled as he carried her over to the bed and sat her down on the edge of the mattress. Grabbing the hem of her jumper, he tugged it up and over her head. Smiling at her lack of bra, he grabbed two handfuls of her huge, firm breasts before leaning down to suck on her thick nipple, her areolas so wide her couldn't fit all of it in his mouth.

Susan moaned and ran her fingers through his hair as he licked and sucked at her nipple until it hardened under his attention. As he switched over to the other breast, Susan slipped out of her

pants and knickers before tugging at his jumper. Harry regretfully let go of her breasts so she could pull it off of him. Tossing it to the floor, she ran her hands down his chest to the waist band of his jeans.

As she worked at the button and zipper, Susan slid off the bed and down to her knees. Tugging his trousers and boxers down as one, she giggled as his half hard member bounced free. With her hands on his legs, she leaned forward, using her tongue to feed the head into her mouth. Groaning, Harry rested his hand on the top of her head, his fingers running through her dark red hair while she suckled on his tip.

Under her gentle ministrations, his length quickly hardened and stood straight out from his body. Taking one hand off his leg, Susan wrapped her small hand around his base, her fingertips just barely able to touch, and began sliding her hand up and down his smooth, rigid shaft. Bobbing her head, Susan slowly fed more of his length into her mouth as her tongue licked and swirled around him. Harry throbbed as she looked up at him, her brown eyes sparkling, and her lips stretched wide around his girth.

With her eyes remaining locked on his, she moved her head faster, taking him deeper until his swollen head bumped into the entrance of her throat. Gagging, Susan pulled back slightly and focused on the part she could handle while her hand stroked the rest with a little twist as she reached the end his length. Harry groaned as he luxuriated in the feeling of her hot, wet, sucking mouth. He hissed through his teeth when she pulled back to the head and gave a series of short, hard sucks while the tip of her tongue traced back and forth over the bottom of his glans.

“Merlin, Susie, I’m close,” Harry panted.

Susan suddenly started bobbing her head rapidly along his head, causing Harry’s legs to tremble from the intense pleasure he was feeling. When he reached his peak with a grunt, she trapped his engorged, pulsating head between her lips, sucking hard and long while her hand flew up and down his length. His cum rocketed up his shaft and exploded into her mouth, completely coating her tongue with the first release. Susan continued nursing him through his climax, draining every last drop of his seed into her voracious mouth.

When his peak finally waned, she pulled off of him and tilted her head back. Showing him the large pool of cum flooding her tongue and teeth, she swirled it around before closing her mouth and swallowing twice.

Panting, Harry smiled at her and stroked her cheek tenderly. Holding out a hand, he helped her to her feet and kissed her on the lips before pushing her back onto the bed. He grabbed her knees, resting them on his shoulders as he caressed her thick, smooth thighs. With a turn of his head, he kissed the inside of her thigh and slowly worked his way down between her legs.

Harry teased her for a bit, breathing over her damp mound, the smell of her arousal permeating the humid air, but never actually touching her excited folds as he kissed and licked all the way around.

“Harry, please,” Susan moaned desperately.

Smiling, Harry teased her twice more before kissing her slit. Susan gasped and bucked her hips, her fingers tangling in his disheveled hair. He planted a kiss on her lips, her arousal coating his tongue, then mercifully slipped his tongue between them and licked from the bottom up, flicking over her swollen clit when he reached the top. His cock gave a throb at her wanton moan while she tugged his hair, trying to lead him back to that spot.

With one hand, Harry reached out to grab one of her incredible breasts as his tongue went back to her excited nub. Heat poured off of her mound as he kissed, licked, and sucked at her clit. Susan panted and moaned, arching her back as he gave her large nipple a light squeeze. Harry could feel his length hardening quickly as he quickly drove her towards the edge of bliss. Grabbing both of her breasts, he groped them roughly as he assaulted her clit relentlessly.

Gasping and whimpering, Susan began to writhe on the bed as she neared her end. With a loud kean, she hit her peak. Gushing, she soaked Harry’s face in her arousal as he continued pleasuring her, her throbbing clit trapped between his lips as he stimulated it with his tongue frantically. As her screaming came to an end, and she flopped bonelessly on the bed, he finally relented. Placing one last peck on her mound, Harry pried her legs open. Standing straight, he grinned down at her euphoric expression and wiped his mouth with his hand.

Climbing onto the bed, Harry laid on his side next to her and gently caressed her face, trailing down the rest of her pale, sweat covered skin. Opening her eyes, Susan grabbed the back of his head and pulled him down for a searing kiss. With their lips still attached, she put her hand on his shoulder and pushed him onto his back.

With a sultry look, she straddled his waist and sank down onto his rigid length. A moan left her lips as she tilted her head back when she had taken all of him. Leaning forward, Susan placed her hands on his chest as she began riding him, slowly gaining speed and depth with each new descent. Harry was mesmerized by the way her marvelous tits swayed and bounced just inches from his face. He couldn't help but take them in his hands, loving the feel of her firm mound and smooth, soft skin.

"Oh, Harry," Susan moaned.

Planting his feet on the mattress, Harry began bucking up into her as she sank down on his cock. The smooth, wet walls of her hot depths hugged him tightly. Each time he drove into her, he could feel them stretch apart to accommodate his size before they conformed to his length. It was like Susan had been made to fit him perfectly.

Despite their recent orgasms, neither of them could hold out long against the incredible feelings they were experiencing. Soon, their movements grew more frantic, and Susan dug her nails into his chest as she slammed herself down onto his thrusting cock. Harry fought against his own climax as he waited for her to reach hers first.

When Susan screwed her eyes shut and trembled as her depths fluttered around him, Harry finally let go. Groaning, he pulsed inside of her, filling her with his release. Susan collapsed on top of him as she came down from her climax, her body still trembling slightly. Harry wrapped his arms around her and stroked her back lightly as he savored the moment of mindless ecstasy.