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Harry Potter One-Shots/Series

Story: Schooling a Ginger (Susan Bones x OMC)

~ Susan Bones ~

The atmosphere inside the Hogwarts library was thick with the scent of old parchment, wax, and the damp chill of a Scottish late autumn. It was sixth year, and the shadow of Voldemort's return hung heavily over every corridor.

For Susan Bones, that shadow was a constant, suffocating weight.

Ever since the murder of her aunt, Amelia Bones, over the summer, Susan's world had shrunk. The bright, easy-going Hufflepuff girl had retreated into a quiet, hyper-focused state. She had lost her family, her security, and her peace of mind.

But she hadn't lost Judas Vance.

Judas, a six-foot-one Ravenclaw with a sharp jawline, messy dark hair, and an easy, effortless confidence that drew people to him like moths to a flame, was Susan's anchor.

He didn't pity her.

He didn't look at her with the tragic, tiptoeing sympathy that made her want to scream. Instead, he treated her with a rough, grounding affection, claiming her body and mind in ways that made her feel alive when everything else felt dead.

He was hers.

She had decided that the moment she wrapped her fingers around his wrist after her aunt's funeral. He belonged to her, and she belonged to him. It was a mutual understanding.

Which was why the sight of Ginny Weasley leaning over his study table made Susan's blood run white-hot.

"You know, Vance," Ginny was saying, her bright red hair cascading over her shoulder as she propped her chin in her hand, flashing a brilliant, teasing smile. "The Gryffindor common room has much better lighting than this dusty old corner. And the people are much livelier. You waste too much time buried in these stacks."

Judas didn't look up immediately from his Arithmancy essay. He merely smirked, his quill scratching rhythmically against the parchment. "Is that an invitation, Weasley? I hear your brothers keep a pretty tight watch on who goes up those stairs. I'm not sure I fancy getting pelted with bat-bogey hexes just for a change of scenery."

"Oh, please," Ginny laughed, a light, musical sound that grated on Susan's nerves from three aisles over. "They're busy with Quidditch. Besides, I do what I want. If I want a handsome Ravenclaw keeping me company while I study, they won't say a word."

Judas finally raised his eyes, his dark gaze cool and amused. "A handsome Ravenclaw, hm? Glad to know my reputation precedes me."

Susan stepped out from behind the heavy bookshelf. Her footsteps were silent, but her presence was heavy, radiating a dark, possessive energy that made the air feel suddenly thin. She didn't look at Ginny. Her eyes were locked entirely on Judas.

Judas' smirk widened slightly as he saw her.

He knew that look. It was the look she got when she was feeling territorial, when the grief and the anger inside her coiled tightly and demanded an outlet.

"Judas," Susan said, her voice smooth, quiet, and deceptively calm.

"Hey, Susie," he replied, leaning back in his chair and tossing his quill onto the table. He didn't move away. He just watched her, waiting to see what she would do.

Ginny straightened up, her smile faltering just a fraction as she registered Susan's intense expression. "Oh, hi, Susan. We were just—"

Susan ignored her completely. She walked right up to his chair, parted her legs, and sat down directly on his lap, straddling his thighs. She wrapped her arms around his neck, burying her face in the crook of his shoulder for a brief second to inhale his scent—whiskey, cedar, and clean skin—before pulling back to look down at him.

Judas' hands immediately found her hips, his fingers digging into her soft skin through her pleated skirt. He squeezed hard, a silent command that told her he was letting her play her game, but only because he allowed it.

"You're late," Judas murmured, his voice dipping into a low, rumbling register.

"I had to finish up with Sprout," Susan whispered back, her fingers tracing the collar of his shirt. "Did you miss me?"

"Always," he replied smoothly, though his dark eyes glinted with genuine heat.

Ginny cleared her throat, her expression shifting from mild surprise to irritation. "Right. Well, I can see you two are... busy. I'll see you around, Judas."

Susan's head snapped toward Ginny. The sweetness was entirely gone from her face, replaced by a cold, vacant stare that made the Gryffindor girl freeze. "He's not going to see you around, Ginny. He's

mine. Don't look at him, don't talk to him, and don't think about him. Do you understand?"

Ginny blinked, a flush of embarrassed anger rising up her neck. "Excuse me? Susan, we're just talking. No need to act like a psycho. You don't own him."

"Actually," Judas chimed in, his tone casual but laced with a dangerous edge, "She kind of does, Weasley. And I don't mind it one bit." He slid his hand up under Susan's skirt, his palm resting heavily against her thigh, dangerously close to her knickers. Susan shivered, her eyes never leaving Ginny's face.

"Mental," Ginny muttered, her cheeks burning as she grabbed her bag and shoved her books inside. She turned on her heel and stormed out of the library, the heavy oak doors swinging shut behind her.

Susan watched her go, her breathing slightly shallow. She turned back to Judas, her eyes dark, her chest rising and falling. "She likes you. She thinks she can have you."

"She can think whatever she wants," Judas said, his grip on her thigh tightening until it was almost painful. "But she's not the one sitting on my lap, is she? She's not the one I'm going to fuck tonight."

Susan felt a thrill of pure, submissive pleasure shoot straight down her spine. "I want her to know," she whispered, her voice trembling with a mixture of obsession and desire. "I want her to see exactly what you do to me. I want her to know she can never, ever touch you."

Judas stared at her, his gaze calculating. A slow, wicked grin spread across his face. "You want an audience, Susie? You want to show off your owner?"

"Yes," she whimpered, leaning down to press her lips to his jaw. "Please, Judas. She followed us last week. I saw her watching us near the Room of Requirement. She's curious. She wants to see. Let's show her."

Judas chuckled, a low, dark sound. "If she's tailing us, we'll give her a trail she can't resist. Come on."

~ Susan Bones ~

Ten minutes later, Susan and Judas were walking hand-in-hand down the corridor on the seventh floor. Susan, empowered by a simple charm to sharpen her hearing, was hyper-aware of the faint sound of footsteps echoing far behind them. Ginny Weasley was indeed following. Whether it was out of stubborn pride, curiosity, or some misguided attempt to prove Susan was overreacting, she was back there, keeping her distance but staying on their scent.

Susan smirked to herself. 'Stupid Gryffindor.'

They stopped in front of the blank stretch of wall opposite the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy. Judas closed his eyes, walking past it three times, thinking of exactly what they needed. A heavy wooden door materialized in the stone wall. Judas opened it, pulling Susan inside, but he didn't close it fully.

He left it slightly ajar, just enough for someone outside to see the warm, flickering firelight within.

The Room of Requirement had transformed into a lavish, dimly lit chamber. A massive, four-poster bed sat in the centre, draped in dark velvet sheets. Nearby, there was a plush, high-backed leather armchair, and across from it, a heavy wooden chair with iron rings bolted to the arms—a silent nod to Judas's dominant tastes.

"Set the trap, sweet girl," Judas murmured, tossing his school bag onto the bed.

Susan smiled, her eyes gleaming with a manic, possessive light. She drew her wand, standing just behind the door. Within seconds, she heard the soft scuffle of shoes outside. The door creaked open further, and Ginny Weasley stepped into the room, her brow furrowed as she looked around the luxurious space.

Before Ginny could even register the trap, Susan lunged.

"Incarcerous!" Susan cried.

Thick, heavy ropes flew from Susan's wand, wrapping tightly around Ginny's torso, arms, and legs. Ginny gasped, losing her balance and falling backward, but Susan caught her with a hovering charm, guiding her roughly into the heavy wooden chair. The iron rings magically snapped shut around Ginny's wrists, pinning her arms down.

"What the—Susan, let me go! Are you out of your mind?!" Ginny shrieked, struggling violently against her bonds.

Susan stepped in front of her, her wand pointed directly at Ginny's throat. "*Silencio*."

Ginny's screams were cut off instantly. She thrashed in the chair, her face flushed with panic and rage, her eyes wide as she stared at Susan.

"I told you he was mine," Susan said softly, her voice dangerously calm as she leaned down, getting right in Ginny's face. "But you didn't want to listen. You thought I was just some hysterical girl. Well, now you get to watch. You get to see exactly how much he owns me, and how much I belong to him. And when we're done, you're going to remember this every single time you look at him."

Susan turned to Judas, her expression instantly shifting from cold malice to pure, eager submission. "She's ready, sir."

Judas walked over, his hands tucked into his pockets, a dark, amused smirk playing on his lips. He looked down at Ginny, who was staring up at him with begging, terrified eyes, silently pleading for him to stop this. Judas merely chuckled and patted Ginny's cheek.

"Don't look at me like that, Weasley," Judas said smoothly. "You wanted to play with the big kids. Now you get to watch the show."

He turned his attention back to Susan. His gaze darkened, his dominant aura washing over her like a physical wave. "Take off your clothes, Susan. Except for your socks. Kneel in front of me."

Susan's breath hitched. "Yes, sir."

With trembling fingers, Susan began to undress. She unbuttoned her school cardigan, letting it drop to the floor, followed by her white shirt. She unclasped her bra, exposing her heavy, full breasts, her nipples already hard from the sheer thrill of the situation. Nobody had breasts like the women in the Bones family, and Susan had been glad to receive that particular gene from her ancestors. She unzipped her skirt, letting it pool around her ankles, and stepped out of her knickers. She stood entirely naked before him, save for her thigh-high yellow socks, her pale skin glowing in the firelight.

She glanced over at Ginny. The Gryffindor girl was staring, her jaw slack, her eyes wide with a mixture of horror, embarrassment, and an unwilling, transfixed fascination.

Susan smiled wickedly at her, then dropped to her knees on the soft rug at Judas' feet. She looked up at him, her eyes shining with absolute devotion. "Please, master. Let me have you."

Judas unbuckled his belt with slow, deliberate movements. He unzipped his trousers and pulled his thick, rigid cock free. It was already fully erect, dark veins pulsing along the heavy shaft, pre-cum glistening at the tip.

Susan let out a soft, hungry whimper at the sight of it. She reached out, her hands wrapping around his thighs, her thumbs stroking his skin.

"You want it?" Judas asked, his voice low and commanding.

"Yes, please. I want to taste you. I want to feel how big you are," Susan begged, her voice thick with lust.

"Then take it. But remember who's in charge here. No gentle licking. I want you to take it deep."

"Yes, sir."

Susan leaned forward, parting her lips, and wrapped her mouth around the thick head of his cock. She groaned as the heat of him hit her tongue. She swirled her tongue around the tip, tasting his salty pre-cum, before sliding her lips down his shaft.

Judas' hand immediately found the back of her head. He gripped her red hair in a fist, his knuckles turning white as he anchored her in place. "That's it. Suck it, Susie. Let little Weasley hear how much you love it."

Judas began to push his hips forward, forcing his cock deeper into her mouth. Susan gasped, her throat catching as the thick head hit the back of her throat. She tried to pull back slightly, but his grip on her hair was iron.

"No," he growled. "Take it all. Open your throat for me."

He pushed his cock deep into her mouth, bottoming out against her throat with a wet, heavy thud. Susan's eyes watered, tears spilling down her cheeks as she gasped around his length, her hands gripping his thighs for balance. Each time he plunged deep, her throat locked up, but she forced herself to relax, accepting his cock, wanting to show the silent girl in the chair just how completely she was surrendered to him.

Gag. Slide. Gag.

The wet, sloppy sounds of Susan's mouth wrapping around Judas's cock filled the quiet room. Ginny sat frozen, her eyes wide and breathing erratic, her chest heaving as she watched Susan's face flush a deep pink. Susan looked up through her tear-blurred vision, locking eyes with Ginny. Even with a thick cock filling her mouth to the point of choking, Susan's eyes held a triumphant, vicious gleam.

'He's mine,' those eyes said. 'Look at what he does to me. Look at how he uses me.'

Judas picked up the pace, his thrusts becoming harder, faster. He shoved his entire length into her mouth, his balls slapping against her chin. "Fucking hell, Susan, your mouth is so tight," he groaned, his hips jerking as he buried himself in her wet warmth. He pulled out almost entirely, leaving only the glistening tip between her lips, before slamming back in, stretching her mouth to its absolute limit.

"Mmff! Ah-mm!" Susan whimpered, saliva dripping down her chin, mixing with his pre-cum. She loved the rough treatment. She loved the way his fingers tore through her hair, holding her captive to his pleasure.

After several minutes of relentless face-fucking, Judas pulled his cock out with a wet pop. Susan sank back on her heels, panting heavily, a thick thread of spit connecting her lips to his glistening shaft.

"Good girl," Judas panted, running a hand through his own messy hair. He looked over at Ginny, whose face was bright red, her breathing ragged as she stared at the wet, glistening cock pointing directly at her.

"Enjoying the view, Weasley?" Judas mocked, his voice dripping with arrogance. "Don't worry, we're just getting started."

He grabbed Susan by the arm and pulled her up to her feet. She stood shakily, her body shivering with anticipation. Judas sat back in the plush armchair, spreading his legs.

"Get up here," he commanded, gesturing to his lap. "But first, I want to use those tits of yours. They've been driving me crazy all day."

Susan's breasts were indeed impressive—heavy, full, and soft, with large, pink nipples that were currently rock-hard. She climbed onto the chair, straddled across his lap, but instead of taking him

inside her, she leaned back slightly. She took his thick, wet cock in her hand and pressed it between her breasts.

Using her hands, she squeezed her heavy tits together, locking his shaft in a tight, fleshy vice.

"Like this, master?" she whispered, looking down at him with heavy-lidded, lust-filled eyes.

"Exactly like that," Judas growled. He reached up, grabbing her hips to keep her steady, and began to thrust his hips upward.

His cock slid smoothly between her soft breasts, the friction of her skin warming him instantly. Susan groaned, leaning forward to let her nipples brush against his thighs. She began to slide her body up and down, friction-burning his shaft with her cleavage. The wet sounds of his cock sliding between her heavy tits were incredibly loud in the quiet room.

"Look at her, Susan," Judas ordered, his hands moving to cup her breasts, squeezing them tightly around his cock as he thrust harder. "Look at Weasley. Make sure she's watching."

Susan turned her head, locking her dark gaze onto Ginny's trembling form. "Are you watching, Ginny?" Susan purred, her voice thick with pleasure. "Look how big he is. Look how easily he slides inside me. He does this to me every night. He owns every inch of my body. You're nothing to him. Just a little pest."

Ginny's eyes flashed with anger, but it was quickly swallowed by a wave of sheer humiliation. She tried to look away, but the sheer debauchery in the room drew her eyes back like a magnet as she rubbed her legs together. She was forced to watch Judas' thick, dark cock disappearing and reappearing between Susan's pale, heavy breasts.

Judas' thrusts became rougher. He squeezed Susan's tits together with brutal force, his thumbs flicking over her sensitive, hard nipples. Susan shrieked with pleasure, her back arching as he fucked her breasts, his cock sliding all the way up to her chin with every upward thrust.

"Fuck, Susan, you're so soft," Judas groaned, his face tightening as he neared a climax. "Squeeze me tighter. Fuck me with them."

Susan whimpered, using her hands to crush her breasts together, her heart hammering against her ribs. The friction was intense, the heat between them boiling over. Judas thrust three more times, hard and fast, before pulling back slightly, his breathing ragged.

"Not yet," he muttered, his eyes dark with a primal hunger. "I want to be inside you."

Susan felt a wet gush of her own arousal coat her thighs at his words. "Yes, please, Judas. Please fuck me. I'm so wet for you. I've been dripping all day."

Judas grabbed her by the waist and lifted her slightly. Susan guided his thick, throbbing cock to her

soaking wet entrance. She positioned herself over him, the broad head of his cock rubbing against her aching clitoris. She gasped, her head falling back as a wave of pure pleasure crashed over her.

"Ride me, Susie," Judas commanded, his hands digging into her hips, anchoring her. "Hard. Show our guest how you ride your owner."

Susan slowly lowered her hips. She let out a long, shuddering groan as his thick shaft began to stretch her open. He was so big, filling her completely, stretching her walls until she felt like she might burst. She pushed down further, swallowing his length inch by inch, until her pelvis slammed against his, his pubic bone grinding against hers.

"Ahhh! Oh god, Judas!" Susan screamed, her fingers digging into his broad shoulders. She was completely filled, stretched to her absolute limit, the sensation so intense she could barely breathe.

"Fucking hell," Judas growled, his head snapping back as his eyes closed in sheer ecstasy. "You're so wet. You're practically drowning me."

Susan didn't wait. She began to move. She lifted her hips, sliding up his shaft until she was almost off him, before slamming back down, taking him all the way to the hilt.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

The sound of their bodies colliding echoed through the room. Susan rode him like a woman possessed. She bounced on his cock, her heavy breasts swinging wildly, her red hair flying around her face. She was completely uninhibited, her face twisted in a mixture of agony and ecstasy.

She turned her head to look at Ginny, her eyes wild, a manic, triumphant grin stretching across her lips. "Look at us, Ginny! Look how he fills me! He's so deep inside me! He's stretching me open!"

Ginny's breathing was frantic now as her own cunt ached for pleasure. She was twisting in her bonds, her face entirely flushed, her eyes darting between Susan's bouncing breasts and the place where their bodies joined, where Judas's thick cock was sliding in and out of Susan's soaking wet, cream-lined pussy. It was a display of raw, unfiltered dominance and submission, a public claiming that left no room for doubt.

"Faster, Susan," Judas growled, his hands moving from her hips to her waist, his fingers digging in so hard they would leave bruises. "Ride me harder, you little slut."

"Yes! Yes, master!" Susan cried, her pace turning frantic. She was grinding her pelvis against his, her clitoris rubbing hard against his pubic bone with every downward slam. She was building up to a massive, shattering orgasm, the friction and the psychological thrill of the audience driving her over the edge.

"I'm close, Judas! I'm going to come! Oh god, I'm going to come!" she screamed, her head tossing back, her throat bared.

"Come on my cock, Susie. Wet it up for me," Judas ordered, his own thrusts matching her frantic rhythm, slamming up into her with brutal, bone-deep power.

With one final, hard slam, Susan's body tensed. Her pussy walls clamped down around his thick shaft in a series of violent spasms. She screamed, a loud, echoing sound of pure, unadulterated release, her vision going completely white as her orgasm ripped through her. She collapsed forward against his chest, her body shaking, her pussy pulsing wildly around him.

Judas let out a low, guttural roar as her tight, pulsing warmth dragged him over the precipice. He gripped her hips with bruising force, lifting his pelvis and slamming up into her as hard as he could, burying his cock as deep as it would go.

"I'm coming, Susan! I'm filling you!" he growled.

He shot his warm, thick load deep inside her. Susan whimpered, feeling the hot jets of his semen painting the inside of her womb, filling her up until she felt heavy and bloated with his seed. Judas thrust three more times, riding out his climax, his body shaking as he poured every drop of his come deep inside her.

They sat there for several minutes, panting heavily, the only sounds in the room their ragged breathing and the crackle of the fireplace.

Susan lay against his chest, her heart hammering against his. She felt completely sated, completely claimed, and incredibly proud. She was filled with his warmth, a living testament to his ownership.

Slowly, Susan sat up. She slid off his cock with a soft, wet slither. As she did, a thick, white mixture of Judas' come and her own juices began to drip down her inner thighs, glistening in the firelight.

She stood up, entirely unbothered by her nakedness, and walked over to where Ginny sat frozen.

Susan leaned down, placing her hands on the arms of Ginny's chair, trapping her. The scent of sex, sweat, and Judas' come rolled off Susan, filling Ginny's nose. Susan pointed to her dripping thighs, a cold, victorious smile on her face.

"Do you see this, Ginny?" Susan whispered, her voice dark and sweet. "This is him. He's inside me. He owns me, all of me, and I him. He's mine till I draw breath. Now, unless you wish to have a repeat of this, being chained here while he fucks me like I am the only woman in this world who can get him to feel pleasure, I suggest you back away and run back to the burrow you crawled out from. Understood?"

All Ginny could do was nod, but deep down, a desire started blooming within her. Would a repeat of this really be so bad?

