

ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED WITHIN THIS STORY ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

Summary - Harry didn't think anything of it when he offered his partner a place to stay. He's known Susan for years now, trained with her in the Auror Academy, and worked alongside her for the past six months kicking dark wizard arse. Inviting her to stay in his guest room for a few weeks while her flat was undergoing repairs was the least he could do. It was a completely platonic gesture...at least until the night he came home to find Susan waiting for him in his bed. All thoughts of a platonic relationship were firmly out the window to say the least...

or

Harry offers Susan a place to stay cause he's a good friend. Susan accepts because she's horny and tired of being all but ignored by her partner.

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Room & Board

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Harry set his quill aside with a weary sigh, flexing his stiff fingers before rolling his shoulders back. A series of dull pops echoed through the quiet office as tight joints protested and then relented, releasing hours of tension earned from hunching over what had felt like an endless stack of reports.

The past few days had been a relentless blur of raids and arrests, all sparked by a new drug sweeping through Knockturn Alley like wildfire. Harry had led most of the operations himself, kicking in doors of illicit potion rings, duelling his way through cramped back rooms thick with toxic fumes, and tearing apart underground black-market apothecaries in search of those responsible for the dangerous new substance.

Yet as gruelling as the nigh-endless raids had been, Harry much preferred them over the blasted paperwork that came with every arrest.

It was done now—or well—most of it anyway. He still needed to file the damn reports, but that could wait until the morning. The file clerks had long since gone home, along with most of the

Auror Department. Only a few scattered squad leaders lingered behind closed office doors while the occasional janitor drifted through the corridors. As Harry glanced around the dim bullpen, he realised there was only one other maroon-robed figure still occupying the space—

“Morgana’s tits, I am bloody exhausted.”

Harry snorted as Tonks dropped into the chair beside his desk—the one typically reserved for the less upstanding members of wizarding society awaiting processing.

“Evening to you too, Head Auror,” he replied, lips twitching.

Tonks shot him a flat look, her hair flashing an irritated yellow before settling back into her preferred lavender. “Sod off, Harry. I don’t have the energy for your snark. Not after this hellish week.” The metamorph slumped forward, bracing her elbows on his desk and tangling her fingers into her hair.

He hummed sympathetically, checking his watch. “It’s only half past eight. Fancy a drink? We can sit at the pub and complain about our jobs.”

Tonks perked up almost instantly, the offer of liquor and venting about her woes brightening her mood briefly before she once more deflated with a grimace. “Bugger. I wish. Teddy’s with a sitter tonight since Mum’s out of town. If I’m late, she’ll charge me double.”

“Fair enough,” Harry said with a nod. “Next time?”

“Course.” She reached up to knead the base of her neck, wincing as she pressed into a stubborn knot. After a moment, her shoulders loosened. “Don’t let me stop you, though. Take Bonesy. With as hard as you two have worked this week, I’d say you both need a stiff drink. Where is she anyhow?”

“I sent her home about an hour ago,” he replied. “She met with her landlord today, and it didn’t exactly go well.”

Tonks pursed her lips. “Her flat still a fucking disaster, then?”

“To put it mildly. Building inspector found devil’s snare growing through the basement walls.

That’s on top of the cracked ward stone and dragon-tongue mold they discovered last week.”

“Bloody hell,” Tonks muttered, grimacing. “Hate to say it, but maybe it’s a blessing her nutter neighbour blew up his own flat. Sounds like the whole building is a health hazard.”

“You’re not wrong,” Harry admitted, rubbing at his temples. “Thankfully, she’s starting to see that, too. It’s not as if she’ll be homeless, anyway. I told her she can stay at the manor as long as she likes.”

Tonks’ eyes lit with wicked delight. “That’s right! You two are roomies now! How’s that going? She caught you ‘polishing your wand’ yet?” she asked, wagging her brows.

Harry fixed her with a thoroughly unimpressed stare. It only made her dissolve into sharp, delighted cackles that echoed across the otherwise quiet department.

“It’s been fine,” he said at last, voice dry as parchment. “Susan’s...she’s great.” His tone softened despite himself. “Honestly, having her there’s made the place feel more...alive, I suppose.”

Tonks’ grin faded into something more curious as he leaned back in his chair, gaze drifting toward the dim ceiling.

“I used to hate going home,” he went on quietly. “The manor was too quiet. Too empty. It felt like a mausoleum most nights—dark, grand, and utterly hallow.” He exhaled slowly. “Now it’s different. Brighter. Warmer. Like she’s...shifted something.”

He struggled for the right words, frowning faintly. “It’s strange. Even when she’s not in the room, I know she’s there. I hear her humming from down the corridor while she makes tea. Or I’ll walk past the sitting room and see her jumper thrown over the back of that ridiculous armchair she’s claimed as her own.” A faint smile tugged at his mouth. “There’s always some sign of her. Some reminder that I’m not rattling around that place by myself anymore.”

He fell quiet, the smile slowly fading as the present settled back over him.

“Truth be told...” he admitted, voice lower now, “I’m dreading the day she finds a new place. I think the manor will feel even emptier now that it’s had a taste of her warmth.”

His voice faded, the joy in his eyes slowly dimming like an exhale of breath. It was quiet for a moment. Harry was too lost in his thoughts to find any more words, while Tonks sat absorbing his ruminations for a few brief moments before...

"Merlin, Harry, just go home and shag her already."

"Wha—Tonks!" Harry choked, nearly dropping the stack of parchment he'd just gathered.

She threw her hands up in mock surrender, utterly unrepentant. "What? I'm just saying! If I talked about a bloke the way you just talked about her—and he was living in my house, mind you—I'd have him screaming my name nearly every night by now."

Harry dragged a hand down his face, as though he could physically scrub her words from his brain. "Tonks, Susan and I—she's not—we're just friends. Partners!"

Tonks blinked at him slowly. Once. Twice. Then she tilted her head, lavender hair slipping over one eye as her expression flattened into exaggerated disbelief.

"Mm-hm. Sure you are, Wonder Boy."

He groaned.

She pushed herself upright and stretched, joints popping faintly as she arched her back. "Right. I've got to be off." She shot him a teasing smirk. "You should head out, too. Boss's orders."

He muttered something under his breath but didn't argue, quickly stowing the remaining reports away and shrugging on his coat. Together they made their way down the quiet corridor toward the nearest Floo. The Ministry felt cavernous at this hour, fireplaces dark, offices shuttered, their footsteps echoing faintly against stone.

Tonks stepped into the grate and grabbed a pinch of Floo powder. "Get some rest, yeah?" she said, glancing over her shoulder. "And Harry?"

He looked up warily.

"Friends don't stare at their other friend's arse the way Susan stares at yours every time you walk by her desk."

"She does not—"

But Tonks was already grinning wickedly as green flames roared to life.

“Night, lover boy!” she called, and vanished in a rush of emerald fire.

Silence fell back over the corridor.

Harry stood there for a long moment, Tonks’ parting words echoing far louder than the crackle of dying Floo flames.

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Instead of Flooing home, Harry decided to walk.

He told himself it was for the fresh air. The night was cool, quiet, and he needed something steady after his conversation with Tonks. Walking gave him something simple to focus on while his thoughts sorted themselves out.

Yet while the surprise of what Tonks said had faded, Harry found that his thoughts still lingered on the metamorph’s words, or more specifically, *who* those words had spoken of.

Susan was...

He huffed out a quiet breath. It was hard to describe her in a way that didn’t feel wholly incomplete.

She was his friend, first and foremost. His partner in the field. One of the very few people he trusted to watch his back without reservation. Together, they were a well-oiled machine, able to read the other down to the subtlest twitch of their shoulders without a word even needing to be spoken. They’d only been working together for six months, but in that time she’d saved his life more times than he could remember. He’d done the same for her. It had become a routine, pulling each other out of danger without a second thought.

Somewhere along the way, they’d turned it into a game.

Whenever one of them stepped in and pulled the other out of trouble, the one who’d been saved owed something. Usually a drink. Sometimes dinner. Once, she’d made him sit through an entire Muggle romantic comedy as payment, and he still wasn’t sure which of them had suffered more.

Other times, it wasn't anything specific. They'd just end up back at home, collapsing onto the couch with takeaway and the warm, steady presence of each other's company, sitting close without really thinking about it. No big conversations. No awkwardness. Just the quiet comfort of knowing the other one was there.

Their friendship was hardly dramatic, nor was it especially complicated.

It wasn't forged the way his friendship with Ron and Hermione had been, through years of shared danger and impossible choices. It wasn't shaped by grief and quiet understanding like the way things had been with Tonks. There were no grand turning points, no single moment where everything changed.

He and Susan had simply... drifted toward each other.

There was history, of course. In second year, she'd been one of the many who'd believed he was the Heir of Slytherin. He couldn't even blame her for it now; they'd all been children, scared and quick to believe the worst. A few years later, during the DA meetings, he'd been the one showing her how to steady her grip on her wand as she cast her first Patronus, her smile filled with awe and wonder, and utterly infectious in the way it drew a smile from his lips as well.

But that felt like another lifetime.

They'd both grown up since then. They'd both lost people. The war had sanded down the sharpest edges of who they'd been.

They met again at the Auror Academy, each of them carrying their own reasons for being there. Harry had gone because he didn't know how to do anything else. Susan had gone because she wanted to build something better than what they'd been left with.

He'd spotted her first.

The crowd of recruits had been overwhelming. Too many faces, too much noise. For a moment, he'd felt sixteen again, bracing himself for whispers that never quite stopped. And then he'd seen that familiar shade of auburn hair near the entrance.

She'd been standing slightly apart from the others, eyes wide, teeth worrying her bottom lip in a way he remembered from years ago. The relief that had hit him had been small but immediate. He hadn't hesitated, crossing the room while her name fell from his lips without so much as a second thought.

She had jumped at his approach, as if the reality of someone approaching her first had been some sort of shocking revelation. For a split second, she just stared at him, wide-eyed. Then recognition set in.

"Harry!" she'd said, and the way she said it—half relief, half disbelief—had made something in his chest loosen. The tension in her shoulders had eased as she smiled, small at first and then a little steadier.

And that had been that.

Maybe their friendship had started because of shared history. Because they remembered each other from before everything fell apart. But it wasn't the past that kept them side by side through training, through long shifts, through near misses and close calls.

It was who they had become.

The Susan he'd known at Hogwarts had been quiet and easily flustered, the sort of girl who went pink when a professor called on her and rushed through her answer just to get it over with. A stark difference from the Susan he knew now.

She was confident, sometimes stubbornly so. She spoke her mind without apology, laughed too loudly in crowded pubs, and swore like a sailor whenever she lost at poker, which was often enough that Harry had begun to suspect she enjoyed the theatrics of it more than the actual game.

The ghost of who she used to be still lingered, of course.

She still blushed when too many eyes were on her at once, and she still liked to linger at the back of the crowd, the shadows a comfort to her after so many years shying away from any sort

of attention. But the war had indeed changed her. Training had sharpened her. Experience had steadied her.

And Harry... Harry was different, too.

He wasn't the haunted, half-angry boy who'd left Hogwarts with the weight of the world on his shoulders. He wasn't constantly waiting for the next catastrophe, the next prophecy, the next impossible choice. The fear that had once lived just under his skin had dulled into something more manageable. Not gone—he doubted it ever would be—but no longer in control.

He'd grown into himself in ways he hadn't noticed at first. Learned when to hold back and when to push. Learned that leadership didn't always mean standing in front.

Maybe that was why it had been so easy with Susan.

They hadn't needed to tiptoe around who the other used to be. They'd met again as people still healing, still figuring things out, and maybe that's why their friendship had taken root so quickly. Because while they had changed, they hadn't been the people they needed to be. That was something they had grown into together.

But they were just that. Two people who learned to keep moving forward together. Partners. Friends.

...Right?

Harry shoved his hands deeper into his pockets as he turned the corner toward home, Tonks' voice replaying with irritating clarity.

"If I talked about a bloke the way you just talked about her, I'd have him screaming my name nearly every night by now."

He grimaced.

For a split second, his mind conjured an image of Susan, moonlight painting every breath-taking curve of her body while her plump, tantalising lips sat agape in a silent scream of pleasure—Harry stumbled, his boot catching on the bottom step of the Grimmauld Place stoop. He grabbed the railing before he could properly fall, heart lurching for an entirely different reason.

“Brilliant,” he muttered under his breath.

He stood there a moment, steadying himself, heat creeping up the back of his neck. This was exactly the sort of thing he didn’t need. One off-colour comment from Tonks and suddenly his brain was working against him.

He blew out a slow breath and shook his head.

He was being ridiculous.

Susan was his friend. His partner. That was it. Tonks had always had a crude streak a mile wide; half the things she said were designed to get a reaction. He’d just... reacted more than he should have.

Besides, even if—*if*—he had feelings for Susan, that didn’t mean it went both ways. Susan had never given him reason to think she saw him as anything other than what they already were.

Pushing for more would risk complicating something that worked. It would risk the easy way they fit together, the trust they’d built.

It wouldn’t be fair. Not to her. Not to *either* of them.

Harry exhaled, long and steady, and forced the image from his mind.

Friend.

Nothing more.

He slotted his key into the lock and opened the door.

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Susan was at her wits’ end.

First, her bloody upstairs neighbour had decided it would be a brilliant idea to run an illegal potions lab out of his flat. That genius plan lasted right up until he mixed the wrong ingredients and blew half the building to bits. Her ceiling had partially caved in, her windows had shattered, and everything she owned now smelled faintly of burnt lacewing flies.

And if that wasn’t enough, her department had been practically ordered to sweep every inch of Knockturn Alley because of some new drug flooding the streets. No leads. No steady supplier to

trace. Just rumour, whispers, and a lot of angry dealers who didn't appreciate Aurors kicking in their doors.

Her entire week had turned into one long blur of boots pounding down narrow staircases, wands raised, her heart hammering in her ears between countless raids, followed by hours of paperwork that made her eyes cross. Every other night, she found herself ducking curses from some twitchy, cornered idiot who thought a Blood Boiling Hex was a reasonable response to someone saying the word '*Freeze*'.

She was exhausted. Physically. Mentally. Down to her very soul.

For Merlin's sake, if it wasn't for Harry, she wouldn't even have a proper place to go home to at the end of every day.

Harry.

His name still pulled a smile from her, automatic and unthinking. Lately, though, it brought something else with it, too. Something that sat under her ribs and refused to settle.

A destroyed flat? She could handle that. Curse-happy junkies? Not a problem.

But this—

This was different.

A year ago, they'd run into each other again at the Academy, both older, both carrying things they didn't talk about. Six months ago, they'd been paired as partners and discovered, almost immediately, that they worked together like they'd been doing it for years.

Three months ago, she'd caught herself leaning a little closer when he spoke. Laughing a little too quickly at his dry comments. Noticing the way his hand would hover at the small of her back when they moved through a crowd.

Three weeks ago, her flat had exploded, and she'd moved into his guest room without much argument from either of them.

Two weeks ago, she'd walked past his room. The door had been left open just a crack with only the light of the ensuite illuminating anything within. She'd meant to call out with a tease about him using up all the hot water.

Instead, she'd caught a glimpse of damp skin and the chiselled plane of his chest before her brain had fully processed what she was looking at.

She'd frozen. Stared for half a second too long.

Then she fled to her room, cheeks burning as she slammed her door and silenced it for good measure.

She had tried desperately to forget what she saw, but the pounding of her heart and the tingle between her legs wouldn't allow it. For the first time, Susan had been forced to admit that maybe she saw Harry as a bit more than 'just a friend'.

A week and a half ago, Susan finally decided to do something about it.

Call it love. Call it reckless courage. Call it desperation.

Whatever it was, it had reached a breaking point.

There were only so many nights she could lie awake staring at the ceiling, replaying the memory of Harry's chiselled torso over and over again in her mind before something in her simply *snapped*. The image looped mercilessly behind her closed eyes, vivid enough that her heart would kick against her ribs and heat would coil low in her stomach. It was unfair, really. Entirely unfair that one man could look like that and still have the audacity be completely oblivious to it. Her body, traitorous thing that it was, had decided he was a problem worth obsessing over.

Susan blamed it partly on the fact that none of her toys had survived the explosion. Truly a terrible loss, and that particular casualty had left her in a state of chronic, simmering frustration.

Normally, she could have handled the situation herself, taken the edge off, reminded her hormones who was in charge with only a few minutes of glorious stimulation.

Now?

Now her hormones had staged a full rebellion every time Harry so much as stepped into the same room.

It was absurd. She was an Auror. She faced down dark wizards without blinking. She had held her ground against curses that would have flattened lesser witches. And yet, one crooked smile from Harry Potter and she was mentally undressing him in the middle of their regular morning briefings.

The day before had been the final straw.

It had been a routine raid. Another drug den on the outskirts of Knockturn. Cramped corridors. A gang of reckless criminals who thought illegal hexes were a substitute for actual skill. Susan had been focused, sharp, efficient.

And then she caught sight of Harry in the corner of her eye.

He'd surged forward with that effortless intensity of his, wand blazing in tight, controlled arcs.

His coat had flared behind him, shoulders flexing as he cast, and there had been a split second when the light from his spell illuminated the hard lines of his jaw.

It was devastating.

She had stared a heartbeat too long. Long enough that a bludgeoning hex had come hurtling straight toward her face. Only instinct had saved her from a humiliating trip to St. Mungo's.

She'd deflected the spell at the last possible second, heart hammering for *all* the wrong reasons.

After that...well Susan had frankly had enough. If she didn't act soon, it was very likely she'd pounce on him right in the middle of the Auror bullpen, and something told her Harry wouldn't exactly appreciate that.

So she made a plan. Truthfully it wasn't much of a plan. Aside from stopping by some Muggle clothing store to buy a set of lacy black lingerie that had caught her eye, Susan was largely relying on her natural assets to do most of the legwork. Susan had never lacked confidence in

that department. Her curves had earned their fair share of attention over the years. Her tits had never failed her before.

The sound of the front door creaking open jolted her from her thoughts. She straightened slightly on the edge of the bed, heart kicking up a steady rhythm in her chest. Her eyes swept the room one last time, scanning for any glaring oversight.

Candles? Flickering softly, casting warm gold across the walls. Check.

Music? Low and slow, barely more than a sultry hum beneath the quiet. Check.

A small glass of Scotch on the bedside table—purely for courage, in case her carefully cultivated boldness decided to evaporate at the worst possible moment? *Check.*

The faint sound of Harry's footsteps echoed down the hallway. Susan drew in a steadying breath and let it out slowly. Absentmindedly, she smoothed a few of the delicate ruffles along her hips, fingertips brushing over lace that felt far more daring now that the moment had arrived. She adjusted the strap at her shoulder, then settled again, bracing her hands against the mattress on either side of her.

The doorknob turned, and then...

"About time you lummo," Susan drawled, aiming for sultry yet landing somewhere between nervous and breathless. "I've been waiting for you."

The effect might have been sharper if not for the shy curve of her smile as she met Harry's gaze.

He had stopped dead in the doorway. Green eyes, usually so steady in a fight, so certain in a crisis, widened in undisguised surprise. His coat still hung from one hand, forgotten. A faint flush crept up his neck, disappearing beneath the collar of his shirt as his gaze drifted over her figure before snapping back up again.

"I—" He cleared his throat. "Susan?"

She shifted slightly on the edge of the bed, the candlelight catching along the delicate black lace hugging her curves. The shadows softened her lines, made the scene feel warmer, more intimate, but there was no disguising what her true goal for the night was.

“Well? It’s rude to keep a girl waiting, *partner*.”

She shifted again, hands pressing lightly into the mattress as she leaned back just enough to arch her chest out the tiniest bit. It worked like a charm. Harry’s eyes immediately dipped down, drawn by instinct rather than permission as he began tracing the curve of her cleavage almost reverently, his attraction for her on clear display. The heat in his expression made her stomach flip.

A wave of giddiness overtook her, forcing a giggle to bubble up from her throat.

“You’re staring,” lifting a hand to flick a strand of hair from her face, her tone light even as her pulse hammered wildly in her ears.

His eyes snapped back up to meet hers.

She saw it then. The way he swallowed, the tension in his jaw, the flicker of conflict. A silent war waged behind those green eyes. Restraint battling desire. Caution battling longing.

Harry closed his eyes, a steady breath passing through his lungs as a final, tense beat passed. Finally, he opened them once more, the surprise and uncertainty that had lingered in his gaze disappearing without a trace, replaced instead by something firm and resolute.

“I think I’ve earned the right,” he replied, his voice calm and level, yet carrying a tone that made Susan’s spine tingle.

The shy smile she’d tried to hide returned in full force, betraying every ounce of the nerves she’d been attempting to smother. Clearing her throat, Susan met his gaze once more, doing her best to stamp down the blush she felt rising in her cheeks.

“Have you?” she shot back, leaning slightly forward now, the teasing lilt returning to her voice.

“That’s a shame. ‘Cause I can think of a lot better things for you to do than just stare at my tits, Potter.”

The familiar ease of their banter steadied her. This was them. Playful. Sharp. Comfortable. Yet beneath it hummed something entirely new.

Harry took the bait. He stepped forward.

Once.

Twice.

Susan sucked in a quiet breath as he stood before her now, close enough that she could feel the heat of his body. He brought his hand up, his fingertips brushed along her cheek, barely there at first, a whisper of contact that sent sparks racing across her skin. His gaze softened, steel melting into something achingly tender.

“Are you sure about this, Susie?” he murmured. “It’ll change... *everything*.”

She lifted her own hand, curling her fingers gently around his wrist, guiding his palm more fully against her cheek. Leaning into his touch felt just as natural as breathing.

“Of course things will change,” she said softly. “But is that such a bad thing?”

They gravitated closer, an unseen force pulling them forward like a pair of puppets bound to the whims of whatever strings tangled them together. Susan could feel the rapid hammering of her heart all the way up in her throat as Harry’s lips drew closer and closer and—

“I suppose not,” he whispered and then his lips were on hers.

Susan released a noise somewhere between a sigh and a mewl as relief and longing crashed into one another in her chest. She sank deeper into the kiss, her head buzzing with a million different racing thoughts and feelings that all collided into millions of tiny, dazzling sparks.

‘So that’s what people meant about fireworks. Huh,’ her one coherent thought hummed.

On the outside, Susan was a little more composed, but only by a fraction. Her entire body felt like it was on the brink of combusting, her earlier nervous energy giving way to the arousal she spent nearly every night of the past two weeks stamping down until it became a near-insatiable roaring inferno buried within her core.

It screamed inside her, boiling her blood and making her head swim with a sudden influx of hormones she could not hope to control.

Susan deepened the kiss, her tongue slipping inside Harry's mouth with a low, throaty moan as she pulled him closer by the collar of his shirt.

Unprepared for the sudden shift in weight, they both found themselves tumbling back. Susan's back hit the mattress, her auburn hair fanning out in a wide halo of deep red, while Harry braced himself with one hand. The other found its way to Susan's waist, leaving behind trails of fire as he traced his way across her ribs and to the cusp of her breast.

Susan broke their kiss, a whimper of excitement slipping free from her lips. Green eyes met her own, an unspoken question lingering in the air. Susan smiled, sultry yet steady as she sat up, her hands finding their way to the clasp of her brassiere.

'Snik!'

The fire, which had been lowly burning in Harry's eyes, exploded into an inferno as her bra fell away and her breasts bounced free. Susan felt the prideful part of her mind purr in delight at that. She knew very well she was *considerably* stacked in the chest department. It had earned her a fair share of lingering stares over the years. She thought nothing of them, having long accepted that her breast size would always attract unwanted attention. But the way Harry stared, it ignited something deep inside her. A sense of vanity that made her proud to show off her natural gifts to him. She *wanted* him to stare.

"You're incredible," he breathed, and Susan's core quivered at the reverence in his words.

"Mmm~ Is that so?" Fueled by her heightened pride, Susan spread her legs apart, showing off the naked expanse of her creamy thighs and revealing the light dampness staining the front of her knickers.

Unashamed, the redhead reached down, her fingers tracing the outline of her quim through her knickers as she stared up at Harry questioningly. It had the reaction she hoped for. She smirked as she eyed the prominent tent growing in his trousers.

“You’re not so bad yourself,” she said, her voice wavering with excitement as the tent just kept growing.

‘Fuck he’s going to destroy me!’ she giggled internally.

Harry glanced down, following her gaze before a smirk of his own overtook his features. She watched with rapt attention as he reached down and tugged off his shift—and Morgana was it so much better up close. Susan only got a few seconds to stare hungrily at the chiselled plane of his abs before the sound of a belt coming unclasped drew her eyes even further down.

“*Oh fuck me,*” she whispered, her eyes wide with awe as she caught her first glimpse of her best friend’s hardened cock. Unconsciously, her fingers rubbing at her clothes cunt began to move faster, producing a small whimper from her mouth as her pussy clenched in abject want.

Harry’s smirk only widened at her reaction. Slowly, he crept up onto the bed. Susan shuffled back to allow him room, her legs opening wider for him as he settled between her thighs.

Nothing was said as he gently grabbed her wrist and pulled her hand away. Nothing was said as his fingers hooked under the straps of her lacy knickers. Nor when he slowly pried the dampened material down her legs and tossed it to the side.

Nothing needed to be said. They simply needed to stare into each other’s eyes, the trust and care they felt for one another on full display as Susan reached down and wrapped her fingers around his throbbing member.

Her hand began to pump him with long, deep strokes. Harry let out a deep rumbling moan at her ministrations. She felt her ego rise at that. With just her hand, she was able to draw such sweet sounds from his mouth.

She giggled at the impatient look he threw her when she did nothing but took her time exploring his cock. Fortunately for him, Susan was just as impatient, so after coaxing forth another deep rumbling moan with a few teasing touches, she grabbed him by the base and tugged him closer.

His throbbing tip brushed against her entrance. Susan had to bite her lip to stop the overwhelming moan that threatened to escape at such a minuscule touch. Now was not the time to come undone. Not when she was so very close to her true prize.

Unconsciously, she rolled her hips, unable to stop herself as her impatience to have him inside her reached its peak. She did not have to wait much longer, though. With a push, Harry entered her weeping womanhood. His cock split open her walls with ease. Susan gasped hard at the sensation as he quickly plunged inside her depths. Her arms flung out to wrap around his torso. Nails dug into his flesh as she hissed out in pleasure. His thick cock was splitting her open, and all she could think was how *divine* it felt.

His thrusts started slow and shallow, slowly building into something more with each moan torn from her breath. Dots danced in her vision as the pace of his hips picked up. *Gods*, she felt so full. Part of her mind was aware that this meant she would be *extremely* sore come morning, but the overwhelming majority of herself hardly cared.

A whine tore from her throat as his rhythmic thrusts slowed for half a second, but she was soon silenced as Harry's hands grabbed the back of her thighs and pushed them back. Susan's eyes bulged at the new angle. With his weight bearing down on her, every thrust slammed into her like a thunderclap. Not only that but in this position, his cock was practically craping against the top of her cunt, stimulating that *oh-so-sweet* spot she always loved to hit with her old toys.

'I don't need toys anyway,' her mind slurred. *'Not when I have **him**.'*

Susan's moans reached a devastating volume. The dots in her vision were now bright flashing stars of white as the ball of pressure in her core built rapidly. Almost too rapidly. Susan tried to voice her plight, but all that came out of her mouth was a wanton sequel that would have made younger her squeak in embarrassment.

She couldn't take it. It was too much. Oh fuck—it was too m—

"Oh fuck! HARRY!" she cried, and then her word exploded with searing hot pleasure.

Susan could do nothing but squeeze her eyes shut as the most explosive orgasm of her life suddenly tore through her body. It ripped through her, wrecking every nerve and firing every synapse in her brain as her body shook. She was vaguely aware of a sudden *gush* of juices pouring out from her pussy, but she paid it little mind, far too distracted by the euphoric pleasure coursing through her veins. A sound somewhere between a moan and a sob echoed out of her mouth as she finally began to descend from her explosive peak.

Fuck, every part of her body felt raw and bone tired. Part of her wanted nothing more than to pass out right then and there.

It was not to be, however. The sudden jolt of Harry's still unsatiated cock pulled her back to the present. Susan groaned as he pulled out of her. The look on his face told her he was ready to take a break if she needed, but her pride could not allow that, now could it?

"C'mere," she slurred, propping herself up on her elbows. Harry looked confused but did as she asked, shuffling forward until he was close enough for Susan to grasp his cock.

Without another word, she took him into her mouth, the taste of her own slick tangy against her tongue but that was nothing new. She always loved cleaning her old toys off with her mouth after a particularly hard climax. Harry had definitely earned the same treatment.

He groaned, low and gravely, before he spoke.

"Fuck, that feels incredible, Sue." His voice was thick with arousal. The sound made her pussy quiver in delight, a small moan escaping her throat, but thankfully muffled by the loud slurps of her mouth sucking his cock.

Unfortunately, as much as Harry's noises of pleasure turned her on, Susan was no expert at swallowing cock. She had practice from her old toys, sure, but none had been as long or as thick as Harry was. She could only take a little under half of his length into her mouth before the urge to gag became too much. She tried to compensate by running her tongue around the outside of his balls but it only served to frustrate her more when she returned to his cock.

Suddenly, as she was just about to give up an idea struck her. While her mouth may not be capable of taking all of Harry's cock, she did have another asset at her disposal. Or more accurately, a pair of them.

Pulling back, Susan allowed the saliva dripping from his member to fall unhindered, letting it splashed against the valley of her tits before dipping her head down and adding even more from her own mouth.

Satisfied that her breasts were thoroughly coated, Susan fell back onto the bed, grabbing the sides of her tits as she stared up at Harry pointedly.

Harry didn't so much as blink, the ravenous hunger in his eyes only growing as he understood what she wanted. He straddled her stomach, his cock landing perfectly in the middle of her cleavage. Instantly Susan squeezed her breasts together, the mountain of pillowy flesh easily enveloping even Harry's sizable cock. Harry began to thrust almost immediately, a ragged groan spilling from his lips as her tits worked his cock in their velvety embrace.

Susan didn't stop there though. She tilted her head down, meeting the thick head of his member with her mouth wide open. She moaned everytime his spongey tip popped into her mouth, sucking lewdly before it once more retreated between her large mammaries. Harry responded by deepening his thrust, his cock plunging deeper into her mouth with increasing speed.

"Merlin Sue, I'm going to cum," Harry announced, his breathing laboured and intense.

Susan hummed, her tongue working furiously at his announcement, swirling around his sensitive glans with a passion.

It was a single flick of her tongue against the very tip of his cock that triggered his end. Susan felt it before it actually happened, his cock swelling between her lips before suddenly her mouth was flooded with the molten warmth of his cum.

She tried her best to swallow it all, but the sheer volume forced her to pull back, allowing the last few shots to paint her freckled face with thick white ropes.

It was quiet for a few moments, the only sound being that of their ragged breaths as their lungs fought to catch up with their debauchery.

“Fuck,” Harry finally said, the word more of a groan than anything.

Susan hummed in agreement, her head still swimming from the influx of hormones to properly form words. Her body responded for her though, a hand unconsciously snaking up to wrap around his cock with leisurely strokes.

Harry groaned, his spent cock pulsing in her hand. He hadn't even begun to soften yet Susan could already feel he was ready for another round.

Cracking open one eye, the auburn-haired witch smirked and tapped his thigh. Harry moved off of her immediately, allowing her to roll over onto her stomach with her bum raised high in the air. “Well?” she asked, shaking her hips back and forth as she scooped a bit of cum off her face and popped it into her mouth. “I told you it's rude to keep a girl waiting partner.”

Harry laughed but moved regardless, positioning himself behind her with a firm swat to her bum. They both moaned as he entered her once more, his hands firmly planted on her hips as they both took a moment to enjoy the feeling of the other's sex.

“Remind me to send Tonks a bottle of firewhiskey,” Harry murmured as he began to saw into her with light thrusts.

“Huh?” Susan asked, her mind already going numb from the pleasure. She heard Harry laugh with a muttered ‘Don't worry about it’ before he slammed into her with a single hard thrust.

Susan screamed and all thoughts of Tonks were firmly torn from her mind. The only thought she could comprehend was that of how thankful she was for her nutter neighbor and his abysmal potion skills.

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Author's Note

Happy Valentines Day everyone! I hope this is a good treat for everyone!

Thanks for reading!