

Life of Fantasies

Chapter 2

“Bloody hell! That feels really good,” Harry moaned as he caressed Susan’s soft thighs. Susan was straddling his waist and furiously rolling her hips like she might not ever have another chance with him. Her back was slightly bowed, and she was gripping his thighs from behind in an effort to show off her big, bouncing tits. It worked, and Harry moved his hands up her sides and squeezed her large fleshy globes.

He had to say, Susan looked quite sexy early in the morning. Her makeup was gone, and her hair was a tangled mess, but there was still a natural beauty about her. “You look so sexy,” he complimented her while massaging the hard tips of her nipples with his thumbs. Harry had long since learned that girls loved to be complimented during sex. Susan was no different. She slowed her thrusts, pushed down harder on him, and rolled her hips while squeezing him with her already tight pussy. Harry moaned and wrapped his arms around her back. He pulled her down so her tits were mashed against his chest. His lips found her neck, and he sucked on her delicate skin while thrusting up into her. Susan shuddered hard from the new angle.

“R-Right there!” Susan gasped as he hit a very pleasurable spot. “Keep going!”

The skin of her wide ass clapped against his muscled thighs as he continuously plowed into her. Susan squeaked in pleasure as a small orgasm flared. She tilted his head up and kissed him deeply, and in return, Harry slipped his hands down her back and squeezed her ass. Susan gasped into his mouth when he spread her cheeks open and began playing with her asshole. “Oh, Harry,” she moaned against his lips while his fingers toyed with the rim of her hole.

“You like that, huh?” Harry asked, smirking as Susan repeatedly let out little squeaks of pleasure. Her pussy was soaked, as evident by the sloppy wet sounds it was making. Susan blushed deeply. She didn’t want to outright admit that she enjoyed having her asshole played with. That would be too embarrassing. Instead, she let her actions speak for her. She began bouncing her hips and driving his cock deep into her slick, welcoming depths. Thankfully, Harry didn’t remove his fingers from her hole. He continued to massage her asshole while her slick pussy devoured his cock.

The pleasure from having both her holes simultaneously stimulated was a little too much for her, and Susan squealed and came. Her pussy clutched his cock while her body trembled and spasmed. Susan then squeaked as Harry rolled her over onto her back and continued to thrust into her. Her cumming pussy squeezed his cock, and she wrapped her legs around his waist. She looked up at him with wide, lustful eyes, pleading with him to finish inside of her. She didn’t have to wait long. Her pussy was so good that he couldn’t stop himself from releasing his load into her. Susan cutely mewled and squirmed as she felt his hot seed filling her up. Harry kissed down to her breasts as she came down from her high. She played with his hair while he kissed and sucked on her sensitive nipples. Once her orgasm had flattened out, she exhaled loudly.

“That was a good way to start your day,” she said and couldn’t help but giggle. Harry let go of her nipple and kissed back up her chest where her lips were waiting.

“Definitely not bad,” Harry agreed and rolled off her. Susan whined as his still-hard cock slipped from her wet depths. Rolling onto her side, Susan caressed his chest and looked at him doe-eyed.

“I have to get ready, or I’ll be late for work,” she told him.

“Yeah. I need to start my day as well. I have an appointment with a real estate agent in a couple of hours. Hopefully, she has something good to show,” Harry said, stretching.

“You can stay here again tonight ... If you want,” Susan offered, hoping she didn’t sound too desperate. Harry smiled and kissed her nose, making her giggle.

“I may just take you up on the offer. If not, I’ll let you know,” he told her, not making any promises. Susan nodded and kissed his chest. She then fluffed her hair and groaned while sitting up. Harry happily stared at her gorgeous tits as they jiggled around.

“I need a shower,” she said before looking at him with a cute smile. “Do you want to share one?”

“Sure,” Harry smiled back. “Let’s go!” he said, smacking her bottom as she crawled off the bed. Susan squealed in delight and took his hand, leading him to the bathroom.

Susan had never showered with anyone before, but she found that she greatly enjoyed it. She loved leaning against his chest while he soaped her naked tits. She especially enjoyed how he rolled her hard nipples between his fingers. His fat cock was repeatedly poking her bottom, and she fixed that issue by grabbing it and shoving it between her thighs. Susan moaned loudly when he began slowly thrusting and rubbing his cock along her soapy slit. She knew she shouldn’t be starting anything. Otherwise, she would end up late for work. However, that seemed less important than having another spectacular orgasm from the most famous man in the country. She turned her head and allowed him to suck on her tongue while one of his hands mawled her slick, soapy breasts. His other hand moved down her belly and found her swollen clit. Susan squeaked into his mouth when he began rubbing circles around her throbbing bead. It wasn’t long before she was painting his cock with her juices again.

As it turned out, Susan would be two hours late for work. Her boss chewed her out before Susan confessed that she was late from all the orgasms Harry Potter had given her. As a huge Harry Potter fan, her boss instantly changed her tune.

“Do you think you can set up a meeting with him?” she asked hopefully. “Do you know if he likes older women?”

Susan doubted that Harry would be too eager to date her eighty-year-old boss.

Life of Fantasies

House hunting wasn't going well. Harry wasn't going to settle for any old house. He wanted a large, luxurious manor with sprawling grounds. This wasn't just because he liked the finer things in life. No, he needed plenty of land to build a Quidditch pitch so he could practice in the off-season. Unfortunately, most of the large houses were owned by the older pureblood families, and they rarely came up on the market.

"This one's not going to work for me," Harry told the agent, who was a fairly attractive middle-aged woman. "The house and grounds are too small. Do you have anything bigger?" he asked hopefully.

"We do, but I don't think you'll want it," she told him, flipping through her paperwork.

"Why not?" Harry asked.

"The house has been abandoned for seven years, and that was after Aurors raided it. Some of the stonework has been damaged, and the ward matrix has been completely dismantled. The grounds, while spacious, are overgrown, and many of the accompanying buildings are in disrepair," she explained. The woman worked directly for Gringotts and only got paid if she made a sale. That was probably why she was only showing him the houses ready to be moved into.

"Who owns the property?" he wondered.

"Gringotts, but it was previously owned by the Malfoy family," she explained. This made him raise an eyebrow. He hadn't kept up with what had been happening in England since leaving.

"Do you know why they sold it?" Harry asked, eager to hear the juicy gossip.

"After Lucius Malfoy was arrested, it came into possession of his son, Draco. Draco ended up involved in some very shady business, and when the Aurors came to raid the house, he and his accomplices put up a fierce fight. That's where most of the damage to the house came from," she told him.

"And Draco? Do you know what happened to him?" he asked her.

"He was arrested and sentenced to several years in Azkaban. His original sentence was twenty years if I remember correctly, but he spent a sizable fortune on his defense, which seemed to work. His sentence was dramatically reduced. But because of this, most of his possessions were sold to pay his outrageously high attorney costs. Gringotts purchased the family manor, but we haven't been able to sell it yet. There aren't many who can afford such a place, and those who can don't want to buy it after seeing the work that needs to be done," she sighed.

"Is Draco still in prison?" Harry asked. He was shocked he hadn't heard about this sooner. She shook her head.

"No, he was released a couple of years ago. I'm not sure what he's doing now, but I do know he's still in the country. I see him in Diagon Alley every once in a while," she told him.

"And his mother?" Harry asked.

"Narcissa Malfoy is still around, though I don't know what she's up to. I haven't seen her in a while," the realtor explained. Harry nodded his head and then smiled wickedly.

"Can I see the property?"

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Harry whistled happily as he left Gringotts bank. He had just outright purchased the old Malfoy estate. No loans necessary. It cost him most of his signing bonus, but it was his. The place even had a regulation-sized Quidditch pitch that Draco used to practice on. The hoops were still in very good shape.

The Goblins were more than happy to be hired to get the property back into shape. It cost a pretty penny, but they promised everything would be done in ninety days. Harry just needed to figure out where he would live until then. He told the realtor to find a list of places available for short-term renting. Hopefully, he would hear from her the following day.

Diagon Alley was just as he remembered it. Colorful advertisements filled the shop windows, bangs and poofs could be heard from the nearby potions shop, and small children were running around, amped up on sugar quills. Many of the shops he remembered were still in business, but quite a few new ones had opened up. In fact, a French bakery had opened on Diagon Alley's main street. Harry thought the shop might have been an old leather goods store back when he was a student, but he couldn't exactly remember. After living in France for years, Harry had grown to love the various pastries, breads, and cheeses that the country produced. He was very glad to see that he would still have access to those delights. Harry immediately went in to investigate.

As soon as he entered, he was hit in the face with the pleasant smell of baked goods. Not only that, but he could smell freshly brewed coffee, a staple in French life. Harry patiently waited in line and looked down at a little boy who was looking up at him with wide, surprised eyes. His mouth was open, and the soggy lollipop in his hand was forgotten. He stood there silently, staring at Harry in shock. Harry just smiled down at the boy, used to this type of behavior. He then began tugging on his mother's robe. She tried to ignore him at first, but when the tugging continued, she looked down at him.

“Alfius! Cut it out,” she lightly chastised the boy.

“But mum ... Harry Potter!” the little boy said, still looking up at him. The mother sighed.

“You’ve already said that about four other men today. It’s not Harry Potter,” the mother countered, not even bothering to see if it really was him. Harry couldn’t help but chuckle, making the mother look at him.

Like her son, her eyes were disbelieving at first, then widened to the size of dinner plates. Her mouth hung open momentarily as she struggled with reality. “Oh, my stars! You really are Harry Potter!” she said with a breathy gasp. This made everyone else turn in his direction.

“Last time I checked,” Harry teased as he smiled at the woman. Before he knew it, Harry was surrounded by the bakery’s patrons asking for autographs. Harry, of course, was happy to spend a few minutes autographing anything they could get their hands on. Harry always kept a special marker in his pocket for just this type of occasion. He had autographed some strange things in his day, but he had never signed a loaf of French bread before, something he could no longer claim. The mother had sidled close to him during the ruckus and was practically pressed against him. He wasn’t exactly opposed to this. She was a decently attractive woman, appearing to be only a few years older than him. Though a traveling robe covered her body, he could see that she possessed a very busty bosom.

“Bethany is never going to believe this!” she squealed and hopped up and down. He didn’t say anything when her big tits hit his arm, causing the signature he was writing on a newly purchased box of powdered gravy mix to become lopsided. The old lady who owned that box of gravy wasn’t too pleased to have her autograph messed up by the bouncing bimbo. She glared at the excited mother before pecking Harry on the cheek and leaving the chaotic scene.

“Oh? Who’s that?” Harry asked the woman as he began signing a pointy wizard’s hat that belonged to an older gentleman.

“My best friend. She has a poster of you on her wall. It’s the one where your teammates tore your jersey off after the victory against Vrastra, and you were shirtless. Her husband isn’t too pleased to have it on the wall of their bedroom,” she confessed. Harry chuckled at the thought.

“That was a great game,” he reminisced.

“You’ll give me an autograph, won’t you?” she said, suddenly sounding a little more seductive than before.

“Sure,” Harry replied happily and looked at her. The woman had a bit of a smirk on her face while she had the front of her robe pulled down so that her cleavage was exposed.

“Right here will be fine,” she said while slightly jiggling her big tits. Most people were scandalized as they looked at the horny woman with shock. Harry just shook his head while his eyes twinkled. He scrawled his name across one of her breasts like it was just another thing to do. Truthfully, he had autographed a lot of female body parts, so it wasn't anything new to him.

“What will your husband say about this?” Harry smirked.

“Don't worry about him,” the woman said, looking down at her chest. “He's a big fan of yours. I can't wait to show him.”

He chuckled at her response as more people came into the bakery to see the famous Harry Potter.

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Daphne Greengrass strolled down the cobbled main street of Diagon Alley wearing a lavender blouse and a black skirt that barely reached halfway down her thighs. The upper third of the buttons on her blouse were undone, displaying a healthy amount of her lovely cleavage. The five-inch heels on her feet made her legs look longer than they really were. Everyone knew she dressed like this to get attention. Daphne never denied the allegations. She loved the attention she received, especially from men. Of course, she would never consider dating 99.9% of them, but she still enjoyed making them drool.

Daphne was highly considered the best-looking girl in school during her time at Hogwarts, and not a lot had changed since then. She was still considered one of the sexiest women in the country. Her body was slender and yet curvy enough to draw the eye of every man in her vicinity. Her raven-colored hair cascaded down her back in long, silky sheets, which contrasted sharply with her porcelain skin. Her face was classically beautiful with perfect symmetry, and her smile alone had made men walk face-first into walls in the past.

Her heels clicked against the cobbled path as she made her way further down the street. A young man who likely had just graduated the previous year was mindlessly sweeping the front of a shop while unabashedly staring at her with wide eyes and a gaping mouth. Daphne shot him a devastating smile and flipped her hair. This resulted in the boy getting the broom tangled between his legs and tripping into the street. Daphne laughed softly while going on her way. She thoroughly loved turning men stupid. After another few minutes of walking, she entered Hopshaw's House of Healing, a shop that sold various medical potions and ointments. The bell tinkled as the door opened.

A very pretty girl who looked very similar to Daphne looked up and then set her magazine down. “Hey, Daph,” she greeted her.

“Are you ready to go? I'm really hungry,” Daphne said. Her sister, Astoria, rolled her eyes and flipped the page of her magazine.

"I've still got ten minutes until my lunch break," Astoria reminded her by pointing at the clock on the wall. Daphne huffed. "Another ten minutes won't kill you," Astoria said, flipping the page again.

"You never know. I could drop dead of hunger right here and now," Daphne responded as she went behind the counter and joined her sister's side. "What are you reading?"

"Witch Weekly. There's an article about Potter coming home," she said, flipping back to the article in question. Daphne picked up the magazine and looked at the front cover. Harry Potter's handsome face was looking back at her. The cheeky git even had the nerve to saucily wink at her. Daphne snorted and put the magazine back down.

"How does Draco feel about this? He can't be too happy to have his mortal enemy back in town," Daphne asked. Astoria rolled her pretty eyes.

"I couldn't tell you. I haven't seen or talked to him in a week. I don't even know where he's at," Astoria admitted. Their relationship hadn't been good since Draco's arrest. If Astoria was being honest, she was much happier when he was still locked up in Azkaban.

"That's a shame," Daphne responded without a care in the world. It was no secret that she didn't care much for Draco Malfoy. She had even tried to talk her sister out of marrying the git.

"Isn't it?" Astoria replied, sounding equally uncaring. "I should have just married him," she said, flicking the magazine cover. "I'd still be rich right now if I did."

"I'm sure you'd find a way to squander his fortune as well," Daphne joked. Astoria liked spending gold more than she did, which was truly saying something.

"Are you kidding? Potter makes money faster than I could ever hope to spend it. In the article, the writer says that every shop and business in the country is lining up to try and sponsor him. Soon, we'll see Potter's face plastered on every billboard from here to Hogwarts. If that two-bit modeling agency you work for has any brains, they'll be trying to get in good with him," Astoria told her.

Daphne had always dreamt of being a model. Her mother was a model before she met and married her father, and she always filled Daphne's head with glamorous stories of photoshoots on white sand beaches and exquisite parties full of A-listers. The moment she heard them, Daphne was hooked. Since then, all her efforts went into her less-than-stellar modeling career. The truth was that magical England wasn't exactly the modeling capital of the world. There were very few opportunities here for her. She had thought about traveling abroad, but there weren't many opportunities there either. Most of them went to famous Quidditch players or singers, and Daphne was neither. Sure, she got a job here and there. Her most recent was an advertisement campaign for MagiGlow Hair Tonic, but the jobs were few and far between. Astoria was certainly

right about one thing ... everyone and their mothers would want him to advertise their products for the foreseeable future. After lunch, she planned to go straight back to work and talk to them about getting their fair share of the action.

Life of Fantasies

Harry's day had been productive. He bought a new home, though it wouldn't be ready to move into for a while. He was still waiting to hear back from his realtor about the places ready to rent. He guessed that Susan would be very willing to have him stay there until he was ready to move in, but Harry wanted his own space. He didn't think she would be too happy about him bringing a slew of other girls into her house, and Harry wasn't willing to change his ways. He'd stay with Susan for the night, but then he'd find somewhere else to live until the old Malfoy home was ready. However, he would visit the busty redhead from time to time. There was no point ignoring a willing partner who seemed to love having sex all night.

After escaping the chaos of Diagon Alley, Harry had a meeting with his management agency. They already had dozens of sponsorship offers ready for him to accept. That was good news, Harry thought. It would keep him busy until training camp began.

As the afternoon rolled in, Harry apparated back to Susan's house and let himself in. He made sure to send her a note letting her know that he'd be staying there again. Not wanting to waste the night, Harry chilled a bottle of Dom Perignon and ordered food for them. He wasn't aware that she would be bringing home company. However, following Susan through the door was her long-time friend, Hannah Abbott. Harry smiled at the cute blonde.

"Hannah! It's been a long time. You look great," he complimented her appearance.

"Thanks, Harry. You look good, too," she said, blushing.

Hannah was dressed like she was going to a club. She was wearing a bright red silk dress that only came down to her upper thighs and hugged her curves wonderfully. The dress was held up by thin strings over her shoulders, leaving them mostly bare. Harry quickly discovered that she wasn't wearing a strapless bra or anything of the sort. As he looked her up and down, he could see her nipples getting harder and harder through the paper-thin fabric of her dress. Her creamy white cleavage was on full display, and he definitely liked what he saw.

"I invited her over for dinner," Susan said, hanging up her robes. In reality, Hannah had practically forced Susan to invite her over. Once she heard Harry Potter was staying with her, nothing could keep her away. Susan absolutely loved her reaction when she told her they had been sleeping together. The jealousy was palpable.

"That's great. I ordered more than enough food. I'll get it ready while you freshen up," he smiled at them. Susan smiled back and grabbed Hannah by the wrist.

"I'll go get changed. Hannah, can you give me a hand?" Susan asked and pulled her away before she could even answer. As soon as they were in the safety of her room, Susan turned to her friend. "Why are you wearing that slutty dress?"

Hannah smiled cheekily. "I wanted to look good for Harry. Besides, he seemed to like it. He was looking me up and down."

"No shit!" Susan huffed. "Your tits are bursting out of that top, and could you please hide your nipples? They're about to rip through the front of your dress!"

"Oh, come on, Susan. You shouldn't be the only one who gets to have a little fun with him," Hannah crossed her arms under her considerable bosom.

"You're dating Ernie!" Susan exclaimed while removing her clothes. If Hannah was wearing something sexy, then she had to match it. She couldn't have Harry staring at Hannah all night and not paying any attention to her.

"Yeah, but we're not serious," Hannah shrugged.

"Hannah!" Susan gasped, scandalized by her friend's behavior.

"When am I ever going to get another chance with Harry? You can't stand there and tell me that you wouldn't do the same in my position," Hannah challenged her. Susan remained quiet, blushing at her words. Susan couldn't deny the accusation.

"Okay, but he's probably only going to be here tonight, and I'M not done having 'fun' with him," Susan bluntly told her. Hannah looked annoyed before a cheeky smile spread across her lovely face.

"Why don't we both have fun with him?" she countered. Susan looked at her friend and sputtered. "We've talked about having a threesome before," she reminded her, checking out Susan's jiggling tits as she pulled a thong up her thighs.

"That was just a joke ... and we were drunk!"

"Come on! Aren't you a little curious? Who knows? It might be fun," Hannah tried to convince her. "Maybe we can convince him to make this a somewhat regular occurrence. Think about it. What man would turn down the opportunity to have sex with two hot girls?"

Susan had no answer to that. Having Harry come back to her from time to time sounded good. He might even invite her to some of his games. Susan sighed. "Fine. Let's go down there and see how it goes," she said, going into her closet and pulling out her sluttiest dress. Hannah squealed in happiness as Susan pulled the dress over her head. Hannah hugged her friend before she could even get it down over her tits.

"Hannah! Cut it out!" Susan laughed as she almost tumbled over from Hannah's jostling. Once the dress was on, she looked at her excited friend. "I can't believe we're doing this," she said, shaking her head. "Let's go."

Hannah squealed in delight and grabbed Susan's hand. She nearly yanked her arm out of the socket as she pulled Susan through the door to start their night with Quidditch superstar Harry Potter.