

Chapter 5

Harry was sitting in a compartment on the Hogwarts Express, excited to be going to Susan's for Christmas. Susan's aunt, Amelia Bones, had invited him over to get to know him better when she found out he was dating Susan. His girlfriend had also informed him that her aunt spent a lot of time at work, meaning they would have plenty of time alone at the house. Right now, though, he was excited for an entirely different reason. His three favorite chasers had stopped by to bid him farewell for the holiday season. That farewell had quickly devolved into a full-blown orgy between the four of them. Surprisingly, it was Susan that started it this time, playfully telling Katie a kiss on the cheek was hardly a proper goodbye.

Towards the end of the train ride, Katie and Alicia were sprawled out on the seat across from him, with Katie on top in a sixty-nine as they pleasured each other. Harry had already finished with them, pounding Alicia into the seat from behind while she "thanked" Susan, and pressing Katie face first against the window for anyone in the Scottish fields passing by to see. Now, Angelina was riding him backwards, his thick shaft buried in her back door as she rode him while Susan licked her from the front.

Harry ran his hands up her stomach from her wide hips to cradle her bounding breasts, rolling her stiff, dark nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Angelina moaned, tightening her grip in Susan's red hair and mashing her face into her drooling lips while her jutting, pillowy ass slapped and bounced off of his muscular thighs. He leaned forward and kissed the chocolate-colored skin of her neck, sucking and biting at the smooth, delicate flesh, intent on leaving his mark.

"Hold on, it's getting a bit dry, Harry." She told him, lifting herself up and off of him.

Harry groaned in disappointment and scrabbled to reach for his wand.

"It's okay, I got it." She told him, looking back over her shoulder with a mischievous smirk.

Using her grip on Susan's hair, she pulled her forward and shoved her head down onto his cock, ruthlessly feeding his entire length down her throat. Angelina jerked her up and down, fucking her throat with his cock in brutal fashion, coating his shaft in thick, messy strands of saliva as his girlfriend choked and gagged on his length. After nearly a minute, she pulled her off, allowing her to gasp in a desperate lungful of air as she positioned him back at her gaping pink hole. Susan, on her knees in front of them, watched her descend on his length with a lustful, hungry expression as she sucked in heavy breaths, her eyes red and watering from the sudden abuse of her throat. As she watched Angelina begin to ride him again, her hand slid between her legs, furiously fingering herself.

Angelina, however, wasn't finished with her. Grabbing her by the hair again, she pulled her roughly back to her dripping core. Susan extended her tongue eagerly, licking and sucking at her clit with abandon. Harry groaned at the sight, his hands gripping Angelina's hips tightly to help her move up and down on his shaft. Across from them, Alicia moaned loudly as Katie brought her to a climax, squirming wildly for a few moments before settling back down and getting back to work on Katie. Sitting up on her knees, Katie looked over at him and gave him a wide smile that he couldn't help return. While he cared about all three of his chasers, he could admit to himself that he always had a soft spot for Katie.

Suddenly, though with the stimulation she was receiving, it wasn't surprising, Angelina tightened around him as she came with a loud, deep moan. Harry grunted as she collapsed against his chest, her legs quivering so hard that gave out underneath her. Her arousal flooded Susan's mouth as she continued to attack her clit, causing Angelina's eyes to roll into the back of her head as her silky walls clamped onto his length tightly. Moments later, her body relaxed and she pushed Susan's head away from her, groaning pitifully from the overstimulation.

Harry, however, wasn't finished with her. Angelina had been getting a bit too demanding lately, and he figured it was time to remind her who was really in charge. Wrapping his arms around her, he stood up, lifting her easily in an impressive display of strength. Turning to the side, he placed her on the bench they were sitting on a moment ago on her hands and knees. Harry, his

cock still buried in her rear, was behind her, one knees on the seat and one foot on the ground. She let out a gasp as he grabbed a handful of her hair and pushed her fac into the seat.

Drawing his hips back slowly, he held himself there for several seconds with only the head of his throbbing cock still inside of her. She panted in anticipation as her hand softly caressed her cheeks, his gentle touch in complete contrast to the roughness she knew was coming. Just as she couldn't wait any longer and opened her mouth to talk, Harry slammed his hips forward, a pleased scream replacing whatever words were about to come out. From there, Harry set a blistering pace, his hips clapping loudly against her wide, jiggling ass as it shook from the thunderous impacts.

"That's it, Harry! Show her who's boss." Katie cheered.

Harry was plowing into her so hard the bench shook and the window to their compartment rattled in its frame. Katie and Alicia came to stand around him as he reduced Angelina to a screaming, moaning, drooling mess. Alicia knelt behind him, her hand caressing his muscled chest as she kissed and sucked at his neck, her rock-hard nipple grazing across his back. Katie climbed onto the bench and sat atop Angelina's quivering ass, pulling his head forward to smother him with her perky tits. Susan came to stand to his left, her eyes locked onto his cock as it pistoned in and out of her gaping hole, his pale shaft in sharp contrast to her dark, chocolate colored skin.

Turing his head, he kissed his girlfriend hungrily on the lips, his tongue diving into her mouth as he huffed from the exertion of pounding Angelina's rump. Pulling away from her, he turned his head further, reaching behind him to pull Alicia in for a kiss as well. When he turned his attention back to Angelina, he found Katie had reached down to spread her cheek apart, giving them a clear view of his cock moving in and out of her stretched pink hole. For the next couple of minutes, Harry focused on prying open Angelina's back door with his large cock until he felt his climax rapidly approaching.

“Katie, move please.” He grunted as he fought to hold back his orgasm.

Katie smacked Agnelia’s ass with both of her hands, hard, making the girls grunt for the impact just before she hopped off of her. Wrenching his cock out of her ass, he grabbed Angelina by the hips and flipped her over onto her back. Waddling up to her, he hovered over her chest as he furiously jerked his straining cock. The other girls crowded around, watching as the head of his cock visibly swelled right before an impressively large jet of hot white cum shot out of the tip to leave a white streak right up the middle of her face and into her dark hair. Stroking himself while taking careful aim, he painted her face white, some landing in streaks, some hitting with enough force to splatter against her dark skin as she clenched her eyes tightly shut. By the time he was finished, her beautiful face was covered in his seed, giving him a primal sort of satisfaction.

Harry sat down by her feet, lounging back as he panted heavily. While he took some time to catch his breath, Katie and Alicia didn’t hesitate to give their captain a hard time, playfully calling her names and making several bad Quidditch related inuendoes. Unfortunately, it wasn’t long until the train ride came to an end and they were forced to get dressed. When they pulled into King’s Cross Station all of them were properly dressed and cleaned as Harry helped them lift their luggage down from the racks. They all took turns giving him and Susan one last hug and kiss goodbye, promising to see them again when school started back up.

When they left the train, Harry caught up with Hermione, who complained about not being able to find him on the train. Apologizing, he gave her a hug, wished her a Happy Christmas, and helped Susan carry her luggage over to the Floo while Hermione left through the portal with her parents. Calling out the address for Bones Manor, they disappeared one at a time in a flash of green flames.

“Auntie, are you home?” Susan called out just as he stumbled out of the fireplace.

There was a *pop* and a small, female House Elf appeared in front of her, bowing low.

"Welcomes home, Miss Susan. Mistress still bes at work. Would you like Tilly to put your things away?" The elf asked in a high-pitched, squeaky voice.

"Yes, thank you Tilly." Susan replied.

Tilly scampered over to Harry, put her hands on the trunks and vanished with another loud *pop*. Just then, there was a hoot from the window and Susan rushed over to open in. Hedwig swooped in and landed lightly on his shoulder, nipping at his ear affectionately.

"Well, it seems Hedwig found her way her just fine." Susan said, reaching up to stroke her feathers.

Hedwig let out an imperious hoot, leaned into Susan's hand for a moment, then took off back out the window.

"I wonder where she's going?" She asked curiously.

"She's going out to hunt." Harry told her. "The flight from Hogwarts always makes her hungry."

"Oh." Susan said. "Speaking of hungry, how about dinner?"

"Sounds good, I worked up an appetite on the ride home." He said humorously, rubbing his stomach.

"Hmm, I wonder why." Susan asked sarcastically, but smiling.

In the kitchen, Harry surprised his girlfriend with his ability to cook, although he didn't think it was anything special. It took some work to convince Tilly to let him cook when she found him at the stove, but Susan was able to convince her eventually.

After dinner, Harry and Susan sat on the couch, cuddled together as they talked about their plans for Christmas break. Harry didn't have any real plans beyond spending time with Susan, which got him a pleased smile when he admitted that to her. Susan planned to show him the nearby Muggle town, including the restaurants and movie theater. It seemed ironic to him that Susan, the Pureblood, had seen more movies than him, a Half-Blood who grew up in the Muggle world. She also planned to invite some friends over on occasion, including her best friend, Hannah Abbott, and Hermione, if she could make it. It felt strange for him to be with someone so thoughtful. Strange, but good.

Even the Weasley's, who had been extremely kind in opening their home to him over the years, had never asked if he wanted to invite someone over. Not that he had anyone to invite over anyways, at the time, besides Hermione, who was invited over by Ron. In the couple of hours he had been in Bones Manor, Susan made him feel more at home than he ever had before, anywhere. On top of that, with her letting him, even encouraging him to sleep with three other girls on the train ride home, he really wanted to do something to let her know how much he appreciated and cared for her. Unfortunately, Harry wasn't very good when it came to expressing feeling other than anger. Deciding to think of something better later, for now, he knew one thing he could do.

"What time does your aunt get home?" Harry asked.

“Usually not for another couple of hours. She’s been working late a lot to clean up after Fudge.” She answered, rolling her eyes at the ineptitude of their previous Minister.

Smiling, Harry kissed her while pushing her to lay back on the couch. Susan moaned in surprise, but quickly returned the kiss, her fingers running through his hair.

“Merlin, Harry, again? Did you take a Lust Potion or something?” She asked jokingly.

“No. It’s your fault for being too beautiful and too perfect.” He whispered against her lips.

Susan blushed prettily, but couldn’t hold back a smile at the compliment. Reaching into his holster, Harry drew his wand, sending their clothes flying off of their bodies and onto the floor with a single wave. Susan let out a small gasp right before he pounced on her again, kissing her fiercely. Half an hour later, Harry had driven her to one orgasm with his mouth and was working on a second, this time while deep inside of her. Harry had her in a position almost identical to what he had done with Angelina earlier, on the train. He had her head pinned to the couch with one hand as he plowed her ass roughly, his other hand smacking her ass hard enough to leave pink hand prints behind on her pale skin. Susan was moaning continuously as he hammered into her back door brutally, her body jerking each time he slammed home.

Of course, with Harry, the extremely good comes with the extremely bad. At that moment, the Floo flared to life and the intimidating figure of Madam Amelia Bones, Wizengamot member and Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, stepped out of the fireplace and into the living room. Everyone in the room froze in an instant, no one able to believe what they were seeing.

"Auntie!" Susan gasped.

While it would be easy for her aunt to take that gasp as one of surprise, Harry knew better. He could feel her walls tighten and flutter around him wildly as she came, biting her lip to keep from making any noise. Harry nearly laughed out loud. Of course his kinky girlfriend would be turned on by her aunt walking in on them. He had to bite his tongue to keep from groaning as her walls massaged his length while it was fully buried in her tight core.

"Er, hi." Harry said lamely.

"I need a drink." Madam Bones said with a weary sigh.

With that, she turned and walked out of the room. Susan groaned miserably as the door closed behind her aunt, covering her face with both of her hands.

"Well, that was awkward." Harry stated flatly.

"She's going to hate me." Susan said, her words muffled by her hands before she pushed on his chest, moving him off of her and sitting up, her knees tucked up to her chin.

Harry sat next to her and wrapped his arm around her shoulders, pulling her close and kissing her on the temple.

"She's not going to hate you." Harry told her reassuringly.

“No, worse, she’ll be disappointed in me.” She said sadly, her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

“It’ll be okay, love, I promise. She’s not going to hate you, or be disappointed in you. It’s just embarrassing, that’s all.” He told her, praying to whatever god that would listen that he was right.

“He’s right, Susan.” Madam Bones said from the door way, where she had just re-entered the room, a glass of amber liquid in her hand. “I just didn’t expect to see *that* when I stepped out of the Floo. I’m not angry with you and I certainly don’t hate you.”

“Really, you’re not upset with me?” Susan asked in a small, vulnerable voice.

“No, sweetie, I’m not.” She assured her, then turned to Harry. “Harry, would you mind giving us a few minutes alone?”

“Sure, Madam Bones.” Harry said, standing up to gather his clothes.

“Amelia.” She corrected him.

Harry nodded, struggling to put on his pants over his still solid erection before giving up and clutching his clothes over his crotch as he walked out of the room, his cheeks burning with embarrassment.

"Well, at least I know he well equipped to keep you satisfied." Amelia said as she took a sip of her drink, setting it down on the coffee table as she sat down next to Susan.

"Auntie!" Susan said in shock, her mouth hanging open.

Amelia smiled at her as she brushed a loos strand of hair out of the way so she could see her face better.

"Oh, come now, Susan. I may have spent the last fifteen years single, but that doesn't mean I'm a nun." She joked.

"You're really not angry with me?" Susan asked again, looking at her hopefully.

"Of course, not." Amelia said, wrapping her arm around her bare shoulders and hugging her to her side. "You're of age and perfectly capable of making your own decisions. I'm not upset with you. I was just didn't expect it, that's all. Although, I have to admit I didn't expect you to like it so rough. He's not making you do anything you don't want to, is he?"

"No!" Susan nearly shouted, looking up with a wide-eyed look on her face. "Harry would never do that."

"Easy. I just wanted to make sure." Amelia said consolingly. "You have nothing to be ashamed of, Susie. There's nothing wrong with what you're doing, as long as you and Harry enjoy it."

Susan nodded but still blushed heavily, her legs still tucked up to her chest protectively.

"I can't believe how grown up you've gotten." Amelia said, more to herself than to Susan. "It seems like just yesterday you were getting on the train for your first year at Hogwarts. And now, here you are, having sex in the living room with your boyfriend."

Susan couldn't help but giggle a little bit, wiping her eyes as she finally relaxed a bit.

"I'm sorry, Susie. I guess I never really took the time to The Talk with you, did I?" She asked.

"It's okay, Auntie." Susan told her quietly.

"No, it's not." Amelia said with a sigh. "But I guess it's a little too late now. Still, if you have any questions, or you just need someone to talk to, don't hesitate to ask me, alright. I know I work a lot, and I haven't been there for you as much as I should have been, but I'll always make time for you if you need me, okay?"

"It's okay, Auntie, really. I know it was hard for you to raise me by yourself while working a full-time job at the Ministry." She told her.

"It was, but that's no excuse." Amelia said firmly. "Are you okay? I promise, I'm not upset with you."

"I know. I just don't want you to think I'm a slut or anything." Susan admitted.

"Oh, sweetie, of course not." Amelia assured her, seeming to debate with herself for a moment before she spoke again. "I'll tell you something, but it has to stay just between us, okay?"

Susan nodded looking up at her curiously.

"Your uncle liked to watch me with other men when he was alive. We didn't get to do it often, we had to be careful with who we chose because of my job, but we liked to be adventurous." She confessed.

"Really?" Susan asked, the thought of her strict, straight-lace aunt doing something like that surprising her.

"Really." She assured her. "It's okay to do things like that with someone you trust."

Susan was quiet for a moment, biting her lip and seemingly lost in thought.

"I like watching Harry with other girls." She confessed quietly, barely above a whisper.

"Do you trust those girls?" She asked, already fairly certain of the answer.

"Yeah, they won't say anything." Susan told her confidently.

Amelia nodded, knowing she would have to trust her niece's judgement.

"What else do you like?" Amelia asked, sounding more like a gossiping teenager than the head of a department at the Ministry.

"Auntie!" Susan whined, but smiled, surprised at this side of her aunt.

"What, I haven't had a boyfriend since Markus, I'm allowed to live vicariously through you. It's one of the perks of being a parent." She joked.

Susan giggled, feeling much more comfortable with the conversation now that she had relaxed. It actually was a relief for her to be able to talk to someone about the things she did with Harry. She didn't talk with Angelina, Alicia, or Katie that much, and Hannah would have a heart attack if she told her.

"I like it when Harry gets rough and tells me what to do." She admitted. "Sometimes, he'll tie me up and use me however he wants. I like it when people watch me too, but we don't get a chance to do that often."

"Understandable. Is that why you got so, *excited*, when I walk in?" She asked teasingly.

Susan hid her face in her hands and moaned miserably.

"You noticed that?" She asked embarrassedly.

"Hard not to." She said, then laughed. "Poor Harry looked like he was getting close, too."

Susan laughed as well, remembering how Harry had jerked excitedly inside of her when her aunt had walked in.

"You really care about him, don't you?" Amelia asked, seeing the dreamy look on Susan's face as she thought about her boyfriend.

"I love him." He confessed happily. "He's so kind, and funny, and handsome. He's perfect."

"I'm so happy for you, Susie." Amelia said, hugging her niece as she thought back to her late fiancé. "Now, don't take this the wrong way, but you know he tends to end up in the middle of things, right?"

"Yeah, I know." Susan said sadly. "He hates being in the center of attention though."

"I'm sure he does. But it means you're going to be in the center of attention as well. I just want to make sure you're prepared for that." Amelia told her concernedly. "You're learning how to defend yourself, right?"

"Yeah, Harry been teaching a bunch of us." She told her. "I know it's dangerous, but..."

"I know." Amelia said, rubbing her back.

"You should go see your boyfriend and tell him everything is okay. I'm betting he's pretty worried about you." Amelia said after a break in the conversation. "Just remember, if you ever need help, or you just want to talk, I'm here for you."

"I will, Auntie." Susan assured her with a smile.

Amelia smiled back and picked up her drink as she stood, turning to leave the room.

"Auntie." Susan called out, just as she got to the door.

"Yes?" She asked.

"Would, would you be willing to watch me and Harry together some time?" She asked nervously, her face and chest flushing a deep red.

Amelia paused, surprised at such a brazen question coming from her normally shy and reserved niece.

"I don't know if that would be a good idea, Susan." She said, taking a large gulp of her brandy.

“Okay.” Susan said quietly, her face showing her disappointment.

Amelia hated seeing that look on her face. It was one she had seen far too many times when she was forced to tell her should couldn’t come to one event or another due to work. Would it really be that bad, she asked herself. She would only be watching them, right?

“Is that something you really want, Susan?” She asked against her better judgement.

Susan nodded, biting her bottom lip nervously as she looked at her hopefully. Amelia couldn’t say no to her when she gave her that doe eyed look, especially after the talk they just had.

“Alright, but not a word of this outside the house.” She said, trying to sound stern as Susan smiled happily at her, her face lighting up.

“Thank you so much, Auntie.” Susan gushed, racing over to hug her tightly.

“Oh.” Amelia grunted as her still nude niece hugged her tightly. “You’re welcome.”

Susan smiled at her one last time before racing off, her massive breasts bouncing wildly as she ran, presumably to tell her boyfriend the good news. Amelia sighed when she was gone, wondering how in the name of Morgana’s knickers she had gotten herself into this predicament. Downing the rest of her brandy in a single shot, she walked off to her room to shower and change out of her work clothes.

Nearly an hour later, Amelia stood in front of her body length mirror in just a set of deep red, satin bra and panties. Not for the first time, she was grateful for being a witch. Even with her age, she still looked to be in her early thirties. Due to her continual dueling practice, her body was in relatively good shape with tight abs and defined legs. Turning to the side, she looked at her bum. It was just as perky as it was in her twenties, jutting outwards and holding its shape. As her eyes moved up to her breasts, just as large as Susan's, tucked away in her favorite bra. While they weren't as perky as they used to be, they at least didn't sag like some witches her age.

All in all, she was quite happy with her looks, especially for someone her age. She wasn't a Veela by any means, but she could still hold her own against witches half her age. Grabbed the little black dress off of the bed, she pulled it on over her head, relishing the feel of the soft fabric as it hugged her body tightly. She couldn't say why, exactly, she felt the need to dress up for her niece's boyfriend, especially when she had no plans to do anything besides watch. She chalked it up to nerves as she reached for her rarely used makeup kit, applying just a light amount to cover up a few wrinkles and blemishes. Looking into the mirror one last time, she fixed her short, auburn hair and let, making her way downstairs.

Harry was sitting on the couch with Susan cuddled up to his side. He could practically feel her nerves rolling off of her as they waited for Amelia to come back. He couldn't believe she had gotten her aunt to agree to watch them, but the thought of it had him already erect in his jeans, even though he had butterflies fluttering wildly in his stomach. Both of them looked up as the head her heels clacking on the wooden stairs as she descended. Harry smiled at her as she came into view, surprised at her choice of dress and the luscious curves of her body. Not for the first time, he cursed the Wizarding World's obsession with heavy, bulky robes.

"Wow, you look great." Harry said, surprised at his own forwardness.

"Thank you, Harry." She said sincerely, her cheeks turning a slight pink.

Susan gave her aunt a beaming smile, and got a small, nervous one in return. Harry rubbed her back, his nerves and excitement growing as she took a seat across from them. Susan reached into his lap, her hand stroking over the rather obvious bulge in the front of his pants. Her actions drew her aunt's gaze, who smiled when she saw what was happening.

"Eager to get started?" She asked teasingly, crossing her legs at the thigh.

Susan nodded eagerly, her breathing coming faster in her excitement.

"Well, I'm here. Go ahead." Amelia said, motioning for Susan to start.

Susan leapt into action, surprising Harry with her eagerness. She sat up and straddled his waist, kissing him hungrily as she ground herself down on his straining erection. Harry wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close and squashing her breasts against his chest as they kissed. She reached for the hem of his shirt, pulling it off of him quickly.

"Be rough with me." She whispered against his lips, her eyes glittering with excitement. "Use me, please."

"You want me to show your aunt how much of a whore you are?" Harry asked, loud enough for Amelia to hear him clearly.

Susan bit her lip, nodding with a look of mixed nervousness and excitement on her face.

Harry smiled at her and kissed her on the lips while running his fingers through her hair. Gripping her hair tightly, he pulled her head back, drawing a wanton moan from her lips.

“Get on your knees.” He demanded in a deep, husky voice.

Susan moved backwards, dropping to her knees on the floor directly in front of him, her eyes sparkling with excitement and arousal as she stared up at him. Before he could say anything else, she began opening his pants, her fingers fumbling with the button and zipper. Soon enough, she had his pants open and reached in to pull out his rigid length, stroking it softly. Harry took her head in his hands, bringing her mouth to the swollen head of his cock, her warm, damp breath washing over the sensitive tip.

Looking up at Amelia, he stared into her eyes as he pushed Susan down, feeding a considerable amount of her shaft into her hot mouth until he hit the back of her throat, causing her to gag and cough around him. Amelia met his gaze, her expression blank as she looked for him down to her niece as she was forced to bob up and down his length. Harry leaned back and groaned.

“You’re such a good little cock sucker, Susan.” Harry said, stroking her hair.

Susan whimpered around him, staring into his eyes as she sucked, swirling her tongue around his girth. With most of his shaft covered in her saliva, Harry tightened his grip in her hair and pushed her down, driving his cock into her tight throat. Groaning, he held her in place, her nose pressed against his stomach while his length was buried to the hilt in her gullet. Glancing up at Amelia, her eyes were riveted to Susan’s head as he held her there. While her expression was still blank, he could see the signs of arousal. Her cheeks were tinged pink, her breathing was faster, breasts to rise and fall alluringly, and her thighs were pressed together tightly, shifting minutely.

Pulling Susan up for air, she sucked in a gasping breath, a long line of thick spit connecting her bottom lip to the head of his cock. She licked her lips, breaking the string as she looked up at him, her chest heaving.

"I love you." She said, kissing the tip of his cock.

Harry smiled down at her.

"I love you, too." He replied.

Leaning forward, he kissed her on the lips, taking his hands off her head to grab the hem of her shirt and pull it up and over her head. Susan lifted her arms to help him, her large, bare breasts bouncing as they were freed from the tight fabric. Harry smirked at her for her lack of bra, and she blushed but smiled at him.

"You're such a slut, Susan. But you're my slut." He said to her affectionately.

Giving her one more kiss on the lips, he leaned back and grabbed her head again, leading her lips to his cock. Susan opened her mouth, swallowing his shaft willingly as he pushed her down, forcing himself back down her throat. Her chest heaved as she gagged and coughed, loud, wet sucking sounds coming from her abused throat as he invaded it again and again. While bucking his hips to fuck her face, he continually glanced up at Amelia, watching as she shifted constantly, trying to surreptitiously rub her thighs together as she watched them. Yanking Susan up, he gave her a moment to catch her breath and clear her throat. While she did, he stared at Amelia, waiting for her to look up at him. Finally, she did. Grabbing Susan's hair

roughly, he pushed her down, keeping eye contact with Amelia as he held her in place and fucked her throat, bucking his hips upwards over and over.

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Susan gagged loudly, saliva streaming out her mouth and onto his balls as he used her throat mercilessly. Amelia's face slowly lost its expressionless look, her eyes clouding with arousal and her legs visibly rubbing together, no longer concerned with trying to hide it. Harry's cock throbbed in her throat, his climax rapidly approached with the excitement and naughtiness of the situation. Before he could reach his peak, he pulled Susan up, giving her a chance to suck in a much-needed lungful of air. As she caught her breath, Harry stood up, pulling her by the hair and dragging her over to Amelia. Turning her sideways so that Amelia could see them side on, he reached down and stroked Susan's cheek tenderly.

"Swallow everything, okay love?" He asked.

Susan leaned into his hand, kissing his palm and nodded. Grabbing her head again, he ruthlessly drove his length into her abused throat, wasting no time as he fucked her face. Once again, Susan gagged loudly, spittle flying from her lips with the force and speed of his thrusts. Her breasts bounced wildly, slapping against her chest and each other as they collided. Harry felt his climax quickly build to a peak, his cock swelling further in her already tight throat. With a grunt, he buried himself as deep as he could, her neck visibly bulging as it was stretched around his girth. His cock pulsed, firing the first shot directly into her stomach before he pulled back, allowing the rest to splash against her tongue as he filled her mouth.

"Don't swallow it yet." Harry told her as his climax ended, pulling his deflating length from her mouth. "Show her."

Susan turned to look at her aunt, tilting her head back as she opened her mouth to show the large pool of white cum, she had collected there. When Amelia looked, she licked her dark red lips, her breath hitching when Susan closed her mouth and swallowed before opening her mouth again to show her it was empty. Holding out his hand, he helped Susan to her feet, using his wand to clean her face and mouth before he kissed her. Reaching up, he cupped and squeezed her breasts, kneading them like dough in his hands. When they broke their kiss, Harry put his mouth next to her ear, kissing and sucking on her ear lobe.

“You want to watch me fuck your aunt, don’t you?” He whispered into her ear.

Susan gasped quietly and nodded, her teeth nibbling at her bottom lip. Harry smirked and kissed her neck. He wasn’t sure what was making him so confident, but, at the moment, he felt like he could do anything he set his mind to. Pulling back from her, he turned to Amelia and held out his hand. She looked at him curious, but reached out to take his hand, standing as he pulled her to her feet. When she was on her feet, Harry tugged her hand, pulling her forward into his arms, causing her to gasp in surprise. Amelia put her hands on his chest to stop herself from falling forward, her eyes staring into his as he smiled at her crookedly. Before she could say anything, he leaned forward, pressing his lips to hers. Sucking in a shocked breath through her nose, she stood completely still for a moment. Just as her lips began moving against his, her hands, still on his chest, pushed him back, although, his arms around her waist stopped her from moving back more than a few inches.

“Harry, we shouldn’t.” She said quietly, giving him the impression she was only saying that because she felt she had to.

“That’s what makes it fun.” Harry said, his erection hardening against her thigh as he continued to hold their waists together.

“It’s okay, Auntie. I told you I like watching Harry with other women.” Susan chimed in, smiling in excitement.

"I'm old enough to be your mother." She argued, but didn't try to move further away from him.

In fact, her hands, pushing against his chest, were starting to relax, allowing him to move his face closer to hers.

"You deserve to be happy, too, Auntie. Like you said, you've been single for fifteen years, but you're not a nun. Let Harry take care of you tonight." Susan argued back.

Harry said nothing, giving her time to think. As he stared into her eyes, he could see the internal struggle going on inside. While he waited her to come to a decision, his hands caressed her waist and the small of her back, stopping to move back up just as he touched the top curve of her ass.

"This can't leave the house. No one can know about this." Amelia said, giving in as her hands relaxed completely.

"I won't tell anyone." Harry assured her seriously, their faces now just centimeters apart while her hands caressed his chest.

Amelia nodded her head with a slight tilt of her chin, licking her lips in nervous anticipation. Harry smiled at her and tightened his arms around her, pulling her chest flush with his. The tops of her large breasts bulged out of the low-cut neck of her dress, creating a delicious looking line of cleavage. Harry leaned forward, tilting his head to the side as he kissed her softly on the lips. While he wanted nothing more than to throw her down on the nearest piece of furniture and have his way with her, he didn't want to scare her off. To his surprise, Amelia quickly melted

into the kiss, sliding across his chest and around to his back where her long, manicured nails traced fiery lines over his skin.

Harry's hands slid down her back to grab two large handfuls of her wide, muscular ass, causing her to moan into his mouth. Pulling her hips forward, he ground his throbbing erection against her thigh, groaning in return. They continued to kiss and grope at each other for a couple of minutes before finally breaking apart to catch their breath.

"I want to taste you." Harry told her in a deep, lust filled tone.

Amelia's breath hitched at his words, her cheeks flushing a light pink. Grabbing the bottom of her dress, he pulled it up, struggling slightly to get the tight material up and over the jutting shelf of her huge breasts. Finally, they managed to get it off, leaving her in just her satin bra and panties. Harry took half a step back to take in the sight of her, surprised by how fit she looked. When he looked back up at her face, he discovered that she had taken the time to look at him as well, her eyes glued to the long, thick shaft standing parallel to the floor. Smirking, he took a step forward, scooting her up into his arms and carrying her over to the couch. Susan took the chair Amelia had used earlier, quickly stripping off her pants to sit naked in the chair, her hand darting to her moist slit instantly.

Sitting Amelia down on the couch, Harry knelt on the floor in front of her, kissing his way up her thick, toned thighs as his hands rested on her hips. Her hands threaded through his hair, massaging his scalp as he reached her panties, kissing the damp gusset while slipping his fingers into the waistband. When he pulled back, he brought her panties down with him, peeling them down her smooth legs. Amelia lifted her hips eagerly, making it easier for him to pull them off. The scent of her arousal filled the air with a musky smell that made his cock jerk in anticipation as he kissed his way back up her other thigh. She spread her legs for him willingly, putting her pink slit on full display for him. He attempted to tease her by kissing all around her core, but Amelia wasn't willing to be patient. Tightening her grip in his hair, she moved his head to her glistening center, her hips bucking lightly, urging him to get on with it.

After learning she had gone fifteen years without sex, Harry took pity on her, diving in to lick and suck at her wet lips while pushing the first two fingers on his right hand into her entrance. Amelia let out a long, low moan when his fingers entered her, her breath coming in heavy pants. Licking up between her lips, his tongue flicked over her hooded clit, drawing another gasp from her lips.

“Oh, Merlin. That feels so good.” She moaned, arching her back while reaching behind to unclasp her bra.

Harry looked up from between her legs, staring as she pulled off her bra to reveal her huge, full tits. His left hand shot up, cupping the soft, fleshy mound in his hand while he continued to attack her hot, wet pussy. While her breasts were close in size to Susan’s they were a bit softer to the touch, his fingers sinking in easily, and her nipples were a darker red, as opposed to Susan’s light pink. Amelia threw her head back, moaning and gasping as her hips rolled against his face, smearing it in her dripping arousal. Grasping one of her swollen nipples between his fingers, he wrapped his lips over her clit, sucking hard while rolling the stiff nub between his thumb and forefinger.

“Oh, fuck!” Amelia yelled, mashing his face roughly into her dripping core.

It was incredible just how hot and wet she was, making his cock ache to be inside of her. Looking to speed things up, Harry moved his fingers around inside of her, searching for that sensitive spot along her top wall. It took some time, but he eventually found it, her hips bucking as she sucked in a sharp breath when the pads of his fingertips brushed over it. Pressing his fingers down on her G-spot, he stimulated it roughly, his fingers making a wet sucking sound as they moved back and forth furiously. While his hand was moving back and forth rapidly, his tongue flicked back and forth, up and down over her stiff clit. Amelia sucked in gasping breaths, her mouth working silently with her head tilted back, eyes wide.

It didn't take long for her to cum, a high-pitched whine leaving her throat as she writhed over him, her tight walls spasming wildly around his thrusting fingers. Drops of her arousal splatter his face and her thighs as she leaked copiously, his furiously thrusting fingers sending it flying as he drenched pussy continued to make loud, wet sucking sounds around his fingers. Her whole body went tense, her legs quivering uncontrollably from the overwhelming pleasure. After several long moments, she pushed his head away with one hand while the other grabbed his wrist, pushing his fingers out of her. Harry stood up, wiping his chin as he smiled down at her quivering, spasming form smugly.

Breathing deeply to catch her breath, Amelia looked up at him, her legs still shaking slightly.

"No one likes a wizard with a big head, Harry." She said, smiling.

"Really, Susan seems to enjoy it." He said, shaking his cock at her, leaving no doubt as to which head, he was talking about.

Amelia rolled her eyes and Susan giggled in her chair as she shamelessly played with herself. Shaking her head, her smile faded as she stared at his rigid length with a hungry gaze.

"You're sure you're okay with this, Susan?" She asked her niece.

Susan nodded eagerly, her eyes jumping from Amelia to Harry as he finally removed his pants. Amelia reached out, grabbing his hard cock and stroking it lightly, making Harry groan.

"You really want to watch your boyfriend fuck your poor old Auntie with his big cock?" She asked in a sultry tone.

Harry's cock leapt in her hand while Susan whimpered, pushing her fingers deep into her glistening core as she nodded.

Amelia laid down on her back, guiding him between her legs by his rigid member. When she placed him at her wet entrance, Harry hovered over her, bending down to kiss her on the lips. Her legs wrapped around him, her heels digging into her ass.

"Fuck me." She begged quietly against his lips.

Harry pushed forward, sinking his length into her hot, grasping core to the hilt in a single slow push. Amelia moaned against his lips, her long nails raking lightly over his muscles back. Breaking the kiss and pushing himself up on his arms, he looked down at her as he began thrusting gently, giving her a chance to adjust.

"Come on, Harry. Fuck me. Give me that big, fat cock." Amelia demanded.

Harry picked up his pace, drawing nearly half his length out of her clutching walls before plowing back in. Her sopping wet core squelched loudly every time he filled her, their bodies colliding hard enough to make her massive breasts wobble and ripple on her chest. Amelia moaned loudly as he fucked her, staring at him with a hooded, lust filled gaze. Closing his eyes, he groaned at the feeling of her incredibly hot, smooth walls enveloping his rigid cock.

"Is that the best you've got. I said fuck me, you bastard." Amelia barked.

Harry's eyes shot open in surprise. She was looking at him with a dark, sultry look, challenging him. Yanking his cock out of her, he grabbed her by the hips and roughly flipped her onto her stomach, pulling her hips back until she was on her hands and knees. Lining up with her entrance, he slammed the entirety of her considerable length into her with force, his hips clapping loudly against her full, wide ass. Amelia let out a low, wanton moan as she was filled and stretched properly for the first time in a decade and a half. Grabbing a handful of her thick auburn hair, he pulled her head back roughly while plowing her from behind. As her glorious ass jiggled under the rhythmic impact of his hips, he brought his free hand up and then brought it down hard.

Smack!

"Ah!" Amelia squealed, pushing herself back onto his cock harder as a red handprint became visible on her porcelain skin.

Harry smiled widely as he watched the normally intimidating witch take his cock eagerly from behind. It made him wonder just how many other witches were just willing little sluts hiding under a veneer of professionalism.

"How many people at the Ministry would love to see you right now, just a whore begging for cock." Harry growled, pulling his whole length out of her before his hips rocketed forwards again.

Her tight walls fluttered around him at his words, showing him just how much she was enjoying the humiliation. Looking over at Susan, he saw her sloughed in the chair, her legs spread lewdly as she fingered herself furiously, her eyes glued to his cock as it rammed in and out of her aunt. Looking back down at Amelia, he smacked her ass again, leaving another handprint to form over top of the first. Watching her ass ripple from the impact of his hips, he noticed her puckered hole winking at him from between her cheeks. A devilish idea popped into his perverted mind.

“Susan, come here.” He called out to her.

She looked at him in confusion, her lust addled mind taking a few second to understand what he said. When she did, she hopped up from the chair and trotted over to him quickly, her huge tits bouncing and swaying on her chest. Coming to stand next to him, she watched in fascination as his thrusting cock stretched her aunt’s tight lips open around his girth. Harry reached over with his free hand, sliding his thumb into her wet clit and wiggling it around to coat it in her arousal, making her gasp. When he pulled it out, he slipped his thumb between Amelia’s cheeks and pressed it firmly against her asshole until it gave way and the tip of his thumb was swallowed by her tight hole.

“Ohhh.” The older witch moaned lewdly, her ring grasping his digit tightly as she clenched around it.

“Susan, go sit in front of your aunt.” Harry told her.

“No.” Amelia moaned quietly, her voice barely a whisper.

Susan hesitated for a moment, but did as she was told, sitting down with her back against the arm of the couch, her legs spread less than a foot from her aunt’s face. They looked at each other nervously, Susan’s eyes glancing at her aunt’s lips while Amelia glanced at her niece’s glistening, dripping slit. Harry said nothing for a few seconds, allowing the anticipation and nerves to build between the two, slowing his thrusts slightly to work his thumb in and out of her back door a bit more.

“Play with yourself.” He told Susan in a demanding tone.

Amelia sagged under him, whether in relief, disappointment, or a combination of the two, he wasn't sure. Susan's hand shot down to her slit, sliding her fingers into her core with one hand while the other rubbed her clit. Harry shoved his hips forward hard, sending Amelia forward as he used his hand in her hair to push her face into the couch cushion, just inches away from Susan's excited core. Pulling his thumb out of her ass, he laid on top of her mostly prone form, thrusting his hips down to drill his cock into her from above. Leaning over her back, he kissed and sucked at her collar bone, intent on leaving behind a mark on her smooth, pale skin. Amelia moaned and shivered under him, his hips bounding off of her full, thick ass as he pounded into her.

Harry wanted to tease them some more and see how far he could push them, but he felt his climax rapidly approaching. Determined to get Amelia off one more time, he slid his hand under her, rubbing her clit frantically as he continued to slam into her from above. It was a struggle as he closed his eyes, fight back his orgasm while waiting for Amelia to reach her peak. Fortunately, he didn't have to wait long. The moment she came, her hot, satin smooth walls spasming around his thrusting cock, he let go, flooding her core with a torrent of cum. Amelia howled as she came, eyes shut tight and her face scrunched up in a rictus of pleasure as she tensed and shook under him. Harry grunted as he bucked his hips forward in time with the pulses of his cock, driving each jet of hot cum as deep onto her clutching core as possible.

In front of them, Susan reached her peak a few moments after they did. She moaned and cooed cutely as she soaked the couch, a few stray drops of her arousal flying off of her frantically moving hand to land on her aunt's face, unbeknownst to either of them. All three of them collapsed into a moaning, groaning, panting heap. Several minutes later, after catching his breath, Harry carried a nearly unconscious Amelia up to her room before walking across the hall to join his girlfriend in bed where they both quickly fell asleep.

The next morning, Amelia walked into the kitchen dressed for work to find Harry and Susan already there with breakfast laid out on the table.

“Good morning.” She said awkwardly, avoiding their eyes.

Harry refused to let things become awkward and ruin his Christmas vacation. Standing up, he poured a cup of coffee for Amelia and handed it to her before cupping her cheek and kissing her tenderly on the lips. She grunted in surprise against his lips, but quickly relaxed and kissed him back. They only broke apart a few seconds later when they heard Susan giggling behind them.

“Feel better?” Harry asked, smiling at her as he stroked her cheek.

“Yes.” Amelia admitted, covering his hand with hers and kissing his palm. “So, what do you two have planned for today?”

“That’s up to Susan.” Harry told her, turning to smile affectionately at his girlfriend. “I owe her a thank you for yesterday.”

Susan smiled at him, her eyes glittering with excitement.

“Did you bring that enchanted rope with you?” She asked.

“Yup.” Harry answered.

“Good. I want you to tie me up and use me in the family room, that’s where we keep the portraits.” She told him with a mischievous smile.

Harry laughed at her while Amelia shook her head and sat down at the table across from them. As Harry and Susan continued to tease each other and make plans for the day, Amelia noticed something that drew her attention and set off warning bells in her head.

"Harry, what is that on your hand?" She asked, her tone all business.

"It's nothing." Harry said, pulling his sleeve down and putting his hand in his lap.

"Harry." She said softly, holding out her hand. "Please, let me see."

Thinking about it for a moment, he realized she was bound to find out sooner or later anyways. Sighing, he placed his hand in hers, sliding down at the table as she put her monocle in her eye and examine the scars on the back of his hand.

"I must not tell lies." Amelia read aloud, before asking softly. "Harry, where did you get these?"

"Umbridge." He admitted bitterly. "She made me write lines with a black quill in detention. Except, instead of ink, it used my blood."

Susan gasped, covering her mouth in horror as tears gathered in her eyes.

"Why didn't you tell me?" She whispered, her carrying a tone of slight hurt.

"It happened last year. Besides, with Fudge backing her it's not like you could have done anything anyways." Harry said with a shrug.

"Harry." Amelia said sternly. "No matter who was backing her, this is still incredibly illegal. Why didn't you tell a teacher?"

"And what? Get them fired?" He asked angrily, then blew out an explosive sigh and ran a hand through his hair. "Sorry, I shouldn't yell at you. It just makes me so angry to think about it. Last year was a nightmare. Umbridge terrorized the school. If I went to McGonagall, she would have just said I was lying and used it as an excuse to have her fired."

"Was it really that bad?" Amelia asked in surprise, looking to her niece who nodded.

"It was worse than bad. Besides making me write lines, she was giving other students Veritaserum to make them tell her where the DA was meet. That was the club we formed to learn Defense when she refused to teach us anything useful." He explained, getting a nod from her that she understood. "Then she formed the Inquisitorial Squad, who had more power than the prefects. She said they were there to 'ensure students maintained proper decorum' but they just used it as an excuse to bully people. For Merlin's sake, those Aurors nearly killed McGonagall when they tried to arrest Hagrid."

"What Aurors?" Amelia asked sharply, her eyes burning with anger.

"The only one I recognized was Dawlish." Harry said apologetically.

There was a long moment of silence as Amelia's eyes narrowed in thought. Susan grabbed his hand under the table, rubbing the inside of his forearm soothingly.

"You're going to need to postpone your plans for today. I want you to come down to the Ministry with me and make an official statement." She said finally.

Harry turned to look at Susan questioningly, who nodded at him encouragingly.

"Can you get her arrested?" He asked hopefully.

"I can't promise that, but I can promise to do my best. No one hurts my family and gets away with it." Amelia said fiercely, her eyes alight with vengeful fury.

Harry swallowed the lump in his throat and nodded. Moments later, all three of them vanished one by one in a flash of green. Little did they know the effect this one decision would have on the course of the war.