

Unfaithful

Chapter 9

Susan opened her menu and looked at all the wonderful things that the cute, little cafe had to offer. The sun was bright in the sky, and the day was warm. Deciding to sit outside to enjoy the good weather, Susan smiled as she thought that her date was going well enough.

Sitting around the circular table, her date was next to her, and her best friend, Hannah Abbott was on his other side. Wedged between Hannah and Susan was Harry Potter. When her co-worker initially asked her out, she said no in the nicest way possible. She had hoped that he would get the hint and leave it be. However, he continued to hint that he would like to take her out. Finally, after about a month of this, she finally said yes ... but only if it was a double date. Hannah, of course, wasn't eager to join their date. Especially since she had been broken up with only a few weeks earlier. After a whole lot of begging from her would-be date, Eugene, Hannah finally relented. Susan had no idea how Hannah convinced Harry Potter to join this awkward, little foursome.

Susan took a quick peek to the side and found Eugene longingly staring at her. She refrained from rolling her eyes and shifted her body to face slightly away from him. "Sorry for the wait ... Now what can I get you?" the waitress asked as she walked up. The cafe was especially busy. That wasn't surprising considering it was nearing lunchtime. Susan looked up and noticed that the waitress was quite attractive. She was also quite busty. Taking another peek at Eugene, she saw that he hadn't noticed the waitress at all. He continued to stare at her like a lovestruck teenager. Harry, however, had no problem checking out the waitress's extraordinary rack. In fact, he was subtly flirting with her while his date was sitting right next to him! Susan was surprised that Hannah hadn't smacked him for the blatant disrespect that he was showing. Harry finished flirting, and the pink-cheeked waitress turned to her and Eugene, ready to take their order.

"Oh, um ..." Susan blustered. "I'll have the Cobb Salad and a glass of white wine," she ordered, closing her menu. Eugene closed his menu as well.

"I'll have a salad as well ... topped with boiled tofu and a glass of mineral water, please. Instead of lettuce, can I have watercress? My tummy can't handle anything heavy," he explained, smiling at Susan as the waitress wrote it down.

"Gimme a T-Bone steak ... bloody ... and a pint," he winked at the waitress. "What about you, love?" Harry turned to Hannah and asked her. Susan saw his arm move underneath the table. Hannah squeaked, and her face turned red.

"Umm ... same as Susan!" she squeaked out. The waitress nodded and walked off.

"Have I told you that you look beautiful today, my most lovely angel?" Eugene piped in, looking directly into Susan's eyes.

"Like three times. Give it a rest, mate," Harry joined in as his hand continued to do something to Hannah. Susan couldn't tell exactly what he was doing.

"Excuse me, but I was talking to her," Eugene puffed up.

"And I was talking to you ... so can it," Harry rebutted. Just then, the waitress came back with a large mug of beer. The foam was nearly spilling over the sides. "Why don't you relax and have a drink? Here ..."

Harry slid his beer across the table right to Eugene. Unfortunately, a bit of the beer sloshed over the sides and spilled on his lap. He immediately jumped up and screeched like a frightened woman. "Wha ... Why you ... THESE ARE ARMANDO LEVERATTI TROUSERS!" he squealed. Then he saw a wet spot on his shoes. "Oh my ..." He nearly fainted. "My Louie Vandel Italian suede loafers!" He then shot daggers at Harry. "You spilled nearly the entire beer all over me! This is just perfect!" He got up and quickly ran toward the bathroom to wash up.

"No worries, mate! Hannah can get us some new ones!" Harry called out. "Go get us a couple of pints, love," he said as he leaned in and kissed her deeply. Hannah got up with stars in her eyes to go order some more beer. Harry slapped her hard on the ass as she left. Susan was speechless at the scene that Harry had just caused.

"You got yourself a real winner there," Harry snorted. Susan glared at him.

"For your information, he IS a winner ... and I love him!" she lied. She obviously didn't love Eugene. In fact, her pussy had never been so dry in all her life. By then, there wasn't an ounce of attraction on her part. Still, she wouldn't let that macho brute think that he was right.

"You love him?" Harry chortled. "I'll bet that wiener has never made a woman moan in his entire life."

"Pffft! You're the one to talk," she shot back, trying to rile him up. Whatever he had been doing to Hannah, it appeared as though she enjoyed it. Instead of replying verbally, he placed his hand on her knee. While her skirt wasn't scandalously short, it did end above the knee. While sitting, the skirt rode even higher up her legs, exposing a lot of bare skin. She was about to tell him to stop being fresh and to remove his hand from her leg when suddenly, his hand moved higher. Not only that, but it slid down to her inner thigh. As soon as his fingers touched the incredibly soft skin of her inner thigh, it felt as though he was pumping his magic directly into her body. Her mouth remained open, but no words came out. Instead, her breath rolled out in shuddering gasps as her previously dry pussy instantly became wet. Within seconds of his fingers playing with her skin, her panties were completely soaked. The thin, silky material covering her crotch was plastered to her skin, molding to the shape of her cleft.

Susan felt her eyes twitching rapidly as his fingers crawled up the inside of her leg. She was about to let out a moan when she noticed Hannah coming back to the table holding two large mugs of beer. Harry gave a quick wave of his wand, and Susan knew exactly what he was doing. He was making it so that no one would notice him violating her with his fingers. Hannah placed them on the table and sat down next to her date, whose fingertips were coming dangerously close to touching the outside of her damp panties. "You okay, Susan?" she asked, seeing her friend's face turning pink.

"Wha...? OH! ... yeah! ... Yes, I mean," Susan stuttered as Harry's finger flicked over her panty-covered clit. She felt as though a lightning bolt of pleasure raced up and down her spine. She could feel her nipples crinkle and become hard, pressing tightly against the thin fabric of her sundress. She couldn't believe that she decided to skip wearing a bra that day. In her defense, her sundresses looked much better if they clung to her natural form.

"Thanks for the beer, love!" Harry chirped as he leaned in and kissed Hannah deeply. Susan watched as his tongue slipped into her mouth. Her body suddenly jumped as his fingers found the waistband of her panties, and they eagerly slipped right in. Unfortunately, now Eugene was waddling back to the table.

"Mmm ... I can see that you've missed me," he hummed while wagging his eyebrows. Susan noticed that he was staring at her voluptuous chest. She looked down and saw her nipples straining against the fabric of her dress. Two prominent bumps were tenting the material covering her breasts. He could clearly see how hard her nipples were and thought she was horny for him. In reality, her body was reacting to the way Harry's fingers continued to slide down her body. She felt them brushing over her smooth, hairless mound. She felt them bump into her hard, swollen clit before his fingers began to caress her sloppy, wet pussy lips. Her hands gripped and twisted her cloth napkin tightly as one of his fingers slid back and forth between her slick, inner lips. Unable to stop her body from reacting, her legs parted a bit more, giving him more room to play with her. Harry broke the kiss with Hannah and left the girl rumpled and breathing heavily.

The waitress brought their food while Harry was greedily drinking his beer. "Drink up while it's cold," Harry told Eugene. Susan's date sneered and didn't dignify that with a response. Instead, he turned his body to face her some more.

"I was thinking, my darling ..." he started, but Susan could barely keep it together. Harry's finger which was now covered in her juices began to rapidly flick back and forth over her throbbing clit. She was absolutely certain that everyone around their table could smell her arousal being carried with the gentle breeze. "... have you ever been to the opera?" he asked her. Susan bit her lower lip and shook her head.

"Oh! Well, there is nothing more titillating than watching Alessandro Moreschi sing Ave Maria. It is an orgasmic experience," he shuddered just thinking about it. "He is what every man should

strive to be,” Eugene added. Susan, on the other hand, shuddered for a different reason. Harry’s fingers were now stroking the length of her dripping wet slit. His fingertips were sliding so low that they were even tickling her virgin asshole. The sensation felt so good and was so naughty that Susan was already on the verge of cumming right there in her chair. Meanwhile, the macho brute was smirking at her while shoveling steak into his gob. Susan would slap him if she were able to. Her nipples were aching and felt raw as they rubbed against the inside of her dress. She wanted nothing more than to pull down her top and free her big tits. She wouldn’t even be opposed to Harry leaning in to suck on one of her hard nubs. Susan needed relief, and she needed it fast. Sneakily, she reached between her legs and captured his hand. Instead of moving it away, she maneuvered it until two of his fingers slipped between her wet petals. She bit down on her forkful of salad and moaned deeply as her insides tightly hugged his invading fingers.

“Mmm, yes. This salad is particularly good ... Isn’t it?” Eugene said. “The tofu is extra jiggly ... Just like I like it.”

Harry’s fingers were furiously pumping into her while her walls tightened drastically around them. The sounds of squelching were getting louder, but thankfully no one seemed to notice. Susan could feel a small puddle of warm pussy juice pooling on the seat of her chair. The backs of her thighs were completely soaked. Her hand quickly joined his, and she started rubbing her clit to add to the excitement that she was feeling. Hannah was staring at Harry who had already downed a full glass of beer. She looked like she wanted nothing more than to be taken back to his place and fucked. Susan couldn’t blame her. She was feeling the same way.

“Mmmmm ... Oh, god!” Susan gasped out, her eyes rolling into the back of her head as her walls clamped down tightly on his curling fingers. Copious amounts of fluid were now leaking from her freshly-fingered pussy. Harry thrust his fingers even deeper and massaged her g-spot while his thumb rubbed circles over her swollen clit. Susan arched her back and moaned deeply. Her body was racked with multiple orgasms, and she shook and trembled violently. Her big, lovely tits were bouncing around as she rode out her orgasm, her insides fluttering over his skillful fingers. Eugene’s eyes were glued to her tits.

“So jiggly ... Just like my tofu,” he whispered in awe, shifting uncomfortably in his chair.

Susan squeaked when Harry pulled his fingers from inside her. As his hand was removed from her soiled panties, Susan was very close to begging him to put it back in. “That steak was goooood!” Harry groaned. “Are we about done here? I got places to be,” he said, squeezing Hannah’s thigh. Hannah squeaked and blushed deeply.

“Yes, indeedio!” Eugene chirped, still unable to take his eyes off Susan’s glowing form.

“Then drink up, mate!” Harry said, lifting up his beer.

“Only low-lives drink that swill,” he countered. “Now leave me be! I’m trying to talk to my Honeybun,” he rebuked Harry before placing his hand on top of hers that was resting on the table. Harry shrugged and began chugging down the beer.

“I was thinking ... Maybe we can go back to your place and ...” Eugene started as Susan slipped her hand out from under his.

“DONE!” Harry said, smacking his lips and slamming the large, thick mug back onto the table with a loud bang. Unfortunately, the mug slammed down right on Eugene’s hand.

“AAAAAAAARRRRRRRGH!” he yelled, grabbing the crippled claw that was once his functioning hand.

Harry whistled in appreciation at the sight of his mangled hand. “You better go to St. Mungos. That looks painful.”

“YOU THINK?!” Eugene barked sarcastically, holding his hand to his chest protectively. “Listen, my sweet darling angel,” he winced. “I’ll need a raincheck for coming back to your place,” he said as everyone stood up to leave.

“Don’t worry. I’ll get Susan home safely. Isn’t that right?” Harry asked, his hands groping both girls’ asses at the same time. They looked at each other and blushed before both girls nodded.

“Splendid,” Eugene cried out, nearly in tears. “I better go get this taken care of. I’ll call you,” he told Susan. He leaned in for a kiss, but Susan was pulled away before he could get his lips on her. The last thing he saw was Susan walking away with that scoundrel. Was it just his imagination, or did Susan seem to be pressing her body against him a little too much for his liking? Eugene just shrugged it away. His lovely darling was perfect and was obviously crazy about him. He couldn’t wait until their next date. First, he needed to get the bones in his crumpled hand reset. It would not be a pleasant night for him. The same couldn’t be said for a particular messy-haired wizard with a lightning bolt scar.