

A Slave For You

Chapter 1

Harry wasn't sure how, but Hermione had managed to convince him to let her auction him off in an attempt to raise awareness, and money, for SPEW. The highest bidder would get to do anything with him, although Hermione assured him that the contract wouldn't allow them to force him to do anything illegal, or hurt himself or others. Honestly, he'd only agreed to do this because he didn't think it would actually work. He'd massively underestimated his popularity as The Chosen One. Nearly every girl in the school, and a few of the guys, had bid on him. The winner, Susan Bones, had bid an insane one-hundred and forty Galleons.

Now, Harry sat in the Room of Requirement on a Saturday morning, as Susan had asked him to, waiting for her to arrive. He was relieved to learn that such a good friend had won the auction. He shuddered to think what someone like Romilda Vane would have him doing if she had won. Susan was a kind and shy Hufflepuff in his year. She had dark red hair, kind brown eyes and an almost perpetual smile on her face that gave her cute little dimples. She was also quite short, only coming up to his shoulders. What really drew the boys' attention, Harry's included if he were honest, was her figure. While she was thin, Susan had the largest breasts at Hogwarts, with wide hips, and a bum that drew attention for its roundness, even with the bulky school robes. She'd starred in his dream more than once due to her curvaceous figure.

Hearing the door open, Harry looked up from his copy of the Daily Prophet, to see Susan slip into the room. She gave him a shy smile, her cheeks turning a light shade of pink, before she broke eye contact.

"Hey, Harry." She greeted him.

"Hey Susan." He said, smiling at his friend. "How are you?"

"I'm good." She replied. "You?"

"I'm fine." He told.

There was a brief silence bordering on awkward. When he realized Susan wasn't going to say anything else, he decided to move things along.

"So, I'm yours for the day." He said with a smile, spreading his arms wide. "What can I do for you m'lady."

"Oh, um, well..." Susan stammered, blushing red and looking anywhere but at his face.

"Susan?" He asked, concerned.

"This, um, this stays just between us, right?" She asked nervously.

Now, Harry was curious. He knew she could be shy and a bit nervous at times, but he wondered what she wanted him to do that could make her this nervous.

"I promise, whatever happens here is just between you and me." He assured her.

Susan bit her lip and nodded, but still didn't say anything. Harry waited patiently as she gathered the courage to say what was on her mind.

"Well, I, um," she started, "I, I was kind of that, um, that you would tell *me* what to do." she finished quietly.

Harry's eyebrows shot up. She couldn't possibly be asking what he thought she was.

"Susan," he said, stepping up to her and putting a hand gently on her shoulder. "Why?"

“Well, I, I always wanted a boy to tell me what to do. But I didn’t know anyone I could trust, and I didn’t know if you would be interested in me.” She babbled quickly, once she had gotten started. “And then, Hermoine said she was going to auction you off, and I thought it was the perfect chance to ask you. And, and, sorry.”

Susan stopped talking suddenly, blushing heavily, and looked down to play with the hem of her robes.

Harry was stunned. He was almost certain he knew what she wanted from him, but he needed to be sure. He couldn’t help that the ideas running through his head were making him excited.

“Susan,” he said, again. “You mean you want me to tell you what to do during sex, right?”

She managed to do the impossible and blushed even harder, but managed to nod.

He smiled at her kindly, even though she wasn’t looking at him.

“Okay.” he told her.

That finally got her to look at him, her head snapping up to stare at him in shock.

“Really?” She asked hopefully.

“Of course.” He assured her. “Susan, your beautiful. Why wouldn’t I want to have sex with you?”

She bit her lip, but smiled and looked away shyly again. Harry couldn’t help but smile at the way she was acting. There were still some questions he needed answers to though.

“Susan, have you had sex before?” He asked. “You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to,” he told her, not wanting to make her any more uncomfortable than she already was. “I just want to make this as good as possible for you.”

“Um, no, no I haven’t.” She admitted quietly, as if ashamed.

“That’s fine.” He assured her, rubbing her shoulder comfortingly. “You want me to tell you exactly what to do, right?”

Again, she nodded shyly.

“And, do you want me to be gentle, or rough?” He asked.

As he finished the question, her breath hitched, and her eyes widened. He knew the answer before she said anything.

“Um...rough.” She said in a barely audible whisper.

“When you say rough,” he started, placing both his arms around her and moving closer, forcing her to look up at him with wide, nervous eyes. “Do you mean like a little light spanking? Or, do you mean like pull your hair and fuck you till you scream?”

By the time he finished, Susan was breathing heavily, her chest rising and falling sharply. Her eyes were wide and she looked on the verge of fainting. She opened and closed her mouth several times to try and answer him, but couldn’t get the words out. She didn’t need to though; he already knew what her answer would be. Taking pity on her, Harry leaned down, wrapping his arms around her back, and kissed her gently on the lips. Susan let out a cute little squeak as their lips met, and stood stock still for a moment. Her shock didn’t last long though, as her lips began to move against his, and her arms reached up and wrapped around his neck. Pulling back, Harry smiled at her reassuringly.

"How 'bout this," he proposed, "We start out slow, and if I do something you don't like, you tell me to slow down or stop, alright?"

Susan nodded nervously.

"Okay," he said, "take off your robe."

Harry took a half step back from her, quickly shedding his own robe. Susan's hands were shaking slightly, causing her to struggle with the clasps of her robes for a moment. Eventually, she got it undone, and slid the robes off her shoulders. He couldn't help looking at her chest, and the way her white button up shirt was stretched across her enormous breasts. Pulling her close to him again, he leaned down and kissed her again. This time, she relaxed into the kiss immediately, their tongues dancing together. Placing his palms on her cheeks, his hands slid down to her shoulders, then to the top button of her shirt. Suddenly, he grabbed two fistfuls of her shirt, and pulled them apart swiftly, ripping her shirt open and sending buttons clattering to the floor. Susan gasped in shock, pulling away from him to stare with wide eyes, her hands reaching up to cover her chest.

"Don't cover yourself." Harry ordered in a firm voice.

Like a puppet with its strings cut, her arms immediately dropped to her sides. He could see her gulp nervously as she stood there, her shirt torn open. The only thing left holding her shirt together was her yellow and black striped tie. Reaching up slowly, and in contrast to the way he treated her shirt, Harry calmly undid her tie and slid it from around her neck. Watching her chest rise and fall rapidly with her breathing, he glanced at her to see nervousness and excitement warring on her face. With her arms still hanging limply at her sides, she didn't move to stop him as he parted her shirt further, like a curtain opening at the start of a play.

Harry's gaze was locked on her chest as her bra clad breasts were exposed to his view. Her thin, black bra looked like it could hardly contain her massive breasts, showing a truly incredible line of cleavage. Turning his eyes back up to Susan, who was looking at him nervously while chewing her lip, he gave her an affectionate smile.

“You’re incredible, Susan.” He told her.

She smiled up at him shyly, quickly looking away with a blush. Running a hand through her hair, he suddenly grabbed a handful, pulling her head back roughly. Susan let out a low, sensuous, moan at the treatment. Her eyes opened wide in surprise at her own involuntary reaction, and her face went an even darker shade of red. Harry kept smiling at her as he raised a hand and gently caressed her cheek, down over her collar bone, and ran a finger through the valley of her breasts. Reaching the thin strap of fabric that held the cups of her bra together, he gave it a playful tug before letting it go. Even that small movement caused the milky white flesh of her breasts to jiggle in her bra.

Looking back up at her, he asked, “Too rough?”

Susan shook her head.

Still gripping her by the hair, he pulled her in and kissed her roughly. A moment later, he let go and reached up to finish removing her shirt, throwing it to the floor. Sliding his hands down her back, he grabbed the cheeks of her wide, full ass in a tight grip. She moaned into his mouth, enjoying the rough treatment despite her normally shy and caring nature. Harry decided it was time to push her a little bit, to see just how far she was willing to go, and pulled back from the kiss.

“Get on your knees.” He ordered.

Susan stared at him with wide eyes, surprised by the sudden change. When he raised an eyebrow at her, she looked down, and slowly descended to her knees.

“Take off my pants.” He continued.

She bit her lip nervously, but Harry could see the gleam of excitement in her eyes. With shaking hands, she reached up and began undoing his belt. Quickly, she got it open, but had a little more trouble with the button of his trousers. Finally getting it open, Harry helped her by toeing

off his shoes, while she pulled down his zipper. Susan grabbed the legs of his pants in her hands and started pulling them down, only to stop when they were down to his knees. Looking down, Harry saw she had stopped to stare at the very large tent in his boxers.

"Susan." He called, unable to hold back a smile.

She jerked back to life, her cheeks aflame, and finished pulling his pants down to his ankles, where he quickly stepped out of them. Reaching up, Harry quickly removed his shirt and tie, leaving him in just his boxers. While he did this, Susan tried to look anywhere but at his crotch, but he caught her glancing at it from time to time.

"Take out my cock." He told her.

Her head jerked up to look at him, then her eyes slowly dropped down to his boxers. Licking her lips, she reached out with shaking hands to grab the waist band. Slowly pulling them down, she revealed inch after inch of his shaft until, finally, the head was free. His cock bounced up, smacking her in the chin. Her head snapped back, and Harry couldn't hold back a chuckle. Hearing him laugh, Susan looked up at him and smiled with a blush. The moment of levity was brief, as her eyes were quickly drawn back to his cock.

"Touch it." He ordered.

Still staring at his cock, her hand reached up to softly wrap around it. Slowly and gently, her hand and fingers explored him.

"It's so warm." She said, as if in a trance.

Harry said nothing, giving her time to get comfortable with him at her own pace. Gradually, she grew more confident, gripping him more firmly, and rubbing him slowly.

"Suck it." He said in a dark, lustful voice.

Susan licked her lips and slowly leaned forward, her tongue licking the tip, before pulling back quickly. Again, she moved forward, this time placing a soft kiss on the head. Growing impatient, Harry reached out and grabbed a handful of her dark red hair, pulling her forward.

“Suck my cock.” He ordered again.

Looking up at him, she parted her lips, and Harry pushed the head, and a couple inches of his shaft into her hot, wet mouth. Harry groaned as she closed her lips around him and ran her tongue over him uncertainly.

“Fuck that feels good.” He told her.

Using his grip in her hair as leverage, he started moved her head back and forth on his cock. As he continued to guide her couth on to him, he began moving deeper and faster, until he hit the back of her throat. Susan gagged and pulled herself off of him, coughing as her eyes watered.

“Tap my leg three times if you want me to slow down or stop, okay?” Harry asked her.

She nodded, looking more excited than nervous for the first time, and opened her mouth for him. With his eyes lock on hers, Harry grabbed two fistfuls of her hair, and pushed her head down on to his throbbing cock. He kept pushing her down until he hit the back of her throat, making her gag loudly. She couldn’t take him very deep, just a little pasted half way. Taking a deep breath as he pulled back, she coughed but continued to look up at him, her hands in her lap. Harry smiled at her, then pulled her plump, ruby red lips, back on to his cock.

Now, holding her still and thrusting with his hips, he pushed in until she gagged, again. Pulling back just a few inches, he repeatedly choked her on his cock, his tempo building. Saliva dripped down her chin, and her eyes watered as she fought against her own body to hold still. Harry luxuriated in the feeling of her hot wet mouth, and the way her tongue and throat spasmed around him when she gagged. Once more, he pushed in, hitting the back of her throat, and held her there for several long moments.

Finally relenting when her hands moved up to grab his thighs, he pulled his cock out of her mouth to let her recover. Coughing and breathing heavily, Susan had saliva running down her chin and some had dripped down onto her breasts and bra. She recovered quicker than he thought she would, and surprised him by opening her mouth and sat waiting for him, her hands resting in her lap.

“Bloody hell, Susan.” Smiling and shaking his head.

She smiled back at him, only blushing lightly this time. Harry bend down and kissed her heatedly for a few seconds. Straightening up, he put his hands on the back of her head, and moved his cock towards her mouth. She opened up and welcomed him in without hesitation.

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The sounds of his cock hitting the back of her throat were an incredible turn on. Feeling himself getting close, he increased the pace, roughly fucking her mouth. Though her hands twitched in her lap, she made no move to stop him from using her so brutally. Thrusting frantically, with short sharp movement, and staring down at Susan’s disheveled face, he reached his peak.

“Shit!” He said in a long, drawn out groan.

Harry came hard, pressing himself hard against the back of her throat. Susan gagged hard, cum and saliva poured out of her mouth and fell on the chest. It wasn’t long her bra was soaked, and a large portion of her breasts were covered. Groaning as his orgasm ended, he let go of her and she shot off his spent cock, coughing and gasping while she tried to catch her breath. Watching her, he felt guilty, and wondered if he had been too rough on her. Thinking back, he realized he hadn’t even warned her.

“Are you okay, Susan?” He asked in concern.

“Uh-huh.” She said, with her eyes closed and chest heaving.

However, as he watched her, he could see that her breathing remained heavy, even after she should have recovered, and she was rubbing her thighs together in a subtle movement. Harry smiled to himself and shook his head. Who would have thought such a quiet and kind girl could be so kinky. Grabbing his wand from the pocket of his discarded robes, he cleaned up the mess on Susan's face and chest with just a wave. She looked up at him, and smiled, having finally lost some of her shyness. Reaching out a hand, he helped her to her feet.

"I think you're a bit over dressed." He said, smiling back at her. "Take off your bra."

Biting her lip, she reached behind her back and released the clasp. Slowly, the straps slid down her arms, revealing her expansive breasts. Staring down at her chest, he marveled at just how enormous they were. While he wouldn't call them saggy, they did droop under their own weight. Her areolas were very wide, about the size of the rim of a tea cup, and light pink in color. He reached out with a hand, cupping a breast, his fingers sinking into the soft flesh. Even if he had used both hands, they still wouldn't have been able to contain her entire breast. As his hand explored across the smooth, soft skin, his thumb brushed over her hard nipple, drawing a sharp intake of breath from Susan.

"Now the skirt." He ordered, looking up at her.

Quickly, with a look of anticipation, her skirt dropped to the floor, revealing her damp, black panties. The scent of her excitement wafted up to his nose, and his spent cock twitched. Bending down, he kissed his way down the top of her breast, one now filling each hand. Moving down, kissing and sucking at the skin, he made his way to her nipple. Opening his mouth wide, he took it into his mouth, sucking hard and running his tongue across her hard nipple. Susan let out a low moan, her hands coming up and holding his head to her chest. He switched over the other breast, giving it the same treatment. Gently circling his thumb over her nipple, he suddenly took it between his fingers and gave it a hard, short pinch.

Susan gasped and arched her back, pulling his head even harder against her chest. In response, he took the nipple in his mouth between his teeth and bit down gently but firmly, and pulled back until it slid out, the soft skin snapping back into place. She gave another moan, but squeaked in surprise when Harry bend down further to wrap his arms around her, and lifted her off the ground. With a thought, the chair he had been sitting in earlier flattened and expanded

into a wide comfortable bed. Walking her over to it, his face buried in her wonderful breasts. Sitting her down on the bed, he pulled himself from her chest and kissed her on the mouth, pushing her back until she was laying down. Harry was stood between her legs as her arms wrapped around him, his cock beginning to harden again as he ground against her.

Sliding down, he grabbed her panties and pulled them down her legs while kissing, sucking and biting his way down her body. Her breasts were collapsed against her chest, bulging on either side on her body. Placing a kiss on her wet pussy and throwing the panties to the floor, he stood up, aiming his hardened cock at her entrance.

“Ready?” He asked.

Susan gave a nod, looking nervous but excited. Pressing his cock against her, Harry slowly entered her soft, wet, warm pussy with surprising ease. Sawing back and forth, he gradually slid more and more of his cock in to her as she moaned, her breasts jiggling with each movement. He bottomed out, groaning at the feeling of being fully inside of her. Reaching up, his hands grabbed her breasts and he used them like handles as he started to thrust into her. Susan moaned and arched her back as he sped up. Getting a dirty thought, Harry smirked to himself and pulled out of her, causing her to moan in disappointment.

“Roll over.” He told her in a husky voice.

Grabbing her by the hips, he helped her turn over on to her stomach, her legs dangling off the bed. Pushing himself back into her, he started moving again, quickly getting to a steady pace. Remembering what he had asked her earlier, he grabbed a handful of her hair, pulling roughly so that her back was arched, and he thrust hard in to her. Susan groaned loudly, pushing herself up on to her arms and back on to him. Harry smiled, he loved seeing such an innocent girl acting so wanton in bed. As he continued to thrust into her, Susan let out cute little grunts every time he bottomed out, still pushing herself back at him. Raising his empty hand, he brought it down sharply with a loud *smack*, her full, round ass rippling with the impact. She moaned loudly, pushing back on to him even harder.

“Damn Susan, I never knew you were such a slut.” He huffed out, breathing heavy from his rapid pace.

Susan whimpered, and he could feel her tighten around him.

“Well, now you’re my slut.” He said.

Harry slammed his cock into her a few more times, Susan spasmed around him, her body trembled, and with a scream, came hard around his cock. As her body shook, He pushed down on her head, leaned over her and thrust brutally and frantically into her, chasing his own end. It didn’t take long. With a loud groan, Harry buried himself into her one last time, his cock pulsing as he came inside of the groaning, shaking girl. With a contented sigh, Harry collapsed on to her back, breathing deeply to catch his breath. After a couple of minutes, he pulled out of her, watching with satisfaction as his cum dripped out her swollen pussy.

Rolling Susan over again, he picked her up and carried her further on to the bed. Laying her down, he crawled on to the bed next to her and pulled her to his chest. She curled against his body, and they both lay there cuddling for several minutes.

“Susan?” He called, breaking the comfortable silence.

“Hm?” Hummed the worn-out girl.

“Would you be my girlfriend?” He asked.

Susan looked up at him with a brilliant smile, and sat up, her enormous breasts jiggling as she moved.

“Really?” she asked.

He nodded at her and smiled back.

“Yes. Yes. Yes.” She answered excitedly, her breasts swaying as she bounced up and down in excitement.

She leaned down to kiss him passionately, then curled back up against his chest. Harry wrapped his arms around her and smiled happily, making a mental note to do something nice for Hermione, later.