

Summary: As the last member of the Most Ancient House of Bones, Susan is tasked with continuing her family line lest it fall to ruin. Though the idea of a political marriage repulses her, she's willing to sacrifice anything to ensure the survival of her house. At least...until an alternative presents itself. The law of Magical Britain says she must produce a child from her womb for the Bones family to continue, it never said she had to be married to produce that child though, and Harry did owe her a massive favour for that mess with the Parisian vampires...

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Susan's Supplication

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Reason number 587 why this was a bad idea: Susan Bones was not exactly a subtle person.

Or at least that's what she kept telling herself over and over again in her head. That and about half a million other excuses why this would most certainly end very badly.

Smoothing her dark maroon dress, Susan took a breath and took one last look at herself in the mirror.

"Simply divine darling!" Her mirror chirped with an enchanted voice of demure giddiness. "Might I suggest just a touch of blush to really make those cheekbones pop!"

Susan hummed to herself and shrugged. It couldn't hurt after all. Merlin knew she'd need all the help she could get tonight. Grabbing her wand, the former Hufflepuff gently applied a light layer of blush along her cheeks. True to her mirror's word it really did make her cheekbones stand out all the better.

Turning left and then right, Susan sighed once more. Her figure was as eye-catching as always.

A pair of full rounded breasts peaked out from the dip of her dress. Squeezing her arms together, she watched as her voluptuous tits nearly popped free from the confines of her dress.

Back at Hogwarts, she'd been the bustiest girl in her year and since then her rather generous chest had only grown. There wasn't a man in the world whose head her puppies couldn't turn.

Hopefully, that included the man she was to see tonight.

Her dress wasn't only working to show off her rack, however. Years of auror training had done much to smooth out the slight pudginess of youth, giving way to two long toned legs and an arse she was far more proud of than her large mammarys. The maroon garment barely covered her voluptuous cheeks, ending just above her upper thighs and giving the world an unobstructed view of her sinfully smooth legs. Susan giggled to herself as she bounced on her feet, watching as her arse jiggled in response.

A chime sounded, breaking her from her last-minute inspection and signalling the time for her to leave. It wouldn't do to keep her date waiting after all.

Throwing on a soft chimera fur coat, Susan stepped into her fireplace and threw down a handful of floo powder with a shout of her destination.

"Potter Manor!"

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Harry looked up as his floor flared to life. Glancing at the clock he smiled to himself and stood.

6:00 p.m., right on time as always. However, as he stood he was forced to do a double take as it wasn't his normal friendly and slightly tomboyish partner that stepped from the flames, but instead a beautiful and incredibly sexy *goddess*. It was only when the red-haired deity looked up at him with that all too familiar shy smile that he was able to snap out of his reverie.

"S-Susan! Blimey, you look-!" He trailed off, still in slight awe at her unexpected new look. "-Just wow!"

Susan ducked her head shyly and giggled. "Thanks Harry. You clean up well yourself."

A slight exaggeration. Glancing down at his attire he grimaced slightly. Where Susan wore an eye-catching beautiful maroon dress, he wore a simple set of grey slacks and one of the few button-up shirts he owned that still had all the buttons. It seemed not even having a literal mountain of gold in the bank would improve his sense of style after years of wearing Dudley's hand-me-downs.

Looking back at Susan though, Harry couldn't help but have his breath taken away. His eyes moved up her figure, starting at her stiletto heel-garbed feet and up her long porcelain legs. He almost groaned when he reached her creamy pale thighs, the sight of them now forever burned into his mind. Up and up he went, taking in the way her dress clung to her hourglass figure almost like a second skin. When he reached her chest, Harry had to force his eyes away lest he be caught staring. The valley of her breasts was on full display, the red material of her dress barely doing anything to cover her large jutting bosom at all. He barely caught a glance of them, and yet there was no doubt he could recall every single freckle that splashed over her chest.

"So..." Susan said, finally forcing him to turn his attention back to her. "...dinner?"

"Right!" He exclaimed, gesturing to follow he quickly led the red-haired bombshell from the living room and into the formal dining room down the hall.

Since he moved into his ancestral home not 6 months ago, Harry had barely had the chance to use the extravagant dining room, much to his family house-elves irritation. When word reached them that he'd be hosting a small dinner between him and a friend, the little buggers had practically sang with joy before quickly setting out to prepare the dusty old room for Susan's arrival. They certainly didn't disappoint either.

Stepping into the room, he heard Susan gasp beside them in wonder, a feeling Harry agreed with. All around the room was decorated with low-burning candles floating through the air. Each one burned a different hue, bathing the room in a kaleidoscope of colours. A set of enchanted instruments played softly in the corner as well, while a small fire burned in the heart opposite the table. The dining table itself was shrunken so that it would comfortably sit two. A silver tablecloth hung from the top, decorated with greenery and flowers while two sets of gleaming silverware sat neatly in front of each chair.

A soft cough from below drew their attention to the small well-dressed elf bouncing on the balls of his feet before them.

"Dinner be ready Master Harry Potter sir!" The elf squeaked excitably.

Harry chuckled and gave the little elf a nod. "Thank you Ribble. You and the others have truly outdone yourselves."

The small house-elf broke out in a wide grin and bounced even more excitably. "Dibble is most joyful to make Master Harry Potter sirs happy! Oh! Sorry Misses Bonesy, can Ribble take your coat?"

Susan giggled and quickly removed her calico fur coat. "Of course, thank you Ribble." She said, handing the dutiful elf her coat.

Ribble nodded once more with a happy smile before popping away. At the same time, their table was suddenly filled with an assortment of food and drinks, all freshly cooked and steaming with a mouth-watering aroma.

They sat quickly enough. Harry made a point of remembering his manners and pulled Susan's chair for her. She repaid him with a small smile of thanks before he two sat.

The next half hour was a blur. He and Susan fell into easy conversation without a thought- Laughing and joking with the ease only two close friends could. It was a surprise how close he and Susan became after the war. Harry joined the aurors with the intention of having Ron as his partner. However, with his friend wishing to be with his family after Fred's death, Harry soon found himself alone among the gaggle of other recruits. Everyone at the academy held him at arm's length, holding him on some pedestal due to his triumph over Voldemort. Everyone- besides Susan.

He and the shy redhead had never been close at Hogwarts, but at the academy, they soon found they had much in common. Both of them were orphans, left behind with the shadow of their family's legacy to live up to. Harry with his parents' genius and bravery, and Susan with her aunt's renown amongst the DMLE.

Before long he found himself holding Susan in the same regard as Ron and Hermione. Sharing secrets with her that few others knew, confiding in her about things he'd dare not tell another soul. It was comforting in a way of perhaps simply necessary. They were partners after all. They

were meant to trust one another, depend on the other to have their back when the spells started flying. And yet... something told Harry that if anyone else was his partner he'd not have shared half the things with them that he shared with Susan.

"Soooo..." Susan trailed off sometime after the plates were cleared and they drank more than a few glasses of wine.

"So." He replied, an easy grin on his lips as he stared at the auburn beauty.

Susan blushed under his gaze, dipping her head bashfully with a small cough before continuing.

"I suppose it's only fair that I explain why I wanted to have dinner tonight."

Harry inclined his head as a signal to go on, his interest peaked by her words. Truthfully he'd been wondering all week why Susan simply up and told him they'd be having dinner together over the weekend, but he's long since learned to not question when a woman who could kill you in about 156 different ways tells you to do something.

"You see-" Susan started before pausing with a grimace. "I suppose I better start from the beginning. How much do you know about the Line Continuance Statuettes?"

Harry furrowed his brow in confusion. "Just the basics really. Why?"

His answer seemed to frustrate Susan somewhat as his partner sighed and slumped visibly in her seat. "It's a complicated bloody mess of laws that pretty much just do nothing besides making the lives of people like us a fucking nightmare."

"People like us?" He asked.

Susan nodded and took a sip of her wine. "Heads of Ancient Pureblood houses with no direct heir. It's even worse for us than say someone like Daphne Greengrass. She at least has her sister and perhaps even a cousin or two to fall back on if things go sideways for her. Us? Well, once we're gone then our houses go extinct."

"Righhhhtttt..." Harry muttered. "And that's bad...why? Look I want kids as much as the next bloke, but would it really be the end of the world if I was the last Potter?"

Susan looked at him affronted for a moment before she sighed and shook her head. "You don't get it, Harry. It's different from the muggle world. There's what? 55 million muggles in Great Britain alone, give or take. Compare that to Magical Britain's astounding population of 63,000 and it's obvious. We're a dying breed. Voldemort and by extension, the Pureblood Movement did a lot of damage to our population, both from those killed in the war and the hindrance of new wizarding families from muggleborn and half-bloods."

"We've done a lot to help with that though." Harry interrupted. "Already the Hogwarts attendance numbers are up, and the protections for muggleborn witches and wizards granted by the Wizengamot have done a lot to help mend a lot of those old wounds." He argued.

"Yes, and I'm sure we'll be all the better for it." Susan said placatingly. "But the Line Continuance Statuettes still apply to us, unfortunately." The red-haired witch took a breath and explained further. "See since we come from such old families, the law states that they must be continued by any means necessary."

Harry straightened immediately. The tone of her voice when she said that made him just a tad bit uneasy. "And that means?"

"That we can either continue our line willingly, or the Wizengamot can take...drastic measures."

"You mean they'd forcibly marry us off?" He asked dumbfounded. Susan nodded slowly, the action only causing his heart to sink lower. The idea of being forced into a marriage simply because he was the last Potter sickened him somewhat. Growing up he had very little control of his life, whether by the machinations of others or Fate itself. After he slayed Voldemort, Harry thought the days of being controlled were finally behind him, yet it seems they very much were not.

Cursing, Harry stood abruptly, his chair scraping against the floor as he began to pace. "Fucking brilliant! Just bloody fantastic!" He snarled. "As if the ministry hasn't done enough over the years to upend my entire fucking life!"

“Harry it’s okay!” Susan exclaimed. She too jumped to her feet, rushing over quickly to press a firm hand against his chest. “Really, it’s okay! There’s-” She paused with a bite of her bottom lip.

“Well, I may have found a way out of it. Look how about we sit back down and I’ll explain.”

Harry mulled over her words while he let the anger in his veins cool. With a nod, he allowed himself to be led not to his seat at the table, but out into the hall and back to the sitting room Susan arrived in. Before he knew it, Susan was gently guiding him with her hand onto the couch while Ribble popped into the room and quickly placed a tumbler of amber liquid into his hand. Harry took a long sip of the chilled liquor, letting the burn of the bourbon soothe his warring emotions.

“So how do we get out of it?” He asked finally, setting the now empty glass down on the small reading table on his right.

Susan once more bit her lip, a nervous tick he recognized from their years working together. “It’s well- We can’t get out of it per se...but we can bend the rules slightly.”

“Bend the rules?”

She nodded, her leg bouncing anxiously. An action that only served to draw Harry’s gaze back to her breasts. “Well, the law pretty much states we need to continue our family lines by having a child. It does not say, however, that we need to be married or even be engaged to said child’s mother or father. So going off of that, I sorta thought that perhaps we could maybe...have...a...baby?... Together?”

Harry blinked. Then he blinked again. It was around the third blink that he realized the pain in his chest was not from a sudden heart attack set off by Susan’s words but his lungs burning for air as he seemingly forgot how to breathe in his shocked state.

Quickly sucking in a breath with a cough, Harry turned back to stare at his partner with eyes wide with disbelief. “You want to- I- What?!”

Susan blushed and dipped her head in embarrassment. Her leg began to bounce even faster, indicative of her no doubt growing anxiety. “Well, I thought about it for a while. I don’t want to be

married off to some random bloke just because the ministry is too impatient for me to pop out an heir to the Bones line. That's not fair to me, or my future child. When I become a mother I want it to be on my terms, with someone I trust and care for." She paused to place a comforting hand over Harry's own. "I trust you Harry. Not just as a partner, but as a friend. I'd never ask this of you if I didn't care for you as I do. You'd be an amazing father and I would cherish our child till the end of my days."

"Susie..." Harry said softly, taking her hand into his firmly while he stared deeply into her stormy grey eyes. "This is just... Having a baby together... It would change everything- especially between us."

Susan smiled and brought their joined hands up to her chest. Harry could feel the soft thumping of her heart under her breast as she dipped her head down to place a soft kiss over his fingers. "I know." She murmured softly.

Harry took all but a moment to make up his mind. Perhaps he should have considered it for longer, what with the monumental decision that was having a baby. But in that moment- Sitting across from a red-haired goddess while she practically begged for him to impregnate her- he found his resolve all but shattered.

Susan gasped against his lips, her body going stone still at first before she slowly began to melt against him with a soft whimper. Her plump lips tasted of wine and her strawberry lipstick. It was a taste Harry could easily get addicted to, perhaps even spend eternity revelling in the sensation of it on his tongue. As it were, he had much more pressing matters to attend to.

The moment she was pulled into his lap, Susan squeaked loudly against his lips in surprise.

When his mouth left hers to suckle teasingly on the soft skin of her neck, that squeak transformed into a throaty moan of approval. The heat of her body against his was intense.

Every kiss, lick, and bite drove the red-haired vixen *wild* with lust. He could feel the inferno that was her womanhood pressed flush against his clothed cock, yearning for his touch that he was only too happy to give.

“OooHh~!” Susan gasped. Her nails sank into his back as she suddenly seized him to support herself from his ministrations. His own hand had found its way between their hips, where there was only a single layer of damp cloth separating him from Susan’s dripping wet quim.

As his fingers sank deeper into her molten hot core, Susan sang more and more praises into his ear in the form of whimpering moans. Harry smirked as her gasps and squeaks soon morphed into stuttered pleas for more. Her words were broken with little noises of pleasure as he slowly pumped his fingers in and out of her pussy.

“Merlin you’re so *wet*, Susie.” He whispered into her ear.

Susan keeled in response and ground her hips unconsciously against his hand.

“How long have you been thinking about tonight hmm? I wonder if this is what all this is really about. Not some old dusty law, but because you’re really just fucking horny!” He teased, pressing his fingers against the rough bundle of nerves along her inner wall.

Susan cried out without warning, arms wrapping tightly around his neck as her pussy *wept* with her very first climax. Harry slowed his movements to a crawl, slowly hitching his fingers inside her convulsing cunt while she rode out the remainder of her orgasm. Eventually, Susan stilled atop him, save for the occasional twitch of her hips as her body came down from her high of endorphins and overstimulation. Pulling away with a groan, the buxom redhead sat up, her face flush red with the exertion of her climax.

“Alright?” Harry asked, moving his hands to rest atop her wide hips.

Susan bit her bottom lip, not in nervousness but apparent arousal as she nodded and leaned forward. “I’m brilliant.” She whispered, her lips brushing against his in a lingering kiss. “But you can’t get me pregnant with just your fingers Harry~”

Harry chuckled as the normally shy witch practically purred against him. The heat emanating from her core was overwhelming now and his cocked strained against his trousers, begging to be set free.

It would get its wish soon enough. Grasping Susan by her juicy arse, Harry shifted them around until it was she lying back against the couch with him atop her. He wasted no time in pulling away Susan's soaked knickers. She allowed him to do so without a fight, smiling as he finally earned his first look at her glistening hairless mound in all its glory.

Susan blushed as he stared at her bare quim, but made no move to close her legs and shy away from him. Instead, the redheaded witch shifted a bit, sitting up on her elbows before slowly pulling down the front of her dress. Harry was captivated as he watched her mountainous breasts spill free. They bounced slightly as their maroon prison was pulled away. Large around round, each one was sprinkled with a hefty helping of darkened freckles while the large areola that capped their peaks were light and pinkish. Despite their weight, gravity seemed to have no effect on the large globes, allowing them to sit firm and perky atop Susan's frame.

Susan giggled slightly at his dumbfounded face. Using her arms to squeeze her tits together, she blushed before wiggling her chest side to side. "I knew you'd like them. Don't think I never noticed you taking a peek every now and then when we're on stakeouts together."

Harry broke free from his reverie and smirked, bringing a hand up to cup one of her mountainous globes. "Oh, I took more than a peek Susie..." He whispered. "Or did you think I just used my invisibility cloak to eavesdrop on perps?"

Before Susan could digest his words and scold him for insinuating he spied on her without permission, Harry brought his lips down around one of her large hardened nipples. Susan's retort died on her lips, releasing a moan instead as Harry sucked on her pointed nub with gusto. Though his mouth was busy, he still had no problem working on removing his own clothes. All it took was a single pulse of wandless magic for his shirt and slacks to melt away, leaving him in even more bare than the woman beneath him.

Susan whimpered as his hardened cock grazed against her moistened lips. Though she could not see it from where she lay, the former Hufflepuff had a good idea of its size just from touch alone. She shivered in anticipation, her mind already preparing itself for how far she was about

to be stretched. No sooner had the thought crossed her mind than did Harry pull away from her tits and level her with a searching gaze.

“Last chance Susie. Are you sure this is what you want?”

Susan licked her lips excitedly. Even if she had any lingering doubts her mind was far too awash with arousal to stop now. “More than anything.” She nodded, spreading her legs even wider.

She looked up at him with her face full of want- eyes hooded and teeth pressed firmly into her bottom lip before she spoke. “Breed me Harry~”

Harry’s eyes darkened immediately. Like a switch being flipped his caring and somewhat teasing visage morphed into one of hardened lust and desire. Barely a moment passed after she spoke before Susan felt him pierce her for the very first time. His thick cockhead pushed past her soaked outer lips without issue, forcing a strangled gasp of pleasure and fulfillment from her throat.

Her mind felt disconnected- a mass of confused signals and misfired neurons as inch after inch of Harry’s length speared her depths. She could just vaguely comprehend feeling so very satisfied as her pussy was filled with his meaty member. When his hips began to move, sawing his cock slowly in and out of her sweltering cunt, Susan swore she died, choking on her moans as pleasure like no other tore its way through every nerve in her body. She cried out, voicing her pleasure for all to hear as Harry began to pick up his pace.

Before long her whorish moans were joined by the sloppy wet sounds of her pussy getting *wrecked* by her lover’s pounding cock. She could form no words, no pleas, no prayers for relief as her peak edged ever closer. Susan could only hold on for dear life as the waves of pleasure assaulted her senses, sending her mind spiralling into an even deeper well of sexual madness. If only her past self could see her now- the one who spent all morning tearing apart her closet looking for the perfect dress. Who wore a rut into her bedroom floor stressing over being rejected by one of her closest friends in her time of need. That Susan would probably be over

the moon that their plan had worked... if perhaps a bit scandalized that they were panting like a filthy slut while Harry fucked them through one orgasm to the next.

Nevertheless, Susan could only sob happily as she reached yet another peak. Her body shaking- trembling with earth-shattering pleasure while her pussy gushed in approval. Harry groaned in approval as her insides trembled around him. Susan only had a moment to prepare herself mid-climax as she felt his cock suddenly swell inside of her. One moment she was lying back, moaning happily while her partner fucked her with hammering strokes of his cock and the next she was being filled with an incredible warmth as his seed flooded her womb. It was a feeling like no other and Susan couldn't help but sigh happily as a soothing fullness hung heavy in her core.

She didn't even mind when Harry pulled free from her used cunt, simply smiling with giddiness as she clutched her pussy almost protectively with her eyes closed.

She felt Harry chuckle above her before the couch suddenly shifted. Opening her eyes, she barely had a moment to see what he was up to before she was suddenly lifted into the air and thrown roughly over a muscular shoulder.

"Eep!" She squeaked. "Harry wh-what are you doing?!"

The only response she received was a firm hand slapping her jiggy bum before she was unceremoniously carried through Potter Manor. Every attempt to pry answers from the man who held her aloft was met with a swift spank to her arse, and soon enough Susan simply chose to keep her mouth closed lest her bum become bruised and welted.

Finally, after a few moments of travel, she was dumped onto a very large, plush mattress in a simply decorated room.

"Oof! What are we doing here?" She scowled with her arms crossed over her jutting naked breasts.

Harry looked down at her and smirked. "Well, who knows if that actually got you pregnant or not. I'm not a firm believer in luck so I'd much rather we make sure."

“And how do you suppose we do that?” Susan flicked her eyes down to the still erect cock not but a few inches away from her face. The pieces clicked into place just as Harry laughed and brought a hand up to cup her cheek.

“By not leaving this bedroom until you’re undeniably knocked up.”

Susan felt her pussy spasm at what he was implying. With a lick of her lips, the buxom redhead smiled and leaned forward, her lips just barely brushing against the tip of Harry’s cock.

“I think that’s a brilliant idea~”

-9 Years Later-

Susan sobbed loudly into her pillow as her body was wrecked with yet another orgasm. The convulsion of her muscles only seemed to stir her boyfriend on as he slammed into her arse with deafening claps of flesh against flesh. The hand that gripped one of her massive dangling tits squeezed hard enough that Susan swore she’d leak start leaking milk all over their bedspread- not that it would be the first time that’s happened mind you.

Thankfully her tits remained dry, though the same could not be said for her pussy. With another wail muffled by the plush pillow beneath her, Susan came all over her boyfriend’s pistoning cock at the same time he erupted another torrent of cum inside her. The red-haired milf groaned appreciatively, allowing her body to collapse against the mattress as her lover finished depositing his load into her cum slickened cunt for the umpteenth time that night.

Susan hummed to herself as he finally pulled free from her depths and collapsed next to her. With a grunt, she used the last of her faded strength to roll over and cuddle into her boyfriend’s side.

“You know I’m already pregnant again.” She mumbled. “So you don’t have to keep finishing inside me every time.”

A deep chuckle rumbled in his chest as he pulled her closer, one hand on her arse and another on the gentle swell of her stomach.

“Are you complaining?” Harry whispered teasingly into her ear.

Susan shivered at the small twinge of lust that dripped from his words.

“Of most certainly not.” She giggled, rubbing her sticky wet thighs together happily. “But you know I love being painted with your cum just as much as I love being filled with it~” She finished as she leaned forward to nibble softly on her boyfriend’s neck.

Harry shivered and gave her arse a firm swat. “Patience you minx. Between you and the kids, I’m not as spry as I used to be.

Susan giggled and reached forward to slowly stroke his half-erect cock, the slightly soft rod of meat still wet with their combined juices. “Now I know that’s not true.” And it wasn’t. Since they started their little ‘arrangement’ almost a decade ago, Harry never failed to leave her shaking and halfway into an orgasm-induced coma. Even if he wasn’t able to go multiple rounds one after another, Susan knew she’d be MORE than sexually satisfied. Plus he was certainly fertile enough to solve their other issue, if their five, going on six, children were any indication.

The twins had come first, conceived on their very first night together. Even after she was confirmed to be with child by a healer, she and Harry continued their little arrangement. First by simply using each other’s body for pleasure (Mainly hers, but fuck did her pregnancy hormones turn her into a *horny slut*). After Amelia and Lily were born though, they’d thrown aside any pretences about their relationship being a simple business transaction and committed to each other wholeheartedly. Though they never married due to Susan wishing to keep the Bones line alive, they were very much in love.

Edward came next. Her little boy was the spitting image of his father, save for the splash of freckles across his chubby little cheeks. In the next three years came their last two babes, Hannah and Remus. And now they had another on the way, growing steadily in her womb each day. With each child they conceived, Susan found herself falling in love with Harry more and more. Their little family was odd to be sure, with half their children named Bones and the other half named Potter, but she would never trade a single one of them for the world.

Smiling to herself she caressed her growing belly with a happy sigh. If she'd known all those years ago just how much joy her little plan would bring her, she'd probably have seduced Harry much much sooner. Still, she would never regret a single moment leading up to and after their journey together began.

She was broken from her happy thoughts as Harry shifted beside her, moving between her legs without a word as he hoisted her legs up and sank inside her with a single thrust.

Nope, Susan thought as she moaned with pleasure, she'd never regret a one.

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Author's Note

Whew, this one took a bit. Mainly because of the million different projects we've started when renovating most of my house but we're done now! (Mostly)

At any rate, my upload schedule should return to a semi-normal state lol. Finger crossed! Hope you all enjoyed this little one shot and keep an eye out over the next few days for another update to Harry's Bucket List!

Thanks for reading!