

## Life of Fantasies

### Chapter 1

Hermione Weasley, formerly Granger, was sitting on a cozy chair by the fire when she heard her husband make a disgusted noise. She lowered her book and looked over at him. He was reading the Daily Prophet with a sour look on his face.

“What’s wrong now?” she asked. She wasn’t in the mood for another of his tantrums. Hardly a day went by when he wasn’t annoyed by something. Just yesterday, he went on an hour-long tirade about how little he was being paid and how he was getting no respect from his place of employment. Hermione didn’t know how much respect he should expect as a bartender at the Hog’s Head Inn. Ron didn’t look at her as he tossed the paper over to her. Hermione put her book down and sighed. She grabbed the paper and snapped it open. On the front page, in large, bold letters, read, “Harry Potter Returns!”

Hermione’s eyes went wide. It had been so long since she last saw him, let alone spoke to him. She peered at Ron, who looked like he had just smelled something really stinky. Needless to say, Ron and Harry weren’t on the best terms, and Hermione knew exactly who was to blame for that.

She remembered it like it was yesterday. After the war ended, Harry and Ginny seemed like a very happy couple. Harry was training to be an Auror while Ginny was attempting to break into professional Quidditch. Unfortunately for their relationship, Ginny was willing to go a little too far to secure a spot in their ranks. It was Rita Skeeter who broke the news that Ginny had had an affair with a Quidditch team manager to earn a spot on the bench. That was the end of their romance and the beginning of the feud between Harry and certain members of the Weasley family.

Molly, Ginny, and Ron wanted Harry to forgive her, but Harry wasn’t having it. He outright refused to have anything to do with her. Tempers flared, and nasty things were said, and before she knew it, Harry wasn’t welcome anywhere near the Burrow ... not that he wanted to be there. Innocent bystanders like her were quickly caught in the crossfire. A few smart ones, like Bill and Charlie, refused to get involved. The unlucky ones, like Arthur and her, were forced to choose sides. Even though Arthur held no ill will against Harry, he obviously chose to side with his wife. Hermione did everything she could to keep the peace, but it was useless. Ron was just too stubborn for his own good.

Hermione, ultimately, chose to do the same. Ron was her husband, and it was only right to support him. Besides, Hermione thought that things would settle down and tempers would cool enough for everyone to see the error of their ways. Sadly, she was wrong. Six months later, Harry moved to France, and she hadn’t heard a peep about him until she read in the paper several years later that he had joined the practice squad of a small Quidditch team near his local town. Not long after that, there was another story in the paper. Harry had joined the

reserve team of the Quiberon Quafflepunchers, an actual professional Quidditch team. Ron had taken the news poorly but played it off like it was nothing. Still, Hermione could see the jealousy in his eyes. Only a few more months went by when they read that Harry had been promoted to starting Seeker due to an injury on the team. Ron took it as well as you might imagine. After taking over the spot, Harry never gave it up. In fact, he did so well that he was signed to a high-paying extension once his contract was up.

During that new multi-year contract, Harry went on an absolute tear. He won game after game, leading the Quafflepunchers to a European Cup victory. Hermione had no idea why he was coming back to England. It seemed he had a good thing going over there.

“Harry’s coming back?” she asked, just started to read the article.

“Yeah,” she heard Ron sneer. “His contract was up, and Quiberon didn’t have the gold to resign him.”

“Says here that there was a bidding war,” Hermione read from the paper. Then, her eyes went wide again. “He signed the most lucrative contract in Quidditch history?” she asked, amazed by the numbers. Ron’s eye was beginning to twitch.

“Woah! Puddlemere United gave him a five-year contract at five million galleons a year ... fully guaranteed,” she said in an amazed voice. “That’s not even counting the percentage he gets from merchandise and jersey sales and ...”

“Enough!” Ron snarled. “I already read the stupid thing! I don’t need to sit here and listen to you go on and on about how great that git Potter is!”

Hermione bristled and looked at him dangerously. Things have changed over the last ten years. She was the main provider of the house, and she enjoyed reminding him of that fact whenever he got too mouthy.

“You better watch how you talk to me, or you’ll be sleeping at your mother’s house tonight,” she warned him, daring him to say anything else. Ron’s face turned red, and he puffed up.

“Forget this! I’m going to the pub,” he shot back, standing up.

“How are you going to pay for your drinks? You don’t have any gold,” Hermione evenly reminded him. Ron’s face went from red to purple. He didn’t like to be reminded that he only earned less than a thousand galleons a year washing dishes and cleaning up vomit.

“I’ll figure something out,” he said, grabbing his coat. “Anywhere’s better than here.” He left through the front door and slammed it shut. Hermione shook her head and went back to reading about Harry Potter’s epic return.

## Life of Fantasies

At six foot three inches tall with a slim but muscular frame, Harry Potter cut a fine sight for those waiting for his international portkey to arrive. Harry looked in the mirror and liked what he saw. He was no longer the short, skinny boy he was when he first started at Hogwarts.

Back then, he was content to wear the baggy, secondhand clothes of his overweight cousin, Dudley. Not anymore. Since leaving England, Harry had developed a taste for the finer things in life. The clothes he was wearing cost more than an average wizard made in six months. They were the definition of luxury. His shoes? They were handcrafted in Italy and made from the finest dragonhide money could buy. Harry tried to flatten his hair, but it remained messy. Some things would never change. Harry slipped on a pair of designer sunglasses and smiled. He certainly looked the part of a superstar Quidditch player.

Normal people would have a heart attack if they knew how much gold he spent on a monthly basis. Even he sometimes winced when he went over his bank statements, but at the end of the day, it didn't really matter to him. He had the gold. Why not spend it?

Harry wasn't completely clueless when it came to his personal finances. Before playing Quidditch, Harry already had a decent amount of wealth from his parents and Sirius. After signing his first big contract, he had more gold than he knew what to do with. He always made sure to put a portion of his earnings into a long-term savings account, which he never touched. Harry was also pretty smart when it came to investing. "Real Estate, my boy!" one wealthy old man had told him. "You can't go wrong with real estate."

On his advice, Harry purchased dozens of rundown houses and shops and refurbished them. After renting them out, he was earning a very good return on investment. All of those profits also went straight into his savings account. So, even though he spent gold like there was no tomorrow, his future was more than secure, and he would never have to worry about money.

'I definitely won't after this contract,' Harry smirked into the mirror. He checked the time on his Swiss watch and cursed. The portkey had less than a minute to go. Grabbing his bag, Harry plucked the broken comb off the table and waited thirty seconds until the portkey went off. An invisible hook grabbed him at the navel and spun him around the swirling vortex of magic. He could barely remember a time when this would have made him sick to his stomach. As a professional Quidditch player, he was very much used to it now. His feet hit solid ground, and he had to take a step to the left to keep his balance. Immediately, he was hit with a wall of sound.

"Mr. Potter! Mr. Potter! Harry Potter!" a dozen voices were calling over one another. Harry already knew the press would be waiting for him. Harry smiled and waved at the cameras while the flashbulbs continuously tried to blind him. This was the exact reason why he always wore his sunglasses when portkeying. The press could be ruthless in their pursuits. Harry saw Ministry of Magic employees rushing up to help him.

“Mr. Potter? How does it feel to be the highest-paid player in Quidditch history?” one middle-aged reporter asked him.

“Pretty damn good,” Harry replied with a smile. The reporter chuckled as they wrote down his reply on their notepads.

“Do you think you’ll win a championship with Puddlemere?” another asked.

“You bet. I wouldn’t have signed with the team if I didn’t believe in them,” he gave a run-of-the-mill answer.

“Mr. Potter! Witch Weekly!” one young woman who looked to be in her early twenties waved her hand. “Are you currently dating anyone?”

“Why? Are you offering?” he smiled at her, which made her blush beet-red. The other reporters laughed loudly. “To answer your question ... No, I’m not currently dating anyone.”

“Mr. Potter! Mr. Potter!” the shouting began again.

“You there in the back. The one with the handlebar mustache,” Harry said, pointing to him. The man smiled and nodded.

“How does it feel to be back home after ten years away?” the mustached man asked.

“It feels great,” Harry said enthusiastically. “I love France, but there’s no place like home,” he said, and they all nodded.

“Mr. Potter?” A Ministry employee timidly came up to him. He appeared to be nervous to talk to a big star. “This way, please. Mr. Brocklehorn of Puddlemere United is waiting for you,” he nervously said.

“Sorry folks, but my destiny awaits,” Harry said, smiling and waving as the employees led him to a private room where he could meet with the team manager.

“Sorry about that, Mr. Potter. We tried to get them to clear out, but we were afraid they might get hostile,” the nervous employee explained. Harry chuckled and clapped him on the shoulder. Three other employees were walking with him like a bunch of unneeded bodyguards.

“Don’t worry about it. I’m used to it. It’s all part of the job,” Harry told him. The employee breathed a sigh of relief.

“Umm ... If it’s not too much trouble, could I get your autograph?”

Harry smiled at him. "Sure," he said, taking the self-inking quill from him and signing a picture of himself that he pulled out of his pocket. "And one for my sister?"

He refrained from rolling his eyes and politely signed the second picture. Of course, now that the ice had been broken, all the rest of his entourage wanted autographs as well. Harry was happy to do it.

Before Quidditch, he had always despised his fame. He had done nothing to earn it except survive a supposedly unsurvivable curse. Now, however, he was famous for something he had actually earned. Harry was proud of his Quidditch achievements and was pleased that so many people wanted to come and watch him play.

### **Life of Fantasies**

By the time he was done with his meetings, it was getting late, and most people had already left the Ministry for the day. As he was making his way to the exit, he came across an old acquaintance from his Hogwarts days. "Susan?" he asked, making sure it was really her. She turned, and a surprised expression crossed her pretty face.

"Harry?"

"Hey, Susan. It's been a long time," he said, smiling at her. A soft smile spread across her face.

"I'd heard you were coming back, but I didn't know it would be today," she told him.

"It was a last-minute decision. I wasn't supposed to arrive for another week, but my team manager wanted to discuss some things, so I decided to come early," Harry explained, looking her over.

Susan Bones was a very attractive woman. He was glad to see she hadn't lost her two most famous assets. If anything, they had grown a cup size over the years. Her face was prettier than he remembered, and he found the light dusting of freckles across her cheeks quite fetching. Her eyes were big and welcoming, and her red hair flowed over her shoulders in loose ringlets.

"Ah," she replied, nodding in understanding.

"It was nice seeing you, but I need to go find a room to rent. Is the Leaky Cauldron still open?" he asked her.

"Yeah," she answered but then looked confused. "Don't you have a house here? I remember reading something about that," she asked.

"In London," Harry nodded. "But it's not fit to live in. The house elf died a few years back, and the place has just been sitting there. Mind you, it wasn't exactly a five-star hotel before he passed."

"I see," she said, while in thought. "You can stay at my house!" she blurted out. She blushed deep red when Harry raised an eyebrow. "I was just about to go home. My house is big, and I live alone. You won't be a bother and ... Oh nuts!" she embarrassingly went on. "I mean, if you want to, you can ..."

Harry smiled at her and nodded. "Sure, Susan. I'd love it if you could put me up for the night ... if you're sure it's no trouble."

Susan smiled, happy she hadn't made a complete fool of herself. She was standing in front of Harry Potter, after all. "Great!" she practically cheered, her eyes shining. "Let's go, and I'll Side-Along you."

Once they had reached an apparition point, Susan held out her hand, and he took it. A moment later, they were standing in front of a large manor. "Come inside, and you can get settled," she smiled at him.

As they stepped inside, Susan took off her robe and hung it up by the door. Harry got a good look at her curvy figure. Her figure had definitely blossomed since he last saw her. Her breasts were still large, and her waist had slimmed a bit. Her hips had widened, and her ass looked bloody fantastic under her tight, knee-length skirt. The top two buttons on her white blouse were open, showing just a hint of her cleavage.

"I hope you don't mind me saying this, but you've kept in great shape," he said, still checking her out. Susan blushed but looked pleased with his words.

"Oh, stop," she said, lightly patting his forearm.

"I'm serious. You look great," he smiled, his eyes practically twinkling.

"Not as great as the girls you've been dating," she smiled back. "That last girl was a fashion model," she reminded him. Harry decided to tease her.

"Oh? You've been keeping track of me?"

Susan's cheeks turned even pinker, and she looked embarrassed at having accidentally said too much. "Nooo," she whined cutely. "Sometimes they do stories about you in Witch Weekly," she tried to explain. That was only a half-truth. Every time he was on the front cover, she bought it. It was too embarrassing to tell him about the crush she had. She especially would never admit to masturbating after reading those articles.

“You better be careful, or your boyfriend might get jealous,” he chuckled merrily.

“I don’t have one,” Susan said, squirming in place. She couldn’t believe Harry Potter was here in her house, and they were alone. It was like a fantasy come true.

“Is that so?” he asked in a sing-song voice, slowly stepping up to her. He dropped his bag and placed his hands on her waist. He slowly moved them down until they were resting on her wide hips. Susan gasped and nodded quickly.

“Then I guess there’s nothing stopping us from having a proper welcome home celebration,” he teased further. Susan’s face heated up, and her nipples instantly became stiff. They pressed against the inside of her bra cups and made her pussy tingle more than it already was.

Susan couldn’t help herself. She threw her arms around his neck and shoved her tongue down his throat. She moaned into his mouth as his hands moved over her hips and onto her ass. He gave her wide bottom a squeeze before pulling her skirt up over her hips. He then lifted her by her ass, and Susan responded by wrapping her stocking-clad legs around his waist. Harry momentarily broke the kiss and asked, “Room?”

“Upstairs!” she answered in a breathy voice before pressing her lips to his.

Harry carried the enthusiastic girl up the stairs before she pulled her lips from his and pointed to a door. “That one!” she said before returning to her duties. After only a slight struggle, Harry got the door open and kicked it shut with his foot. Susan’s lips never left his. The lights automatically came on, and Harry carried her to bed. He sat her down on the edge and blindly pulled off her heels. Susan’s hands instantly got to work. While she was massaging his tongue with hers, her hands were busy trying to unbutton his shirt. She quickly got frustrated and nearly tore his shirt.

“Woah!” Harry chuckled. “Slow down. We’ve got all night,” he humorously stated. Susan appeared to be lost in a lustful daze.

“I don’t want to slow down,” she whined. Harry amusedly shook his head and put his hand on her chest. He softly pushed her back so she was lying flat on the bed with her legs hanging off the end. Harry kicked off his shoes and then skillfully removed his clothes until he was completely nude. Susan gasped at the sight of his naked body. Her eyes lowered, and she swallowed harshly when she saw the erection pointed straight at her. Her legs were spread, and her skirt was still up over her hips. She then looked at Harry’s face and saw that he was staring at her panties. She flushed red but didn’t cover up.

Susan’s pink panties were very tight and hugged her pussy wonderfully. Harry could easily see the shape of her two puffy lips as well as the slit between them. Harry couldn’t help himself. His hand went to his cock, and he slowly started stroking it while watching the sexy redhead squirm under his gaze. “Harry,” she whined pitifully while reaching down and grabbing the crotch of her panties. “You should let me make you feel good,” she huskily told him, pulling her panties aside

and exposing her hairless slit. As she did, her lips momentarily spread a little, and Harry saw that her inner lips were shiny with wetness. Her puffy mound was covered with sparse, thinly manicured hair that made his cock throb.

“No one’s stopping you,” he told her as he stared at her naked pussy. Susan spun around so she was lying on her stomach. She grabbed his hips and pulled him closer. Her tongue snaked out and licked the entire underside of his cock, making it twitch. When she reached the head, Susan took it in her mouth and sucked on it like it was a tasty treat. One hand cupped his balls while the other grabbed him around the base. Her hand jerked him toward her face just as she bobbed her head forward. Harry quickly discovered that Susan Bones was really good at giving head. Her lips were tightly suctioned around him, and her bobbing and tugging were synched perfectly.

Harry leaned over and pulled her skirt up so her ass was exposed. The thin pink string of her underwear was nearly completely buried between her two pillowy cheeks. Her legs were covered with thigh-high black stockings, but the exposed skin of her upper thighs looked incredibly soft and smooth. Harry ran his hand down her ass, and his fingers crept between her cheeks. Susan squirmed and opened her legs. His fingers found her covered pussy, and he ran them along the length of her slit. The crotch of her panties was very hot, and he could feel how moist they were. Susan moaned on his cock and wiggled her ass. It was obvious that she was very horny. His fingers slipped under the pink fabric, and he felt her bare pussy for the first time. He felt Susan shudder when he dragged his finger along her slit. His finger dipped in, feeling her incredible heat and wetness. This caused her to suck him off even harder. The smell of her wet pussy was getting to him, and he wanted more.

He threaded his fingers through her hair and pulled himself from her mouth. Susan stared up at him worshipfully. Excitement and disbelief clouded her eyes as she breathed deeply. Harry smiled down at the horny girl and tapped the wet head of his cock against her lips. Susan tried to lick it every time it came close. “On your knees,” Harry politely commanded. Susan pushed herself up and sat on her knees, waiting for her next order.

Harry took his time undoing the buttons of her blouse. Once it was open, he untucked it from her skirt and slipped it off her shoulders. A matching pink bra trapped her big tits inside. He leaned in and reached around her back. Susan took this opportunity to stick her tongue in his mouth again. The bra became slack when he unhooked it, and he pulled it from her shoulders. Harry broke the kiss and stepped back. Susan sat on her knees, proudly displaying her gorgeous tits. They were big and yet, somehow, still perky. “Do you like them?” she asked with a cute smile. She shook her chest from side to side, making her tits bounce and knock together.

His hands touched her magnificent globes, and he brushed his thumbs over her hard pink nipples. “You know ... All the boys used to talk about how awesome these were,” he confessed. Susan giggled happily while letting him grope them to his heart’s content.

“They did?” she asked, as if she didn’t already know. She lightly gasped when he pinched her nipples and gave them a soft tug. He rolled the hard little beads between his fingers. Susan responded by grabbing his cock and slowly stroking it.

“All the time,” Harry said. “Now turn around and show me that ass.”

Susan giggled and spun around. She pressed her chest against the bed and arched her back. Harry moved her skirt out of the way and buried his face between her cheeks. Susan inhaled loudly while Harry breathed in her aroused scent. She wiggled her ass against his face, tempting him to do more. Harry practically ripped off her skirt and pulled her panties down to her knees. Her bald pussy lips were glistening and pink from arousal. He then spread her fat cheeks apart and looked at her winking asshole. Her pussy was steaming hot when he cupped it. His thumb worked up and down her slit until it was dripping with juices. Susan moaned and parted her knees even wider. She was inviting him in.

Susan whimpered when his thick cock slid inside of her. Her hands gripped the blanket on the bed, and she held on for dear life as Harry immediately began thrusting. She couldn’t believe that Quidditch superstar Harry Potter was here in her bed, fucking her. She wasn’t normally so forward, but it was an opportunity she couldn’t pass up. Her best friend Hannah also had a huge crush on him, and Susan couldn’t wait to tell her that she had seduced him.

Her cheeks were clapping loudly as Harry pounded her with rapid thrusts. Susan was a little embarrassed by the sounds her pussy was making, but she did her best to put it out of her mind. Harry seemed to notice as well. “You’re so wet,” he groaned as her pussy tightly gripped his thrusting cock.

“Harder!” she begged with a lustful cry. Harry picked up the tempo, and soon, the room was filled with the sound of wet smacks as he brutally fucked her from behind. One of his hands gripped her shoulder while the other crept between her legs. Susan squealed in pleasure when his fingers found her clit. He expertly rubbed the throbbing bead until she was on the verge of cumming. Her forehead was sweaty, and she could feel the coil in her lower belly tightening. Her body was being jerked forward with every thrust, causing her nipples to rub against the silky fabric of her bed cover.

“Bloody hell! Your pussy is so tight!” Harry moaned. His words encouraged her to squeeze him tighter. This, however, had the consequence of making her immediately cum on his cock. Susan began trembling violently, and her ass bucked. She squeaked and squealed as her pussy clamped down on him. Harry didn’t pay any attention to her overwhelming state of pleasure. He fucked her over and over while she never stopped cumming. She was just about to beg him for a moment to recover when she felt a flood of warmth fill her womanhood. Susan whimpered through the tail end of her orgasm while Harry moaned and slowed his thrusts. He then pulled his spent cock from her pussy and smacked it a few times against her ass.

Susan mewled cutely when Harry began kissing up her spine. She dropped down flat on the bed, and Harry flipped her over onto her back. He then kissed up her belly and over her breasts. He paid a lot of attention to her sensitive nipples. Susan hummed in pleasure as he kissed, licked, and sucked both of her hard peaks. Her legs wrapped around his waist, and she could feel that he was still hard. Grabbing his hair, she forced him up to her lips and passionately kissed him while his cock rubbed against her cum-soaked pussy. She teased him by squirming so that her pussy rubbed hard against his manhood. She didn't know if she would ever have another chance with him again, and she wanted to take full advantage while she was able. Within minutes, she was crying out in pleasure after Harry folded her body in half. One thing was certain, her pussy would be sore in the morning. It was all worth it for a chance with Harry Potter, Susan thought as she violently came again.