

Chapter 8

“You want me to do what?” Harry asked, partially incredulous and partially certain he hadn’t heard her properly.

“Pansy wants to make a film with you, and I think you should do it,” Hannah said, sipping her tea.

They sat in the lounge of Grimmauld Place on opposite sofas, facing each other over a low coffee table.

Harry blinked uncomprehendingly. Slowly, he looked down. Gabrielle’s bright blue eyes stared up at him, her pink, pouty lips wrapped snugly around his shaft. She bobbed and sucked, making him grunt.

“You planned this, didn’t you?” he asked, looking back up at Hannah.

Hannah blushed.

“I asked her to help me convince you. I didn’t think she’d do *that*.”

Harry grunted again as Gabrielle dove deeper and tangled his fingers in her silky hair.

“So, will you do it?” Hannah asked.

“Why would I want to sleep with Parkinson?” he asked incredulously.

“Revenge?” she offered. “She tried to fuck you over, and now you get to fuck her back. Literally. And if you think about it, she’s the best candidate for those fetish films we talked about doing

with Lucinda. You care too much about the rest of us to really let loose. And I think it'll sell well. Every one that knows her wants to see that little bitch get buggered."

He hated that she made so much sense, but admittedly, it was hard to really think when Gabrielle was doing that thing with her tongue. She stared up at him as she teased him to the edge and suddenly backed off. Harry groaned as she lowered her head and kissed along his pulsating shaft.

"Oh!" Hannah gasped. "Think of how pissed off Malfoy'll be when he finds out. He'll be furious!"

That thought was appealing, but not as much as being back in Gabrielle's mouth.

"Fine," he sighed. "I'll do it."

Gabrielle smiled and swallowed him again.

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Harry tried to make his way as unobtrusively as possible through Daigon Alley. He made it about ten yards before people noticed him. They smiled and waved, greeting him like an old friend. Quite a few of the witches blushed and giggled like schoolgirls when he passed. It took him quite a bit longer than expected to reach Lucinda's and slip inside.

The store was relatively empty. Lucinda was partially hidden behind one of the shelves, showing a hooded witch a shockingly large, bestial-looking dildo. Harry waved to get her attention, and then busied himself looking at the display of recording orbs just to the right of the register. His name and the girls he worked with dominated the labels on the top half of the shelves, but the bottom half featured titles he wasn't familiar with. He crouched down for a better look.

Most of them contained names he wasn't familiar with, but there were two that piqued his interest: *Spying on Sinistra* and *Showering with the Harpies*.

"That'll be two Galleons," Lucinda said.

Harry glanced over as the hooded woman paid and quickly grabbed the paper bag containing her purchases.

"Enjoy," Lucinda said with a smile and a wink.

"Thank you," the woman muttered softly.

She spun on her heel and rushed from the store while stuffing the bag in the pocket of her robes. Lucinda chuckled and shook her head before turning to Harry.

"Find anything interesting?" she asked teasingly. "Ooh, *Showering with the Harpies* is one of our best sellers outside of your films."

"Really?" Harry asked, straightening up. "I'm surprised it isn't the best seller here."

"It would be if they filmed it properly," Lucinda sighed. "The camera is static and a bit too far away, and the lens fogged up a few times. Your fame isn't the only reason women want to work with you, you know. Your production quality is leagues better than anyone else's. All of those films on the bottom half of the shelf are amateur point-the-camera-and-shoot films. No one else is making enough money to afford a cameraman and quality editing yet."

"Huh," he said, glancing back at the shelf. "What about Ogden? Doesn't he make films?"

“He was going to, until you showed up,” she smiled. “Most of his profits came from fleecing people making copies. Now that he can’t do that anymore, thanks to you, he’s given up on the studio and started renting out the equipment to anyone who wants it.”

Harry scratched the back of his neck guiltily.

“I didn’t mean to put him out of business.”

“Oh, don’t worry yourself over it,” Lucinda said, waving a hand dismissively. “Ogden’s got more than enough money. He’s just a dirty old man who hoped to get his rocks off with a few desperate actresses.”

Harry grimaced at the thought. Ogden was a short, bald man in his one hundred and twenties. More than one person had unkindly likened his bald, wrinkled head to a ball sack.

“You did this industry a favor,” she continued. “We’re better off without him dirtying the business. Anyways, we should get started on your lesson.”

“Is this really necessary?” he asked.

“Yes.”

Lucinda sauntered over to him, her hips swaying. Pausing in front of him, she rubbed her hands across his muscular chest.

“You’re a good man, Harry,” she said softly. “But even good men need to let out their dark side from time to time. I’m just giving you a healthy outlet. Besides, some of us like a little more pain with our pleasure.”

Her hand caressed his shoulder and then trailed down his arm. Clasp ing his hand, she pulled him toward the door behind the register. They'd barely stepped past the threshold before she turned to the right and cracked open the closest door.

"Sandra," she called. "Can you take over the register for a while?"

"Yes, ma'am," Sandra replied.

She appeared in the doorway a moment later, and Harry recognized her from one of his earlier visits. Sandra was young, close in age to Gabrielle. She was pretty with a thin nose, sharp cheekbones, hazel eyes, and straight brown hair. Flashing a smile and a wink at Harry, she stepped into the shop and closed the door.

"Interested?" Lucinda smirked. "She sent you an application. Very kinky girl. Up for just about anything, but she's really hoping to get gangbanged by you and a few of your friends."

Harry turned to her and blinked. He had absolutely no idea how to respond to that. Lucinda laughed at his expression and pulled him down the hallway. Passing a couple of doors, she turned to the left and pulled him inside. It was a familiar room. The same one he'd filmed with Lucinda in, except there was one major change. Someone was already there.

He recognized her instantly. Isabella Zabini. She must have been in her mid-forties, but she didn't look a day over thirty. Her face was painfully gorgeous, and her bronze complexion made her bright green eyes even more prominent. Long, dark, wavy hair fell around her shoulders, gradually lightening to a dark blonde at the tips.

A form-fitting black robe clung to her body. It opened at the top and the bottom, showing the top of her chest and just a hint of the swell of her breasts. At the bottom, the inside of her long, tanned legs peeked out with even the slightest shift. Her entire stance radiated elegant confidence, but her eyes shone with deadly intelligence.

Harry turned to Lucinda questioningly.

"Isabella's been a friend of mine for a long time," she said. "I know she has a reputation, but there's nothing to be worried about."

"I'm not worried," Harry said. "I just don't understand why she's here."

"Really?" Isabella asked, arching a perfectly manicured eyebrow and smiling. "Not even a little worried?"

Harry smiled back.

"Some of the senior Aurors weren't thrilled when I joined. They thought it would be funny to make me investigate you," he explained.

"And you think I'm innocent?" she asked, smile widening.

"Oh, no, I know you're guilty," Harry said. "I just don't really care."

"Oh?" she asked, eyes twinkling. "What makes you say that?"

"They deserved it," he shrugged. "Your father got into business with Thadeus Nott, things went south, and he owed a lot of people a lot of gold. Nott's wife, his third, dies in a Floo accident. Unusual, but not unheard of. But two weeks later, your father signs a marriage contract before you're even out of Beauxbatons, and mysteriously, his debt vanishes. Four years later, Aurors are called to his manor and find him at the bottom of the stairs, dead, neck broken. I'm pretty sure that one was an accident, or at the very least unplanned."

Isabella's smile turned into a smirk, but she gave away nothing.

“There wasn’t enough proof to press charges, but there was enough suspicion that the Notts were able to cut you out of the will,” he continued. “The day you and Blaise left the manor, you moved in with Wilhelm McNair, another old Pureblood and former business partner of Nott. I’m not sure if you just seduced him, or if Love Potions were involved, but you got married a few weeks later. Six months after that, he dies of a brain hemorrhage. No signs of foul play, no suspicion. Just an old man dying of natural causes. You inherited everything this time. Not a fortune, but enough to live on for a while.

“Three years later, you remarry again, and two years after that, he dies. You weren’t even in the country this time. And then you got married again, and again, and again. There was no evidence to tie you to an actual crime, and no pattern... except one. At first, I thought you were doing it out of greed, but then I noticed everyone you married was suspected of being involved in some pretty serious crimes, and they all connected back to Nott. It helped that all of them were Death Eaters, or at least connected to them, but I don’t think that’s why you did it. I think you wanted revenge on the people who screwed over your family and forced you to marry Nott.”

Isabella smiled widely.

“An interesting theory,” she said. “Probably the most interesting I’ve ever heard. It’s a pity you left the Aurors.”

Harry grinned and shrugged.

“I was never good at following the rules,” he admitted.

“Well, that went better than I thought it would,” Lucinda smiled.

“It still doesn’t explain why she’s here,” Harry said expectantly.

“I’m sure you noticed my husbands tend to have a darker disposition,” Isabella smirked. “I’ve reluctantly acquired a taste for a bit of pain and humiliation mixed with my pleasure. Lucinda asked for my help. You’ll be practicing on me while she instructs you.”

She stepped forward, and for the first time, Harry noticed the tall, narrow table she had been leaning against. Just past her arm, he caught a glimpse of a set of manacles bolted to one end. He didn't have much time to wonder what it was for when he was distracted. Isabella unbuttoned her cloak and shrugged it from her shoulder. It pooled around her black, high-heeled shoes. She wasn't wearing anything else underneath.

Her bronze skin glowed in the flickering torchlight. Harry's eyes raked over her perky breasts and down to her narrow waist. Her abs were clearly defined, and a small strip of dark, curly hair lay above her mound.

He was still eyeing her as Lucinda stepped around him.

"I only have one boundary," Isabella said, raising her arms. Lucinda flicked her wand, and a long chain fell from the ceiling. "Don't mention my son."

Harry nodded as he watched Lucinda latch a pair of metal cuffs around Isabella's wrists. A second flick shortened the chain. Isabella's hands were pulled over her head. She shifted around on the tips of her toes, causing her breasts to wobble.

"Come here, Harry," Lucinda said, waving him over.

He approached and stopped directly in front of Isabella.

"We won't be getting into toys today. I just want you to get used to being rough with your hands. Show me what you can do."

Harry blinked. He'd been expecting more instructions than that. Letting out a deep breath, he shook off the hesitation he had about touching a woman he'd only just met and gasped her breasts. They filled his hands perfectly. He squeezed firmly and brushed his thumbs over her thick, reddish-brown nipples.

“Harder,” Lucinda said huskily.

He squeezed harshly, his fingers leaving pale indents in Isabella’s tanned skin. She hissed and danced in place.

“Better,” Lucinda told him. “Now, grab her nipples and twist them. Hard.”

Harry seized Isabella’s nipples between his fingers and turned them in opposite directions. Her soft skin warped and wrinkled around his fingers. Isabella hissed again, louder this time, and closed her eyes. When she opened them again, he saw a dark, lustful fire burning in their depths.

“Pull,” Lucinda ordered.

His hands lifted out and up, drawing her nipples with them. He was squeezing so tightly he could feel them throb. Isabella’s heels clacked on the stone floor as she tried to raise herself up higher to relieve the tension on her stretched breasts. Harry held his grip for a few seconds before letting go suddenly. Isabella sagged against the chains, panting lightly.

“Very good,” Lucinda smiled. “Remember, the point of this is for you to take control. Don’t be afraid to improvise. Now, grab her hair.”

He threaded his fingers through her thick, lustrous locks and gripped hard near the scalp. Isabella moaned as he tilted her head back harshly. Staring down at her gorgeous face, he could resist the urge to drag her forward and into a brief, passionate kiss.

“I don’t think we’ll ever be able to stop him from being a natural lover,” Lucinda smiled.

“I’m not complaining,” Isabella smirked.

“Not yet. Smack her tits,” Lucinda told him.

Harry pulled back, raised his hand, and brought it down on her left breast.

“Harder.”

He smacked it again, and this time, the sharp slap of flesh on flesh filled the room. Isabella cried out softly.

“Good. Again.”

Tightening his grip on her hair, he brought his hand down on her breasts. It danced under the impact, and before it settled, he did it again. Her skin turned noticeably pink, and when he gripped it curiously, it felt hot to the touch. Harry caressed her breast softly, gently running his thumb over the hard, throbbing nipple, and then gave it a harsh tug.

“Fuck!” Isabella gasped.

“Perfect,” Lucinda grinned. “You’re really getting the hang of this. Bring her over to the table.”

The cuffs opened with a soft click, and Isabella’s hands fell to her sides. Using his grip on her hair, Harry roughly pulled her over to the table. It sat waist high, the perfect height to bend her over it. Lucinda grabbed her wrists and pulled them into manacles before locking them shut. Isabella’s bum jutted out firm and round, the skin perfectly smooth.

“Talk dirty and spank her,” Lucinda instructed.

Harry brought his hand down on her ass with a loud, echoing clap, leaving behind a pink handprint on her flawless skin.

“You like that?” he asked, cringing at his own dialogue.

Spanking her again, he couldn’t think of anything to say that he wouldn’t be embarrassed about and glanced up at Lucinda helplessly. She sighed.

“We’ll have to work on that,” she said. “Just keep going and pay attention to me.”

Lucinda grabbed a handful of Isabella’s hair and yanked her head up to look at her. Harry raised his hand, and then froze in mid-air as he watched her spit in Isabella’s face and slap her across the cheek.

“You’re just a dirty little whore, aren’t you?” she asked softly. “You can pretend you married those men for revenge all you like, but I know the truth. You just like being turned into a plaything for powerful men. Spank her!”

It took a moment for Harry to realize she was speaking to him. Shaking himself from his stupor, he spanked Isabella hard, her thick, muscular ass rippling from the force. Isabella gasped as she jolted against the box and moaned.

“You loved seducing them; letting them do whatever they wanted with your body, didn’t you? And now you want Harry.”

Harry spanked her again so hard his hand stung.

“Yes!” Isabella hissed.

Lucinda lifted her eyes to look at him.

“Take your cock out.”

Harry rushed to open his trousers. He felt a little ashamed of just how hard his cock was. Lucinda turned her eyes back to Isabella and gave her hair a tug.

“Beg him,” she growled. “Beg for his cock. Show him what a good little whore you can be, and maybe he won’t get bored of you like everyone else.”

Isabella whimpered and wiggled her hips tantalizingly. Without any real thought, Harry’s hand collided sharply with one cheek, and then the other.

“Please, Harry,” Isabella panted.

He stepped up and dragged his engorged head through her searing, dripping folds.

“You can do better than that,” Lucinda said.

Harry bumped against her clit, and she gasped.

“Fuck me,” she begged breathlessly. “I need your cock so bad.”

He looked up at Lucinda, and she gave him a nod. Pressing himself against her entrance, he slipped easily into her folds. Harry groaned as he bottomed out in her welcoming depths. Isabella moaned and spasmed around him. Lucinda appeared at his side and kissed the side of his neck.

“Go slow but hard,” she told him. “And grab her hair. Make her feel every inch of your cock, but don’t make her cum too quickly.”

“Bitch,” Isabella muttered as Harry gripped the hair at the back of her skull.

Lucinda smirked as Harry drew his hips back slowly before surging forward rapidly.

“Ooh, so big,” Isabella moaned.

“Bigger than your husbands?” Lucinda asked.

“So much bigger,” she replied breathily.

Harry pulled back and hammered forward again. With Isabella’s body trapped against the table, she had nowhere to go; there was no give, every thrust jarred her against the heavy wood. Each time his hips collided with her ass, it forced a grunt from her lips. It felt good, incredible, even, but the slow pace was doing nothing to bring him closer to a climax. Isabella felt the same way if her frustrated groan was anything to go by. Harry dearly wanted to pound her silly, but he trusted there was a point to this. So, instead, he took his frustrations out on Isabella’s ass, spanking it harshly, repeatedly.

“Faster,” Lucinda whispered.

Harry grunted as he complied gratefully. He stopped spanking Isabella and gripped her hip to pound into her furiously. His other hand, the one still in her hair, flexed unconsciously. Her back arched impressively as a result.

Lucinda caressed his shoulders and kissed his neck as he pummeled Isabella. The table was sturdy, but still creaked under the onslaught. Harry descended into a haze. His sole focus was to relieve the rapidly building pressure in his loins. He slammed his hips forward over and over, barely even registering Isabella’s violent climax. He belatedly registered her cries and only realized what was happening when she contracted around him.

The increased friction set him off. Harry grunted and draped himself over her body, attempting to shove every last millimeter of his cock into her depths. His weight pinned her to the table as he unloaded inside of her. Gradually, his climax waned, and he lifted himself off of her.

“Well, that got a little out of hand,” Lucinda chuckled.

Waving her wand, she released Isabella from the manacles. She nearly collapsed, but he caught her and supported her weight against his chest.

“So, what do you think?” Lucinda asked.

“I think this is the first time in my life I’ve had sex and not felt at least a little ashamed of myself,” Isabella murmured.

Smiling, Harry hugged her a bit more tightly and kissed her neck. Lucinda smiled, sighed, and shook her head.

“We have so much work to do.”