

Commission 3
Unbound - Part 6
Fandom: Harry Potter

Chapter Tags: Cuckolding, Assumed Cheating, Creampie, Blackmail

Harry and Ginny walked side by side down the cobbled stretch of Diagon Alley, hands loosely entwined, their pace brisk but unhurried.

During the school year the street wasn't nearly as packed as it was in late August, but there were still enough witches and wizards milling about that their presence might have caused a scene—if Harry didn't carry a reputation and project an aura that *discouraged* the affection of enthusiastic *fans*.

A simple glance from him was often enough.

Sure enough, Fortescue himself seemed poised to dart out from behind his little parlour counter, spoon in hand and grin wide, only to falter mid-step when Harry's green eyes flicked his way.

The ice-cream vendor froze, faltered, reconsidered, then retreated, a dejected slump to his shoulders.

Ginny, of course, pretended she hadn't noticed any of it. She offered Fortescue a radiant, friendly smile, as though nothing had happened at all, before looping both arms around Harry's powerful bicep like the most doting of wives.

If only they knew...

Harry snorted softly as they passed, leaving a distinctly deflated Fortescue in their wake.

'That was mean,' Ginny pointed out lightly, though her eyes sparkled with mischief.

He snorted again. 'Don't act like you don't weaponise the effect I have on people, you menace.'

Ginny threw her head back and laughed, bright and unashamed.

What could she say? When Harry was right, he was right.

They continued past Flourish and Blotts, past Madam Malkin's gleaming display windows, past a group of whispering, gossiping housewives who fell abruptly silent, their eyes widening and their cheeks flushing a deep crimson when Harry's gaze brushed over them.

The gilded doors of Gringotts came into view at the end of the street, tall and imposing, goblin guards standing as rigid as statues on either side.

Ginny slowed just slightly, squeezing his arm.

'Why exactly are we doing this again? On our day off?' she complained. 'We could be home. Alone. Making love all day.'

Her expression shifted—mischievous and wicked. Remembering Luca's proclamation from the other night, she made sure to remind Harry of his new...reality.

She rose onto her tiptoes, lips brushing dangerously close to his ear.

'Provided my *boyfriend* lets you touch his property...'

Harry shuddered despite himself, his cheeks flushing darker than the poor housewives they'd left in their wake..

Ginny cackled as he not-so-discreetly pinched her side.

'You're impossible,' he muttered, ducking his head in embarrassment. 'We're here because *you're* the one who said you don't want to play Quidditch forever. Well, this is a way to make money without getting any more broom callouses on that incredible arse of yours.'

She bumped her hip against his and winked when he glanced down at her. She smiled up at him sultrily, her tongue brushing over her teeth in a way that always got her husband going.

'I've a feeling I'll be getting callouses there anyway with the way things have been lately.'

Harry stumbled, palmed his face, then groaned under his breath.

She laughed again, delighted with herself.

'Can you stop? For *one* minute? *Please*? People are gonna think I'm a creep...'

'But you're so fun to tease,' she said with a theatrical pout.

Then she leaned in again, voice barely audible, her hot breath on his ear causing another delightful shudder.

'*Cucky.*'

The word sent another involuntary shiver through him.

He cleared his throat and lengthened his stride toward the bank, as if trying to get away from her.

Ginny easily kept pace, looping her arm through his to make sure.

'Anyway,' he said briskly, 'we're meeting a representative from a company started by one of Hermione's friends,' he explained irritably, despite having done so several times already. 'They've developed some new product they think will be revolutionary and they want us attached to it. To sell it.'

Ginny's playful mood evaporated almost instantly, replaced by a puzzled frown.

'What do we know about selling things?'

'Not literally, you donut,' he replied with an affectionate sigh. 'We *use* the product. People *see* us using the product. People *buy* the product. I know Andi usually handles this for you, but you can't have forgotten how sponsorships and endorsements work.'

Ginny flushed faintly and hip-checked him harder this time, nearly sending him off balance.

'I'm not a donut. *You're* a donut,' she shot back childishly. 'And I never liked dealing with all that bollocks. I make more than enough money from playing.'

'And you've earned every galleon,' Harry said, steadying himself and offering her a proud smile that had her heart threatening to burst in happiness. 'But this is a way to cash in on all those years of hard work. Minimal effort. Maximum return.'

The goblin guards inclined their heads as the Potters approached, and the vast marble halls of Gringotts swallowed them whole.

Ginny glanced around at the towering columns and polished floors, her earlier resistance already softening.

'Money for nothing *does* sound pretty good...'

Harry snorted, and Ginny shot him a side-eyed glare. Her husband was snorting too much—he was starting to sound like a smarmy *snake*...

'Thought you might think so.'

'Why don't they just send the thing by owl? Why the meeting in one of Gringotts' private rooms?'

‘Apparently it’s not so simple. They need to show us how it works,’ Harry explained with a shrug, parroting whatever Hermione or Andi had told him. ‘And as for the cloak-and-dagger routine? I’m no expert on this stuff either, but if I had to guess—it doesn’t exactly scream brand trust if we’re seen exchanging bags of money before we’ve even *seen* whatever it is they’re selling.’

‘But isn’t that what we’re doing...?’

Harry chuckled quietly, the sound carrying off the polished marble walls. Like the rest of Diagon Alley, Gringotts wasn’t as busy as it would be in August, but the difference was less noticeable here. Banking didn’t take holidays. Goblins strode briskly between high desks, quills scratching across parchment, while witches and wizards queued in subdued lines, murmuring to each other under their breaths.

The upper floors—where the more discreet dealings took place—were almost always occupied.

‘Right,’ Harry conceded, ‘but if whatever we’re here to see turns out to be rubbish, we’re not signing anything. The money’s nice. It’s not necessary.’

Ginny raised a sceptical eyebrow as they paused near the bank of lifts. A goblin glanced at them once, gave a short nod, and punched in a button without being asked.

Apparently, they were expected.

Clients of their stature rarely had the luxury of subtlety.

‘And how is it you don’t know what this *mythical* item we’re supposed to be attaching our names to is?’ Ginny pressed. ‘I’d have thought you’d have interrogated ‘Mione until she spilled.’

‘I tried,’ Harry admitted, a fond smirk tugging at his mouth before he shook his head. ‘She said it was better she didn’t attempt to explain it. Apparently it’s another Muggle-tech adaptation, and she’d only confuse me needlessly by overexplaining.’

Ginny sighed as the lift doors pinged open. ‘That’s so Hermione. Endlessly condescending and patronising without ever meaning to be.’

Harry nodded sagely as they stepped inside. 'It's in her nature.'

The doors slid shut.

They looked at each other, their lips twitching violently as they tried to keep a straight face.

They lasted a whole two seconds.

Then they dissolved into fits of uncontrollable giggles.

By the time the lift reached the upper floors, they'd mostly composed themselves.

A sharply dressed goblin ushered them down a hushed corridor lined with dark wood panelling and framed ancient banking charters written in curling gold script. At the end of it stood a set of heavy double doors banded with polished brass.

Inside, the meeting room was as ostentatious as Ginny had anticipated.

The floors were veined white marble, so glossy they reflected the chandelier above—a sprawling cascade of crystal and gold that dripped light like molten sunlight. The walls were panelled in rich, dark timber carved with intricate goblin motifs, subtle but unmistakably intricate. Gold filigree traced the edges of everything—cornices, doorframes, even the enormous executive table dominating the centre of the room.

The table itself was carved from a single slab of dark mahogany, its surface gleaming like still water. Around it sat high-backed chairs upholstered in deep burgundy leather so plush they looked indecently comfortable. A sideboard along one wall displayed crystal decanters and cut-glass tumblers that caught the light in prismatic flashes.

It was wealth, unapologetic and ancient. Another way for the Goblins to let the Witches and Wizards using these rooms know that, though they *thought* they were rich, they were *nothing* when compared to the combined wealth of the Goblin nation.

Ginny sank into one of the chairs at the end of the table and let out a low, almost erotic groan of appreciation as the leather enveloped her.

Merlin, I wonder if they'd notice if I nicked one of these...

'Don't bother,' Harry said mildly as he took the seat beside her. 'They'd not only notice, but they'd probably put a hit out on you. Then I'd have to live up to my reputation. They only *just* got over the whole dragon incident.'

Stop reading my mind.

'I'm not reading your mind,' he replied calmly, smoothing a hand over the table's polished surface. 'You've just never been able to keep your thoughts off your face.'

I'm not letting you out of that cage for another week.

Harry, who had been examining the ceiling's ornate detailing, slowly turned and raised an eyebrow at her.

'Keep making threats like that and I'll start running to Victoire. She worships you, sure, but I'm confident I could turn her with enough... *effort*.'

Ginny squawked in outrage and pointed an accusing finger at him.

'You weren't even looking at my face, you liar!'

This time, Harry's voice slid directly into her thoughts, warm and amused.

'You think I need to read your mind or watch your face to know what you're thinking? Babe, you're a million years too young to try and pull one over me.'

Ginny snarled playfully, dark eyes flashing as she leaned into his space.

‘You think that little tart can replace *me*?’

‘No,’ Harry said easily. ‘But a starving man will always make do with scraps.’

Ginny nipped at his nose with a playful raking of her teeth and smirked.

‘You always know just what to say to make a girl feel special...’

The quiet of the room was broken by the soft click of the heavy doors opening.

A well-dressed man strode in with the easy confidence of someone accustomed to commanding attention in every space he occupied.

He was tall, broad-shouldered and his skin was the rich, dark hue of polished mahogany. There was also a casual, indescribable charisma or aura about him that made Ginny instinctively sit up straighter.

You could almost always spot a Muggleborn in professional settings.

They rarely defaulted to robes unless forced.

This one wore a tailored charcoal suit that fit like it had been conjured onto him. Clean lines. Perfect taper at the waist. The fabric hugged without clinging, structured without looking stiff. Ginny had seen a lot of expensive suits in her time, this ranked right up there with the most luxurious. It didn’t scream *attention seeking*, but it didn’t need to.

Though not strictly cut and fitted to show off, it couldn’t quite hide the delicious V-shape of his torso.

Or the subtle, but significant bulge in his crotch.

His smile flashed bright and friendly, perhaps showing a touch too many teeth, but Ginny found herself receptive all the same.

‘Ah, good. I hope I didn’t keep you both waiting?’

He crossed the marble floor in quick, efficient strides, as if he lived life perpetually late for the next meeting, and extended his hand first to Harry, then to Ginny.

His grip was firm and warm, his dark hand almost swallowing hers.

Ginny blinked in surprise at the accent.

American?

That, she had *not* been expecting.

Harry didn’t seem surprised, though she wouldn’t have put it past her husband to put the pieces together before the handsome man even opened his mouth.

He could be a little scary like that.

‘Name’s Darius. Darius Morgan. It’s a pleasure to meet you both. I’m a big fan.’

She idly wondered which of them he was referring to.

Ginny smiled politely, schooling her features as she felt Harry’s subtle bristle beside her.

She didn’t need Legilimency to read him.

Darius sat opposite them, unbuttoning his blazer with smooth, economical movements. Ginny's gaze drifted—just briefly—to the way his shirt stretched over his chest before she reined herself in.

'Then it seems introductions aren't necessary,' she quipped lightly. 'And we only just got here. No dramas.'

They exchanged the usual pleasantries. Darius proved charming, quick-witted, comfortable in his own skin. Ginny found herself instantly connecting with the man in a way that wasn't wholly appropriate when she was sitting right next to her husband, their chemistry electric and undeniable.

Thankfully, she didn't have to worry about such things being *inappropriate*. Not anymore.

He's proper fit...

Harry, meanwhile, perfected his impression of the stone gargoyle outside Dumbledore's office—polite if silent, unmoving and creepily observant.

It wasn't that he lacked social skills. He simply reserved his warmth for people he knew.

Darius didn't seem offended by the cool reception. If anything, he appeared to have expected it.

If she had to guess? He might have even prepared for it.

Ginny noticed the way he focused on her in their conversation, not trying to force Harry to participate, or get on his nerves by pestering him to open up.

He's done his homework.

Not that that was particularly noteworthy. The amount of unofficial autobiographies written about her husband numbered in the dozens, and many of them were freakishly accurate.

'Should we get down to business?' Darius asked after a natural lull in the conversation.

At their nods, he rose smoothly and crossed to the sideboard where crystal decanters gleamed under chandelier light.

'Would either of you like a drink?'

'Just for me,' Ginny answered before Harry could. 'Harry doesn't drink much.'

Darius nodded without comment and poured amber firewhiskey into two crystal tumblers, sliding one over to Ginny from across the table. Her reflexes kicked in, expecting to be soaked in alcohol, but the glass stopped sliding perfectly right in front of her without spilling a drop and Darius grinned sexily at her reaction.

'You really are the best of your era. Those reflexes... incredible.'

Harry didn't react to the brazen flirting and Ginny, rather than flush in embarrassment, leaned back in her chair and crossed her legs.

She hadn't expected Darius to be so...forward.

Maybe it was cultural differences.

She expected not.

Most would have been way too wary about being so bold with Harry right there. Darius didn't even flinch. Ginny found that...very attractive. Especially since she wasn't sure if he was deliberately doing it or that was just his personality.

Darius didn't return to his original seat, but to the one directly beside Ginny.

Ginny felt the brush of his knee against hers beneath the table.

She didn't flinch like a startled kitten or blush like a schoolgirl.

She simply...took note.

Harry noticed her noticing, and she subtly squeezed his thigh under the table, her fingers idly brushing the steel cage.

A teasing reminder.

This guy is...too smooth. And now I'm getting turned on. Wonder if he'll see my nips through the blouse...

'Did Andromeda or Hermione brief you on our product?' Darius asked, settling comfortably and acting as if nothing untoward had happened under the table.

Ginny was faintly surprised at the easy first-name basis, but Harry answered this time.

'Nothing concrete. Only that it's a Muggle adaptation. And that it'll supposedly be revolutionary.'

Darius' laughter was somehow both confident and self-deprecating.

'Well, those aren't *our* words,' he demurred. 'But given how ubiquitous similar products are in the Muggle world—and how quickly people come to depend on them—we're certainly confident. Especially since we'll be first to market.'

Ginny's patience was thinning with all this talking around the bleeding obvious.

Thankfully, the nonsense and, frankly, over-forced mystique and subterfuge came to a quick and anti-climactic end..

Darius reached into the inner pocket of his blazer and withdrew a small object.

He set it carefully on the polished mahogany table.

A palm-sized...mirror.

It was perfectly rectangular with no visible frame—just burnished edges, smooth and elegant. The back bore a minimalist, stylish pattern etched faintly into the surface, one she'd seen when he first pulled it out. The front...reflected. Just as any other mirror would.

Ginny blinked.

'...A pocket mirror?'

Darius laughed again, and she found herself returning the smile before she could stop herself. His energy was infectious. His ability to weasel his way into her thoughts? Effortless.

It didn't hurt that he was, of course, devastatingly attractive. Tall, dark, handsome, and charming by trade.

Harry caught her smiling and she felt a gentle mental poke in her mind.

One didn't feel *Harry Potter* in their minds unless it was intentional.

And this poke was less a physical sensation, and more like being jabbed with a concept, or with emotions themselves.

In this case, amusement and exasperation.

Her lips twitched.

She'd been caught. Red-handed.

Thankfully, she no longer had to fuck-about and pretend like she wasn't utterly *gagging* for the gorgeous rep. Like her knickers weren't already soaked at the thought of climbing the large man like a tree and letting him *whomp* her *willow*.

That didn't even make sense...

Ginny adjusted slightly in her seat and leaned closer, elbows resting on the table, attention fully captured now.

'Alright then,' she said. 'Impress me.'

Darius rested his forearms lightly on the polished mahogany and leaned in just enough to command the room without appearing overbearing or too eager.

This was a man completely in his element.

'Let's be honest,' he began smoothly. 'Magical means of communication are woefully behind those of the Muggle world. Nonsensically so, given what we can achieve, how we can so easily bend reality to our wills with just a... flick of our wrists.'

Ginny saw out of the corner of her eyes her husband trying to resist rolling his eyes at the melodramatic delivery, but thankfully, he kept those thoughts to himself.

'You want to get a message to someone?' Darius continued. 'You write it out and send it by owl. Or charm a bit of parchment and hope the other party is near enough to receive it. Short, long, it doesn't matter. By Muggle standards—that's slow. *Painfully* slow.'

Ginny frowned slightly.

‘Telephones exist,’ Harry pointed out evenly. ‘Landlines. That’s not new. That’s not exactly the most difficult bit of technology to emulate—there just hasn’t been a demand.’

‘Oh, you mean those rotary phones dad’s always going on about?’ Ginny asked, her lips curled in amusement. ‘With the wires, and the spinny dial that makes funny noises with each number? Yeah, even I know those. We’re not *complete* rubes.’

Darius blinked.

Then he laughed. Thankfully, for his health, it wasn’t a derisory laugh. It was deep, rich and filled with genuine amusement.

‘Nobody uses *landlines* anymore. Today? Those are considered *ancient*.’

They both stared at him.

He shook his head, still smiling. ‘The idea of communication devices being tethered to a wall has been dead for over a *long* time. At least a decade. Maybe longer. The world doesn’t work like that now.’

Ginny leaned back slightly.

‘You’re telling me Muggles don’t even use telephones anymore?’

‘Oh, they use phones,’ Darius corrected. ‘They just aren’t attached to anything. These days, phones are portable, can fit in your pocket, and are *everywhere*. And it’s all instant. Photos. Video. Calls. All without being physically connected to a literal wire.’

That was when Ginny felt the first real flicker of surprise.

Harry’s expression shifted too.

‘Wireless?’ she asked, surprised. ‘Like magic?’

‘Wireless,’ Darius confirmed. ‘But no magic. Just technology.’

He flipped the mirror in his hand and held it up.

‘And that’s just *phone calls*, you already know about those. That’s not even touching on messaging and video calls.’

Ginny blinked.

‘Video? You mean like the telly? VHS?’

Darius stared at her for a beat, genuinely surprised.

‘You know what those are?’

Harry coughed softly, trying to keep them focused.

Ginny grinned—ridiculously proud of herself despite how bonkers that might sound—and shrugged.

Darius shook his head, amused. ‘Not quite that, no. I’m talking about linking two of these together so that, rather than a Floo call, you look into the mirror and see the person you’re speaking to. In real time.’

Harry frowned.

‘...You mean a two-way mirror?’

Darius’ smile widened.

'*Exactly*. Or rather, that's the original inspiration for this product. But a two-way mirror is limited. It links to *one* other mirror and one mirror *only*. Permanently. This—' he held the device up between them '—we're calling it a *MirrorLink*. It can connect to as many other MirrorLinks as you like. Once the connection is established, you make the call by invoking the name of the person you want to speak to. The implement is smart enough to identify the correct contact—even if there are multiple witches or wizards with the same name.'

Ginny sat back slightly, trying to comprehend the scale of this thing she was supposedly gonna stamp her name on.

She saw the use—fuck if she wasn't over needing to badger her poor owl just to get a message to her husband—but *revolutionary*?

'And you're saying Muggles are hooked on these?' she asked. 'I'm struggling to see how this changes the world like 'Mione made us believe...'

Darius tilted his head from side to side, weighing the word.

'To get into how that became the case for Muggles, we'd have to get into topics that aren't entirely relevant to today's meeting—though I suspect your friend has enough foresight to see how we could also emulate those functions too,' he said smoothly without over-promising. That was a point in his favour. 'But even without that, the ability to message or speak to someone instantly, no matter where in the world they may be, absolutely *did* change the world.'

Ginny turned the small mirror over in her hands.

It looked so simple.

So...unassuming.

'All I see is a fancy mirror.'

‘Quite right!’ Darius laughed, slipping briefly into an exaggerated British accent. ‘And I don’t expect you to take my word for it. In fact, a colleague of mine is waiting at the other end of Gringotts with another MirrorLink. We’d be more than happy to demonstrate.’

Harry glanced at her, eyebrows raised.

Ginny smirked knowingly and wagged hers in return.

And then she felt it again—that subtle brush at the edge of her mind. Not intrusive. Not forceful. Just Harry checking in. Curious. Slightly wary.

Ginny let her thoughts spill openly.

Oh, he’s absolutely trying to fuck me. Kinda impressed with his balls to be honest, to be so blatant right in front of you. Go on. I’ll be fine...

She felt his answering wave of amusement and long-suffering exasperation. And his not-so-subtle arousal.

Dirty little cuck...

The doors opened almost immediately, as if on cue. A goblin stood ready to escort Harry to the adjoining meeting room.

Harry rose, adjusting his jacket.

His gaze lingered on her for half a second longer than necessary. Then he followed the goblin out.

The others might have missed it, but Ginny didn’t miss the faint tinting of red to his cheeks—no doubt a result of her parting thoughts.

After he left, the doors shut with a heavy, deliberate thud.

The privacy wards flared faintly and reengaged.

And just like that, Ginny was alone in the conference room with Darius. This handsome, charismatic man that absolutely wanted to have a crack at her.

And he didn't waste any time.

Darius slid closer in his chair until he was right beside her, somehow slipping neatly into her personal space without it feeling like he was crowding her. It was an oddly impressive trick. Close enough that she could feel the warmth of him, but not so close that it felt aggressive.

He smelled good, she noticed. His cologne was subtle and pleasant, something clean and expensive that lingered faintly in the air without overwhelming her senses.

The MirrorLink slid across the polished table toward her, placed carefully in portrait.

Darius laid his large hand over it, completely covering the implement with his palm.

In a deep, almost hypnotic voice, he whispered,

'Solvo.'

From beneath his hand, Ginny saw a faint red glow bleeding out between his fingers.

But when he lifted his hand away, the MirrorLink sat there looking completely innocent, their reflections staring calmly back from its polished surface.

'May I?'

He held out a hand toward her.

Ginny privately found it funny, watching the exact moment where Darius would pause and check he wasn't pushing things too far.

Without showing a lick of discomfort—or eagerness—and maintaining an utterly relaxed posture, Ginny allowed him to take her hand.

With the careful gentleness one might use if handling porcelain, he placed her palm down over the MirrorLink.

His lips drifted close to her ear.

Close enough that Ginny couldn't help the involuntary shiver that ran through her. A pleasant little ripple of sensation travelling up her spine.

'Now say the incantation *Ligo*,' he murmured softly. 'The MirrorLink will bind itself to you. You can keep this one, a sign of our good will.'

She certainly wasn't opposed to receiving freebies.

'*Ligo...*'

Warmth spread beneath her palm almost instantly.

Blue light seeped between her fingers as the device responded.

Ginny felt a faint tingling ripple through her body as the implement bound itself to her. Nothing painful. Nothing sinister.

Just... novel.

She trusted Harry implicitly. If these things or the people selling them were cursed, dangerous, or had even the faintest whiff of ill intent, Harry's wand would have been out before either of them could blink.

Which, in turn, made Ginny briefly wonder about Harry's complete lack of reaction to Darius' very obvious interest in her.

To be fair... we've both had to get used to people lusting after our partner...

The warmth faded as quickly as it had come.

Darius gently lifted her hand away.

'You utter the same phrases when you want to connect to other MirrorLinks—just make sure they're touching,' he explained, his voice calm and melodic. 'All other functions are controlled mentally. I'm sure you felt it brushing your mind earlier. That's why.'

He gestured lightly to the device.

'Right now the MirrorLink has three primary functions. Two-way calls. Messaging. And capturing instant, moving photographs you can send between MirrorLinks.'

That made Ginny sit up immediately.

Wizarding cameras were enormous things. Bulky, noisy contraptions that spat out photographs you then had to develop.

Being able to take a moving picture instantly... and send it to someone else?

That was... That was *brilliant*. Genuinely wicked!

‘Show me!’

Darius’ smile widened at her eagerness.

He gestured for her to pick up the MirrorLink.

‘As I said, most of its functions are controlled mentally. Just think about wanting to take a photograph.’

Ginny did.

Instantly the reflection vanished.

Instead of seeing her own face in the glass, the surface turned transparent, allowing her to see straight through it to the table beneath.

Curious about how intuitive the thing really was, she lifted the MirrorLink and pointed it toward Darius.

She simply thought about taking the picture.

There was no flash. No click. No obvious indication anything had happened at all.

The handsome salesman simply smiled back at her, white teeth flashing brightly against his dark, chocolate-coloured skin.

The man takes a good photo...

‘How do I see it?’

‘Think about bringing up your pictures,’ he said patiently.

Ginny fought the urge to wince.

Apparently they'd made this thing as idiot-proof as humanly possible.

She did exactly as instructed.

The reflection shifted again, replaced by the image she had just taken.

Only now the Darius in the photograph wasn't just smiling.

He winked.

Then blew her a kiss.

The real Darius snorted in amusement as Ginny burst into laughter.

'You can swipe through previous images like this,' he continued, demonstrating with a smooth motion of his finger across the glass. 'And zoom using a pinching motion. That one we borrowed from the non-magical version. We figured if it ain't broke, don't fix it.'

Ginny swiped through several stored images.

Most were fairly ordinary. Pictures of Diagon Alley. The Leaky Cauldron. The famous, winding cobbled street, captured from different angles.

Likely taken by curious Americans visiting the magical world.

Then Ginny froze.

‘Oh my... how embarrassing.’

And yet Darius made absolutely no move to obscure the screen.

Because staring back at her from the MirrorLink was a completely naked—and very oiled—Darius.

The picture had clearly been taken in what looked like a hotel room earlier that day.

Without his suit hiding anything, the man’s physique was... perfection. Muscles rippled across his torso and arms, carefully sculpted and gleaming under the light.

One foot rested on a chair, his pose shamelessly confident.

Ginny didn’t gasp or freak out, but she didn’t swipe away.

She simply looked.

Calmly, with no signs of her inner thoughts showing on her inscrutable features.

As though evaluating a sculpture.

Hilariously, Ginny could feel Darius fidgeting nervously beside her at her notable lack of reaction.

To the man’s credit... his body *was* a work of art. Probably the most carefully maintained and sculpted body she’d ever seen.

He’d clearly worked very hard for it.

The picture smirked at her apparent interest, and Ginny idly wondered, almost nonsensically, if the Darius in the photograph could sense how wet she was. Her eyes invariably slid down to the huge cock dangling between his legs, dark and menacing. It reminded her of Oliver's. Long and incredibly thick, pulsing with thick veins and looking like it would give her a proper good time.

'Terribly sorry,' Darius said smoothly, his voice warm against her ear. 'Forgot to delete that one. You'll have to forgive me.'

And yet he still didn't try to stop her from looking.

Ginny didn't swipe away.

She did grind her powerful thighs together, a sudden, desperate itch down there screaming for her attention.

'That's alright,' she said casually, studying the image with open curiosity. 'We all make... mistakes.'

'Mhmm.'

Unfortunately the rather striking image vanished a moment later as the MirrorLink began humming softly on the table.

In its place, her husband's name appeared in elegant cursive across the top of the glass.

'That's what happens when someone calls you,' Darius explained, his voice now noticeably lower. 'Once you set it up properly, you can assign pictures from your gallery to your contacts so they show up on the glass when they call.'

Feeling slightly flushed despite herself, Ginny thought, and the MirrorLink answered.

The name dissolved, and Harry's face appeared in its place.

'This working?'

'Sure is,' Ginny replied with a teasing grin, slightly surprised with how clear his voice was—unlike the Muggle telephones she'd used in the past. Harry looked genuinely impressed on the other end. 'I take it you liked what you saw?'

Harry nodded, trying and failing to hide his excitement.

'It's... wow,' he admitted. 'I see what Hermione meant. The MirrorLink is... what they showed me... it was very impressive.'

Ginny felt a large hand settle on her thigh beneath the table.

She didn't react.

Not in any way Harry could possibly detect through what he could see of her face, anyway.

'I know what you mean,' she said lightly, remembering Darius' chiselled, Adonis-like physique that put all of her lovers' bodies to shame. And the dark cock that hung heavy between powerful thighs. 'It was *very* impressive.'

At her complete lack of reaction to his misbehaving hand, Darius grew bolder.

His hand slowly crept higher, drawing closer to the core that was *burning* for him.

Harry's voice snapped her back to reality, drawing Ginny's attention back to the glass.

'Gin?'

Ginny blinked.

'Hm?'

Harry tilted his head slightly on the other end of the call, his gorgeous eyes narrowing with suspicion.

A suspicion he kept to himself, for now.

'Did he show you how the messaging feature works yet?'

Ginny shook her head.

It was an easy, natural motion—completely unremarkable to anyone watching.

At the same time, Darius' fingers tried to carefully ease their way into her knickers. She didn't object, didn't let the excitement show on her features.

'No,' she answered calmly. 'We focused more on the camera.'

Harry blinked in surprise.

'Camera?' he repeated. *'What camera?'*

On the other end of the MirrorLink, the man sitting beside him—likely Darius' colleague—leaned into view with the enthusiasm of someone itching to show off their creation.

'Oh! Right, yes. That's actually one of the features we're most proud of—'

The explanation began in earnest.

Ginny listened with half an ear.

Darius, meanwhile, worked with slow, careful precision beneath the table. Finding her skintight jeans too much of an obstacle for his mischievous fingers and large hand, he sought to remove the barrier.

With one hand he popped the button of her jeans with remarkable dexterity.

The tiny pop vanished beneath the excited chatter about image capturing and enhancement charms.

Ginny stilled, her breath catching in her throat as Darius resumed.

Her eyes remained fixed on the MirrorLink as the stranger animatedly described how wizarding camera magic had been adapted for the device.

Then Darius popped the rest of the buttons.

He shifted slightly in his chair, making space, his hand slipping into the narrow gap between denim and skin.

Ginny remained perfectly composed.

She watched Harry nod thoughtfully on the glass while the other man continued describing the MirrorLink's most promising feature.

At least...most promising for their new lifestyle...

Though her impassive face hid her feelings well, Ginny couldn't help the shuddering exhale that let slip as Darius boldly pressed on. She wondered at the kind of supreme confidence, the magnificent *bollocks*, one had to have to mess about with another man's wife, ostensibly, right in front of him.

Especially when that man was Harry *bloody* Potter.

Would he be so smooth if he knew Harry was very well aware...?

Naturally, *that* thought only served to further flame her desires, even as she continued to keep said emotions from her face.

Even when a thick finger finally slid over her soaked lips.

There was only one outward sign anything had happened at all.

Ginny let out a pleased hum so soft, it couldn't be heard over the jabbering of the salesman by her husband's side.

'So the messaging,' Harry said thoughtfully after a moment, clearly trying to keep up with the explanation. *'I'm assuming it works like everything else? You think of your message, and if your MirrorLink is connected to another... it sends?'*

'Right in one,' Darius murmured beside her.

His voice was low, close to her ear.

The warmth of his breath sent an involuntary shiver up her spine.

'Why not try it?' he added softly. 'There's no restriction. Doesn't matter that you're already in a call.'

Ginny let out another slow breath as Darius' finger circled slowly, teasingly around her clit.

She blinked, forcing the haze of warmth and distraction away, and focused on the MirrorLink in her hand.

Right-o. Focus, you slut.

She thought about composing a message.

Harry's face vanished instantly.

The reflective surface shifted, replaced by something that looked like a sheet of cloudy parchment suspended behind the glass.

You said you had business at Gringotts, babe? Why don't you handle it while Darius takes your place for our reservation tonight? I'll try and squeeze as much out of him as I can.

As she formed the message in her mind, elegant cursive inked itself across the faux parchment, mirroring her thoughts perfectly.

The moment she finished the thought and was satisfied with the message, she mentally commanded the message to be sent. She watched as, in response, the parchment rolled itself neatly into a tight scroll, then it vanished with a soft magical flicker.

Ginny watched Harry's face carefully as the MirrorLink display returned to the live call.

For a second nothing happened.

Then his expression went blank.

His eyes shifted slightly to the side, moving right to left as he read.

Ginny could tell the exact instant he finished.

His eyes cleared, and he stared through the glass, directly into her soul.

And the look he gave her was entirely different.

When Harry Potter was reading something, like with most people, his eyes softened slightly in concentration.

When he looked at someone—as many criminals could attest—the intensity in his gaze was enough to take your breath away.

His eyebrow rose slowly, once more, half amusement, half exasperation.

He wasn't buying her act for even half a second. And her double-entendre had clearly *not* been as subtle as she'd hoped.

Still, Ginny met his gaze without flinching and smiled wickedly.

Her expression was utterly unapologetic, and the brazenness of what he was asking was enough to cause her husband to visibly shudder on the other end of the call.

She winked, her tongue poking out and licking her lips sultrily.

Harry closed his eyes briefly and let out a long, weary sigh.

Their byplay was completely missed by the oblivious salesman. Not that Ginny wouldn't have minded all that much.

If anything, it'd be even hotter if they knew exactly what was going on...

'Fine,' he said at last. 'I'll leave it in your hands, luv. Try and get as many of these MirrorLinks as you can though. There's no point in us having them if we've no one to use them with.'

Realising she'd been thoroughly figured out, Ginny didn't bother trying to sell the lie to her husband any further.

But she also didn't correct the impression for Darius' benefit.

As far as he knew, he was getting away with something spectacular. The fact that he no-doubt thought Ginny was a slutty, cheating wife only made the affair even hotter—and the future sex, *spectacular*.

She could hardly wait.

'Oh, I'll see what I can do,' Ginny said sweetly, eyes flashing with wicked amusement even as Darius continued to circle, but never touch, her clit. 'This Darius fella is a bit of a smooth operator though. He's already got me wrapped around his finger...'

Beside her, Darius froze.

Completely froze. As if he'd just been hit with a petrifying charm.

The hand beneath the table stopped moving instantly, every delicious muscle on his perfectly sculpted body locking up.

Ginny had to try *really* hard not to laugh. This big, imposing, beautiful man who was in the process of finger-banging her in front of her husband had stilled like a Mooncalf before a Dragon.

But somehow even more skittish.

Don't bitch out on me now, boyo. Mama's horny...

Harry stared at the screen.

Deadpan.

'...I'm sure you'll manage.'

Ginny grinned wider and winked again.

'Thanks babe. Talk to you later, okay?'

'Ta.'

Harry's image vanished as the connection seamlessly broke.

The MirrorLink returned to its normal reflective surface, showing Ginny's own faintly flushed reflection staring back at her.

Silence filled the meeting room.

Darius exhaled shakily beside her.

His finger still hadn't moved.

'I should've known,' he muttered under his breath. 'The greatest Quidditch superstar of her generation being a bit of a thrill-seeker...'

Ginny cackled, her laughter bright and utterly unrepentant.

Darius finally began to withdraw his hand, clearly intending to regroup before they continued whatever farcical *negotiation* she intended over the dinner reservation he'd unintentionally hijacked.

Her grip snapped around his wrist before he could.

Ironclad.

He blinked down at her hand.

Then up at her face.

'And where do you think *you're* going?'

'...you said something about a reservation?' he ventured cautiously. 'More negotiating...?'

'That comes later,' Ginny said dismissively.

She shoved her chair back from the table and eyed Darius with a gaze that smouldered with desire.

She spread her legs wide, one hand spreading the puffy lips of her glistening womanhood, the other not letting go of the handsome man's wrist

'You've wound me up right proper,' she continued calmly. 'Finish what you started. Then we'll see what comes next.'

Darius' nostrils flared slightly.

His gaze dropped and locked greedily on her gushing cunt, licking his lips hungrily at the sight.

Ginny watched the exact moment the confident salesman realised he wasn't the one controlling this situation anymore, followed by surrender when he realised he didn't give a single toss.

He slid off his chair and dropped between her spread legs with all the eagerness of her nieces and nephews on Christmas morning.

The room was utterly silent save for their heavy, laboured breathing. Even within the centre of power of the beings that controlled the finances of all of Wizarding Britain, they couldn't have had more privacy even if they tried.

The polished mahogany table reflected the chandelier's light like liquid gold. A gold that matched the ostentatious decorations littering the conference room.

It wasn't quite her style, but it'd do for some quick head. A warm-up before the main event later that evening.

Ginny leaned back in her chair, utterly relaxed, an indulgent smile on her lips.

She raised a coppery eyebrow in challenge, waiting for her latest lover to make his move.

Darius swallowed thickly, shook his head, then returned her confident smile.

'This day is turning out a lot better than I was expecting...'

If nothing else, Darius was gifted with his tongue.

Not as gifted as her husband, but he didn't have the unfair advantage of being able to slip into her mind as easily as breathing.

He dragged that thick tongue over her labia, flicked her clit, kissed it, suckled. Her excitement was getting smeared all over his face and he didn't falter for even a second, even as Ginny moaned, her hips gyrating as she took his head in hand and pressed him in tighter.

Who knew negotiations would be so *fun*?

-

Susan Bones had really needed this day off.

No work. No stress. No dark wizards, paperwork, or rookies asking stupid questions. Most importantly, no Potter pacing the Auror office non-stop wearing a hole in the pristine, plush carpet as he tried to look moody and menacing.

She'd slept in late, ordered in breakfast, fuffed about the house doing nothing in particular, and then met up with one of her oldest friends for dinner at one of Wizarding Britain's most exclusive establishments.

All in all, a bloody good day.

So good, in fact, that her cheeks genuinely ached from smiling too much.

Across the table, Blair Peregrine did not look nearly as pleased with life.

Susan watched her friend pick at the remains of her dessert with the weary air of a woman who had spent the entire evening pretending to relax while her brain continued to run at full speed.

Susan swirled the last of the icewine in her glass and grinned lazily across the candlelit table.

'No idea what you've got to bitch about, Blair,' she said. 'The Harpies are top of the table by a million points and winning every game by just as much.'

Blair let out a long, exhausted sigh as she sank deeper into her chair, absently nudging her spoon through the last smear of chocolate on her plate.

'You're not the one who has to deal with the vultures questioning everything I do,' she said tiredly. 'Every decision I make. Every *tradition* I challenge. Still. Even after the results, the unprecedented performances, all I get from the old guard is: "It's just not how things are done," ugh. Spare me.'

Her lips tightened as she cut herself off before she descended into a tirade.

'It's... irritating, to say the least.'

Susan snorted.

'Well, for what it's worth, the Pro League has been a way more interesting watch this year with your girls doing their thing. And honestly? I never understood you needing to give any time to these twats. Fuck 'em. Who gives a toss what the gossip rags say?'

Blair lifted her glasses and pinched the bridge of her nose, the gesture one of long-practiced frustration.

'Trust me,' she muttered, 'I'm tempted. But it's not worth it being on their bad side. Think of it as... playing nice. Banking favours for when I inevitably need to call them in.'

She lowered her glasses again, her expression turning wry.

'And given how crazy some of these... girls are, I suspect I'll be needing to call in those favours sooner than I'd like.'

Susan bit back a laugh.

Actually bit it back.

A full bark of laughter would have echoed rather awkwardly through the dining hall of the restaurant, and the clientele around them—old money witches, Ministry officials, foreign dignitaries, and the sort of people who spent more money on robes than she made in a year—were not the sort who appreciated such...explosions of noise.

Still, she couldn't help the snigger that escaped her.

'Look at you,' Susan said, shaking her head. 'Barely been the owner for a few months and you're already sounding like your mum.'

Blair shot her a flat, unimpressed stare over the rim of her glasses.

Susan sniggered again.

'Enough about that,' Blair said, waving the subject away with a small flick of her hand. 'Listen... if you don't mind, I need a favour.'

Susan leaned back in her chair with theatrical suspicion.

'Aah,' she drawled. 'And the *real* reason you asked me out to dinner reveals itself at last. And to think, I just thought you wanted to spend time with your old friend!'

Blair rolled her eyes.

'Don't be so dramatic.'

Susan ignored her entirely.

'Friends since we were little tykes,' she continued mournfully, pressing a hand to her chest, 'when your mum and my aunt would drag us to Harpies games—and *this* is how you treat me? Only call to hang out when you need something from me? Like a *business associate*? How...*vile*.'

She sniffed.

'How...*mean*.'

'Enough!' Blair groaned, though the corners of her lips twitched with reluctant amusement. 'Will you help me or not?'

Susan reached lazily for the nearly empty bottle of icewine resting in the silver bucket beside their table and topped up her glass until it was brimming.

‘That depends,’ she said, dragging the words out deliberately. ‘Who’s picking up the tab?’

Blair stared at her.

‘Really?’

Susan shrugged, entirely unashamed.

‘What? You’re *loaded* and I’m a poor, knutless Auror. Do you have any idea how much a bottle of this goes for?’

Blair looked unimpressed.

‘You make *plenty*, you greedy little miser.’

‘Mean words for someone coming hat in hand asking for a favour,’ Susan replied pleasantly.

Blair sighed again, pinched the bridge of her nose for what must have been the tenth time that evening, and threw up her hands in surrender.

‘Fine. Whatever. I don’t care. Listen—I’ve got a meeting with the owner of the Dragons ahead of our Continental Cup tie—’

All humour vanished from Susan’s face.

‘Wait,’ she said sharply. ‘You mean—?’

Blair gave a weary nod.

‘Right. *Him*.’

Susan leaned forward slightly.

‘I don’t think anything will happen,’ Blair continued carefully, ‘but I also don’t think it’d be a good idea to show up at his office as requested. Alone. It’s a sign of weakness. Especially given he’ll no doubt be surrounded by his own... goons.’

Susan scoffed.

‘Knuckle-dragging wankers. You’ve got nothing to worry about from them. We looked into him not that long ago with our German counterparts.’

She waved her hand dismissively.

‘All bark. Totally manageable bite, that one.’

‘My people tell me similar,’ Blair admitted with a cautious nod. ‘But even so... I don’t like risks—’

‘Says the one who hired a *bloke* to coach the Holyhead Harpies,’ Susan cut in, grinning wickedly, ‘a bloke who’s *completely* mental and has radicalised Quidditch tactics as we know them—’

‘—*when they don’t make sense*,’ Blair finished firmly, speaking straight over her.

Her eyes narrowed.

‘I’d appreciate it if you accompanied me to the meeting. He won’t so much as put a foot wrong if you show that adorable face of yours.’

Susan snorted into her wine.

‘What?’

‘Nothing,’ Susan said, waving off the question, though a small frown creased her brow. ‘You just reminded me how I got my nickname.’

Blair’s frown deepened.

‘The Death Badger? I always did find it funny. How?’

Susan grinned.

‘Harry.’

Blair blinked.

‘He used to say I was too adorable to be intimidating,’ Susan continued, entirely pleased with herself. ‘Like a badger.’

The Hufflepuff connection was obvious and overplayed, but Susan rather liked the nickname, if she were honest. Despite how much she’d grumbled and complained at the time.

Blair stared at her the way she always did when Susan mentioned her legendary partner—half gobsmacked, half endlessly curious.

‘That’s... fascinating.’

Then she leaned forward slightly when she realised had no intention of spilling any more juicy gossip about the *great* Harry Potter..

'So? Will you come? I can get you tickets to the game too, if you like.'

Susan waved her off and took another sip.

'Can't. Working that night.'

She shrugged.

'Just cover the bill and I got you. Piece of piss.'

The tension eased visibly out of Blair's shoulders.

She reached into her pocket and pulled out an intricate timepiece, glancing down at it.

A second later she clicked her tongue and looked back up at Susan apologetically.

'I need to go. I've got a meeting with Oliver in an hour I can't miss.'

Susan raised an eyebrow slowly.

'*Oliver*, eh?'

She took another slow sip of wine as Blair began to shift uncomfortably beneath the weight of her stare.

Truth be told, Harry was the one who got most of the attention in their partnership.

But Susan had never minded that.

If anything, she used it to her advantage.

People overlooked her. Underestimated her.

Assumed she was the friendly one.

The harmless one.

The *adorable* one.

The one whose brains all went to her tits.

It meant they never saw the danger until it was far too late.

Blair, for her part, squirmed under Susan's ice-blue gaze like a witch caught with her hand in the biscuit tin.

'Oh shut up,' she snapped at last, cheeks colouring as she stood abruptly.

With a flick of her wand she tapped the payment receptacle on the table, settling their bill without another word.

'What are you, a *child*?'

Susan grinned up at her.

Then she gestured lazily to her glass.

'Go on. I'll finish my drink before heading off. You'd be amazed how much better alcohol tastes once it's free.'

Blair rolled her eyes again, but rounded the table anyway.

She bent down and pressed a gentle kiss to Susan's cheek.

But instead of pulling away, her hand wandered.

A moment later Blair gave one of Susan's heavy breasts a playful squeeze, out of sight from the other diners that would be scandalized by such behaviour.

'I prefer your other nickname,' Blair murmured, a playful lilt to her voice that those who'd spent time with the taciturn Witch would have found completely out of character.

Susan partly blamed the alcohol she'd imbibed.

With another squeeze that had Susan feeling all sorts of unsightly things, her friend let her know of her *other* nickname. 'The *Big-Titty-Badger*.'

Blair burst into giggles at Susan's stunned expression.

But before she could pull away, Susan caught her wrist and held it firmly in place. Calling her bluff after her prim and proper friend had surprisingly pushed all her chips in.

'Don't start something you don't intend to finish... *luv*.'

Susan held her gaze, crystal blue eyes suddenly inflamed from a deep well of desire, a consequence of not having been laid in *far* too long.

At her age, it was such a *pain* to find someone for a quick, convenient shag. Even more so someone that'd put up with her awful hours for something more permanent.

It had taken until her forties to finally understand her perpetually single Aunt...

Susan held her friend's gaze and wrist long enough for Blair to begin fidgeting and stammering like a schoolgirl.

Then they both broke into tipsy laughter when Susan finally let her go with a cheeky wink.

'Go on,' Susan said. 'Go meet your *boyfriend*.'

She lifted her glass again.

'Let me know when the meeting is so I can organise time off.'

Flustered, Blair straightened her blouse and immediately began protesting.

'He's not—we're not.'

Then she seemed to think better of it. Protesting too much would just prove her point.

Even more than she'd already had. Honestly, Blair wouldn't shut up about the Harpies' new coach—like a schoolgirl with a crush, that one.

She straightened fully, pursed her lips in mild annoyance, and gathered what remained of her composure and dignity.

'It's been lovely,' she said primly. 'I'll see you soon.'

'Toodahoo,' Susan called after her, waving lazily as Blair stiffly made her way across the restaurant floor.

That one needs a shag more than I do. Hopefully Wood'll give her some...wood.

She cackled into her glass before finishing her drink and pouring another.

She really did love icewine. So cool, so refreshing. It didn't burn as it went down her throat so much as invigorated and relaxed.

Susan let her eyes wander, finally taking in her surroundings now that her friend wasn't hogging the better portion of her attention.

The restaurant was exactly the sort of place you'd expect the upper crust of magical Britain to frequent. Tall arched windows looked out over the London skyline, though the glass shimmered faintly with enchantments that kept the worst of the city's fog and noise at bay. Floating candles drifted lazily between the tables like slow golden fireflies, their light reflected in polished crystal goblets and gleaming silver cutlery. The tables themselves were spaced generously apart—no cramped pub seating here—and each was dressed in enchanted white Acromantula silk that literally glittered in the firelight.

A quartet of enchanted instruments played softly in one corner. No musicians. Just a violin, cello, piano and harp suspended in mid-air, bowing and plucking at themselves with eerie precision while the melody drifted warmly through the room.

The clientele matched the setting.

Robes cut from magical creature hide that would have gotten them in trouble had Susan looked closely enough. Jewelry that hummed faintly with protective charms. Ministry officials trying to look inconspicuous while clearly enjoying being recognised.

Susan's Auror instincts ticked over automatically, her sharp eyes scanning her fellow patrons.

Old habits, and all that.

The elderly wizard at the corner table pretending not to listen to the conversation beside him—he was *definitely* listening. The young couple near the bar trying a bit too hard to look like

they belonged there—nervous glances, stiff posture. Probably someone’s assistants brought along for the night.

Her gaze shifted to another table and she snorted quietly into her glass.

Now *that* pairing was interesting.

A mid-level Ministry bureaucrat she vaguely recognised from Magical Transport dining with a woman who absolutely *wasn’t* his wife. The pair leaned toward each other conspiratorially, whispering behind their menus like teenagers sneaking around.

Susan raised her glass in their direction with a faint smirk.

Bold move, mate.

She took another sip of her wine before her gaze drifted upward.

There was a second level to the restaurant.

A mezzanine balcony that circled the upper walls like a private gallery, reserved for the sort of clientele who preferred their exclusivity layered.

Celebrities. Foreign leaders. Legends. The sort of people who paid ridiculous sums of money to avoid being seen by the less exclusive clientele downstairs.

The *rabble*.

Normally the angle from the lower floor, combined with some clever silencing and privacy charms woven into the railing, ensured that the patrons upstairs enjoyed their anonymity while still soaking in the restaurant’s pleasant atmosphere.

But tonight, one of the diners seated near the railing abruptly stood, and broke the spell.

Though her back faced Susan, her eyebrows shot up immediately in surprise.

She'd recognise that hair and that *arse* anywhere.

Especially in jeans *that* tight.

This is where Harry was taking Ginny? Fancy.

Her lips curled.

I swear that twat's making more than... me...

Her train of thought faltered when a chocolate coloured hand slid seamlessly around Ginny's waist.

The hand settled possessively on that spectacular arse. It didn't quite grab one of the magnificent, meaty cheeks, but rather settled above the curve...

A figure joined the hand beside her—quintessentially, and quite literally tall, dark and handsome—impeccably dressed in a sharply tailored Muggle suit.

Susan's brow furrowed.

What the bloody hell?

Ginny turned toward the man and smiled up at him.

From this distance there was nothing outright inappropriate about the interaction. No touching beyond that lingering hand. No obvious intimacy.

Just... a strange familiarity.

But the look in Ginny's eyes told a completely different story.

Susan had known the woman most of her life.

That look was *not* subtle.

A moment later the pair stepped back from the railing and disappeared from view entirely.

Susan leaned back in her chair slowly, her curiosity prickling to life—a trait Harry often claimed was both her greatest strength and her most irritating flaw.

Why would Harry lie about going to dinner with his wife tonight...?

For most people, that thought would have led somewhere darker. Somewhere inevitable.

Lying. Cheating. *Infidelity*.

Those people clearly didn't know Harry James Potter.

Susan had known him for decades. Worked beside him nearly every day for most of her adult life. There'd never been anything romantic between them—not that she'd mind—but Susan and everyone else at the Auror office often joked that Harry was her work-husband.

The joke had no-doubt gotten back to Ginny at some point—how that didn't make her lose her rag, Susan never knew.

Having said all that, Susan had seen how his scary mind worked first hand. How he operated.

There was absolutely *no* way Ginny Potter was having dinner with some fit bloke without Harry knowing about it.

No one did *anything* without Harry knowing.

He was a bit of a freak like that.

As much as she loved the twat, Susan wasn't entirely sure she could tolerate that level of scrutiny in her own life. That complete lack of privacy and vulnerability.

Aaaaand that's why you're still single...

Susan drained the rest of her icewine in one greedy gulp and stood.

She couldn't help herself.

Her curiosity had already won.

She made her way toward the staircase leading up to the second tier of the restaurant. At the top she was immediately intercepted by an unimpressed attendant.

Susan raised a hand before the man could speak.

'Auror business,' she said casually, and with finality. 'Don't worry, I won't make a scene.'

The man clearly wanted to tell her to piss off.

She could see it in his eyes.

But after a brief moment's hesitation—perhaps deciding it wasn't worth antagonising someone with the reputation of the *Death Badger*— he stepped aside.

Then again, when his gaze dipped briefly toward her chest, perhaps it was the *Big-Titty-Badger* he was more interested in impressing.

Susan snorted quietly as she walked past him.

She'd long since grown used to the effect her tits had on people. They attracted attention like gravity itself. Annoying at first.

Now?

She mostly found it amusing. And useful.

She wouldn't dress the way she did if she didn't, with her tits all but threatening to spill out of her blouse or stretch her too-tight turtlenecks.

The upper level was noticeably quieter than the bustling floor below.

Just the nature of the place.

There simply weren't that many people rich or important enough to warrant the extra cost of dining up here.

The décor mirrored the lower level but with an extra layer of refinement. Instead of open tables, the patrons sat in plush private booths separated by velvet curtains that could be drawn for additional privacy. A far more elaborate bar ran along one wall, stocked with bottles that made Susan's mouth water just looking at them.

She paused for half a second, licking her lips as she eyed the spirits behind the bar.

Then shook herself out of it.

Focus.

Her gaze swept the room again.

No sign of Ginny.

Or her... *dining partner*.

Three doors led away from the upper tier.

One likely connected to the kitchens.

Nope.

Another almost certainly led to the private entrance used by the restaurant's more discreet clientele.

If Ginny and her mystery companion had already left, they could be halfway across London by now.

Following after them that way would be pointless and, frankly—though she could use magic to help guide her—not worth the effort..

Nope.

Her eyes settled on the third door.

The one that no doubt led to the lavatories.

Susan tilted her head thoughtfully.

Shall we try door number three...?

Walking like she belonged, Susan pushed through the door and immediately froze dead in her tracks.

Her eyebrows climbed nearly to her hairline.

How is a hallway to the bloody loo nicer than my entire apartment...?

The corridor stretched ahead of her like something lifted straight out of a palace rather than the back passage of a restaurant. The floor was polished white marble threaded with veins of gold that shimmered faintly with enchantment. Soft lanterns floated near the ceiling, their light warm and flattering rather than harsh, while plush carpets muffled footsteps so thoroughly that even Susan's Auror-trained ears struggled to hear her own movement.

Portraits lined the walls.

Not cheap moving portraits either—these were *proper* magical paintings, their subjects dressed in luxurious robes that were all-the-rage *centuries* ago. Several of them watched her pass with varying levels of curiosity and disapproval.

One overly-powdered witch sniffed audibly as Susan strode by.

'Honestly,' the woman muttered to the wizard beside her in a voice so snide and annoying, Susan had to resist the urge to let loose a *Fiendfye* in the cramped space. *'Aurors. They always walk like they own the place.'*

Susan ignored them.

She'd been judged by far worse than a bunch of smug oil paintings.

She pushed through the door marked *Witches* and promptly stopped again.

Whatever impression the hallway had made?

Multiply it by a *thousand*.

The bathroom was less a public convenience and more a collection of private suites. Instead of cramped stalls, a row of elegantly carved doors opened into individual cubicles—though “cubicle” hardly seemed the right word. Each one was effectively a fully enclosed miniature bathroom in its own right.

Polished stone basins floated gently in the air, self-filling with perfectly heated water. Mirrors framed in enchanted silver adjusted themselves subtly to flatter whoever stood before them. Crystal chandeliers glittered overhead, casting soft reflections across marble floors so clean they looked freshly conjured.

A faint floral charm hung in the air, delicate rather than overpowering.

Susan whistled under her breath as she beheld the majesty.

‘Bloody hell.’

Feeling the inevitable consequences of all the Icewine she’d imbibed that evening, Susan slipped into one of the vacant suites.

Even the loo inside was ridiculous.

Heated seat. Self-cleaning charms. Towels that folded themselves neatly the moment they were used.

She shook her head as she finished up.

Rich people are mental...

After relieving herself, she stepped back out into the main chamber of the bathroom and nearly walked straight into her target.

Ginny Potter stood at one of the sinks.

The moment she heard Susan's footsteps approaching, Ginny turned—and her eyes widened slightly when they landed on her.

'Sue?' she squawked, looking genuinely surprised. 'What're you doing here?'

Susan flashed a crooked grin.

'What most people do in a loo, I imagine,' she said easily, before looking at their surroundings with raised eyebrows. 'Even a fancy one like this.'

Ginny rolled her eyes.

But while the redhead responded with casual amusement, Susan's trained eyes were already cataloguing details faster than conscious thought could keep up.

Flushed cheeks.

Swollen lips.

Mussed hair.

Clothes suggestively rumpled.

Fresh lipstick.

But most telling of all...?

A breath-freshening charm so powerful it nearly bowled Susan backwards every time Ginny opened her mouth.

Ginny finished drying her hands and gave her an unimpressed look.

'You're *hilarious*.'

Susan shrugged lightly.

'Figured you'd be used to sarcastic humour by now, being married to the master of it for so long...' Susan waited for Ginny's bark of laughter to die down, the sound echoing off the stone walls, before she continued. 'Just had dinner with your new owner. We're old friends,' she said. 'Figured I'd abuse my power and check out the loo up here.'

She gestured vaguely around the opulent chamber.

'Totally worth it.'

Ginny snorted and looked around the room herself.

'You're not wrong,' she admitted. 'Honestly it's a bit ridiculous.'

Susan moved to the sink beside her, washing her hands as if nothing at all was unusual.

Then she dried them slowly on one of the pristine towels.

'Where's Haych?'

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Ginny glance at her—just briefly.

Not suspicious exactly, but even at the odd angle, she saw her narrowed eyes and considering look.

‘He had business at Gringotts to finish up,’ Ginny replied easily. ‘We had a meeting with a bloke from the States for a sponsorship thing that ran late. Carried on over dinner.’

Interesting. Plausible. Probably true. But with everything else? Not even close to the full story.

Susan had learned long ago that silence was often the best interrogation technique available.

If you gave people space, they tended to fill it.

Sometimes far more than they needed to.

‘That the tall drink of chocolate I saw you with earlier?’ Susan asked lightly, flashing a teasing smile.

From what she’d briefly seen, the bloke really was very handsome...

Ginny froze for the briefest fraction of a second, but seamlessly recovered.

‘Aye, that was Darius,’ she said smoothly.

Before Susan could push further, Ginny reached into the breast pocket of her jacket and produced a small pane of enchanted glass.

‘Here, look at this.’

Susan blinked, her momentum broken by the unexpected move, but then she leaned closer despite herself.

Her impromptu interrogation died a quick and painless death as Ginny began demonstrating to her the features of this strange implement.

Susan had seen similar things when she spent time with her Muggleborn friends—clever little contraptions for messaging and photographs—but she hadn't realised wizarding entrepreneurs were trying to bring them to the magical market as well.

Of course they would.

Ginny leaned in slightly, lowering her voice conspiratorially.

'I'm trying to squeeze more freebies out of Darius before signing on,' she whispered.

Then she pressed the device into Susan's hand.

'Here. Take this one. I'm sure Harry would want you to have one anyway.'

Susan's eyes lit up as Ginny showed her how to bind the device and activate the charms woven into it.

The functionality was incredible.

Messaging. Image capture. Instant communication.

From a professional standpoint alone, it would make her work immeasurably easier.

'How much are they charging for these things?' Susan asked.

Ginny leaned closer again and whispered the answer.

'A thousand galleons. Each.'

Susan nearly dropped it in shock.

'A what?' She hissed. *'That's...that's almost a year's bloody rent! Who could even afford this thing? What's the point if no one has one?'*

Ginny grinned at her incredulity. *'This is just the first wave, apparently. Prestige pricing. They'll supposedly release cheaper ones later once FOMO reaches a breaking point.'*

Susan wasn't even going to pretend she knew what FOMO meant.

She shook her head in disbelief, staring at the unassuming piece of glass in her hand with awe.

'And he just gave them to you? For free?!'

Ginny's smile shifted.

'I wouldn't say free. Darius made me work for it, trust me. Stubborn bastard.'

Susan caught the change instantly.

The relaxed expression melted into something slower.

Something sultry.

Mischievous.

‘Thankfully, I can be *very* persuasive.’

Susan laughed, shaking her head as she examined the piece of glass again with a sharp eye.

‘I dunno what to say, Gin. This is bloody brilliant. Thanks.’

‘Just make sure people see you using it,’ Ginny said. ‘That’s the whole point of the marketing deal.’ She shrugged lightly at Susan’s questioning look. ‘This FOMO thing won’t work if the people don’t see us using it.’ She shrugged noncommittedly. ‘At least that’s what Darius says.’

‘Sure thing,’ Susan muttered absently, already fiddling with the MirrorLink as she grew more confident with it.

After a moment she slipped it into her coat pocket and straightened.

‘Hey, thanks for this,’ she said sincerely. ‘Really. You have no idea how useful it’ll be for work.’

She nodded towards the door as Gin brushed off her thanks.

‘I should probably head off though. I’ll leave you to it?’

Ginny waved a hand absently as she leaned back toward the mirror to touch up her makeup.

Susan stepped out of the luxurious bathroom with a final smile and wave at her partner’s wife.

The moment the door closed behind her, the giddy smile vanished from her cherubish features.

The flush faded from her rosy cheeks just as quickly.

The MirrorLink was a nice distraction—and don’t get her wrong, she very much appreciated her new toy—but her mind was far more interested in something else entirely.

Namely why Ginny Potter had very obviously just been doing very *unwifely* things with this incredibly fit, tall, dark and handsome *Darius* fellow...

...and why Harry *allowed* it.

-

Slap. Slap. Slap.

Ginny absently fiddled with her MirrorLink, her mind very much elsewhere despite being face down and naked on the bed in Darius' hotel room. The tall, Adonis-like salesman was equally naked and ramming his thick, dark cock into her over and over, his thick, veiny member stretching her deliciously with every thrust.

Despite the pleasure, despite being able to see her lover's delicious body in the mirror as he shagged her, she couldn't get the conversation with Susan out of her mind.

She knows. She definitely knows.

So...why didn't that bother her?

If she were being honest, the fact couldn't have been *further* from bothering her.

The thought of *Susan Bones* of all people discovering their little "arrangement" sent a wicked thrill through Ginny's body—one far stronger than anything Darius and his very... *determined* shagging could manage.

She turned to regard her sexy lover in the mirror, his muscles rippling with his effort, his skin glistening with a sheen of sweat as he drove into her over and over, his hips crashing against her bum as he bottomed out with each stroke.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

If nothing else, he's an eager one. I wonder if he thinks he can steal me from Harry...?

It wasn't that he was a *terrible* shag... but after her husband's near-omniscient mastery of her body, her boyfriend's worshipful energy or her bull's aggression...?

She couldn't help but find Darius, tragically, wanting.

Noticing her stare, Darius met her gaze through the mirror and grunted.

'You like that, don't you? You like that big dick?'

He accompanied his question with a harsh spank on her meaty arse that had Ginny *genuinely* moaning with lust. Not as much as with her other studs, to be fair...

But still...

At least he's bloody fit...

She sneakily took a picture with her Mirrorlink without Darius noticing and sent it to her husband. If nothing else, Darius' efforts wouldn't *completely* go to waste.

I love this bloody thing already!

Slap. Slap. Slap.

Ginny found her mind drifting back to Susan. Her husband's partner. Her husband's *second* best friend.

She recalled how close she'd been to bringing her into the fold much earlier. To asking *Susan* to take care of her husband while she was on her training camp, instead of Victoire.

Gin shivered at the thought. While she didn't regret bringing Victoire in—despite initial...*unpleasantness*—she couldn't deny another wicked thrill at the thought of Harry's *work-wife* having the key to his bollocks as well.

Ginny moaned, partly because Darius angled his thrusts and started hitting that special place inside her, mostly at the thought of Susan *begging* her to let Harry shag her, then at watching her husband *rock her world*.

Just imagine those massive baps flopping all over the place. It's enough to make a girl...curious...

Slap. Slap. Slap. Crack!

Darius spanked her again, and Ginny turned away from her MirrorLink to look over her shoulder, nibbling on her bottom lip as she gazed up into Darius' dark eyes.

The number of women that would *kill* to be in her position right now—the freedom to shag whoever she wanted, a stable of studs at her beck and call, and currently shagging, objectively, one of the most devastatingly handsome men she'd ever laid eyes on—but she couldn't help the way she felt.

And Ginny was feeling...bored.

Darius shagged like a bloke used to his looks and huge cock getting him ninety percent of the way there. Like he'd never had to do...*more*.

'Harder,' Gin urged, her eyes smouldering with desire. 'Come on. Fuck me *harder!*'

Darius froze at the intensity of her words, his eyes widening and his thrusts momentarily pausing.

Gin's smile showed far too many teeth as she finally started to push back against Darius' imposing member. She understood her lover's shock—he'd no doubt thought he'd been shagging her *plenty* hard already.

But when compared to Oliver?

He may as well have been a *school boy*.

Still, that seemed to give him the kick in the arse he needed, because Darius pressed her down into the bed, the fingers of his large hand wrapping around the back of her neck while the other slipped between the soft mattress and her hard body to find her clit.

Yessss. That's better!

Ginny's moan was muffled by the pillow as Darius grew emboldened by her reaction.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

She turned back to her MirrorLink and seeing no reply from Harry, she pouted.

Remembering how to use the messaging function, she thought out the message she wanted to send.

Babe, this is starting to feel a little one-sided. Why don't you send me something? You know what I want to see.

She watched as her thoughts were transcribed into cursive, inked writing on the parchment in the glass before, with another mental shove, the message was sent off to her husband.

No doubt home at this point, agonizing and desperately waiting for his naughty *hotwife* to come home with his *present* and, hopefully, some semblance of relief for his poor, constrained cock.

It didn't take long—Harry was the *best* cuck—and Ginny moaned her loudest yet as her MirrorLink graced her with a close up, moving picture of her husband's cock twitching angrily in its cage, a thin stream of pre-cum oozing from one of the openings.

Darius' thrusts grew more urgent at her moan, thinking he was the one responsible and trying to press his advantage.

If Darius' false assumption led to more pleasure for her? Who was Ginny to correct him?

Feeling the need to throw him a bone, and wanting Darius in a good enough mood that he'd hand over more of his stock of ridiculously expensive communication devices, Ginny clenched the muscles in her core every time he bottomed out, hugging his thrusting manhood like a vice.

'Ooooooh! *Dayam* girl!'

She resisted the urge to let out a smug smirk and instead, buried her face in the pillow while discreetly and silently making a call to her husband.

He answered almost immediately.

Despite ostensibly looking in what was once a mirror, Ginny couldn't actually tell what Harry was seeing, but by the look on his face as the image coalesced on his end...it was a good one.

Darius' hand on her back, his sweaty, naked, glorious body fully on display over her shoulder as he thrust into her over and over. His wife, half her face buried in the pillow, pale cheeks red and eyes twinkling mischievously as she rocked with each thrust, her moans muffled by silk.

She saw him bite his lip and let out a shaky breath, but otherwise he was as quiet as a mouse as he watched yet another man shag his wife.

Then, less because Darius was doing anything particularly incredible and more wanting to put on a show for both her lover and husband, Ginny tilted her head back and let her moans of pleasure run free.

'Mmm yes, yes, ooooh! Fuck me, *fuck me! Harder!*

Taking that as a challenge, Darius wrapped her ponytail around his large fist and tugged her hair like it was a Hippogryph riding harness, grunting with exertion as his hips crashed into her arse with renewed vigor.

'Come on!' she goaded, grinning at her silent husband. 'Do it, fill me up! Cum in me! Cum in *Harry Potter's* missus!'

That did it.

As Harry's eyes widened and his cheeks flushed, Darius let out a strangled groan before slamming his hips into her, his cock buried all the way in. Tugging on her hair hard enough that Ginny almost felt it, his entire body twitched before she felt a veritable *deluge* be unleashed inside her.

If nothing else, Darius' big bollocks weren't just for show.

'Yessss, I can feel it. Cum in me, fill me up stud!'

After the seventh jet of cum fired in her, each one eliciting a deeper, more pleasure-filled gasp from Darius, Ginny genuinely started to wonder if there was some kind of sexual magic at play. Thankfully, *Billy Big Bollocks* finished with a final groan and collapsed atop her muscular back with a deep, satisfied groan.

Ginny reached back and rubbed his head affectionately all-the-while looking into her husband's tortured gaze and smiling seductively.

'That was brilliant, luv,' she said, the target of her words unclear.

'Damn, you're incredible,' Darius praised with a lusty groan, as she felt him momentarily soften inside her and slip out.

At least she *hoped* it was momentary.

She still hadn't bloody cum!

An absurd notion, she instinctually understood. A clear sign of how much of her life had suddenly devolved into extreme excess. That somehow getting a shagging from this Adonis didn't even rate that highly anymore.

'I could fuck you all nighty baby-girl—you down for another round?'

Gin hid her MirrorLink and spun around so she was now laying on her back with Darius looming over her, his spent cock still imposing and laying heavy on her overflowing mons.

'That depends,' she teased with an impish grin, one hand toying with the snitch charm and ring absentmindedly and the other, more deliberately, tracing circles over her clit and drawing delicate shudders. 'You prepared to improve your offer, big guy?'

Darius let out a disbelieving, cocky laugh.

'Woman, you got five freebies already! How many more you want?!'

Ginny pursed her lips in thought before smiling and shrugging unapologetically. 'I think another five'll do. Then you can shag me as much as you want, until that big dick of yours falls off for all I care.'

He looked genuinely tempted, but just as he was about to give in to her demands and spend the rest of the evening in a truly *lovely* manner, Darius suddenly became...*unwise*.

She saw the moment that animalistic cunning entered his eyes, the second he allowed the fact that he was cucking the great *Harry Potter* get to his head.

‘Or,’ he counter offered, holding up his own MirrorLink and wagging it in her face, ‘You can just do it anyway, and I *won’t* tell your husband how much of a cheating *whore* you are.’

Ginny’s smile didn’t falter, even as the air in the room noticeably chilled.

Oh you poor fucker...

‘Hm, I’m gonna have to think about that one,’ Gin teased, grabbing a hold of Darius’ big dick and dragging the head along her lips teasingly. She felt him pulse in her grasp, blood surging back into his member and bringing it back to life. ‘What d’you think babe? You’re a lot better at negotiating than I am.’

Darius looked confused, wondering who she was talking to.

Then she brought out her own MirrorLink from behind her back and waved it in Darius’ face, her husband’s stony face staring back at the suddenly petrified, no-longer smugly arrogant salesman.

‘Wha—?’

Then suddenly, with a barely audible pop, Harry’s face was no longer in the glass of her MirrorLink.

He was standing right there, in the room, the tip of his wand pressed like a dagger up into the underside of Darius’ jaw.

‘Did you just try and blackmail my *wife*?’ Harry asked, the tone of his voice lowering the ambient temperature in the room by several degrees. ‘My wife? Have you completely taken leave of your senses?’

‘N—n—n—no! I was just playin! I swear!’

Darius raised both hands slowly, palms open in surrender. His body, decidedly less sexy now that it was trembling in sheer terror.

Ginny would have laughed if she weren't entirely sure Harry might actually kill the bloke.

Her husband could be a bit... overprotective like that.

What the bloody hell is wrong with me? Why do I find that so hot?

'D-Don't kill me, man!' Darius stammered, voice cracking as his eyes darted between Harry's wand and the floor. 'I've got a *wife* man. And *kids*!'

Harry tilted his head slightly.

If he was bothered by the fact that he'd just apparated into the room where his wife had been happily shagging another bloke only minutes earlier, he gave absolutely no sign of it.

Which only seemed to terrify Darius further.

'Do you?' Harry asked mildly. 'Did you blackmail your wife too?'

Darius opened his mouth, closed it again, and swallowed hard.

Before the situation could spiral further, Ginny extended one bare foot and poked Harry gently in the hip to get his attention.

Harry's gaze shifted.

Slowly.

When his eyes fell on Ginny's naked body, they roamed over her glistening skin in a slow, deliberate sweep. His nostrils flared slightly at the state of her—flushed skin, tangled hair, a thick *river* of cum still drooling from her inflamed womanhood...

Ginny rather enjoyed that look.

She only hoped Darius wasn't stupid enough to interpret Harry looking away as an opportunity to try something...*unwise*.

That would end... very poorly for him.

'I think you've scared him enough for several lifetimes, luv,' Ginny said lightly. 'Let's just go.'

She sighed and, with a graceful, acrobatic roll, flipped backwards off the bed, landing lightly on her feet.

Harry's wand never wavered, yet his eyes never left her. She grinned cheekily at the hunger in his gaze as he watched her body move.

Ginny turned back toward Darius, and the friendly smile she'd worn moments earlier sharpened into something far more predatory.

'I'm sure another *ten* MirrorLinks can smooth this all over, aye?'

A vein pulsed in Darius's temple.

For a moment he looked ready to protest.

But the sharp tip of the Elder Wand pressing into the underside of his jaw made him reconsider that thought very quickly.

He nodded shakily, his eyes flicking toward a sleek briefcase sitting in the corner of the room—the one containing the prototypes he'd no doubt intended for his other... *clients*.

She wondered how many of *them* he'd fucked.

She also wondered if they were equally...underwhelmed. Or maybe she was just so oversexed her perspective was completely skewed.

Ginny's grin widened.

'Thanks!'

She pranced across the room and opened the case.

Her eyebrows rose slightly.

Even with the spatial expansion charm, the thing was practically *brimming* with the palm-sized enchanted glass panels.

Given how much they were planning to charge for these things, she'd just stumbled across a small fortune.

Seeing as there were many more than the *ten* she planned to nick from the stupid prick, she didn't feel *too* bad about it.

Especially after the stunt he'd just tried to pull.

These twats are gonna be rich...

She returned a moment later carrying a neat stack of MirrorLinks, her own device still discarded on the rumpled bed behind them.

'Would you mind, luv?' Ginny said sweetly, gesturing to her naked body with a teasing grin. 'No pockets.'

Without lowering his wand or even appearing to cast a spell, Harry flicked his eyes toward the devices.

The MirrorLinks rose smoothly from Ginny's hands and drifted through the air before slipping neatly into the pocket of Harry's coat.

No incantation.

No visible wand movement.

Just effortless magic.

The implication was not lost on Darius.

He gulped. Audibly.

'I'd probably not show your face around these parts for a while,' Ginny advised pleasantly as she gathered up her clothes. 'Harry can...well, he keeps a mean grudge...'

Darius finally dared to look directly at Harry.

Properly. Maybe one last act of defiance, some misplaced confidence given the fact he'd just cuckolded the famous Wizard.

One glance was enough.

Whatever he saw in those cold green eyes drained whatever last vestiges of confidence and superiority left in him like a Dementor.

The cold fury and promise of violence was as unmistakable as it was terrifying.

His hands trembled harder.

And, inexplicably, Ginny found herself getting *wet*. It had been a bit since she'd lusted after her husband the way she did her lovers...seeing him in that moment though?

What woman *wouldn't* soak their knickers?

Or thighs, in her current predicament...

For a moment the tension in the room grew so thick Ginny thought Darius might actually faint in sheer terror.

Deciding the poor idiot had probably suffered enough for one evening, she looped her arm casually through Harry's.

'Let's just go,' she said, looking up at him with a warm smile.

Harry stood motionless for another heartbeat.

Then he exhaled slowly.

And the world folded.

With a faint squeeze of magic, far less noticeable than when she apparated herself, the hotel room vanished around them.

The next moment they were standing in the middle of their living room.

Ginny immediately burst into delighted laughter.

‘Hah!’ she crowed. ‘Did you see the look on his stupid face?!’

She doubled over slightly, still giggling.

‘He damn near shat himself!’

Harry didn’t look amused. Not one bit.

Well, she had an answer for that too.

Dropping to her knees, she pulled his trousers down in a frenzy while looking up into her husband’s eyes with raw, animal lust. ‘My *hero*,’ she all but growled, her nipples like diamonds and her core ready to combust. The fury in Harry’s eyes vanished in an instant as he gaped down at her, then his eyes widened in shock when she whispered the phrase and his cage was sucked back into the charm.

His cock hardened to its overwhelming size in almost an instant, like a bound dragon that had broken free of its chains.

Before he could react, she pulled him down to the ground with her and cupped his face in her hands, relishing how his eyes had blown wide in shock.

‘That *wanker* didn’t even make me cum,’ she whispered. ‘Think you can manage, luv? Or are you too much of a *cuck* to please your own wife? Shall I call Luca to do your job—*oooooooooooooh!*’

Harry didn’t need to be told twice, and the moan she let rip almost shook the foundations of Grimmauld Place as he sank into her.

No need for embellishment this time...

