

Chapter 6

Harry returned to Grimmauld Place tired, annoyed, and more than a little frustrated. The studio he'd bought was in worse shape than he'd thought. Most of the plumbing was older than Hogwarts and needed replacing; some of the walls were rotted from leaking water, and the paperwork to get all the work done was taking longer than the work itself. It would take weeks longer and a hefty pile of Galleons more than he'd originally planned, but at this point, he was committed.

Walking into the kitchen, he grabbed a bottle of butterbeer from the cupboard and set out in search of Gabrielle. He checked the parlor, den, and living room, but all of them were empty, so he made his way upstairs. At the top, he heard faint, muffled moans and wet smacks coming from her room.

Well, the room she'd initially been in. She'd long since moved into sharing the master bedroom with him.

Quietly, he crept up to the door and peeked inside. Gabrielle, Lavender, and Susan Bones sat on the bed in nothing but flannel pajama bottoms. It looked like a scene out of every teen boy's fantasy of a girls' sleepover. Susan's breasts were massive, even compared to Gabrielle's and Lavender's large busts. They hung heavy and round, covering most of her torso. Gabrielle and Lavender were each attached to one of her large, reddish-brown nipples. Susan cupped the backs of their heads, her own tilted back as she moaned pleasurably.

Hannah was in the room, too, directing Luna to get a close-up. Leaning against the doorframe, Harry sipped his butterbeer and watched the slow, sensual scene. It took a couple of minutes for anyone to notice him. Susan lifted her head and spotted him in the doorway. Her cheeks immediately flushed red. Flashing her a smile, he lurched off the door frame and left so he wouldn't distract her.

He went back down to the kitchen to make lunch. Throwing together a few sandwiches, he grabbed one for himself and placed the rest under a Freshness Charm. He'd finished eating and downed a second butterbeer before the girls bound into the kitchen, smiling and laughing.

Regrettably, they were also fully dressed. Susan blushed and smiled awkwardly as she took a seat.

“Have fun?” Harry asked Gabrielle, who took the seat next to him.

“Oui,” she smiled, kissing him softly on the lips.

He smiled and wrapped an arm around his shoulders before turning to Susan.

“It’s good to see you again, Susie,” he said. “Can’t say I expected to see you here.”

Susan ducked her head and smiled nervously as she tucked a stray lock of hair behind her ear.

“Hannah said making recordings was a good way to make some money fast,” she said.

Harry scrunched his eyebrows curiously. From what he knew, Susan’s family was quite well off.

“What do you need the money for?” he asked.

“I want to start an Apothecary,” Susan told him. “That’s always what I planned to do after Hogwarts. We even had several greenhouses before the Death Eaters destroyed them.”

Harry nodded in understanding and forced a smile on his face.

“I get it. If there’s anything I can do to help, just let me know.”

Susan blushed furiously.

"I-I don't think I'm ready for that," she stammered.

"Oh no! I didn't mean it like that," he said quickly.

The rest of the girls burst out laughing. It took a moment for Susan to realize her misunderstanding. She covered her red face for a moment but smiled, allowing Harry to relax and let out a chuckle.

"Susan might not be ready, but I know someone who is," Lavender said teasingly.

Hannah's laughter died abruptly. The blush that colored her pale cheeks wasn't quite as spectacular as Susan's, but it was close.

"Ooh, is it Hannah?" Luna asked.

"Yes, it is," Lavender grinned.

"Er, what?" Harry asked.

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Fifteen minutes later, Harry was in his bedroom wearing an old Hogwarts uniform he'd dug out of his trunk. Luna was humming to herself, twiddling the knobs on the camera, while Gabrielle, Lavender, and Susan sat around the end of his bed in nothing but a pair of knickers each and talking quietly. They wanted to support Hannah in her debut, and Luna had suggested they make themselves part of the scene so she didn't have to shoot around them. Surprisingly, they'd agreed without a fight.

A moment later, Hannah stepped into the bedroom nervously. The Hogwarts uniform she wore would have given McGonagall an aneurysm. A pair of black Mary Janes and knee-high white

socks were the only normal parts of her attire. The black, pleated skirt she wore was so short that she was constantly tugging it down to try to cover her bum. He couldn't see it, but he knew the bottom of her cheeks had to be hanging out. Her white dress shirt was tied in a knot around her sizable bust. Her dark nipples were easily visible through the thin, white material, and the buttons strained to contain her breasts. As the yellow and black tie shifted to the side, he caught a glimpse of her creamy white skin peeking through the gaps. Her hair was tied back in two pigtails, something he didn't remember seeing her wear since their third year.

"Perfect," Gabrielle said with a wide grin as she clapped her hands. "Ready?"

Hannah took a deep, nervous breath that threatened to pop the buttons of her shirt and nodded.

"Action!" Gabrielle called.

Luna followed Hannah with the camera as she walked up to Harry and dropped to her knees. With trembling fingers, she fumbled with his belt for a few seconds before it mercifully came undone. Opening his trousers, his cock bounced free.

"Whoa," Susan whispered softly.

Hannah took him in hand and gave him a couple of strokes before opening her mouth and leaning forward. Harry rested a hand on top of her head and groaned as she bobbed up and down his length. With each descent, she took him deeper and deeper until her nose pressed against his abdomen.

"Merlin," Susan gasped.

"You go, Hannah!" Lavender cheered.

Startled, Hannah choked. Harry grunted as her throat constricted around his length. The sensation only lasted for a moment before she pulled back and took a much-needed breath.

“Time to take control, ‘Arry,” Gabrielle said sultrily, her eyes gleaming excitedly.

Hannah braced her hands on his thighs as he grabbed her pigtails and used them to direct her head back to his cock. She opened her mouth wide, and he thrust straight down her throat. Pulling back almost immediately, he plunged in and out of her throat at a fairly mild pace. He watched her reaction carefully, but aside from a long string of saliva escaping her lips and landing on her shirt, she seemed fine. Her hands remained still on his legs.

Harry sped up slightly and allowed himself a moment to enjoy the incredible sensation and visual. He kept going until Hannah gagged slightly and lurched back, coughing.

“You okay?” he asked.

“I’m fine,” Hannah said, straightening up so she was level with his cock again. “You can keep going.”

She wrapped her lips around his swollen head and looked up at him, waiting. Harry throbbed at the submissive posture and drove back into her throat. Tightening his grip on her pigtails, he drove in and out of her throat several times before suddenly pulling her nose tight against his pelvis and holding her there. Hannah shut her eyes tight as her tongue wriggled against the underside of his shaft. Seconds passed, and she balled her hands into fists. Her face slowly turned red, and suddenly her eyes blinked open. She blinked twice more, and a tear fell down her cheek. Her left hand opened, tapped his thigh lightly, and he instantly let go.

Hannah shot back and sucked in a deep breath. After coughing a couple of times to clear her abused throat and catching her breath, she opened her mouth back up and waited. Harry started fucking her face with a steadily increasing pace to see just what she could take. He waited for the tap on the thigh, but it never came. No matter how hard and rough he was, she never wanted to quit. He hammered her face so roughly that he was more worried about her nose than he was about choking her. Spit rained down on her shirt, turning it almost completely

see-through in spots, the occasional tear fell from her eyes, and her face was scrunched up in discomfort, yet through it all, she never resisted his manhandling.

Eventually, Harry pulled back to give her a break and let her catch her breath.

“Let’s try a different position,” Gabrielle said. “Annah, come lie on ze bed.”

Harry waited and watched as Gabrielle maneuvered Hannah onto her back so that her head hung over the edge. As he moved closer, he spotted the massive damp spot on the front of her knickers. Smiling, he lined himself up with her swollen, parted lips while Luna filmed from the side. He slid smoothly back into her throat, and they all watched, amazed, as her throat bulged around the shape of his cock.

“Oh, Merlin, you can see it,” Lavender said.

Scooting to the end of the bed, she wrapped a hand lightly around Hannah’s neck. With a giggle, she turned back to Gabrielle and Susan.

“I can feel it,” she laughed.

As she let go and moved back out of the way, Harry slipped his hands under Hannah’s damp shirt and grasped her breasts. While sizable, they weren’t as firm as Gabrielle’s or Lavender’s. Maybe that was why she’d insisted on keeping her shirt on. Well, if she wanted to stay covered, he was more than happy to oblige. Harry mauled her breasts roughly and used them like handles as he thrust in and out of her tight throat.

While he was busy feeling her up, Gabrielle and Lavender were having a whispered conversation. Whatever it was about, they eventually came to a decision, and with the wave of Lavender’s wand, they vanished Hannah’s knickers. Hannah pushed against Harry’s legs, forcing him to take a step back, and lifted her head just in time to see Lavender dive between her legs. She’d opened her mouth to speak, but whatever she’d planned to say died with a moan. After a moment’s hesitation, she laid her head back and opened her mouth.

Harry slipped back into her mouth and reasserted his grip on her breasts. He kneaded her malleable mounds like dough as he thrust in and out of her throat. He plunged in to the hilt, held himself there for a count of three, and then slowly pulled back before reversing course and repeating the process.

On the bed, Gabrielle took Lavender's position between Hannah's thighs. Meanwhile, Lavender slipped over to Susan. Kneeling behind the redhead, she cupped and groped her breasts as she whispered words into her ear. Harry couldn't hear what she was saying, but whatever it was, it caused Susan to blush heavily.

He was so engrossed in what was happening on the bed, he'd started fucking Hannah's face like it was her pussy. His thrusts were so fast and relentless that she finally had to raise her hand and tap his thigh. Harry looked away from Susan's chest and pulled back to let her catch her breath. After a brief gulp of air, Hannah grabbed his bum and fed his cock back into her throat. As Harry fell back into a more controlled rhythm, he glanced back up at the bed.

Susan nodded shyly to whatever Lavender was saying and pulled away from her. Crawling on all fours, she seamlessly switched places with Gabrielle, who sat back with a smile. Slowly, she leaned forward and gave Hannah's folds a tentative lick. Even as she continued to swallow his cock, Hannah bucked her hips, eager for more stimulation. With rapidly growing confidence, Susan gave her what she wanted.

Seeing two of his former classmates in such an intimate position, one he'd never expected to see them in, had Harry's pulse racing. In a flurry of thrusts, he hammered Hannah's throat as hard as he dared. Wet gags filled the room. He gave her no respite until he felt his climax approaching. Finally, he wrenched himself free of her throat.

Hannah gasped for breath as he jerked himself furiously with one hand and lifted her head with the other. She blinked down at the head of red hair between her legs uncomprehendingly before she suddenly gasped.

"Susie?!"

Susan looked up just as Harry erupted. The first shot launched across Hannah's torso and streaked across the redhead's forehead and extended into her hair. The next several shots were less spectacular and landed on Hannah's chest, shirt, and tie.

"Susie!"

Hannah spasmed and trembled as Susan drove her to a sudden climax. She grabbed two handfuls of red hair as she rode out her climax, heedless of the last trickle of Harry's climax that landed on her lips. She licked them clean and threw her head back with a moan as her body collapsed bonelessly.

"And cut!" Luna said with a wide smile on her face. "That was great!"

Smiling, Harry sat down on the bed as Lavender and Gabrielle congratulated Susan and Hannah on what they thought was a very successful debut.

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A few days later, Harry nervously made his way to Shell Cottage with Gabrielle. It was his first time seeing her since he'd started filming with Gabrielle, and he wasn't sure what her reaction was going to be.

"Relax," Gabrielle whispered with a smile.

Raising her hand, she knocked on the front door. There was a rush of footfalls before the door was pulled open, and they were greeted by a smiling and very heavily pregnant Fleur.

"Gabby!" she exclaimed, pulling her sister into a hug.

Turning to Harry, she kissed his cheeks and hugged him firmly.

“Come in,” she said.

They stepped inside after her and followed her to the living room. Fleur dropped heavily into a comfortable-looking chair while Harry and Gabrielle took a seat on the couch.

“How are you doing?” Gabrielle asked.

“Urgh, I feel hideous,” Fleur said.

A strand of hair that had broken free from her bun fell in front of her face, and she wiped it away frustratedly.

“I feel so fat, and look at my feet,” she continued, lifting her bare feet onto the footstool. “They are so swollen I can’t fit into any of my good shoes.”

As Fleur turned to summon a tea set with her wand, Gabrielle turned to Harry and rolled her eyes. He grabbed a cup of tea from the tray as it floated past and used the cup to hide his smile.

“You’re pregnant,” Gabrielle pointed out. “I’m sure the swelling will go down after you’ve had the baby.”

“Oui, but what about zese?”

Fleur parted her robe to reveal a thin, white dress underneath. She cupped her breasts and hefted them in her hands for emphasis. The area around her nipples was wet and see-through. The shock of the sight nearly made Harry inhale his tea.

"I 'ave gone up two cup sizes!" Fleur exclaimed. "Maman said hers never went back down, and now none of my bras fit!"

"Then buy new ones," Gabrielle said.

"But what about my favorite lingerie?" Fleur asked with a pout.

"So, where's Bill?" Harry asked.

"Still een Egypt," she told him. "'E won't be back for another two weeks. I miss 'im. I 'ave been so horny."

Harry blinked and shifted a little uncomfortably in his seat. He didn't remember Fleur being quite this blunt. Maybe it was the hormones?

"Did you bring zem?"

"Er, bring what?" Harry asked.

Gabrielle gave him a small, guilty smile and reached inside of her purse. After rummaging around for a few seconds, she pulled out a large box of recording orbs and handed it Fleur.

"Er, are you going to film something?" he asked.

Fleur looked up from the box and gave him a smirk that made his stomach tie itself in an uncomfortable knot.

"Non, zese are all the films you made with my sister. I 'ave to 'ave something to keep me satisfied while Beel is gone."

Harry blushed heavily and dropped his face into his hands.

Somehow, he managed to stay for another hour before he and Gabrielle finally left.

"I can see why she was driving you mental," he said as they walked down the drive.

"Oui," Gabrielle sighed. "I love 'er, but..."

She trailed off, waving her hand through the wave.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you about the recordings she wanted," she continued, turning to him with a suggestive smile. "Is there anything I do to make it up to you?"

Harry smiled.

"I can think of a few things."

Wrapping an arm around her waist, he twisted into nothing. They reappeared in the park across from Grimmauld Place an instant later. The sun was hidden by the buildings, and the street lamps flickered to life as if Harry had summoned the lights himself. Moving across the street, he let his hand slip from Gabrielle's waist down to her bum, where it gave it a good squeeze. She squealed and laughed while swatting playfully at the offending hand.

They were so distracted by each other that they didn't notice the dark-haired young woman sitting on the stoop until they were only a few steps away. She stood as they approached. As the light from the street lamp illuminated her, Harry recognized her instantly.

"Parkinson?" he asked incredulously, his hand instinctively falling toward his wand. "What are you doing here?"

Harry looked around cautiously, fearing he might be about to be ambushed. Pansy stood and held out her empty hands. Her expression turned pinched, and her neck bobbed as if she'd just swallowed something disgusting.

"Potter, I need help."

Ah, must've been her pride.

"Really?" he asked, arching an eyebrow. "Well, I hope you find it."

He moved to walk past her, but she stepped in his path. Harry stopped at the bottom of the stairs and looked up at her as he folded her arms over his chest. Pansy looked ready to snap at him, but to his surprise, she managed to suppress her anger.

"Please," she said, grimacing as if the word physically pained her. "I need work."

"Why the hell would I help you?" Harry asked. "You tried to have me killed."

"I was scared!" Pansy yelled. "Everyone hates me for what I did, don't you think I've suffered enough?"

"No."

Harry made to step around her, but she moved in front of him again.

"I've got nothing left, alright!" she yelled, face red with anger as tears gathered in the corner of her eyes. "Draco left me for that slut Greengrass, my parents are in Azkaban, and the Ministry confiscated their vault! I can't even get a job scrubbing cauldrons because everyone hates me!"

I'm a week away from having to sell myself in Knockturn Alley just to have enough money to eat!"

Pansy wiped the tears from her eyes angrily and glared down at the pavement.

"I-I'll do anything you want," she said miserably.

Harry sincerely hated himself for feeling bad for her. He wanted to tell her to get lost. He knew that if their roles were reversed, she would've laughed in his face. But, in the end, he couldn't bring himself down to her level.

"I'll talk to Hannah," he said.

Pansy's head snapped up, and she opened her mouth to speak, but he silenced her with a raised hand.

"That's the best I can do," he told her firmly. "I don't even know if she needs more help, but I'll talk to her."

Pansy looked like she was bursting to say something, perhaps to beg some more, but after a moment, she mastered herself and nodded her head.

"Thank you," she said softly.

Stepping around him, she descended the steps and walked toward the park. Sighing, Harry reached for his keys.

"Potter."

He turned back to face Pansy, who'd stopped in the middle of the street.

"I'm sorry, for what it's worth," she admitted so softly he barely caught the words. "I never thought it'd escalate the way it did when we were in school. I never thought...If I'd known..."

She trailed off, lost for words, then turned around and walked to the park before she disappeared with a sharp crack. Harry didn't know if he believed her, and he doubted if she even knew if she believed herself. Shaking his head, he unlocked the door and led Gabrielle inside.