

Chapter 4

Harry bent Gabrielle over the kitchen table. Giving her naked bum a light spank, he sank back into her dripping folds. She groaned pleasurably and dropped her bare torso onto the wooden surface as he began to thrust slowly back and forth. Quickly, Harry glanced to the side at the camera sitting on the kitchen counter.

Over the last week, he and Gabrielle had had sex in practically every room of the house, much to Kreacher's annoyance, and filmed every second of it. She'd deepthroated him in the parlor until he painted her face, he'd folded her in half, and pounded her to a screaming mess on the living room couch, and they'd fucked on every table, in every chair, and against every bookcase in the library. More often than not, they forgot about the camera entirely and focused entirely on satisfying each other's desires. But more and more, Harry was becoming conscious that they were filming, and right now, the angle wasn't very good.

Sure, the audience would get a fantastic side view of her gorgeous bum, but they couldn't see the penetration, and her breasts, one of her best assets, in his opinion, were mashed against the table. That needed to be fixed.

Gabrielle groaned as he grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled. She pushed her arms against the table until her breasts swung freely under her. Pausing for a moment, Harry grabbed her right leg, the one closest to the camera, and lifted it onto the table.

It wasn't perfect. He wished he could move the camera back a bit for a better angle, but it was better than before. Grabbing her shoulder so he didn't tug on her hair too hard, he started thrusting harder and faster. Gabrielle cried out and started chattering rapidly in French. That always brought a smile to his face. It meant she was genuinely enjoying herself, and he hated it when she faked it for the camera. She'd only done that once so far, when she fingered herself to a fake orgasm with his cum on her face, and he promised himself he wouldn't let that happen again.

He much preferred the very real cries and moans she was letting out now. They sounded so much more sensual and alluring. Not to mention the way her body reached. Her chest flushed

beautifully, although neither he nor the camera could see that now, her muscles trembled, and her toes curled.

By now, he could read her well enough to know when she was nearing her climax. And she was getting very close. When her folds started spasming around his length, he knew it was time. Closing his eyes, he forgot about the camera and embraced the feelings he was experiencing. With a series of short, sharp thrusts, he emptied himself in her clutching depths.

Gabrielle groaned and collapsed. Harry followed her down and brushed her hair out of the way to kiss her cheek. Smiling, she turned and pecked him on the lips. They both rested for a moment, and once Harry had caught his breath, he pushed himself upright and slipped out of her. Walking over to the counter, he picked up the camera and stepped back over to the table. He dropped down to one knee and filmed Gabrielle's puffy, leaking slit. Once he was sure he'd gotten a good shot, he turned it off and set it on the table.

"You wanna take a shower?" he asked.

Gabrielle stood with a groan and turned to face him.

"I'd prefer a bath," she said, tracing her finger along his chest.

Grinning, he scooped her up bridal-style. Gabrielle shrieked softly and giggled as he carried her out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

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A few days later, Harry was pottering around the house when the doorbell rang. By the time he left the library and made his way down the hall, Kreacher had already opened the door. Lavender stood in the doorway wearing a bright orange dress. The neck scooped down low, displaying a generous amount of cleavage that was made even more prominent as she bent down slightly to address the House Elf.

"Hello," she said brightly. "I'm here to see Harry and Gabby."

"Come on in, Lavender," Harry called.

Smiling, she stepped inside as Kreacher closed the door behind her, muttering under his breath.

"Will Master be fornicating with this one?" he asked.

Harry blushed lightly and sputtered as Lavender covered her mouth and giggled. He was saved from answering when Gabrielle came bounding down the stairs.

"Lavender!" she exclaimed happily.

Rushing up to her, she kissed her cheeks, grabbed her hand, and started pulling her down the hall.

"You must come see, zis," Gabrielle smiled. "I'm almost finished."

Harry watched them disappear into the parlor and then turned to look down at Kreacher.

"I promise to lock the door this time," he said.

Kreacher grunted and ambled away, muttering under his breath. With a sigh, Harry made his way to the parlor, closed the door behind him, and locked it with a spell. Gabrielle had just finished setting up the projector while Lavender dug a leather coin purse from her bag.

"Before I forget, this is for you," she said, handing the bag to Gabrielle.

Gabrielle took it, and her eyes bulged when she looked inside.

"I can't take all zis," she said.

"It's your half of the profits from the recording we made," Lavender smiled. "They're already sold out."

"But I made a hundred copies," Harry said.

"I know!" Lavender grinned. "Lucinda says it was her best seller. I told her to owl you for more. I hope you don't mind."

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair. Making copies wasn't difficult, just tedious. He had to stop what he was doing every ten minutes to change the orbs to start a new batch.

"I think I'm going to have to hire someone to make them for me," he muttered.

"Colin can do it if he can use your equipment," Lavender said.

Harry grimaced.

"I'm not sure if that's a good idea."

Lavender rolled her eyes.

"I know he can be a little excitable, but he does good work," she said. "Besides, it's not like he's going to get much out of it. He's gay."

“Yeah, I know,” Harry muttered.

Lavender tilted her head in confusion for a moment before realization hit.

“Oh,” she said, then her eyes widened. “Ooh!”

“Yeah,” Harry said.

“Well, I mean, he probably already bought it, anyway,” Lavender said.

That didn’t make Harry feel any better, but she did make a good point.

“Fine,” he sighed.

“Brilliant,” Lavender smiled before turning to Gabrielle. “Now, what did you want to show me?”

Gabrielle grinned and tapped the projector with her wand. The reels rattled to life, light flickered through the lens, and an image appeared on the wall. She’d recorded all of their activities around the house on the same orb and painstakingly edited together the best parts into a single compilation. The production quality wasn’t great, and the camera was static in most of the shots, but that just gave it more of a homemade feel that she thought people would like.

“Whoa,” Lavender said, watching Harry pin Gabrielle back against the bookcase. “You agreed to be on camera?”

Harry shrugged, feeling slightly embarrassed and nervous.

“Please tell me you’re going to sell this,” she continued. “You’d make a fortune.”

“Oui,” Gabrielle beamed. “‘Arry ees going to ‘elp me make films.”

“You’re starting a studio?” Lavender asked excitedly.

“Well, eventually,” Harry said, scratching the back of his neck self-consciously. “It’ll take some time for Hermione to enchant the equipment, and we still need to find a place. But, yeah, that’s the plan.”

Lavender beamed and bounced excitedly on her toes before suddenly turning back to Gabrielle.

“Can I make some films with him?” she asked pleadingly.

“Of course,” Gabrielle said.

Lavender squealed and hugged her tightly. Their large breasts mashed together, and while Gabrielle’s were safely ensconced in her tank top, Lavender’s looked like they were ready to burst free.

“Oh, this is so exciting!” Lavender gushed as she pulled back. “I need to talk to Hannah. She has so many ideas.”

“Can I film it?” Gabrielle asked. “I want to learn everything I can.”

“Of course you can,” Lavender beamed. “Stop by my place tomorrow afternoon. I can’t wait to get started. Oh, if I leave now, I might catch Hannah before she leaves work. See you soon.”

Quickly, she kissed both of them on the cheeks and rushed from the room. Gabrielle picked up the orb from the projector and turned to Harry.

"Can you 'elp me copy zis?" she asked.

Sighing, he smiled and nodded.

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Gabrielle held open the door to Lucinda's as Harry carried in several boxes stacked up to his head. Peeking around the side, he walked up and set them on the counter.

"What's all this?" Lucinda asked.

"More recordings," Harry said.

Collecting the top four boxes, he moved them to the left and set them down.

"These," he said, patting the top box on the left, "are more recordings of film Lavender made. She said you ran out."

"Oh, perfect," Lucinda smiled.

"And these," Harry continued, patting the stack of boxes on the right, "are, well, it's a film I made with Gabrielle."

Lucinda looked up sharply, her eyes sparkling as she arched an eyebrow in surprise.

"Can people tell it's you in the recording?" she asked eagerly.

He scratched the back of his neck nervously.

“Er, yeah.”

“Wonderful!” she beamed. “These’ll fly off the shelf! So, Lavender convinced you to start acting.”

“I didn’t do much acting,” Harry muttered, earning him a wry grin from Lucinda. “I’m giving it a try.”

“Who’s your agent?”

“Er, I don’t have one,” he told her.

Tsking under her breath, she shook her head.

“Oh, sweetheart, we need to get you one quickly,” she said. “The girls will be breaking down your door if you don’t. Talk to your friend, Lavender. She might know someone.”

“Right,” Harry nodded. “Thanks. Do you need anything else from me? I’m not really sure how this is supposed to work.”

“I can tell,” Lucinda smirked. “I just need a price. Generally, I recommend a Sickle over the cost of the orb, but you could probably charge twice that if you wanted to.”

“No,” he said, shaking his head. “Just sell it for whatever you sell Lavender’s for.”

“Alright. One Sickle, ten Knuts it is,” she said, levitating the boxes behind the counter. “I owl payments every Friday evening.”

“Thanks.”

Giving her a wave, Harry took Gabrielle’s hand, and they left. Casually, they made their way down the street to Lavender’s apartment and knocked on her door. She opened the door in a thin silk robe and smiled brightly.

“Perfect timing,” she said. “I’m just about done getting ready. Come on in.”

Harry felt a sudden burst of nerves as he stepped inside and closed the door. As he and Gabrielle followed Lavender into the living room, they spotted Hannah Abbot on the couch. Her wavy, dirty blonde hair fell around her shoulders, and she looked up at them through her round glasses and smiled. While not as attractive as Gabrielle or Lavender, she was pretty in her own right, and she’d slimmed down quite a bit since he’d last seen her.

“Hey, Harry,” she said with a smile and waved.

“Hi, Hannah,” he replied. “This is Fleur’s sister, Gabrielle.”

“Hi,” Hannah smiled. “Lavender said you’ll be working the camera today?”

“Oui,” Gabrielle grinned.

“Good,” Hannah said, lifting a pile of notes from the coffee table. “So, I didn’t want to do anything fancy for Harry’s first shoot. This one is pretty simple. I’ve called it ‘The Seduction of Harry Potter.’ Here’s what we’re going to do...”

A few minutes later, Harry was standing at the bottom of the stairs with Lavender, nervously waiting for their cue.

“Relax,” Lavender said, caressing his arm before she adjusted the neck of her little black dress. “It’s not like you haven’t done this before.”

“That was different,” Harry argued. “We just filmed ourselves having sex. I didn’t have to act.”

“Don’t think of it as acting,” she told him. “Just pretend we had a really nice date and now you’re trying to get in my pants.”

Harry snorted and smiled.

“Action!” Gabrielle yelled.

Lavender looped her arm through his, kissed him on the cheek, and they slowly climbed the stairs. As they neared the top, Gabrielle and Hannah came into view. Gabrielle was holding the camera while Hannah watched over her shoulder.

“I had a really nice night tonight,” Lavender smiled.

“Yeah, me too.”

“Cut!” Hannah yelled. “Harry, you can’t look at us.”

“Sorry,” he said, scratching the back of his neck nervously.

“It’s fine,” Hannah smiled. “Everyone does that at first. Just try to pretend we’re not even here, okay. Let’s try that again.”

Harry and Lavender walked back to the bottom of the stairs. As they waited for their cue, she turned to him, grabbed his head, and pulled him in for a brief but intense kiss.

“The sooner we get through this, the sooner you get me out of this dress and on my nice, comfortable bed,” she whispered.

Harry swallowed thickly and couldn’t stop himself from glancing down at her vast valley of pale cleavage.

“And action!” Gabrielle called.

Quickly getting back into position, Harry took a deep breath and climbed the stairs.

“I had a really nice time tonight,” Lavender smiled.

“Yeah, me too,” Harry said.

Ignoring Gabrielle and Hannah, he allowed her to pull him back into her apartment. She led him over to the sofa, where a bottle of wine and two glasses were already waiting. He thought that seemed a bit out of place, but didn’t say anything about it. What did he know about filmmaking?

Stopping in front of the sofa, Lavender turned to him with a seductive smile.

“Make yourself at home. I’m just going to slip into something a little more comfortable.”

Releasing his hand, she walked to the bedroom with a sway in her hips. The door closed, and Harry suddenly felt very awkward. What was he supposed to do now? They hadn’t discussed this part. He glanced out of the corner of his eye at Gabrielle and was relieved to find her focused on the bedroom door. Hannah stood behind her, whispering into her ear.

Before he could think too much about what they might be doing, the door opened, and his jaw dropped. There stood Lavender, dressed in nothing but a black garter belt, stockings, and a pair of black high heels. No knickers, no bra, nothing else covering her voluptuous body. She smirked at his reaction and walked towards him slowly. Her large, teardrop-shaped breasts jiggled with every step.

She came to a stop in front of him. Reaching out, she caressed his thin black tie before grabbing the bottom. She used it like a leash to lead him to the bedroom, and he happily followed along, only vaguely aware of Gabrielle and Hannah following after him.

Dozens of floating candles lit the room. Shadows danced across the walls as their entrance disturbed the air. The bed was perfectly made in crimson sheets. Or perhaps it was Gryffindor red.

Lavender stopped in the middle of the room and pulled him closer by his tie until their bodies touched. His arousal surged as her bare breasts brushed against his thin, white dress shirt. She continued pulling him down until their lips met. As her tongue danced along the inside of his mouth, she loosened his tie and tossed it to the floor. His sports jacket was next, before she started popping open the buttons of his shirt one by one.

Meanwhile, Harry's hands explored every inch of her body he could reach. One hand cupped and squeezed her breast while the other slid slowly down her spine until he reached her bum. It felt larger and softer than Gabrielle's, he noted as he kneaded it. Lavender moaned sensually when he gave it a squeeze and rushed to strip him of his shirt.

It had barely hit the floor before she broke the kiss and dropped to her knees. Smirking up at him seductively, she unbuckled his belt, opened his trousers, and yanked them down to his knees. His throbbing erection bounced up and bobbed in front of her face. Her eyes sparkled as she cradled him in both hands and kissed the tip. Harry took a deep, calming breath through his nose and rested his hand on top of her head as she took him into her mouth. As he moaned, he noticed Gabrielle moving around to the side for a better view.

His concern for the camera vanished when Lavender surged forward and swallowed half of his length. She bobbed back and forth rapidly, leaving a trail of saliva that glistened in the flickering

candlelight. Her hand rose up to cup his balls gently before moving to grip his shaft. It followed her lips as she pulled back to the tip, twisted, and then led the way back down. Harry groaned as she repeated the same sequence over and over. His legs trembled, and for a moment, he feared he might burst too soon.

Just before he was about to warn her, Lavender suddenly pulled back, panting lightly. His engorged head throbbed visibly as her hot breath washed over it. Smiling up at him, she slowly rose to her feet. Her lips met his in a heated kiss. She pressed herself firmly against him, mashing her breasts against his chest, and his shaft ground against her soft belly. Slowly, she placed a trail of light kisses along his jaw until she reached his ear.

“Trousers off,” she whispered.

Harry held onto her hips to keep his balance as he quickly and awkwardly kicked off his shoes and trousers. As soon as he was naked, Lavender pulled away. Grabbing his length, she led him backwards toward the bed. She climbed onto it, and he crawled after her until he lay between her legs in the middle of the mattress.

“I’ve wanted to do this for so long,” she said, her voice an octave lower.

She lined him up with her entrance. He could feel the damp heat of her arousal radiating from her.

“Fuck me,” she purred huskily.

Harry speared into her depths, and Lavender arched her back with a gasp. He dove forward, burying his face in her proffered breasts as he rocked back and forth. Her legs wrapped around his waist and tightened, urging him on. Dimly, he registered Gabrielle climbing onto the bed for a better view and remembered he needed to put on a show.

Lifting his head from between Lavender’s breasts, he pushed himself up on his arms and thrust hard and fast into her receptive body. She caught one of her wildly bouncing breasts and

trapped the nipple between her fingers. A pinch and a twist brought a glorious moan from her lips. The sound drove Harry to thrust harder and faster. He pounded her into the mattress as she arched her back and screamed. And it was real. He could feel her spasming and leaking all around him.

“Change position,” Hannah called.

Before Harry even registered the words, Lavender sat up abruptly and rolled them over. He landed on his back as she knelt above him. Without pause, she started writhing on top of him. Soon, the sway of her hips turned into bouncing. She moved up and down demandingly. Her breasts danced in circles on her chest, crashing together when they met in the middle.

Gabrielle scooted off the bed and walked around, recording the beautiful sight from every angle before she ended up standing on the other side of the mattress. Lavender suddenly paused and brought her legs up until she was squatting above him. He was impressed with her ability to maintain her balance while standing on a mattress in heels, a thought that was driven from his mind when she began to move.

Hands braced on his chest, she impaled herself on his straining length again and again with shocking speed and ferocity. Her thick thighs crashed against his with a thunderous clap that reverberated around the room. Harry could see the strain on her face and decided to help her out. Grabbing her hips, he planted his feet on the bed and met her halfway. This was without a doubt the hardest, roughest sex he'd ever had, and he was rapidly reaching his end.

Fortunately, so was Lavender. Her chest and face flushed as she panted for breath. He could feel her growing steadily wetter, and her muscles spasmed around him. Her entire body trembled, she scrunched up her face, and let out a piercing scream. Harry grunted as she clamped down on his thrusting shaft and released inside of her.

Lavender collapsed on his chest, muscles vibrating as she tried to catch her breath.

“Cut!” Gabrielle said with a smile.

“Morgana, I don’t think I’ve ever cum that hard,” Lavender

“It’s a good thing we put up a Silencing Charm, or the neighbors might’ve called the Aurors,” Hannah giggled.

Suddenly, Harry’s stomach grumbled. There was a beat of silence, and then they all laughed.

“I guess we should break for lunch,” Lavender said, rolling to the side with a sigh. “Just as soon as I can feel my legs.”

“I can run and get us fish and chips,” Hannah offered, checking her watch. “And we have plenty of time to make another film if Harry’s up for it. It might be a good idea to keep some on hand to release later. I expect Harry’s going to be booked solid once people realize he’s in the business.”

Harry groaned.

“That reminds me,” he said. “Lucinda recommended I get an agent.”

“Hannah can do it,” Lavender offered. “She’s looking for more work.”

Harry looked to Hannah, who blushed shyly and shrugged.

“You’re hired,” he smiled. “How’s twenty Galleons a week sound?”

Her eyes widened.

“Like more than I make at my day job,” she said. “Are you sure?”

Harry nodded.

“Brilliant,” Hannah grinned. “I’ll be back in a few minutes. Oh, Lav, see if you can dig out your old Hogwarts uniform. I have an idea for the next one.”

As she left, Harry lay back on the bed with a satisfied sigh.