

Potter Productions

Chapter 1

Harry sat in the living room of the newly remodeled Grimmauld Place, flipping through a Quidditch magazine when the doorbell rang. The fact that there was no shrieking from Walburga's portrait, which was now safely stored in the attic, brought a smile to his face. As he got to his feet, Kreacher ambled into the room, a dirty rag clutched in his hands.

"Would Master like me to send them away?" he asked hopefully.

"Not this time, Kreacher," Harry said. "I've been expecting this one."

"Is this Master's new guest?" Kreacher asked with a frown.

"I believe so," Harry replied, making his way to the door.

Kreacher muttered under his breath as he followed after him. Harry smiled to himself and opened the front door.

"Arry!"

He barely had time to brace himself before a tall, stunningly beautiful young woman slammed into his chest. Her ample breasts flattened against his as she tilted her head up and kissed his cheek.

"It's good to see you too, Gabrielle," he chuckled.

Gabrielle took a step back and beamed. She was no longer the little girl he'd help pull from the Black Lake. At eighteen, she was now a gorgeous young woman with all the sinful curves and devastating beauty he'd come to expect from Veela.

During the Triwizard Tournament, he'd thought she looked like a miniature version of Fleur, but now that she'd grown up, he had to amend that thought. Where Fleur was tall, elegant, and, frankly, a bit stuck up, Gabrielle was of average height, bubbly, and down to earth.

"You've grown up a lot since the last time I saw you," Harry noted with a smile. "Come on in. Kreacher, can you take her bags up to her room?"

"Of course, Master," Kreacher said.

Grumbling even as he bowed deeply, he popped onto the stoop, grabbed Gabrielle's bags, and then vanished.

"How was your trip?" Harry asked, escorting Gabrielle into the house.

"Long," she sighed. "Ze international Portkey's always make me feel sick."

"Do you need a lie-down?" he asked as they ascended the stairs.

"No, I'm fine," she said. "I visited Fleur before I came 'ere."

"How's she doing?" Harry asked.

Gabrielle sighed, "Zis pregnancy is making her so irritable. Don't tell 'er I said zis, but I'm glad zey don't 'ave room for me."

Harry chuckled as they reached the top of the stairs.

“Well, you’re welcome to stay here as long as you like,” he said, patting her shoulder. “How’s Bill handling things?”

“I don’t know,” she shrugged. “E was hiding in ‘is shed ze whole time I was zere.”

“I think that runs in the family,” Harry smiled, thinking of all the time Arthur spent in his shed.

They stopped outside the second door on the left. It was the room Hermione had used when they had briefly stayed there during the war. It, too, had been remodeled. The falling wallpaper had been replaced by a fresh coat of light blue paint, and the worn, blood-red carpet had been swapped for a thick, cream-colored shag. The only things that remained from the old room were the antique vanity, wardrobe, and bed, although Harry had replaced all of the mattresses.

“Here we are,” he said. “Feel free to change anything you want.”

“Zis is perfect,” Gabrielle beamed. “Zank you.”

She turned, hugged him tightly, and kissed both of his cheeks. Harry hugged her back and tried not to think about how nice she felt pressed up against him.

“Well, I’ll go get started on dinner while you get settled,” he said.

As Gabrielle excitedly unpacked her bags, he turned and made his way back downstairs. They had dinner an hour later, and they spent the meal catching up. Harry didn’t do much of the talk, but that was fine with him. The entire world knew what he’d been up to for the last few years, and he enjoyed the way she animatedly told him all about her school and friends.

Once they'd finished eating, they settled on the living room couch next to the fire. Harry nursed a glass of Firewhiskey while Gabrielle sampled a bottle of red wine Kracher had brought up from the basement.

"So, Fleur mentioned you were hoping to find work," he said.

"Yes," Gabrielle smiled. "I'm working as a model right now, but ever since Fleur showed me 'Ermione's film projector, I've really wanted to make films."

Harry grinned. Hermione had discovered a way to record memories onto film and then show them using an enchanted projector. Originally, it had been used to display memories during the Death Eater trials, but since then, a few intrepid wizards had picked it up and started to make films. The market wasn't large yet – there weren't enough films to justify buying a projector for most people – but it was growing quickly.

"Old on, I'll show you."

Harry watched bemusedly as Gabrielle stood and bounced up the stairs. She returned a couple of minutes later with an arm full of magazines and retook her seat. Grabbing the top magazine, she flipped to a marked page and handed it to him.

"Zis was my first photo shoot," she said.

Although it was written in French, Harry could tell it was some kind of women's catalog just by the pictures. In one of them, Gabrielle was wearing a thin, pink summer dress. Her picture smiled widely as she twisted this way and that, showing off the dress and genuinely looking like she was having the time of her life while doing it. Just looking at it brought a smile to his face.

"Wow," Harry said. "You look great."

"Zank you," Gabrielle smiled.

Taking the magazine back, she opened the next one and placed it in his hand. In it, Gabrielle was featured in a full-page ad for yoga pants that looked like they were painted on. She did a series of squats, jutting her bum toward the camera over and over before bending her head down to her toes. It was an impressive display of flexibility that presented him with a fantastic view of her bum and legs.

“Wow,” Harry said, swallowing thickly.

As she pulled the magazine from his hands, he reached for his Firewhiskey and took a sip. The next magazine she placed in his lap nearly caused him to spit it out. He swallowed harshly, his eyes watering as he stared down at the picture of Gabrielle.

She wore a full set of black lingerie, including stockings and suspenders. The bra looked a size too small for her ample breasts, and he swore he could see just a hint of a pale pink areola as she tossed her hair over her shoulder and smiled. Somehow, her smile managed to look both promising and innocent at the same time, her expression playful but naughty.

“Zis one’s my favorite,” she said.

“Er, I can see why,” Harry said. “I didn’t even know the Wizarding World had this kind of fashion.”

Gabrielle looked at him in surprise and then giggled.

“Aven’t you ever read Witch Weekly?”

“Can’t say that I have,” Harry admitted.

Rifling through her stack of magazines, she pulled out a copy of Witch Weekly, flipped through the pages, and placed it in his lap. Harry blinked down in surprise at the scantily clad women

smiling at him. Each of them wore just a bra that boasted the latest and greatest supportive charms and no-pinch, wand-operated clasps.

"I'm not in zis one," Gabrielle said. "I just got zis for research."

Harry wished he'd done a bit more research during his Hogwarts years.

"Do you have any jobs lined up?" he asked, handing back the magazine.

"I have a shoot in a couple of days," Gabrielle smiled. "Would you go wiz me? I'm a little nervous being in a new country."

Harry's first instinct was to decline. He still got too much attention for comfort when he went out in public. But then he thought about Gabrielle parading around in a bra in front of some slimy photographer, and it filled him with a sense of protectiveness.

"Sure, I'll tag along," he said.

Gabrielle beamed and hugged him tightly.

"Zank you so much."

"You're welcome," Harry smiled. "Not like I have anything better to do."

She pulled back, and her smile turned sympathetic.

"Are you still looking for work?" she asked.

“There’s plenty of places willing to hire me. I just don’t know what I want to do,” Harry sighed. “I thought I’d be happy as an Auror, but I hated playing politics to get ahead. I’m sure I’ll figure out something eventually.”

“Are you sure you don’t want me to pay to stay ‘ere?” Gabrielle asked.

“Quite sure,” Harry smiled. “My parents and Godfather left me a small fortune, and I’m still making decent money from that autobiography Hermione helped me write.”

“Ave you thought about Quidditch?” she asked.

“I like it well enough, but I’m not obsessed enough to play professionally,” he shrugged.

“Maybe you just need some time to discover yourself,” Gabrielle suggested.

“Maybe.”

They talked for hours before finally calling it a night. As he slept, Harry dreamed of Gabrielle parading around the house in increasingly revealing outfits while he took photos. He tried to shake those thoughts by having a cold shower, but his efforts were ruined when he entered the kitchen to find her picking at a bowl of fruit in nothing but an oversized white T-shirt and, he assumed, a pair of knickers.

“Morning,” he said.

“Good morning,” Gabrielle smiled. “Coffee?”

Harry nodded and took a seat at the table. As she walked over to the cupboard, he could tell just from the way her large breasts bounced that she wasn’t wearing a bra. Turning away, she stretched onto her toes to reach the coffee cups and revealed she was indeed wearing knickers

under her shirt. A red, lacy pair that clung tightly to her generous curves. He was only given a brief glimpse before her shirt fell back into place. Shaking his head, he turned to butter some toast to stop himself from ogling his house guest.

“Any plans for today?” he asked.

“I need to get some zings from ze shops,” Gabrielle said. “Will you come wiz me?”

“Sure,” Harry smiled.

Gabrielle beamed as she set a cup of coffee down in front of him. Kissing his cheek, she turned and skipped happily over to the refrigerator, causing her breasts to bounce wildly under her shirt. He could even see a trace of her nipples pressing against the thick cotton.

Harry’s resolution to stop ogling her had lasted all of five seconds.

An hour later, and with Gabrielle properly dressed, they headed to Diagon Alley. They made their way around the shops, picking up basic amenities, a few articles of warmer clothing, and a few other odds and ends to make her feel more at home. Harry insisted on paying for everything, including lunch, and briefly protesting at the first two shops, Gabrielle let him.

Harry found himself just as enthralled with Gabrielle’s company as he was her beauty. She darted from one place to the next with boundless curiosity and an endless smile. But he wasn’t the only one to be enthralled by her presence. Several young men eyed her appreciatively along the alley. Harry was quick to position himself between them and Gabrielle and sent them away with a quick glare.

Gabrielle caught him the second time it happened, but surprisingly, her only response was to smile, kiss his cheek, and loop her arm through his.

After a few hours of dragging him around every store in the alley, they returned to Grimmauld Place. Gabrielle disappeared upstairs to put away her newly acquired belongings while Harry made dinner, and by the time she returned, she'd already changed into a more comfortable outfit. She had replaced her jeans with a pair of short pink shorts and her long-sleeve shirt and jacket with a thin tank top. Once again, her distinct lack of bra was easily noticeable.

They spent the rest of the evening exchanging humorous stories from their school days, laughing and joking late into the night. Gabrielle was the first to call it a night. She wanted to get to bed early so she would be ready for her first modeling job in Britain. Harry stayed up a little longer to finish his Firewhiskey before he, too, called it a night.

On his way to bed, as he passed through the living room, he noticed Gabrielle's magazines still sitting on the coffee table from the night before and paused. After a moment of internal deliberation, he grabbed one – the one he knew contained the photo of her in lingerie – and carried it upstairs.

Harry woke early the next morning and made sure to replace the borrowed magazine before heading into the kitchen to make breakfast. Gabrielle joined him just as he pulled the brioche out of the oven, freshly showered and wearing a purple silk robe.

Smiling sweetly, she thanked him, kissed his cheek, and sat down to eat.

"So, where's this photoshoot?" Harry asked.

"At ze Witch Weekly office in Swindon," Gabrielle said. "I need to be zere at ten."

Harry nodded and checked his watch. They ate a quick breakfast before getting dressed and heading out a few minutes early. He side-along Apparated Gabrielle to Swindon, and they walked through the sprawling streets before they found the Witch Weekly office. It was across the street from the Town Gardens, tucked behind a bowling club. Stepping inside, they were greeted by a small, plain office with four chairs lined against the wall and a bored receptionist in her late twenties filing her nails.

"Welcome to the Witch Weekly office, do you have an appointment?" she asked in a dull monotone.

"I'm Gabrielle Delacour, I'm 'ere for my photoshoot," Gabrielle said brightly, bouncing on her toes with excitement.

The receptionist sighed and ran her long, red nail down the appointment list.

"You're with Marcus," she said. "He's in studio three. Just head through that door, turn right, and it's the second door on the left."

"Zank you," Gabrielle smiled.

Grabbing Harry's hand, she pulled him through the door the receptionist had indicated and down a long hall. The second door on the left was already open when they reached it. At the back of the large room sat a white backdrop surrounded by four bright lights. The rest of the room was cluttered by racks of clothes and the oddest assortment of props that Harry had ever seen. Among them was a giant candy cane, an innertube shaped like a rubber duck, old brooms, a massive cauldron, and a suit of armor. In the center of the room, a man who looked to be in his forties stopped fiddling with his camera and looked up as they entered.

"Hello," he said excitedly. "You must be Gabrielle. Oh, my dear, you are fabulous! The camera is just going to love you! And as I live and breathe, you're Harry Potter. Oh, where are my manners today? I'm Marcus; I'll be your photographer."

He shook their hands enthusiastically, and Harry relaxed slightly. Marcus was clearly Seeking for the other team. Glancing between the two of them, his eyes sparkled, and he looked at Gabrielle excitedly.

"Boyfriend?" he asked.

“Oh, non,” she giggled. “Arry is a family friend. I asked ‘im to come because I’m nervous being in a new country. I ‘ope that’s alright.”

“Oh, it’s no trouble at all, dear,” Marcus smiled. “You wouldn’t *believe* the number of boyfriends that march in here all worried I’m going to steal their girlfriends. Now, then, let’s get you dressed. You can change behind the curtain. The clothes are on the rack. Feel free to wear them in any order you like.”

“Okay,” Gabrielle smiled.

As she disappeared behind a partition and Marcus returned to finish setting up his camera, Harry found a chair and took a seat. When she stepped back out a few moments later, she was wearing a set of body-hugging, dark blue robes.

“Wonderful!” Marcus said, adjusting the lights slightly with his wand as he stepped behind his camera. “Give us a smile... great, now give me sassy!”

Gabrielle turned away from the camera, looked back over her shoulder, and winked, a light smirk turning up the corner of her lips.

“Perfect!” Marcus cheered. “Now, give me playful!”

She turned back to face the camera, flipping her hair over her shoulder in the process, and smiled teasingly.

“That’s it! Work it, girl!”

Harry covered his mouth to stifle a laugh. Gabrielle caught his eye and burst into a fit of giggles before focusing back on Marcus.

“Ooh, you are gorgeous!” Marcus said, straightening up from behind the camera. “The editor is going to *love* you. I think that’s a wrap on that outfit. Let’s move on to the next one.”

Smiling, Gabrielle pranced back behind the partition to change. She returned much quicker this time, wearing nothing but a pair of pale blue boy shorts and a sports bra.

“Huh, I didn’t even know the Wizarding World had clothes like that,” Harry muttered.

“Oh, it’s relatively new,” Marcus said. “It’s been so exciting since the end of the war. There are so many new fashions coming in from the Muggle world. It’s so much better than those stuffy old robes I used to photograph every week. Now, where on earth did I put those weights? I think there... ah, here they are!”

He pulled a small pair of iron dumbbells from a bin, handed them to Gabrielle, and ran back behind the camera.

“Ok, lift them a few times... good, good... now, give me determined... perfect!” Marcus said, snapping away with his camera.

As they continued to shoot different poses and expressions, Harry let his gaze wander over Gabrielle. His eyes trailed down the swell of her breasts to her tight, toned midriff and then down further to the flare of her wide hips. Several times, she turned to the side, giving him a spectacular view of her firm, round bum, and long, smooth legs.

“Wonderful!” Marcus declared, slightly out of breath. “Let’s move on to the next one.”

Neither of Gabrielle’s next two outfits was as visually appealing as the workout outfit, but Harry still enjoyed watching her beautiful face as she cycled through an array of expressions. The fifth and final outfit she put on was a Hogwarts uniform. As she stepped back in front of the white backdrop, Harry swore the skirt looked a couple of inches shorter than was allowed.

"You look great, my dear," Marcus smiled. "This one is for Madam Malkin, so nothing special, but I think I know a way we can increase the chances of your photos getting picked."

Smile still in place, he turned to look at Harry, who stiffened nervously.

"I don't suppose I could talk you into throwing on a uniform, could I?" he asked.

"Er..."

"Oh, please, 'Arry," Gabrielle said, fluttering her eyelashes.

Harry took one look at her expression and caved.

"I guess," he sighed.

Gabrielle cheered and clapped excitedly as Marcus handed him a uniform. He stepped behind the partition, stripped down quickly, placed his clothes next to Gabrielle's, and donned the uniform. They felt a bit loose when he put them on, but the moment he finished getting dressed, they tightened around him until they fit snugly.

"Er, are these clothes supposed to move?" he called, tugging at the uncomfortably tight collar.

"That's just the Re-sizing Charm," Marcus yelled back.

With a sigh, Harry ran a hand through his hair and stepped out from behind the partition. He felt unusually self-conscious as he stepped next to Gabrielle in front of the bright lights.

"Oh, you two are *adorable*," Marcus grinned. "Now, let's just get a few shots of you standing next to each other."

Harry flinched and blinked the first couple of times the flash went off, nearly blinding him. He quickly learned to stare at a spot slightly to the left of the camera to preserve what remained of his already bad eyesight.

“Relax your shoulders, Harry,” Marcus said.

With a conscious effort, he did.

“Good, now look to the left and act like you’re waving to friends,” he said.

Harry felt incredibly awkward as he waved to a blank wall. Even to himself, his movements felt stiff and unnatural compared to Gabrielle, who looked completely at ease and carefree.

“Wonderful! Now, put your arms around each other and give us a smile.”

Gabrielle wrapped her arm around Harry’s waist, and he tossed an arm over her shoulders as they turned back to face the camera.

“Give him a kiss,” Marcus called.

Harry stiffened, but before he could say anything, Gabrielle turned and planted her lips against his cheek.

“Oh, don’t look so scared of a pretty girl, Harry,” he scolded. “Relax! Have some fun!”

Gabrielle pulled back and giggled as he relaxed his shoulders. Leaning forward again, she pressed her lips against his cheek and kicked one of her legs up in the air behind her.

“Brilliant!” Marcus called. “Just a couple more... perfect. Now, Gabrielle, you stand in front, and Harry, you wrap your arms around her. Look like a couple.”

They shifted positions, and Harry wrapped his arms around Gabrielle’s waist. Her bum pressed against his groin as she leaned back against him.

“Come on, Harry. Smile! You’re in love!” he encouraged.

Harry forced a smile on his lips. It must have looked as unnatural as it felt.

“Bigger smile, Harry. Bigger.”

Gabrielle tilted her head back to look up at him and giggled. Harry blew out a breath and tried to focus on not looking like an idiot when she suddenly stood up on her toes and kissed the bottom of his chin. He blinked in surprise and looked down at her. The moment their eyes met, they both burst into giggles.

“That’s it!” Marcus yelled. “Much better. Now, look at the camera and give her a kiss.”

Harry tightened his arms around Gabrielle. As he leaned forward to brush his lips against her cheek, she moved as well, causing the bottom of her breasts to rest on his forearms and her bum to grind against his pelvis.

“Perfect, you two. Perfect. And... done!” Marcus declared, straightening up.

“Sorry. Am I early?”

Harry squinted against the lights shining in his eyes to see who had spoken, but all he could make out was a blurry figure standing in the doorway.

"Oh my goodness, is it eleven already?" Marcus asked, checking his watch. "I'm so sorry, Lavender. I got so excited I lost track of time."

"No problem."

"Lavender?" Harry asked.

Letting go of Gabrielle, he stepped out of the light. He was barely able to see when Lavender Brown appeared and hugged him tightly.

"Harry!" she squealed. "It's so good to see you! I didn't know you were modeling!"

"Er, I'm not, really," he said, scratching the back of his neck. "I just came to support Gabrielle. She's staying with me until she can get a place of her own. I just got roped into taking a few pictures."

"I see," Lavender smiled as she shook Gabrielle's hand. "I'm Lavender. Have we met before? You look kind of familiar."

"I'm Fleur's sister," Gabrielle said.

"Oh, I remember now!" Lavender exclaimed. "You're the one Harry and Ron pulled out of the lake! What brings you all the way to England? I'd have thought they'd have better modeling jobs in France."

"Zey do, but I want to make films," Gabrielle said.

"Ah," Lavender smiled. "Well, you picked a good time. They're building a brand new studio in London, but that won't be finished for a while. The only acting jobs they have right now are for erotic films."

"You mean like porn?" Harry asked.

"I prefer to think of them as erotic dramas," Lavender smirked.

"Ave you done any?" Gabrielle asked.

"A couple," Lavender shrugged.

"Really?" Gabrielle asked excitedly. "Where can we find zem?"

"There's a new store in Diagon Alley called Lucinda's that sells them."

"Lavender," Marcus called. "You can start getting changed. I just need a few minutes to finish setting up."

"Alright!" Lavender called back. "Harry, why don't you go first."

Harry nodded, stepped behind the partition, and quickly changed back into his clothes. Gabrielle and Lavender were deep in conversation, barely sparing him a glance as they stepped behind the partition together. A couple of minutes later, Gabrielle reappeared wearing the clothes she'd come in with. A moment later, Lavender stepped out wearing a sheer pink robe lined with white fur around the collar, hem, and cuffs, a pair of white knickers, and absolutely nothing else.

Harry gawked at her large breasts before he caught himself and desperately tried to look anywhere else.

"Er, is that allowed in Witch Weekly?" he asked.

"I'm doing a shoot for PlayWitch," Lavender grinned.

"Oh," Harry said, swallowing thickly.

"Lavender, darling, you look fantastic," Marcus exclaimed, clapping his hands. "You know, Gabrielle, I could put in a word with Glen at PlayWitch and get you a shoot if you're interested."

"Ooh, we could do a shoot together!" Lavender said excitedly.

"I would love to," Gabrielle beamed.

"I'll let him know," Marcus smiled. "Ready, Lavender?"

"Ready!" Lavender said.

Turning to Gabrielle, she pulled her into a hug and kissed her cheeks.

"It was lovely meeting you, Gabby," she said.

Then, she turned to Harry and pulled him into a hug as well. He wrapped his arms loosely around her, feeling slightly awkward and aroused by her state of undress.

"It was great seeing you again, Harry. We should get lunch sometime and catch up."

"Yeah, sure," Harry said, training his eyes determinedly on her face as he pulled back. "That'd be great."

Lavender grinned, kissed his cheek, and walked over to stand in front of the backdrop. With a wave of Marcus' wand, the plain white paper turned into the image of an opulent bedroom. Gabrielle looped her arm through Harry's, and they turned to leave the studio.

"It's a little early, but do you want to stop and get lunch on the way home?" he asked.

"Can we go to Diagon Alley first?" Gabrielle asked hopefully. "I want to find zat film of Lavender."

"Sure," Harry smiled and shrugged.

Clasping her hand, he turned and Disapparated.

Chapter 2

It was late in the afternoon when Harry and Gabrielle returned to Grimmauld Place. After the photo shoot, they'd gone to lunch at the Leaky Cauldron, done some more shopping and sightseeing, and then had dinner at a Muggle restaurant in London.

Harry relaxed on the sofa with a sigh, his feet aching from all the walking he'd done, while Gabrielle went upstairs to put her things away. He was nursing a glass of Firewhiskey thirty minutes later when she returned. She bounded down the stairs in a pair of flannel pants and a too-small, too-tight T-shirt that revealed an inch of her bare midriff and the distinct lack of a bra. In her hand, she held a small crystal ball about the size of a billiard ball.

"Where is your projector?" she asked.

He pointed to the end table next to the fireplace. On it sat an old-style film projector, the kind that took reels, that Gabrielle quickly picked up and sat on the coffee table.

“What are we watching?” Harry asked.

“Ze film Lavender made,” she grinned.

Harry blushed lightly and took a big sip of his Firewhiskey. They’d picked up a dozen films while they were out shopping, most of which were like Muggle independent films, and he hadn’t expected her to dive straight into the erotica. Or, at least, not while they were in the same room.

Before he could decide whether to object, Gabrielle placed the smoke-filled orb on the pedestal in front of the lens and tapped the contraption with her wand. The reels stuttered as she sat next to him on the sofa, and the lens flickered to life. Light from the lens illuminated the crystal ball. The white smoke inside swirled wildly before suddenly shooting from the top and expanding into a thick cloud. A kaleidoscope of colors flashed along the rounded edges before an image took shape.

Lavender Brown stood in a well-appointed bedroom wearing a thin, pink robe. The camera sat near the foot of the bed but slightly elevated. Grabbing a brush from the nightstand, she ran it through her wavy, dirty blonde hair several times before setting it back down with a sigh. She turned to a full-length mirror next to the bed and ran her hands over her pronounced curves with a contemplative look. Suddenly, her hands tugged at the sash.

Harry swallowed thickly, and his eyes darted to Gabrielle. Her bright blue eyes sparkled as she stared at the scene unfolding in the mist. He turned back to the film just in time to see Lavender’s robe fall open. It left a one-inch gap, through which he could see the inside curve of her breast and a small strip of dark blonde hair between her legs in the reflection of the mirror.

Her right hand slipped inside the robe and caressed her flat stomach, exposing a flash of milky white thigh. Slowly, her hand trailed up to her left breast. She palmed it and tilted her head back with a moan. As her fingers flexed, squeezing the large mound, he caught just a glimpse of her pink nipple before her hand traveled back down, and it was covered again.

Lavender opened the robe, exposing herself but blocking the view of the camera in the process. Slowly, teasingly, she shrugged one shoulder free and then the other. She stared at herself in the mirror, cocked her hip, and dropped the robe. It fluttered to the floor, revealing the blonde in all her glory.

Her full, firm breasts hung heavy on her chest, each capped with a long, red nipple. Sliding her hands up her chest, she cradled them, lifted them, and then dropped them. They bounced and rippled alluringly, causing Harry's erection to surge. His eyes trailed down to her long, muscular legs and paused briefly at the junction between her legs before they left the mirror, and he gazed at her backside. Her bum was full and round, and as she shifted her weight slightly, he caught the briefest outline of her folds.

Harry was so caught up in appreciating her alluring figure that he nearly jumped out of his skin when Gabrielle abruptly leaned against his side. He'd completely forgotten he wasn't alone. He watched her nervously for a moment, but she never looked away from the film.

"She's beautiful, non?" she asked.

Harry turned back and swallowed thickly as Lavender cupped one of her breasts and bent down to suck her own nipple.

"Er, yeah," he murmured.

Lavender backed up, sat on the bed, and swung her legs up to lay on the fluffy white bedding. Sliding her hands down her stomach, she slowly spread her legs open. One knee bent, and she turned her leg to the side, revealing her delicate pink folds. A moan left her lips, and her eyes drifted closed as she spread her fingers to rub either side of her glistening lips.

Gabrielle hugged Harry's arm, and he was very conscious of the way his bicep was wedged between her breasts. His erection throbbed painfully, forcing him to reach down and adjust himself as surreptitiously as possible.

"I would love to make a movie like zis," she said in a low, husky tone.

"Really?" Harry asked.

She turned to him with gleaming eyes and flashed a brilliant smile.

"Veela are very open about sex," she said, turning back to the film. "Many men would like to watch me like zis, non?"

"Er, I'm sure they would," he replied, desperately trying not to let the images those words played in his mind distract him. "But wouldn't that affect your acting career?"

Gabrielle frowned cutely.

"You zink so?"

"It would in the Muggle world."

"It wouldn't in France," she pouted. "I weel 'ave to ask Lavender about it."

Harry nodded, and they both fell silent as Lavender moaned. She had two fingers buried in her folds. Her free hand squeezed her breast roughly, kneading it like dough and occasionally lifting it up to suck on the swollen nipple. The bedding wrinkled under her body as she writhed from the pleasure she was giving herself.

Her fingers glistened as she pulled them out and stimulated her clit. Both knees bent as she spread her legs wide. The most sensuous moans Harry had ever heard left her mouth, broken up between heavy pants. She took her nipple between her fingers and tugged it harshly, distending her soft, pale breast. Meanwhile, her fingers rubbed so rapidly at her clit that they were almost a blur.

Suddenly, she cried out. Her legs snapped shut around her hand as her whole body trembled. Lavender rolled onto her side, clawing at the bedding while she squealed and spasmed. After several seconds, she rolled back over and stilled, her chest rising and falling sharply.

She seemed to drift off to sleep as the image began to fade. Soon, it turned completely white, and the smoke was sucked back into the orb.

"Zat was beautiful," Gabrielle smiled.

Sitting up, she kissed Harry on the cheek and jumped to her feet.

"I'm going to go write 'er."

Harry sighed as she flounced out of the room and glanced down at the very large, prominent bulge in the front of his trousers.

There was no way Gabrielle hadn't noticed it.

Blushing, he slipped his hands under his glasses and rubbed his face. Eventually, he sighed again and climbed to his feet. As he made his way upstairs, he debated whether to take a long hot shower or a short cold one.

Two days later, as they were sitting down for breakfast, Gabrielle got a reply.

"Master's guest has a letter," Kreacher said.

He thrust the letter at Gabrielle, who took it with a smile.

“Merci.”

Kreacher grumbled under his breath, walked over to the stove, and stirred the eggs aggressively.

“Eet’s from Lavender,” Gabrielle said excitedly as she quickly unfolded the parchment.

“What’d she say?” Harry asked.

“She invited us to ‘er apartment in Diagon Alley.”

She handed him the letter, and he quickly scanned its contents.

“I know where this is,” he said. “Since she’s got the day off, do you want to go after we finish eating?”

Gabrielle stuffed the last bit of toast into her mouth and smiled.

“Feenished,” she mumbled, climbing to her feet as she chewed and swallowed. “I’m going to go get changed.”

Harry smiled and shook his head as she bounded from the room. Half an hour later, they were both dressed and ready to go. They took the Floo to the Leaky Cauldron and then made their way out to Diagon Alley. It was still quite early, and Harry felt it would be rude to show up at her door before ten, so they spent a little time pursuing the shops before eventually arriving at the Apothecary. Lavender’s flat was over.

They entered the door on the side of the Apothecary and climbed a narrow, winding set of steps until they reached the third floor. There were two doors on opposite sides landing. Harry turned towards the one on the left and knocked briskly.

“Coming!”

A moment later, Lavender threw open the door and smiled.

“Harry, Gabby, come on in,” she said brightly.

“Thanks for inviting us over,” Harry said as he stepped inside.

The flat was fairly small and longer than it was wide. Past the tiny entryway, cluttered with shoes, hanging cloaks, and an umbrella stand, the flat opened up. To the left sat a kitchen too narrow to fit a table and chairs. To the right was a slightly larger living room, the center of which was dominated by a large, light blue sofa. As Lavender led them inside, he spotted two winged-backed chairs on either side of the fireplace. Against the back wall sat two open doors. One led to a bathroom and the other to a very familiar bedroom.

“Have a seat,” Lavender said, leading them over to the sofa.

She sat down against the arm of the sofa, one leg tucked underneath. Harry took the center, and Gabrielle sat to his left.

“So, you said you had some questions about making erotic films,” she said.

“Oui,” Gabrielle replied. “‘Arry is worried zey might affect my acting career.”

“Really?” Lavender asked, turning to him with a surprised look. “But they – Oh! Sorry. I always forget you were raised by Muggles. Magicals don’t view it the same way. I think it’s because the population is so small. If you tried to separate regular acting or modeling from the erotic stuff, you wouldn’t have enough people to do either.”

“Oh,” Harry said. “So, people won’t look at Gabrielle differently?”

"Of course not," she said, rolling her eyes. "You listen to Molly Weasley too much. Here, let me show you something."

Lavender got up and disappeared into her bedroom for a moment. There was a bit of rustling and thumping before she returned with a stack of magazines in her arms. When she set them down on the coffee table and retook her seat, Harry saw that it was a stack of PlayWitch.

"Let's see."

She rifled through the stack for a moment and then pulled one free. After flipping through the pages, she spread it open and handed it to Harry. Gabrielle leaned over his shoulder to get a look. The magazine looked fairly old, but the busty brunette witch in the photos looked quite young and very attractive.

"Recognize her?" Lavender asked with a smirk.

Harry studied the witch's face and shook his head.

"She does look kind of familiar," he admitted.

"She should," Lavender grinned. "She was our head of house."

His eyes widened in disbelief, but the moment he looked back at the picture, his brain made the connection.

"Professor McGonagall did PlayWitch!?" he gasped.

"Yep!" Lavender giggled. "So has Celestine Warbeck, Gwenog Jones, Madam Rosmerta, and dozens of others. It's a great way to make a lot of money when you're young."

"I had no idea," Harry muttered.

"Neither did I until I started looking into it," she said. "No one really talks about it, but it's pretty common. Katie's mum told me about it. She did a shoot back in the day and used the money to buy her restaurant."

Harry closed the magazine and set it back down on top of the pile.

"And the magical world feels the same way about the films?" he asked curiously.

"Well, I can't say for sure, but I don't see why they wouldn't," Lavender shrugged. "Of course, if you wanted to make sure witches can do both, you could always start your own production company."

"Zat's a great idea!" Gabrielle said excitedly.

"Whoa, hold on," Harry chuckled. "I don't know the first thing about film making."

"So?" Lavender said. "Neither does Ogden, and that hasn't stopped him. He's building the only studio in Britain. We could use some competition to make sure we get fair pay."

"Why do you need 'im?" Gabrielle asked. "'Arry and I watched ze film you made in your bedroom. Why not just make zem on your own?"

"Oh, you watched that?" Lavender asked, fixing Harry with a knowing grin that caused him to blush. "Well, recording them is easy, but making copies is a lot harder. Ogden is the only one who can make enough to sell, and he charges us an arm and a leg. As for the film making, you can hire people who know what to do. Hannah Abbot writes scripts, and Colin Creevey has some experience directing. All you really need to do is choose who to hire and provide the financing."

"I'll have to think about it," Harry said. "Buying or building a studio, plus all the equipment and employees, would be a big investment. But I'll talk to Hermione about getting more projectors. I can at least help you make copies cheaper."

"Thank you," Lavender said gratefully. "And I know it's a big investment, but you could also make a lot of money at it if it succeeds."

"I don't really care about the money."

"You said you were looking for a job, non?" Gabrielle asked. "Why not start your own business? Zat way, you don't 'ave to work for someone else."

"And don't forget about the perks," Lavender grinned. "Witches would pay a fortune to see a film featuring *the* Harry Potter. You could work with any actress you wanted."

Harry couldn't help but envision himself filming with the two girls on the sofa beside him.

"Er, I'll keep that in mind," he said, shaking the thought from his mind.

"Speaking of collaborations," she continued, "are you still up for a doing PlayWitch shoot with me, Gabby?"

"Oui," Gabrielle smiled.

"Great," Lavender smiled in return. "I talked to Marcus yesterday, and he says he has an opening today at eleven. The editor hasn't agreed to it yet, but I think if he sees the pictures, there's no way he'll turn us down. It's a bit of a gamble, though. We only get paid if they use it."

"I'm een," Gabrielle grinned. "But do you mind if 'Arry comes?"

Harry glanced at her in surprise, and Lavender smirked.

“Fine by me,” she shrugged. “Not like he hasn’t seen me naked already.”

The girls giggled as Harry shifted awkwardly in his seat.

“Oh, I’m just teasing you, Harry,” Lavender said, slapping his arm lightly. “Here, you can help us pick our outfits.”

Grabbing a few of the PlayWitch magazines from the coffee table, she set them on his lap and flipped the top one open.

“Let’s see, we could do Quidditch cheerleaders, but I kind of feel like that’s been done to death,” she said. “There’s the good old school girl outfits, and they rarely do a shoot with two of them at the same time. Or, we could go for something a bit more niche, like bondage.”

Harry swallowed thickly as she pointed to a photo of a dark-skinned witch that looked suspiciously like Professor Sinistra bound to a large wooden X and gagged with a bright red ball.

The girls continued flipping through the magazines and discussing what outfits to wear for the next forty-five minutes. Even as they walked back through Diagon Alley to the Apparition point, they still hadn’t come to a decision. They arrived at the photo studio in Swindon, and the receptionist directed them to the back. When they reached the appropriate room, Marcus was just finishing setting up his camera and turned to greet them with a smile.

“Lavender, darling, how are you?” he said, kissing her cheeks. “And I see you brought friends!”

“I talked Gabby into joining me,” Lavender smiled. “I really appreciate you doing this for us, Marcus. I owe you big time for this.”

“Oh, don’t mention it,” Marcus said, waving his hand. “Will Harry be taking part in this one?”

“Oh, no,” Harry said, holding up his hands. “No, no, no. I’m just here to support Gabrielle.”

Marcus hummed and eyed him up and down.

“Pity,” he sighed. “Well, girls, let’s get to work. I’ve only got an hour before lunch. Go behind the screen and pick any outfits you like.”

With a giggle, Lavender and Gabrielle trotted behind the changing screen excitedly while Harry grabbed a beach chair from the piles of props and took a seat out of the way. It was a few minutes before the girls returned. They’d evidently decided to go with the schoolgirl look, but in uniforms that would’ve given McGonagall an aneurism.

The thin white shirts were about four sizes too small and strained to contain their generous busts. The buttons looked like one good cough would send them flying. They were also much too short to be tucked in. Instead, they were tied in knots, baring most of their midriffs. The skirts they wore were scandalously short. He could see the bottoms of their cheeks pop out as they walked, and as Gabrielle turned, he caught a brief glimpse of light blue fabric between her legs. In fact, their knee-length socks covered more of their bodies than their skirts did.

“You two look marvelous,” Marcus grinned as he settled behind his camera. “Alright, let’s start with some playful shots.”

Lavender and Gabrielle giggled like schoolgirls and wrapped their arms around each other’s waists. Their large busts pressed together, causing their tantalizing cleavage to bulge. As they smiled and posed for the camera, Lavender sneakily poked the side of Gabrielle’s bare stomach. Gabrielle squealed and returned the favor. That set off a war of playful pokes and tickles that had them laughing and shaking. Each sharp movement sent their generous curves jiggling alluringly.

Gabrielle grabbed the tails of Lavender's knotted shirt and gave it a gentle tug. The top three buttons burst open, revealing the crimson bra underneath. They both paused for a moment in shock and then burst out laughing. Just as they calmed, Lavender gave Gabrielle's shirt a much sharper tug that popped her buttons all the way down to the knot. Her pale blue bra matched the knickers.

Their laughter renewed, and Harry had to adjust himself as their breasts jiggled inside their bras.

"Wonderful," Marcus said. "Now, give us a kiss."

Turning to face each other, Lavender and Gabrielle leaned in for a kiss. Their lips had barely touched before they started laughing again and had to break apart. Once they'd gotten themselves under control, they kissed again. It started off slow and tentative but quickly devolved into a full-blown snog.

"That's it!" Marcus cheered. "Show us a bit more skin."

Still kissing heatedly, their hands moved to each other's bums and lifted their skirts. Before he realized what he was doing, Harry found himself leaning to the side to get a better view of Gabrielle's thick, round bum. Quickly, he straightened back up and blushed.

"Perfect! Now, let's lose those shirts!"

Their hands raised up and bumped into each other as they reached for the knots. They shared a laugh before Lavender swatted Gabrielle's hands away, and she untied her shirt. As it fell down her arms, Lavender dipped her head and licked along the long line of cleavage. Gabrielle squealed, jerked her arms loose, and pushed her away.

A moment later, she was untying Lavender's shirt. The moment it was open, she dove forward, sucking and nipping at the soft pale skin of her breasts. Lavender laughed and danced out of her shirt. Instead of pushing Gabrielle away as she had done, Lavender grabbed the back of her

head and forced it deep between her breasts. She let go quickly and laughed as Gabrielle pulled back sharply.

Pouting, Gabrielle gave Lavender's hip a playful slap and then slowly lifted her hand to cup both of her breasts. Lavender did the same, and for several moments, they stood, toying with each other's breasts as if to compare them to their own.

"Amazing! Bras next!" Marcus called.

The girls pulled their hands away, unclasped their bras, and slipped their arms free but used their arms to keep the cups in place.

"On three?" Lavender asked.

Gabrielle nodded.

"One...two...three!"

Both of them whipped their bras free, cheered, and jumped up and down. Their large, pale breasts bounced and shook wildly. Harry couldn't help but note the differences between them. Where Lavender's breasts were heavy and hung from her chest, Gabrielle's jutted straight out. Her nipples were also a light pink, the same color as her wide areolas, while Lavender's areolas were dark pink and her nipples dull red.

Suddenly, the girls stopped jumping and laughed.

"Merlin, they're so perky."

For a moment, Harry thought the words had slipped from his lips. It took him a moment to realize it was Lavender who had spoken.

“And yours are so firm,” Gabrielle replied.

They reached out and cupped each other’s breasts again. This time, their movements were less playful and more slow and sensual. Gabrielle bit her lip and moaned lightly as Lavender grazed her thumb over her nipple. Smirking, Lavender bent over slowly, opened her mouth, and wrapped her lips around one of the pink nubs. Gabrielle leaned her head back and moaned, only for it to turn into a squeal a moment later when Lavender ripped off her skirt.

Both of them burst into laughter, and as Lavender straightened up, Gabrielle pulled her in for another kiss. As their lips smacked together wetly, she undid the clasp of her skirt and tossed it aside. It had barely hit the floor before one of her hands came crashing down on Lavender’s bum. Lavender jerked back and burst out laughing.

There was barely a pause before they removed their knickers. Harry was glad neither seemed to be paying him any attention. He took the opportunity to drink in the sight of their naked bodies. They continued posing for the next half an hour, teasing and playfully poking at each other the entire time.

“Whew,” Marcus said, wiping his brow. “The editor is going to *love* this! Let’s call it a wrap, ladies.”

Lavender and Gabrielle picked up their clothes and made their way back behind the screen. Harry hoped it would take them a while to change. He needed a few minutes to calm down.

Chapter 3

After the photo shoot, Harry, Lavender, and Gabrielle Apparated to Diagon Alley to do some shopping. To be more precise, Lavender and Gabrielle did some shopping while Harry tagged along. The last stop they made was Lucinda’s.

The woman at the register, a beautiful brunette who looked to be in her mid-thirties, turned out to be Lucinda herself. She had a large bust trapped in a tight corset, and as she stepped around the counter to greet Lavender with a hug, he noticed her long, toned legs, covered in a pair of thin, dragon-skin trousers.

“Lavender, dear. It’s lovely to see you again,” Lucinda said as she and Lavender kissed each other’s cheeks. “What can I do for you today?”

“I need a few more recording orbs, and Gabby wants to look at the memory recorder,” she said.

“Of course,” Lucinda smiled, stepping back behind the counter. “I take it business is still going well?”

“Very,” Lavender grinned. “Gabby and I just finished a new shoot for PlayWitch. They should be in the next issue.”

“That’s wonderful,” Lucinda said. “I imagine the two of you together will be a big hit with the wizards.”

Pulling two boxes from under the counter, she set them down next to the register and lifted the lids. One contained a dozen crystal balls the size of billiard balls, while the other held a handheld video camera that looked like it had been pulled straight from the 1950s. The only defining feature that differentiated it from a Muggle camera was that in place of the film reels, there sat a small cup with three little arms, the perfect size to hold a recording orb.

“The recording orbs are a Sickle a piece, and the camera is fifty-three Galleons,” Lucinda said.

Gabrielle frowned at the price and placed her coin purse back in her pocket.

“I’m sure you’ll be able to afford it after our shoot comes out next week,” Lavender assured her. “I’ll take three recording orbs, please.”

“We’ll take both boxes,” Harry said, pulling out his coin purse.

Lavender and Gabrielle smiled brilliantly and trapped him in an enthusiastic hug as he counted out the coins.

“I take it I can expect a new recording to sell soon?” Lucinda asked with a smile while bagging his purchases.

“Oh, very soon,” Lavender grinned.

They left the store soon after and headed to the Leaky Cauldron for lunch. The girls disappeared to the loo while they waited for their order and returned just as it arrived.

After they’d finished eating, Lavender invited them back to her flat to show Gabrielle how the camera worked. Harry received several jealous looks as the girls latched onto an arm each and escorted him back through Daigon Alley.

Once they were back in Lavender’s flat, they took a seat on the sofa and set their boxes on the coffee table. Gabrielle took the camera out of the box and looked it over curiously.

“It’s pretty easy to use,” Lavender said, taking it from her. “All you have to do is take a recording orb and put it in the holder.”

She took one of the recording orbs from the box and placed it gently in the cup. The three little arms automatically closed around the top, holding it in place.

“The orbs hold about six hours of memories,” Lavender told them. “And there’s a whole book of spells to edit them however you want.”

She turned to Gabrielle with a grin.

“Want to give it a try?”

Gabrielle nodded eagerly. To Harry’s surprise, Lavender thrust the camera at him.

“Here, just press the button at the back to start and stop the recording,” she said.

He searched the back of the camera and found a small, black button in the bottom right corner. When he pressed it, the front film reel clattered to life, steadily gaining speed until it reached a steady pitch. While he was busy watching the machine come to life, Lavender and Gabrielle dropped to their knees and crawled between him and the coffee table. It wasn’t until Lavender reached for his belt that he noticed.

“Whoa!” Harry gasped, jerking his hips back in surprise.

“Oh, relax,” Lavender giggled. “No one’s going to know it’s you. Why do you think I handed you the camera?”

“You want to make a recording with me?! Now?!” he asked incredulously.

“Please, ‘Arry,” Gabrielle pleaded, gazing up at him with her bright blue eyes and fluttering her eyelashes.

“Er...”

“I suppose we *could* find another cock to play with if you really don’t want to,” Lavender said.

"No, no," Harry replied quickly, his stomach twisting unpleasantly at the thought of Gabrielle being in the same position with someone else. "I suppose if I don't show my face, that's fine."

"Brilliant," Lavender grinned. "Just make sure to keep the camera pointed at us."

Her fingers deftly unbuckled his belt and opened his trousers. Reaching inside, she grabbed his rigid length and pulled it into the open. Gabrielle gasped.

"C'est magnifique," she whispered.

"Long and thick, just the way I like it," Lavender smiled.

She tilted her head up and draped his length across her face. Puckering her lips, she kissed the underside before gripping him around the base and slapping herself lightly with his cock. Harry throbbed excitedly as she giggled, placed another kiss on the side of his shaft, and passed him to Gabrielle.

Gabrielle puckered her lips to give him a kiss, but at the last second, Lavender jerked his cock forward, slapping it quickly and repeatedly against her upturned face. She squealed and jerked back with a laugh. They both broke down into giggles for a moment, and when they calmed, Gabrielle kissed the side of his engorged tip. Lavender tilted her head and peppered kisses along the other side.

Their lips collided more than once as they worked their way up and down his shaft, and each time, they nearly broke into laughter. As Lavender reached the base of his shaft, she stuck out her tongue and licked all the way up to the tip. Gabrielle moved out of the way just as Lavender opened her mouth and swallowed half of his length.

Harry groaned from the feeling of her hot, wet cavern that engulfed him. Her tongue swirled and danced around his shaft. She bobbed her head several times before pulling back a bit too quickly. A small glob of saliva escaped her pouty lips and landed on her blouse. Lavender let out a short, soft cry of surprise and leaned back to try to wipe it off while Gabrielle laughed.

“Maybe we should take off our clothes so zey don’t get dirty,” Gabrielle suggested, smiling coyly.

Lavender met her smile with one of her own, and then they both pulled their shirts over their heads. Reaching behind their backs, they unclasped their bras and let them fall into their laps. Unfortunately, Harry didn’t get to enjoy the view for long before they leaned forward again. Their breasts pressed against his legs as Gabrielle wrapped her lips around his tip. Lavender tilted her head to the side and kissed and licked the lower side of his shaft that wouldn’t fit in her mouth.

Gabrielle bobbed on him several times, and as she pulled back to the tip, Lavender followed her up. They switched positions seamlessly. Lavender bobbed on his length while Gabrielle trailed her lips down his shaft to kiss and lick the portion she couldn’t reach.

Harry struggled to remember to keep the camera pointed at them and not just tilt his head back and enjoy the incredible sensation. He’d received precious few blowjobs in his life, and this one blew all of those out of the water. They worked like a well-oiled machine, taking turns without any outward communication. Each time he moaned or groaned, their eyes, always staring up at him, sparkled joyfully.

He held on as long as he could, but after a few minutes, he could take no more. His climax was rising whether he wanted it to or not. Trying to avoid speaking, he reached out and tapped Lavender’s arm. She pulled her lips away from the side of his shaft and smiled.

“Getting close, baby?” she asked, wrapping her hand around him and stroking his shaft. “What do you think, Gabby? Face or mouth?”

Gabrielle pulled off of him with an audible slurp, eyes glittering as they met his, and smiled.

“Face,” she said.

Lavender giggled, took him into her mouth, and bobbed rapidly. Her hand moved in time with her mouth, working every inch of him. His pleasure swelled to a crescendo, and just as he was about to burst, she pulled back with perfect timing. Gabrielle positioned her face beside Lavender's as she jerked him furiously.

Harry groaned loudly as he erupted. His climax came in powerful jets that splattered against their beautiful face. They closed their eyes and laughed while Lavender aimed him back and forth until he had finished. Cautiously, the girls opened their eyes and burst into giggles when they looked at each other.

A glob of cum began to drip down Lavender's chin, and Gabrielle darted forward to lick it up. As her tongue neared Lavender's bottom lip, Lavender tilted her head down, and their lips met. They snogged heatedly, smearing the mess along their faces. They eventually broke apart, laughed, and Lavender turned back to Harry.

"You can stop recording now," she said.

Harry pressed the button on the back of the camera. The reel stuttered to a stop, and he set it on the couch.

"You are a mess," she giggled, looking at Gabrielle.

"So are you," Gabrielle laughed in response. "Eet's in your 'air."

Lavender reached up, patted the top of her head, and then looked at her hand with a shrug.

"Wanna grab a shower?" she asked.

Gabrielle nodded. Together, they stood and walked to the bathroom. Neither of them bothered to close the door as they stripped down completely and stepped under the spray of water. They

did, however, close the shower curtain. Harry couldn't see anything, but he heard their muffled voices and girlish laughs.

"Bloody hell," he said, tucking himself away.

Not long after the girls had dried off and gotten dressed, Harry and Gabrielle took their leave. Gabrielle dashed up to her room, changed her clothes for reasons Harry couldn't fathom, and kissed him on the cheek before leaving to visit her sister. He lounged around the house, reading a Quidditch magazine and drinking Butterbeer for about an hour when there was a knock at the door.

Levering himself up off the sofa, he made his way to the front door and opened it.

"Hey, Harry," Hermione smiled. "I brought those copiers you wanted."

She lifted a battered, brown suitcase.

"That was fast," Harry said with a smile and moved out of the way to let her enter.

"I had some spare time this morning," she said. "Where do you want to set them up?"

"The parlor, for now," he replied.

Hermione nodded and followed after him. When they entered the parlor, she set the suitcase on the floor and unlatched the clasps. She sank her arm shoulder deep into the magically expanded space inside and reached around for a few seconds before pulling her arm back. Clutched in her hand was an old-style, silver projector. The bottom was large and boxy, housing a lens that protruded from the front. On top sat two large, exposed reels.

Harry eyed it curiously, but couldn't spot anything odd besides the age. Hermione set it on the floor, pulled a tripod from the suitcase, and got to her feet.

"Grab the projector for me, would you?" she asked.

He did as she asked and followed her to the center of the room.

"What do you need this for, anyway?" Hermione asked as she set up the tripod.

"I ran into Lavender, and she mentioned that Ogden is the only person who can copy recording orbs," Harry told her. "Apparently, he's charging so much that it makes it almost impossible to do independent projects. So, I decided to start making copies myself."

"That's nice of you," Hermione said, taking the projector from his arms. "How much is he charging?"

"A Sickle each."

"A Sickle!" she gasped. "That's robbery! Even with only one Duplicator, you can make hundreds of copies every hour for Knuts! He bought six!"

With a frustrated growl, she set the Duplicator, as Harry now knew it was called, on the tripod and secured it in place.

"I'm going to have words with that man at the next Wizengamot meeting," she muttered under her breath. "If you need any more Duplicators, let me know, and I'll make them for you."

"Thanks," Harry said. "Actually, I've been thinking about setting up my own recording studio."

“Really?” Hermione asked, surprised. “Since when are you interested in acting?”

“I’m not,” he shrugged. “Gabrielle is, though, and I’ve got nothing better to do.

He shrugged again. Hermione glanced at him and smirked, and he wasn’t really sure why.

“I see,” she said.

She finished setting up the Duplicator and adjusted a couple of nobs at the back.

“We need to test it,” she told him. “Do you have a recording?”

“Er, yeah,” Harry said.

The box containing Gabrielle’s camera sat on the end table next to the fireplace. Harry lifted the lid and pulled out the recording they’d made earlier in the day.

“And some unused recording orbs,” Hermione called.

Harry glanced inside the box and pulled out spare recording orbs Lavender had given them.

“Is three enough?” he asked.

Hermione looked at him and rolled her eyes exasperatedly. Walking over to the suitcase, he reached in and, after searching around for a few moments, pulled out a box of recording orbs.

“Here, use these,” she said. “Set them in front of the Duplicator. Not too close, though. At least three feet away. Just make sure the light hits the orbs directly. And give me that.”

She took the used recording orb from his hand and handed him the box. Harry pulled one of the end tables closer to the Duplicator, set the box of orbs on top, and flipped open the lid. When he turned back to Hermione, she was setting the recording on the Duplicator directly between the two reels.

“Is this good?” he asked.

Hermione looked over and nodded.

“I think so,” she said. “We might have to raise them up a bit. Well, let’s give it a try.”

She flipped a switch on the side, and the reels rattled to life. A wide beam of light extended from the lens in an increasingly expanding cone and hit the recording orbs perfectly. They glowed slightly, and the silvery mist inside began to swirl. Unfortunately, the light didn’t stop there. It continued past the orbs and the table and hit the wall. An image of Lavender and Gabrielle, topless and kneeling between his legs, appeared on the wall of the parlor.

“Oh my God!” Hermione gasped, covering her mouth. “Harry! Really! You’re making copies of your conquests?!”

“No!” Harry exclaimed, his face burning with embarrassment. “It’s, well-wait, how did you know it’s me?”

“Because you’re the only person I know with a LEGO-shaped scar on his knee,” Hermione said with a deadpan look. “Now, finish what you were saying.”

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“Lavender makes erotic films, as she calls them,” he explained. “Apparently, porn isn’t as frowned upon as it is in the Muggle world.”

Hermione nodded, and Harry began to wonder just how much he'd missed at Hogwarts.

"Well, she's been talking Gabrielle into doing it since they did a shoot together," he continued. "And then they asked me to, well, help."

"And you just went along with it?" she asked, arching an eyebrow.

"What was I supposed to say?" Harry asked, gesturing to the projection on the wall.

"Well, yes, I suppose I can understand," Hermione said, blushing. "But are you sure that's something you want to get into? I know magicals view it differently, but you do realize how popular you'll be, don't you?"

"Yeah, Lavender did mention that," he sighed, running a hand through his hair as he plopped down on the sofa. "I mean, I'm already famous, and it's not going to go away any time soon. And it does sound like it might be fun."

Hermione rolled her eyes and dropped down onto the sofa next to him. They sat in silence for a long moment before she sighed and folded her arms over her chest.

"Make a list of the equipment you need and I'll get it to you as soon as I can," she told him.

Harry turned to her in surprise.

"Really?"

"Harry, you've done more than anyone has any right to ask of you," she said, resting her hand on his. "If this is something you want to do, then I'll support it."

Smiling, he wrapped an arm around her shoulder and pulled her into a sideways hug.

“Thank you,” he said gratefully.

“What are friends for,” Hermione smiled. “Now, no offense, but I think I’ve seen enough of my best friend for one day.”

She glanced over at the projection on the wall and shook her head. Patting his legs, she collected her suitcase and left.

Harry spent the rest of the afternoon thinking about whether or not he really should jump into filming. He tried his best to ignore his baser instincts as he carefully weighed the pros and cons. In the end, he made up his mind and shared it with Gabrielle when she returned for dinner.

“You know, I’ve been thinking about Lavender’s idea of making a few films,” he said.

Gabrielle looked up from her plate and arched an eyebrow.

“And?” she asked, giving him her full attention.

“Well, I’ve decided to give it a try,” he said.

“And you weel film wiz me?” she asked hopefully.

Harry smiled.

“If you want to.”

Gabrielle squealed excitedly and jumped out of her seat. She ran around the table, crashed into his lap, and pulled him into a crushing hug.

“Zis ees wonderful,” she said.

Harry hugged her back with a smile, and this time, he felt no shame in enjoying the feel of her curvaceous body against his.

Later that night, as Harry was preparing to climb into bed, Gabrielle pranced into his room in nothing but a T-shirt and a pair of knickers, camera in hand. A surge of nervousness filled his body.

“You want to film now?!” he asked.

She set the camera on the dresser and smiled at him over her shoulder.

“Zis ees just for me,” she said.

Aiming the camera at the bed, she turned and wrapped her arms around his shoulders. Her bright blue eyes sparkled as she gazed up at him.

“I ‘ave wanted zis for a very long time,” she whispered, running her fingers through his hair as their faces drew closer. “I never want to forget it.”

Their lips met passionately. Of their own accord, his hands drifted down her back and cupped her thick, muscular bum. Gabrielle moaned. The taste of her minty breath filled his mouth as their tongues danced. Her hands slid over his shoulder and down to his chest before she gave him a firm push.

Harry flopped back onto the bed. With a dazzling smile, Gabrielle grabbed the bottom of her shirt and drew it over her head. He stared hungrily at her bared, perfect breasts as she crawled over top of him. Their lips crashed together fervently. His hands came up and cupped the breasts he'd been dreaming about since she'd come to stay with him. They felt even better than he'd imagined.

They tumbled across the mattress, groping, caressing, and kissing as they shed the rest of their clothes. Eventually, Harry ended up flat on his back with Gabrielle straddling his waist. She bit her lip and stroked his throbbing length before raising herself up and placing him at her entrance. She threw her head back and moaned as she sank to the hilt in a single smooth movement.

Harry grunted and found the desire to climax on the spot. It had been a while since his last relationship, and Gabrielle felt tighter, hotter, and wetter than any woman he'd ever been with. His hands moved to her hips as she began to move, but he couldn't bring himself to try to slow her down. It felt too damn good.

For a moment, he was hypnotized by her breasts. By their unbelievable firmness and the way they bounced with the movement of her hips. His hands caressed their way up her side, over her ribs, and cupped them firmly. His thumbs graze her soft, pink areolas and hard nipples. Gabrielle moaned and dropped forward, bracing her weight on her hands. Harry lifted his head, and their lips met as their movements grew more aggressive.

Their bodies writhed together as they panted. He moved his hands from her breasts to caress the rest of her perfect curves. His hands eventually landed on her bum. Gripping firmly, he helped her raise and lower her hips, driving her onto his pulsing cock.

"Arry," she moaned sensually.

Harry knew he was going to climax soon, but he just couldn't bring himself to slow down in the slightest. Wrapping his arms around Gabrielle, he rolled her over onto her back. Pressing his lips against hers, he thrust into her with an ever-growing need. Her body jolted under him. Her legs wrapped tightly around his waist while her nails dug into his back.

The need for air forced their lips to part. Panting, Harry desperately fought his own body's needs as he drove himself furiously into the gorgeous witch underneath him. Gabrielle moaned, and her muscles flexed around him. He could tell she was close. Driving himself into her hard, faster, she finally threw her head back and cried.

Harry let go with a shout. The strongest climax of his life consumed his whole being. He was only dimly aware of Gabrielle writhing under him and her orgasmic cries as he flooded her depths. The moment seemed to last an eternity, and yet not nearly long enough before it came to an end, and he collapsed on top of her.

They lay, panting and gasping for breath. Harry tried to roll off of her, but he was too weak and drained to break her iron grip. She didn't seem to mind his weight, so he rested on her and kissed the side of her neck. Eventually, she relaxed enough that he was able to roll to the side, where she immediately draped herself over him.

"Don't forget the camera," he reminded her.

"Leave eet," she mumbled. "I want to remember every minute of zis."

Smiling, Harry kissed the top of her head and pulled the covers over their sweat-soaked bodies.

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.

~

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.

~

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.

The reaction to Harry's film debut went about as well as he expected. He made the front page of the Prophet again, as well as a few international publications. It only served to make his recordings more popular. He had to hire three full-time employees to copy enough recording orbs to keep the shelves stocked. The Galleons and the owls flooded in.

Hannah got a substantial raise when she had to use the spare bedroom in her apartment to store all the letters he got. Some were outraged-Mrs. Weasley had sent him at least one Howler-but the majority of the letters he got were offers, or in some cases, demands, that he film with them. Witches, wizards, couples, and even a Veela enclave in Sweden had made an offer. One he'd politely refused. One part-Veela exhausted him most nights; he didn't think he would survive a night with an entire horde of full-blooded Veela.

The money he raked in immediately went to renting an old film studio in London. It used to belong to the BBC, but had lain abandoned for quite a few years. He'd already hired some friends of the twins to do the renovations. It would take some time, but eventually, they would have their own studio. For now, he had plenty of other recordings to make thanks to Hannah's endless creativity.

No matter how many times he did this, Harry always felt incredibly awkward ignoring the very noticeable Hannah and Luna as he stepped into Grimmauld Place. Hannah was once again directing, and Luna had taken over filming when she'd heard about how awkward he felt around Colin. He struggled not to glance in their direction as he closed the door, set down his briefcase, and took off the black fedora he'd been told to wear for this scene.

Apparently, according to Gabrielle, it made him look debonair-whatever that meant.

"Honey, I'm home," he called up the stairs, feeling like an absolute twat.

Forcing a perplexed expression on his face that felt more like a look of constipation, he slowly walked forward and climbed the stairs. Luna and Hannah followed after him, and he was very cognizant of the rhythmic clacking of the reels on the camera.

“Gabrielle?” he called at the top of the stairs.

His only response was a loud giggle from the master bedroom. His bedroom. With the camera behind him, he didn’t bother to look confused, as the script called for. He just crept forward. The moment his hand turned the doorknob, he heard a very feminine, sensual moan. He pushed open the door.

On the bed lay Gabrielle and Lavender, entwined in a passionate embrace. They were both naked save for their knickers. Lavender’s were black, Gabrielle’s were pink. Gabrielle was on top, their thighs entwined and pressed against each other’s cores. Their breasts were mashed together so closely that Harry had trouble telling where one pair ended and the other began. Lavender’s hands groped Gabrielle’s luscious bum, and their hips rolled as they snogged heatedly.

Harry just stopped and stared, lost for words, until Hannah prodded him in the back.

“Gabrielle!” he exclaimed, fighting desperately to remember his lines.

Lavender and Gabrielle broke apart and looked at him with such hooded, lustful gazes that he strained against the front of his trousers.

“Arry,” Gabrielle smiled brightly. “Appy Anniversary!”

“You brought Lavender over for our anniversary?” he asked.

“Oui,” Gabrielle smirked. “She’s beautiful, non?”

Grabbing one of Lavender’s large, perky breasts, she bent down and sucked on her nipple. Lavender moaned and arched her back.

"How many times have I told you not to ensnare our friends?" Harry asked, sighing in exasperation.

The girls shared a look and giggled while he tried to look confused. They separated, turned to face him, and crawled sensually toward the end of the bed.

"I'm not ensnared, Harry," Lavender said, licking her lips salaciously. "I'm just really fucking horny."

Together, they reached for his belt and pulled him onto the bed. Harry fell between them and, working together, they stripped him of his clothes in record time. Luna climbed onto the bed behind him, her back pressed against the headboard, to get a better shot. She had pretty much the same view he did as they both grabbed his rigid length.

"Merlin, that's a big cock," Lavender said.

"Mmh," Gabrielle murmured in agreement. "Eet looks so angry. Maybe we should make eet up to 'im wiz a kiss."

They looked at each other, smirked, and bent down to kiss either side of his shaft. Harry hissed pleurably as they worked from the bottom to the top, and then back down again. The kisses turned into light sucks and licks until Lavender finally took him in her mouth. She only bobbed up and down a few times before kissing back down his shaft while Gabrielle moved up and swallowed him.

Up and down they moved, taking turns and switching seamlessly without a word. It really was amazing how well they worked together.

"Switch," Hannah called.

Harry gave a start. He'd honestly forgotten she and Luna were still there.

"I have an idea," Lavender smirked.

She pulled Gabrielle off the bed, looked at Harry, and patted the edge of the mattress. He scooted to the edge of the bed while Lavender grabbed the ottoman bench at the end of the bed. He'd bought it more for decoration than anything, but she had an entirely different purpose in mind. Pulling it to the side of the bed, she placed it right in front of him and then knelt on it. Gabrielle knelt next to her and watched curiously.

Smirking, Lavender leaned forward and wrapped her breasts around his length. Harry groaned as she moved her body up and down. He slid through the warm, soft, smooth crevice she created by pressing her hands to the outside of her breasts. It felt nice, but the visual was what turned him on the most.

Gabrielle smiled as she shuffled closer. Tucking her hair behind her ears, she leaned over and let a long string of saliva drip from her pursed lips. It fell right between Lavender's breasts, providing him with more lubrication.

Suddenly, her head blocked his view, and then he felt her lips wrap around his tip. Luna shuffled around to the side for a better angle. After a couple of minutes, the girls switched places. As Lavender leaned over him, her wavy, honey-colored hair fell down like a curtain. Harry gathered it into a ponytail and held it out of the way while Gabrielle pumped her breasts around him. A bit of friction caused him to wince.

"Might need a bit more spit," he said.

Lavender sat up slightly, worked her cheeks, and then spat between Gabrielle's breasts. Gabrielle squawked indignantly. There was a beat of silence before they descended into a fit of giggles. Quickly, they got themselves under control and returned to their positions.

Harry couldn't help but note the differences between them. While her breasts were smaller than Lavender's, Gabrielle's were firmer. They provided a bit more stimulation, but didn't quite

envelop them the same way Lavender's had. He'd be hard pressed to say which he preferred, and thankfully, he didn't have to.

"I think that's enough foreplay," Hannah said.

Lavender and Gabrielle sat up and looked at each other. Without a word, they brought their hands up to play a game of rock, paper, scissors. They smacked their fists against their open palms three times. Lavender chose rock. Gabrielle chose scissors.

"Ha!" Lavender cheered.

She did a little dance that sent her breasts wobbling. Sighing, Gabrielle crawled onto the bed and flopped onto her back. Lavender crawled over and kissed her way up her legs. As she reached the juncture between her thighs, she slid her tongue through Gabrielle's folds. Gabrielle clutched her hair and moaned, bucking her hips.

"Harry!" Hannah hissed.

"Huh."

He looked over, and Hannah nodded towards Lavender's raised bum with a meaningful look.

Oh, right.

Climbing onto the bed, he waddled on his knees behind Lavender, lined himself up, and sank into her depths. She moaned into Gabrielle's mound, drawing a moan from her as well. As he started thrusting his hips slowly, his eyes moved from Lavender's thick, heart-shaped bum, over her back, and up to Gabrielle, who groped her own breast and writhed pleasurably.

"Pull further out, Harry," Hannah instructed.

Harry did as he was asked. He pulled out of Lavender until only his tip remained and then slowly sank back inside. Luna leaned in for a close-up and then moved around to capture the scene from every angle. At one point, she even stood on the bed and filmed it from above. As she moved back around, Harry gave Lavender's bum a swift spank fucked her harder and faster. He body rippled and jiggled alluringly from the force. Gabrielle tightened her grip in her hair and moaned lewdly, bucking her hips.

"Switch," Hannah called.

Harry smacked Lavender's bum again before he pulled out. Before the girls could move around, he grabbed Gabrielle by the ankles and pulled. She squealed and laughed as she slid along the sheets underneath Lavender. They shared a brief but passionate kiss before Lavender crawled forward, spun around, and sat on Gabrielle's face. Harry leaned forward kissed her even as he speared into Gabrielle's depths and set a hard and fast pace.

"Fuck," Lavender gasped. "Eat that pussy."

Reaching down, she teased and tugged Gabrielle's nipples as her breasts bounced back and forth on her chest. She moaned into Lavender's folds, drawing another moan from the witch above her. Harry bent down and captured one of Lavender's nipples between his lips.

Apparently, that was too much for her. Lavender cried out in climax and shuddered above Gabrielle.

"Oh, Merlin," she gasped.

Panting and shivering, she pulled away and took a moment to catch her breath. Once she had, she spun around and crawled over top of Gabrielle. They kissed passionately, and Harry took the opportunity to slip back into Lavender's soaked folds. She moaned loudly as he gave her several teasing thrusts, then slipped back into Gabrielle. He spent several minutes switching between the two of them while Luna crawled all around them to get her shots.

"I'm close," Harry groaned as Gabrielle contracted around him.

Lavender flopped onto her back and scooted as close to Gabrielle as possible. Thrusting a few more times, Harry pulled out and took himself in hand. Wanking furiously, he leaned his head back, groaned, and erupted all over their breasts. They laughed and pushed their chests together as he emptied himself over them. With a tired, relieved sigh, he sat back on his heels while Lavender and Gabrielle embraced and snogged heavily.

Luna moved around to film the girls, so Harry hopped off the bed and sat in a chair to get out of her way.

"That was good," Hannah smiled. "Do you think you can go again?"

"Yeah," Harry panted. "But I might need a few minutes."

Hannah bit her lip and glanced between him and the girls on the bed.

"Keep filming, Luna," she said.

Spinning around, she dropped to her knees and wrapped her hands around him.

"Whoa," Harry gasped in surprise. "Hannah!"

"I'm just helping you get hard again," she said, stroking him gently as a flush crept up her cheeks. "Just watch the bed."

He did as she said and watched Lavender and Gabrielle lick his cum from each other's bodies. He rapidly hardened, and then grunted when he felt Hannah's lips wrap around him. Gabrielle glanced over, smiled, and winked. Hannah bobbed her head up and down, taking him deeper

and deeper until, shockingly, she deepthroated him entirely. Slowly, she pulled back to the tip and then off of him completely.

“Bloody hell,” Harry muttered.

“Looks like you’re ready to go again,” Hannah said, blushing as she continued to stroke him. “Let’s get some close-ups.”

Clearing his throat, he got to his feet and climbed back onto the bed.

“That was fun,” Luna said brightly as they all sat around the kitchen table for lunch.

“Oui,” Gabrielle smiled. “I love zis job.”

“It’s great, isn’t it?” Lavender grinned. “You even think of being on camera, Luna?”

“No, I wouldn’t be very popular,” Luna said, unbothered. “I like filming, though. I’ve always loved art.”

Harry snorted softly. He’d hardly consider what they were doing art.

“So, what’s next, Hannah?” he asked curiously.

“That’s it for today,” she said. “You really should look at some of the offers you’ve gotten, though. You’re going to need more actresses if you want to run your own studio.”

Harry nodded slowly. She had a point.

“Did you see any that look good?” he asked.

“Several,” she replied. “I’d recommend someone well know for now. For marketing. Gwenog Jones wants to do a shoot at a Quidditch Pitch. Madam Rosmerta made an offer that I have a really good idea for. Oh, and Lucinda wants to work with you. I think that’s the best option from a business standpoint. She’s willing to give us a really good deal on recording sales, and she has a lot of good connections.”

Harry glanced over at Gabrielle, who nodded encouragingly.

“Alright,” he said after a moment. “Why don’t you send her an owl and set something up?”

Just three days later, Harry stepped into Lucinda’s shop with Hannah and Gabrielle in tow. Gabrielle had insisted on filming when she wasn’t acting, so Luna was off helping Lavender with a new project.

“Harry,” Lucinda smiled in greeting.

She walked over, gave him a hug, and kissed both of his cheeks. Lucinda looked to be in her late thirties, possibly early forties. She was a couple of inches taller than him in her heels. Her skin was pale, and her lustrous dark hair was tied back in a bun. Bright red lipstick glistened on her lips. It was hard to guess what she looked like under her robes, but she was thin with a moderate bust. There was an elegance to the way she dressed and moved that reminded him of Narcissa Malfoy without the condescending bitchyness.

“Come in. Come in,” she said, invitingly. “I made up a room in the back.”

Turning, she led them past the young, smiling cashier and through a door behind the register. It opened up into a shockingly long hallway with what must have been a dozen doors on either side.

“Mon Dieu,” Gabrielle gasped.

“This used to be a brothel back in the day,” Lucinda explained with a smile. “We mostly use these rooms for storage now.”

She continued down the hall, stopped at the fourth door on the left, and pushed it open. Harry stopped in the doorway and stared. It was full of BDSM equipment. Cuffs, chains, whips, crops, and things he didn’t even know the name of hung along the walls. The black carpet and red walls were dimly lit by a handful of candles on tall candlesticks. There was no bed, no cushions, no sofa, just a sturdy wooden chair in the center of the room.

“Er,” he stammered nervously.

“Don’t worry, it’s just decoration,” Lucinda said, smiling in a way that didn’t entirely put him at ease. “I won’t use any of it on you... unless you want me to.”

“Er, no thanks,” Harry said.

Lucinda laughed, grabbed his hand, and pulled him further into the room. Leaving him near the center, she walked over to the wall and grabbed a pair of iron shackles.

“You’ll be wearing these, but don’t worry, their fake,” she assured him. “The chain in the middle is charmed to break if you use too much force. See?”

She placed the shackles around her wrists and tugged them apart firmly. The chain snapped with a metallic clang.

“Okay,” Harry said slowly. “What exactly do you have planned?”

Lucinda smirked.

Five minutes later, Harry was in the chair, completely naked, with his hands shackled behind his back.

“Action!” Hannah yelled.

The door opened, and Lucinda stepped inside. Without a word, she stepped in front of him and shrugged off her robe. Harry’s eyes widened at the outfit underneath. Her long, toned legs were covered by a pair of black stockings connected to suspenders and a garter belt. She wasn’t wearing knickers. A thin strip of trimmed black hair, cut into the shape of a lightning bolt, sat above her folds. A shiny, black leather coset was cinched tightly around her waist. It ended just below her high, perky breasts, capped with hard, dark red nipples.

Lucinda smirked at his gobsmacked expression. Turning to the wall, she walks around the room, running her hands over various pieces of equipment with a thoughtful look. Eventually, she stopped at a long, black riding crop and plucked it off the wall. Spinning back around to face him, she smacked it sharply against the palm of her hand. Harry flinched at the sound it made.

Slowly, she walked back over to him, one heel in front of the other, swishing her hips. She stalked around, dragging the tip of the leather crop across his chest. Coming to a stop behind him, Lucinda caressed his hair and kissed his jaw.

Smack!

The crop landed on his chest. Harry jumped in surprise, but it really didn’t hurt that much. The sound startled him more than anything. Lucinda dragged the tip of the crop down his abdomen and used it to caress the inside of his thighs. He silently prayed she didn’t hit him there.

Thankfully, she didn’t. She straightened up, walked around in front of him, and dropped to her knees. Grabbing his legs, she forced them wide apart and ran the crop along his length. To his own surprise, Harry hardened rapidly.

Lucinda wrapped her free hand around him and stroked until he was completely rigid. She ducked down and leaned forward. Her warm, moist breath washed over his shaft as she stared up at him. Her bright red lips were millimeters away from his skin, but they never touched. She twisted her head this way and that, stroking him agonizingly slowly. Harry was so hard that the head of his cock turned a deep purple, and the whole thing throbbed in her grip.

Smirking, she puckered her lips just enough to brush his skin and placed the lightest of kisses on his shaft. Harry groaned and tried to shuffle his hips forward.

Smack!

He yelped in surprise when the crop struck his chest again and stilled.

“Behave,” Lucinda said firmly.

Climbing to her feet, she straddled the chair and sat down on his lap, trapping his aching length between his stomach and her damp mound. She ground her hips, and he moaned.

“Be a good boy and I’ll give you what you want,” she said, tauntingly rolling her hips.

Placing the crop behind his head and grabbing it with both hands, she pulled, bringing his head down to her breasts. Harry obediently wrapped his lips around her nipple and licked. Lucinda moaned and rocked her hips, sliding her slick petals around his throbbing shaft.

“Do you want to put that big, nasty cock in me?” she asked teasingly.

Harry groaned and bucked his hips.

“I bet you do,” she smirked. “Maybe if you beg nice enough, I’ll let you.”

“Now, Harry,” Hannah said.

Finally.

With a firm tug, he broke the chain. He swung his hands around and grabbed two handfuls of Lucinda’s surprisingly firm bum. She squealed as he stood, lifting her with him. In three big strides, he crossed the room and pinned her back against the wall. Somehow, by some miracle, his length lined up perfectly with her folds. As her back hit the wall, he plunged into her depths.

Lucinda gasped and clutched at his shoulders. Taking just a moment to settle his stance, Harry pounded her furiously. The shelves and hooks on the wall rattled from the force of his thrusts. Chains clattered and whips fell to the floor.

Feeling more savage than he ever had in his life, Harry paused. With strength that surprised even him, he tossed her into the air, slipped his arms under her legs, and caught her in mid-air. Lucinda stared at him, wide-eyed. Unleashing a growl, he folded her in half, knees pressed against her tits, and fucked her even harder.

Lucinda cried out in climax. Her nails dug painfully into his shoulders, but he refused to slow. Even as her eyes rolled into the back of her head, he only endeavored to pound her harder.

“Fuck!” she howled. “Harry!”

He growled and continued his brutal pace, rapidly nearing his climax. With several more savage thrusts, he buried himself to the hilt and unleashed in her depths. He grunted and bucked like an animal until, breathlessly, he finished. Resting his head on the wall, he panted heavily. Lucinda caressed his back and ran her fingers through his hair tenderly.

“Harry, pull out but don’t put her down,” Hannah said. “Gabbi, get a good shot of his cum dripping out of her.”

Harry blinked. He'd forgotten they were still in the room. Doing as he was told, he eased out of Lucinda and held her up as he caught his breath.

"And, cut," Hannah smiled. "That was brilliant."

Returning her smile tiredly, Harry carefully set Lucinda on her feet. She reached up and stroked his cheek.

"Next time, you get to tie me up," she smirked.

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.

~

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.

~

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.

Chapter 7

Harry yawned widely as he poured himself a cup of coffee. Next to him, Gabrielle hummed to herself and wiggled her hips while waiting for the toaster to finish. She was only wearing one of his old T-shirts and a pair of white knickers that she flashed with every swish of her hips. Carrying two cups over to the table, he set one down, leaned back against it, and sipped the other while enjoying the view Gabrielle presented him with.

Merlin, she had a great bum.

She continued humming and dancing to the beat in her head as the toaster popped. Popping them onto a plate, she buttered them lightly, spun around, and her eyes sparkled when she caught his unabashed staring.

“Keep looking at me like zat and I will drag you back to ze bedroom,” Gabrielle threatened playfully.

“Really?” Harry smiled.

Grabbing her shirt, he pulled her close, took the plate from her hands, and set it down on the table. Her head tilted up, and their lips met. She wrapped her arms around his neck while his dropped down to her bum. Unfortunately, they were interrupted by the loud opening and closing of the front door.

“Harry?” Hannah called.

“In the kitchen!” Harry yelled.

He sighed as Gabrielle slipped out of his arms and into her seat. Giving him a knowing, playful look, she took a bite of her toast just as Hannah stepped into the kitchen clutching a large, black binder to her chest.

“Morning,” he said. “Coffee?”

“Yes, please,” Hannah smiled.

She took a seat and set her binder down heavily as Harry poured her a cup and set it down in front of her.

“Thank you,” she said, rifling through the pages. “I’ve got a couple of work orders I need you to sign off on for the studio. Nothing major.”

Harry nodded as she took two small stacks of paper, set them on the table, and handed him a quill. He signed both of them with a quick flourish.

“What’s ze plan for ze day?” Gabrielle asked.

“Honestly, I don’t really have anything,” Hannah admitted. “Susan wants to do another shoot, and I think it would be a good idea to feature another high-profile witch from the list. Oh, and Lucinda sent me an owl. She has a few ideas for another film.”

“It’s not anything... weird, is it?” Harry asked cautiously.

Hannah glanced at Gabrielle, and they shared a brief smirk.

“A couple of fetish ideas, but nothing too bad.”

She pulled a sheaf of parchment from her binder and handed it to him. Harry quickly glanced over the letter. Thankfully, all of Lucinda’s ideas involved her being chained up, not him.

“Alright,” he nodded.

Hannah’s tongue peeked through her lips as she jotted down a quick note and tucked the letter back in her binder.

“Any idea who else you want to work with?” she asked.

“Er...”

"I'd recommend Rosmerta, Gwenog, or Sinistra. I think they'd draw the most attention."

Harry thought for a moment. He'd never met Gwenog, and while the idea of Sinistra was certainly appealing, a part of it just felt wrong. Exciting, but wrong. He wasn't quite ready for that just yet.

"Rosmerta," he decided.

Hannah nodded and made another note in her binder.

"Alright," she said. "I'll send out the letters and let you know when we can schedule filming."

"Arry," Gabrielle called. "Don't forget about Pansy."

Hannah's eyebrows rose sharply.

"Oh, right," Harry sighed.

"Pansy, as in Pansy Parkinson?" Hannah asked. "What does she want?"

"A job," he told her. "We came home to find her sitting on the stoop last night. She practically begged me to hire her. I told her I couldn't promise anything, but I'd ask you if we had any openings."

"Really?" she asked. "I'm surprised you didn't just call the Aurors on her."

Harry chuffed, "I was tempted to," he said. "But she was actually civil for once, and she sounded genuinely desperate, so..."

He shrugged helplessly.

“Well...,” Hannah said thoughtfully. “Colin’s hiring, but Parkinson was always pants at Charms. We could use another cameraman – or woman, in this case.”

“What’s wrong with Luna?” Harry asked a little defensively.

“Nothing’s wrong with her,” she said quickly. “It’s just a good idea to have a backup. If your business keeps growing the way it is, we’re going to need to film more than one scene at a time.”

“That makes sense,” he said. “You want to send Parkinson an owl?”

“Are you sure?” Hannah asked.

Harry shrugged.

“We’ll give her a chance,” he said. “If she causes any problems, we’ll give her the boot.”

“O-kay,” Hannah said skeptically. “We can see how she does with Susan’s shoot tomorrow. Which reminds me, can you ask Hermione for a favor?”

Harry furrowed his brow and tilted his head curiously.

He wasn’t sure how Hannah had convinced him so easily, but a few minutes later, he was in the family room, kneeling in front of the Floo. Shaking his head, he threw a handful of Floo Powder into the crackling flames.

“Ministry of Magic, Senior Undersecretary’s Office,” he yelled.

The flames turned emerald green, and he shoved his head inside. For a dizzying few seconds, his head spun through the Floo system before he came to a stomach-jolting stop. Swallowing through a brief moment of nausea, he looked around the office. Hermione sat behind a heavy oak desk, her brow creased in concentration as her quill scratched rapidly across a scroll of parchment.

“Hey, Hermione,” he called.

“Harry!” she said, looking up sharply. “This is a surprise. Is everything alright?”

“Yeah, fine, never better,” he told her. “I just needed to ask you a small favor.”

She arched an eyebrow and looked at him in askance.

“Can I borrow the Knight Bus?”

~

Harry tugged at his tight, buttoned collar and adjusted the cap on his head. The conductor’s uniform had clearly been made for someone less broad and shorter than he was. Hannah’s Charms work made it fit a bit better, but the shirt and jacket were still tight in the shoulders, and the sleeves were a little too long.

He stood at the front of the Knight bus, parked just outside Number 12. In front of him, Hannah placed a handful of bright, glowing orbs for better lighting, while Pansy fiddled with the knobs on the camera. She looked like she wanted to be anywhere else, but to her credit, she hadn’t complained once. In fact, she’d remained uncharacteristically quiet since she’d arrived a couple of hours earlier to learn how to work the camera.

Harry just hoped she'd paid attention to Hannah's instructions. Getting the Knight Bus, even in the middle of the day, hadn't been easy.

"Everyone ready?" Hannah asked, approaching the front of the bus and stopping just behind Pansy.

"Ready," Harry nodded.

"I've been ready," Pansy muttered.

Hannah glanced at her, sighed, and reached over her shoulder to remove the lens cap.

"Okay, ready? And, action!"

The camera whirled to life, Harry turned to the door... and nothing happened. They all turned to the driver, Ernie. He stared through his thick, coke-bottle glasses at the Daily Prophet, giving no indication that he'd heard them.

"Oi, Ernie!" Hannah shouted.

He gave a start, tucked away the paper, and turned his balding head to look at her.

"Action!" she yelled.

"Right," Ernie said.

He reached over and pulled a shiny, silver lever. The door creaked open. Pansy bumped against his side as she shifted to get a shot of the entrance. She got in place just in time. Susan appeared at the bottom of the step, looking gorgeous. Her auburn hair was put up in a loose

bun. A few stray strands of hair framed her cute face, accentuated by some light eyeliner and a coating of glossy lipstick.

Her pale, freckled shoulders were bared by a forest-green halter-top dress with a neckline that plunged all the way down to her waist. The loose, folded ribbons of fabric that covered her chest swayed in time with her substantial bust as she slowly climbed the stairs. Her breasts looked as if they might slip free with the slightest sneeze.

Harry was so distracted by her appearance that he almost forgot his lines, and was only reminded of them when she stopped in front of him and smiled shyly. Patting his pockets, he pulled out the business card Ernie had given him.

“Er, welcome to the Knight Bus. Transportation for the stranded witch or wizard. My name is Harry Potter, and I’ll be your conductor for this evening – er, afternoon. Where are you headed?”

“Wiltshire,” Susan said.

“That’ll be three sickles,” Harry told her.

Reaching into her small black purse, Susan pulled out three silver coins and dropped them into his hand. Harry pocketed them as she turned and walked past him. Pansy filmed over his shoulder, and he hoped she was getting a good shot. Susan’s dress wasn’t very form-fitting, but it was thin and light, and there was no hiding the curves of her bum as it swayed side to side with each step.

Walking a short way down the aisle, she turned and took a seat on the first bed she reached. Pansy and Hannah followed and sat on the end of the bed across from her. With a wave of her wand, Hannah anchored them in place with a Sticking Charm.

“Take it away, Ern!” Harry said.

Ernie pulled the lever to close the door, gripped the steering wheel with both hands, and the bus took off like it had been shot out of a cannon. Harry gripped the vertical bar next to him in preparation, but the expected forces never came. The floor under his feet remained disconcertingly still as the bus raced through the streets of London. He felt a bout of motion sickness rising in his stomach, and quickly looked away from the window.

“Why don’t I feel anything?” he asked, turning to look at Ernie over his shoulder.

“There’s Charms in front of the yellow line,” Ernie replied.

Harry looked down at the yellow line just in front of his feet curiously. He opened his mouth to ask why they didn’t just charm the whole bus, but stopped before a sound left his mouth. Ernie probably didn’t know, and Wizards were just weird like that, he decided.

Behind the yellow line, things were a lot less calm. Even with the Sticking Charm, Hannah and Pansy gripped the brass poles at the foot of the bed to remain upright. Across from them, Susan tumbled around on the mattress. Her enormous breasts rolled on her chest with every turn. Thick mounds of pale white skin peeked around the edges of her halter top, threatening to burst free, only for the bus to take a sudden turn.

Susan did her best to sit upright and give the camera a good view as the bus took a sharp left, then a right, before weaving back and forth. They hit a rough patch of road that caused her to bounce up and down, followed immediately by a sharp left, which finally proved too much for her dress. Her left nipple, crinkled and soft pink, slipped around the edge of her top. Blushing lightly, she quickly tucked it away and turned to look at Harry.

“Nice dress,” he smiled. “Got a hot date tonight?”

“Not anymore,” Susan said. “My date stood me up.”

The bus took a quick right, then swerved back to the left. Her right breast shifted to the inside of her dress, revealing the nipple for a moment before she quickly covered it up with a blush.

“A pretty witch like you?” Harry asked flirtatiously, flashing her a lopsided grin. “Must not be a very smart bloke.”

Susan smiled shyly and tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. They hit a patch of construction, causing her breasts to jiggle up and down rapidly. Before it ended, Ernie slammed on the brakes. With a soft shriek of surprise, Susan rolled toward the front of the bus and had to grab the brass bar at the foot of the bed to stop herself from falling off the mattress and onto the floor. The stitching of the dress at the back of her neck gave way with a loud rip. Both sides of the halter top fell forward onto her lap, flashing her breasts for just a moment before she covered them with her hands.

“Traffic!” Ernie shouted over his shoulder. “We’ll just be a second.”

He wasn’t exaggerating. Before Harry could even look back to see what had managed to stop the Knight Bus, it took off again, sending Susan sprawling onto her back, hands held to her chest, trying desperately to keep her breasts covered. When the ride settled enough, she sat up and looked down at her torn dress. She bit her lip and furrowed her brow, obviously trying to figure out how to fix her situation.

“Need a hand?” Harry asked with a smile.

Glancing up at him, she nodded shyly. The moment Harry stepped behind the yellow line, the sensation of motion returned to the world. He wasn’t ready for the sudden lurch, and he stumbled over to her bed. He grabbed the brass bars to regain his balance, but that didn’t help much, considering the bed moved as well. Stumbling like a newborn fawn, he eventually got his feet under him and sent Susan an embarrassed smile.

She smiled back just as the bus took a sudden, sharp left that sent him tumbling towards her. Susan raised her hands and braced them on his shoulders as he landed on top of her, sending her back first onto the mattress. Her bare breasts flattened against her chest, wobbling and jiggling as the bus continued its erratic route through the city. She blushed profusely as he slowly raised his eyes from her chest to her face.

Just as she opened her mouth, presumably to speak, the bus took a series of sharp, unpredictable turns. They tumbled across the mattress. Her massive breasts went from flattening out under him to dangling above him and then back again multiple times. At one point, his face ended up buried between her breasts for a few glorious seconds before they were rolled over again.

By the time the winding bus settled, Harry lay on his back with Susan above him, her hands planted on either side of his head. Their eyes met briefly before his gaze dropped back to her dangling breasts. Slowly, he raised his hands and cupped them gently. Pale white skin bulged around his fingers as he squeezed softly. Above him, Susan closed her eyes and moaned quietly.

A sudden burst of acceleration caused her to shift forward, placing her breasts directly above his face. Harry took the opportunity to wrap his lips around one of her delicate nipples.

“Oh, Merlin,” Susan gasped softly.

He grazed his teeth across her hardened nipple. Letting out a gasp, she abruptly sat straight up. Wisps of hair had come free from her bun, framing her round, youthful face. Her breasts bobbed heavily against her chest in time with every bump in the road.

Sitting astride his lap, Susan bit her lip as his prominent erection pressed against her bum. The bus took another series of quick turns. She was forced back onto her hands to stop herself from falling over. Her breasts swung back and forth until Harry reached up and cupped them in his hands.

“Wiltshire, next stop!” Ernie shouted.

Susan opened her eyes and gazed down at him with her bottom lip trapped between her teeth.

“Can you help me fix my top?” she asked softly.

Smiling, Harry grabbed the torn ends of her top and brought them together behind her neck. With a tap of his wand, he repaired the stitching and slipped it back into his pocket. Susan sat up, but she was still exposed, the strips of fabric caught between her breasts. Boldly, he reached up and carefully tucked them away, earning him a smile.

Ernie slammed on the brakes. The Knight Bus came to a screeching halt and sent Susan flying off his lap. He sat up quickly and watched as she rolled. Her upper body hung over the edge of the mattress, her legs kicked in the air, and her dress fell forward.

She wasn't wearing any knickers. Her thick bum jutted towards him, and between her thick thighs, Harry caught a glimpse of her soft pink petals. The wonderful view was all too brief. Susan awkwardly crawled onto the floor before climbing to her feet. Blushing, she attempted to smooth out her dress and hair.

As she turned to leave, Harry sat up and jumped to his feet. He jogged to the front of the bus and caught up to her just as she was about to descend the stairs.

"Hey, Susan," he said, touching her arm lightly. "Since your date fell through, how 'bout I take you out to dinner after I get off?"

She smiled shyly and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear.

"Oh, alright," she said. "I'd like that."

"Great," Harry grinned.

Smiling prettily, she turned and stepped off the bus.

"Cut!" Hannah yelled. "Perfect!"

"About time," Pansy grumbled, looking a little green.

Harry ignored her, turned to Ernie, and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Thanks for the ride, Ernie, but I think we'll Apparate from here," he smiled.

"Any time, lad," Ernie smiled. "Say, what's this movie you're making about, anyway?"

Harry blinked, nonplussed, before he realized that he'd probably been too busy watching the road to see what was happening behind him.

"Oh, er... I'll send you a copy," he said.

Ernie smiled and thanked him as they stepped off the bus. As soon as they were off, the doors squeaked closed, and the bus took off with a *bang!* Slipping behind a copse of trees, they all Apparated back to Grimmauld Place. Hannah dragged Pansy off to the parlor to review the recording while Harry, Susan, and Gabrielle retreated to the kitchen. As the girls chatted, Harry prepared lunch. He had just finished heating up the soup when Pansy and Hannah returned.

"How's the recording?" he asked anxiously.

"Good," Hannah said.

Harry sighed in relief.

"That's good. I don't think Hermione would've let me borrow the Knight Bus again if we messed it up."

"Your shoots aren't all like that, are they?" Pansy asked warily.

"No," Hannah assured her. "Honestly, I didn't think it would be that bad. I don't remember the ride being that rough when I was a kid. You did a really good job, though, all things considered."

"What do you mean 'all things considered'?" Pansy asked, eyes narrowed.

"I just mean it was a difficult shoot, that's all," Hannah said, raising her hands placatingly.

Pansy huffed, folded her arms, and stuck her nose in the air. Rolling his eyes, Harry handed out bowls of soup.

The next morning, over breakfast, Hannah told Harry that his shoot with Madam Rosmerta was scheduled for late Friday night. For the rest of the week, Pansy showed up every day to film. After her rather eventful start, these were tame in comparison. On Tuesday, Harry and Gabrielle recorded one of what Hannah called their 'Date Night' films. On Wednesday, Lavender brought Parvati along to watch her solo shoot. Harry had been out running errands at the time, but Hannah had told him Parvati seemed interested, if a little hesitant.

Thursday, Luna resumed her camera duties. She filmed Susan in the shower while Pansy worked with Harry and Lavender in his bedroom. Pansy scoffed any time Luna mentioned magical creatures and gave her several snide looks, but managed to hold her tongue. Privately, Harry wondered how long that would last. Hannah made sure to keep them apart as much as possible.

Because they were filming so late on Friday, they took most of the day off. Just after sunset, everyone arrived at Grimmauld Place to gather the equipment and make last-minute preparations. They were in the kitchen, packing everything up for the trip to Hogsmeade, when Kreacher suddenly Apparated beside Harry, startling him.

"Mail has arrived for Master," he said.

He handed Harry three coin purses and a letter before Disapparating with a *pop*. Reading the letter quickly, he tossed two of the coin purses in front of Gabrielle and Hannah and pocketed the third. As the purses hit the kitchen table, they jingled loudly. Pansy narrowed her eyes.

“What’s that for?” she asked suspiciously.

“Royalties from film sales,” Hannah replied as she tucked the coin purse in her pocket.

Gabrielle chucked hers carelessly onto the kitchen counter, and Pansy tracked it with a dark, greedy stare.

“How much did you make?” she asked.

Harry glanced at Hannah and Gabrielle, who nodded their agreement. Shrugging, he lifted the letter from the table.

“Hannah made two hundred forty-two, and Gabrielle made six eighty-seven,” he said.

Pansy’s eye bulged.

“You made seven hundred Galleons!” she exclaimed.

“Only for zis week,” Gabrielle smirked.

“You make seven hundred a week?!”

“It varies depending on sales,” Hannah told her. “But we’ll have to talk about this later. We’re going to be late.”

While Harry, Gabrielle, and Hannah quickly gathered up their things, Pansy lagged behind, staring at the back of Harry's head with a speculative look.

A few minutes later, they Apparated to Hogsmeade and made their way to the Three Broomsticks. The sign on the door read 'closed', but Hannah ignored it and pushed her way through the swinging door.

"Hello, dears," Rosmerta smiled widely from behind the bar. "Come on in. I was just finishing cleaning up."

The rest of the bar was empty except for an animated broom sweeping the floor, and a single Goblin sitting at one of the tables, sipping a steaming beverage out of a silver goblet. The girls took the bags Harry was carrying and started setting up the lights and filming equipment. With nothing to do but wait, he took a seat at the bar.

"Butterbeer?" Rosmerta asked.

"Please," Harry smiled.

Popping the corks on two bottles, she handed one to him and took a sip of the other. As he drank deeply from his beer, Harry looked over Rosmerta. She had wavy blonde hair held in a decorative, silver clip. Two stray locks framed her pretty face. If he had to guess, Harry would say she looked to be in her Late thirties, maybe early forties. She had a few wrinkles and lines, especially around her green eyes, but they did nothing to take away from her attractiveness.

Her outfit was her usual combination of a white frock under a black bustier with blue accents. The puffy sleeves hung off her shoulders, and the bustier pressed her breasts up against the low neckline, creating two bulging swells of cleavage.

"I almost can't believe I'm doing this," Rosmerta admitted softly. "I haven't been this nervous about sex since I was a teenager."

“You don’t have to do this,” Harry told her reassuringly.

“Oh, don’t get me wrong, I want to,” she smiled and winked. “It’s the good kind of nervous. It’s exciting, isn’t it?”

“Alright, we’re ready to get started,” Hannah announced before Harry could reply. “Places!”

Flashing Rosmerta a smile, he took a big swig and handed her the half-empty bottle. She placed it behind the bar as he rose from his seat and made his way back outside. Harry took a slow, deep breath and fidgeted nervously with his collar as he waited.

“Action!” Hannah yelled.

Easing the door open, he stepped quietly back inside.

“Your payment’s late,” the Goblin growled, glaring up at Rosmerta over the bar.

“I know, I’ll have it for you Monday,” Rosmerta said.

“Make sure you have it, with interest,” the Goblin barked.

Spinning on his heel, he marched past Harry and out the door.

“Oh, hello, Harry,” Rosmerta said with a forced smile. “I was just about to close for the night, but you’re welcome to stay while I clean up.”

“Thanks,” Harry said, returning the smile.

Walking over to the bar, he took a seat while she popped open another Butterbeer and set it down in front of him.

“Everything alright?” he asked, flicking his eyes toward the door.

“Oh, it’s fine,” she said, waving away his concern. “You know how the Goblins are.”

“That’s why I’m worried,” Harry said.

Staring at him for a long moment before her face fell, her shoulders sagged, and she let out a deep sigh. It was impressive acting.

“Business was down during the war, and I had to take out a loan to keep the place open,” Rosmerta told him. “Unfortunately, things haven’t picked back up as quickly as I’d hoped. I’ve been late on a few payments, but it’s fine.”

Harry frowned, reached into his pocket, and pulled out a blank Gringotts draft.

“I’ll tell you what,” he said, pulling a quill from his inside jacket pocket. “I’ll pay back the loan, and then you can pay me back. No late fees. No interest. Just pay me whenever you can.”

“Oh, Harry, you don’t need to do that,” she said, flustered.

“I insist,” he said with a handsome smile. “Come on, Rosie. We both know you’re better off owing me money than the Goblins.”

Rosmerta stared at him for a long moment, looking torn. Finally, she let out a sigh, shook her head, and smiled.

“You’re too kind,” she said, patting his hand. “It was two thousand Galleons.”

Harry filled out the draft and signed it with a flourish. Handing it to Rosmerta, she took it with a soft, grateful smile and slipped it into the register.

“You’re such a dear,” she said, turning back to him. “If there’s anything you even need, you just let me know.”

She folded her arms on the bar and leaned forward. Her breasts, already pushed up from the bustier, looked like they were ready to burst free. It made him wonder if there was some sort of magic keeping her top in place. Glancing back up at her face, she wore a knowing smile, and her cheeks were ever so slightly flushed. Even though the script called for him to get caught looking, he still blushed. Rosmerta’s green eyes sparkled excitedly, and she licked her pale pink lips.

“I might be short on Galleons at the moment, but I might be able to give you a little bit of a down payment,” she said in a low, seductive murmur.

Harry swallowed thickly and adjusted the rising excitement in his trousers.

“You don’t need to do that,” he muttered halfheartedly.

Her smile widened, and her gaze turned predatory.

“I insist.”

Straightening up, Rosmerta stepped out from behind the bar and offered him her hand. Harry took it and allowed her to pull him to his feet. Her right hand rose, finger tips pressed together, and then plunged between her breasts. After rummaging around for a moment, causing her cleavage to jiggle enticingly, she withdrew her hand, her wand clutched between her fingers. She flicked it casually over his shoulder. The sign on the door flipped to ‘Closed’, the lock turned

and clicked into place, and the blinds above the storefront windows fell into place. She tossed her wand onto the bar and led him by the hand over to the nearest table.

“Sit,” she ordered huskily.

Harry dropped obediently into the chair behind him. Smiling, Rosmerta hiked her dress up to her knees, straddled his legs, and sat down in his lap. Her back arched slightly, presenting her bulging cleavage inches from his eyes. Chest rising and falling with quick, excited breaths, Rosmerta slowly pulled her arms free of her sleeves.

“You boys aren’t the only ones who fantasized about something like this,” Rosmerta whispered softly.

Flashing him a nervous, excited smile, she grabbed the cups of the bustier and flipped them down. Her breasts spilled out before his eyes. They were everything Harry had ever imagined them to be. While they didn’t have the youthful perkiness he was used to seeing, they were sexily mature. For her age, they had maintained their shape remarkably well, and each one was capped with a reddish-brown areola and sharp, pointed nipples.

Rosmerta’s fingers combed through his hair, and then he was being pulled forward. His face was sandwiched between her legendary bust, and he turned his head slightly to kiss the inside of her left breast. She moaned and rolled her hips while her long nails scratched lightly at his scalp.

Wrapping his arms around her back, he kissed all around them, slowly spiraling inward until he reached her pebbled nipples. She hissed pleurably as he wrapped his lips around one and lightly grazed it with his teeth. They were the longest nipples he’d ever encountered, and because of that, he was able to try something new. Taking the swollen nub firmly between his teeth, he tugged gently.

“Merlin,” Rosmerta hissed.

She gripped his hair tightly at the back of his head and yanked. Her lips crashed against his in a heated, demanding kiss. His hands immediately sought out her breasts, kneading at the full, pliant mounds. Rosmerta moaned and rolled her hips, grinding against the erection straining the leg of his trousers. Pulling back with a gasp, she stared at him with a smoky, seductive gaze and rolled her hips again.

"Someone's exited," she smirked.

Harry's hands fell away from her as she stood, took a step back, and dropped to her knees. Her fingers worked quickly but smoothly to unbuckle his belt and open his trousers. When she tugged on the legs, he lifted his bum. She tugged them down his thigh, and his cock sprang up, swollen and eager.

"Oh my," she whispered huskily, trailing her fingers along his length. "No wonder the Potters have a reputation for being ladies' men."

Hand curling around his shaft, she stroked him firmly, her thumb grazing his engorged tip. Abruptly, she released him and stood up. Her hands moved to the side of her shirt. An invisible seam running from top to bottom opened. Rosmerta whipped off the skirt with a flourish and tossed it aside, where it fluttered slowly to the floor. Harry only caught a brief view of the black lace knickers before she pushed them down her surprisingly long, muscular legs and kicked them away.

Taking a quick step forward, she straddled his legs and planted herself on his lap. He groaned as she trapped the underside of his length against her hot, dripping folds. She was absolutely soaked. Rosmerta held his eye with a seductive, excited stare as she slowly raised herself up and placed his tip at her entrance. She paused, teasing him between her lips. Harry shifted in his seat impatiently and gripped her wide hips, barely resisting the urge to buck up and bury himself in her beckoning heat. A knowing, teasing grin danced across her pretty face, and then she lowered herself onto him.

Her wet heat enveloped him, and a groan of pleasure left his lips. In a smooth descent, Rosmerta seated herself back on his lap, his cock buried to the hilt in her depths. She let out a low, sensual moan. Her arms wrapped around his neck, and her forehead rested against his.

Harry didn't realize he had closed his eyes until he opened them again. Their eyes met, and their breath mingled as she gripped the back of the wooden chair and rolled her hips.

Rather than jumping up and down in his lap like he expected – like he was used to, Rosmerta ungulated her body in slow, sensual rhythm. His cock touched every part of her, and in turn, every inch of him was stimulated. Placing his hands on her bum, he rocked his hips in time with hers. Their passion built as the chair creaked in protest. Heavy breathing turned to open-mouthed panting, interspersed with moans and grunts.

"I need this," Rosmerta whispered breathlessly.

Her movements became more aggressive and demanding. Suddenly, she leaned back, hands gripping the chair tightly. She used it for leverage to drive herself down on him. Her breasts bounced, and her breath stuttered. The powerful, toned muscles in her legs trembled. Her entire body felt like a bow string that had been tightened to the breaking point.

Harry slid his right hand over her hips, across her thigh, and down to her mound. His thumb grazed her clit, and she snapped. With a strangled gasp, she gushed around him. Rosmerta flung herself forward, arms wrapping tightly around his shoulders. Her hips worked with a wild desperation as she clung to him like a lifeline. Harry held her tightly while she rode out her climax with a low, sultry moan.

Gradually, her hips slowed to a stop, and she sagged against him. Face buried in the crook of his neck, she peppered him with kisses as she slowly caught her breath.

"Mmh, still so hard," Rosmerta said, leaning back with a smile, her blonde hair sticking to her sweaty forehead.

Kissing him softly, she stood, turned towards the table, and bent over it. Harry quickly shed his shirt and pants and moved behind her. Her bum was pale, thick, and perfectly shaped. Somehow, there wasn't a single wrinkle or blemish in sight.

“Your ass is entirely underrated,” he said without thought.

Rosmerta looked over her shoulder and smirked.

“A girl’s got to keep some secrets.”

Smiling, Harry caressed her glorious curves reverently before lining himself up and plunging into her welcoming depths.

“Oh, yes!” she gasped, arching her back.

Gripping the shelf of her wide hips, Harry started thrusting slowly, but the primitive part of his mind quickly took over, and he started pounding into her. The pale, rounded globes of her ass rippled under the impact of his hips. Rosmerta moaned, clawing at the polished surface of the table. Her legs tensed and trembled as if she were experiencing another small climax, but the tightening around his shaft drove Harry to fuck her even harder.

Moving his right hand to her shoulder, he went full out as he neared his finish. Her body bucked under his powerful thrusts. A sudden, pleasure cry left her lips, and she gushed around him again. With a mindless grunt, Harry buried himself to the hilt in her fluttering depths and unloaded. Rosmerta groaned under him as his cock pulsed rhythmically.

As his climax came to an end, he pulled out and collapsed back into the chair, barely paying attention as Pansy moved in for a close-up shot of Rosmerta’s leaking petals.

“And, cut!” Hannah called, smiling.

Hannah sighed as she plopped onto her couch, a cup of tea in hand, and looked at the Recording Orb seated in the projector. She thought about rewatching the events she'd just witnessed firsthand in the Three Broomsticks when she was interrupted by a knock on the door. Sighing heavily, she set her tea on the coffee table and rose to her feet.

"Coming!" she yelled.

Winding her way around the furniture in her tiny apartment, she turned the lock and opened the door.

"Pansy?" she asked, furrowing her brow confusedly. "What are you doing here this late?"

"I need to talk to you about something," she said.

Without waiting for an invitation, she brushed past Hannah and stepped inside. Bewildered, Hannah shook her head and closed the door. Pansy stopped at the entrance to the living room and gazed around with a sneer. Sighing tiredly, Hannah crossed her arms over her chest.

"What do you want?" she asked impatiently.

"I want to do a shoot with Potter," Pansy said.

Hannah blinked and shook her head. She couldn't possibly have heard that right.

"What?!"

"I saw how much you're making, and I want in," Pansy said, crossing her arms over her chest. "You schedule the shoots, so just slip me in."

“That’s not how this works,” Hannah said, pinching the bridge of her nose.

“Well then, make it work.”

Hannah was rapidly losing her patience. Pansy hadn’t been too bad since she started working for them, but this demanding attitude brought back memories of her awful attitude during their Hogwarts years. She decided it was time to give Pansy a little reality check.

“First of all, I’m not Harry’s boss; he’s mine,” Hannah pointed out. “He decides who he shoots with, not me. And second of all, I don’t think you’ll make the kind of money you’re expecting to.”

Pansy’s eyes narrowed, and her cheeks flushed.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” she spat.

“Gabrielle makes the money she does because she’s a Veela,” Hannah said, refusing to be cowed. “And I’m not sure if you noticed, but you don’t exactly have the same kind of *assets* that Lavender and Susan have.”

She glanced pointedly down at Pansy’s small chest, causing the brunette to flush an even deeper red.

“And in case you’ve forgotten,” Hannah continued mercilessly, “most people don’t like you. The only way you could make anything close to them is if...”

She trailed off, a creative yet vindictive idea running through her mind.

“If what?” Pansy growled.

“Well,” Hannah said, “Lucinda’s been trying to talk Harry into making more fetish-focused films. She thinks there’s a huge market to be tapped, but I don’t think you could handle it.”

“I can handle Potter,” Pansy spat angrily.

“I suppose I could talk to him about it,” Hannah offered halfheartedly.

“Good,” Pansy nodded. “See that you do.”

She brushed past Hannah the same way she’d come in and stormed out of the apartment. Hannah grinned viciously as the door slammed shut behind her. Making her way over to her desk, tucked in a cluttered corner, she grabbed a sheaf of parchment and a quill and started writing.

Chapter 8

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

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

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

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

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

Hannah blushed.

"I asked her to help me convince you. I didn't think she'd do *that*."

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

"So, will you do it?" Hannah asked.

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

"Revenge?" she offered. "She tried to fuck you over, and now you get to fuck her back. Literally. And if you think about it, she's the best candidate for those fetish films we talked about doing with Lucinda. You care too much about the rest of us to really let loose. And I think it'll sell well. Every one that knows her wants to see that little bitch get buggered."

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

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

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

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

Gabrielle smiled and swallowed him again.

~

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Thank you," the woman muttered softly.

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

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

“Really?” Harry asked, straightening up. “I’m surprised it isn’t the best seller here.”

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

“Huh,” he said, glancing back at the shelf. “What about Ogden? Doesn’t he make films?”

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

Harry scratched the back of his neck guiltily.

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

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

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

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

“Is this really necessary?” he asked.

“Yes.”

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

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

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

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

“Yes, ma’am,” Sandra replied.

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

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

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

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

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

Harry turned to Lucinda questioningly.

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

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

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

Harry smiled back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Isabella smiled widely.

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

Harry grinned and shrugged.

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

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

"It still doesn't explain why she's here," Harry said expectantly.

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

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

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

He was still eyeing her as Lucinda stepped around him.

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

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

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

He approached and stopped directly in front of Isabella.

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

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

“Harder,” Lucinda said huskily.

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

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

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

“Pull,” Lucinda ordered.

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

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

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

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

"I'm not complaining," Isabella smirked.

"Not yet. Smack her tits," Lucinda told him.

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

"Harder."

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

"Good. Again."

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

"Fuck!" Isabella gasped.

"Perfect," Lucinda grinned. "You're really getting the hang of this. Bring her over to the table."

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

"Talk dirty and spank her," Lucinda instructed.

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

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

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

"We'll have to work on that," she said. "Just keep going and pay attention to me."

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

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

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

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

Harry spanked her again so hard his hand stung.

“Yes!” Isabella hissed.

Lucinda lifted her eyes to look at him.

“Take your cock out.”

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

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

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

“Please, Harry,” Isabella panted.

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

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

Harry bumped against her clit, and she gasped.

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

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

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

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

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

“Ooh, so big,” Isabella moaned.

“Bigger than your husbands?” Lucinda asked.

“So much bigger,” she replied breathily.

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

“Faster,” Lucinda whispered.

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

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

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

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

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

"So, what do you think?" Lucinda asked.

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

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

"We have so much work to do."

Chapter 9

Harry spent a week under Isabella and Lucinda's tutelage before they were finally satisfied and scheduled the next shoot. Late on Wednesday night, Harry, Hannah, Gabrielle, and Luna were

gathered in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place. They were sorting through the recording equipment, and Hannah and Luna were discussing the lighting options when the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," Harry offered.

He left the girls to their work and approached the front door. He reached it just as Kreacher pulled it wide open. Kreacher looked up at Lucinda and Isabella and turned back to Harry with an expression of distaste.

"Master's *actresses* are here," he grumbled lowly.

"They're not actresses," Harry sighed. "Why don't you take the rest of the night off, Kreacher? I know how uncomfortable filming makes you."

Kreacher's shoulders sagged in relief, and he bowed deeply, his large, hooked nose nearly touching the ground.

"Thank you, Master," he said gratefully.

He straightened up and vanished with a loud *pop*. Harry turned back to Isabella and Lucinda with an apologetic smile.

"Sorry about him," he said. "Come on in. What brings you by this time of night?"

"We came to watch your performance," Isabella smiled as she stepped inside. "Didn't Hannah tell you we were coming?"

"Must have slipped her mind," Harry said, closing the door behind Lucinda. "She's in the kitchen getting ready."

He waved for them to follow and led them back down the hall. The girls looked up expectantly when they entered the kitchen. As Harry made introductions, he noticed Hannah checking her watch impatiently.

“Where the hell is Parkinson?” she asked.

Harry shrugged.

Meanwhile, Isabella sidled up to Gabrielle.

“You know, I’ve always wondered what it would be like to bed a Veela,” Isabella said in a husky, seductive tone. “I have a couple of ideas you might be interested in, if you don’t mind getting a bit daring.”

Gabrielle arched an eyebrow, but before she could respond, the doorbell rang again.

“That’s probably Pansy,” Harry said.

He felt bad leaving Gabrielle to fend for herself. He knew how convincing Isabella could be.

“How do you feel about roleplaying?” he heard Isabella ask just before he left.

Shaking his head, he made his way back to the front door and pulled it open. Pansy stood on the doorstep, looking impatient and sniffing as she took in his appearance.

“I hope you’re ready, Potter,” she said.

With that, she stepped inside and walked right past him towards the kitchen.

“Lovely to see you, too, Parkinson,” Harry muttered.

Closing the door, he followed after her.

“Finally,” Hannah huffed as they stepped into the kitchen. “I think everything’s ready. Did you read the script?”

“Of course,” Pansy replied snidely.

“Good, then I think we’re ready.”

“Wait, is Potter really going to be wearing *that*?” Pansy asked.

Harry glanced down at his outfit. He was wearing his usual attire of jeans and a long-sleeved shirt. Sure, he wasn’t looking his best, but what did Parkinson expect?

“He’s fine,” Hannah replied tiredly. “Luna, are you ready? Good. Now, I don’t mind everyone watching, but make sure to stay out of the shot. Everyone set? Then let’s start with the opener.”

Everyone made their way towards the front door. While Luna was setting up the camera, and Hannah set a pair of low-powered Lumos Maxima charms inside and outside the door for lighting, Gabrielle, Lucinda, and Isabella took a seat on the stairs to watch. Once everything was in place, Pansy stepped outside and closed the door.

“And, action!” Hannah called.

There was a knock at the door, and Harry waited for a count of three before opening it. Pansy looked up at him, doe-eyed, and her bottom lip puffed out.

“Potter, please, I need your help,” she said animatedly, clasping her hands together.

“Cut!” Hannah yelled.

“What?” Pansy asked, her innocent act instantly replaced by her usual sneer.

“That was the worst acting I’ve ever seen,” Hannah said bluntly. “You’re supposed to look natural.”

“I’m just following *your* script,” Pansy replied, folding her arms over her chest.

“The script called for you to hesitantly ask for help, not beg him on bended knee!”

“I wasn’t on my knees!” Pansy growled angrily.

Isabella jumped up and placed a calming hand on Hannah’s shoulder before she could respond.

“May I have a word with Pansy for a moment?” she asked. “I think I can help.”

“Be my guest,” Hannah said, eager to get away.

Isabella took Pansy by the arm and led her back outside, just out of earshot.

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“Now, then,” Isabella said calmly, “what’s the issue?”

“Her stupid script is the problem,” Pansy hissed. “She wanted me to beg for Potter’s help, so I begged. It’s not my fault she can’t write.”

“Well, complaining about it isn’t going to help, now, is it?”

Isabella placed a hand on Pansy’s shoulder and leaned close.

“Let me give you some advice, dear. If you give men what they want, you can take everything from them.”

Pansy’s eyes sparkled with interest, and she nodded her head, eager to hear more.

“People don’t like you right now,” Isabella continued lowly. “They want to see you humiliated, debased. They want to see you on your knees, gagging around their savior’s rock-hard cock. Give them that, and they’ll pay you buckets of Galleons to see it. Trust me, dear, I’ve done some dirty, nasty things to attract my husbands, but it’s always been worth it.”

Pansy nodded, and her gaze hardened with determination.

“Now, for the acting,” Isabella said. “I want you to forget about the camera, forget about everyone else, and focus on Potter. Pretend he has something you dearly want, and this is the only way to get it. What did the script say you wanted from him?”

“Forgiveness,” Pansy sneered.

“Ah,” Isabella nodded. “Well, that’s something Potter would be willing to give you, isn’t it? These bleeding hearts are all the same. But that’s not what you’re really after.”

Pansy looked at her sharply.

"It's not?"

"No," Isabella shook her head. "That's your ruse. What you really want is to have your reputation repaired, isn't it? You want people to stop looking down their noses at someone of your station."

Pansy grimaced and nodded.

"Then that's your goal," Isabella said intently, tightening her grip on Pansy's shoulder. "Seduce Potter. Make money off of him. Get him to tell the whole world, on film, that you're forgiven. Your reputation will be restored, your vault will be full, and if you can pull this off, you'll have something even more important."

Pansy looked at her curiously.

"Demand," she smirked. "Audiences will be clamoring for more, and Potter will be forced to pay your price for more. You'll be in control. Potter will be at your feet, begging you to make more films."

Isabella paused, and Pansy's eyes gleamed as she stared off into the distance.

"But to get there, you'll need to draw them in," she continued. "Give them what they want. A few minutes of humiliation in exchange for a lifetime of fame and fortune. You can do that, can't you?"

"Yeah," Pansy said, nodding. "Yeah, I can do that."

"Good."

“This is taking forever,” Hannah sighed, checking her watch for the third time in as many minutes. “What do you think she’s saying?”

Harry shrugged his shoulders helplessly. Fortunately, Isabella turned away from Pansy a moment later and approached them.

“She should understand what she needs to do?” she said.

“I hope so,” Hannah grumbled. “Let’s get ready for take two. Places!”

Hannah walked away, and Harry made to follow her, but Isabella placed her hand on his waist to stop him. He turned to her curiously.

“Break that stupid little bitch,” she whispered venomously.

Her hand slid down and gave his crotch a squeeze before she turned and rejoined Gabrielle and Lucinda on the stairs. Harry didn’t have time to wonder what had made her so angry. Hannah impatiently clapped her hands, and Harry took his place near the front door, just out of frame. A moment later, there was another knock at the door. Counting to three, he stepped back into frame and opened the door.

“Potter,” Pansy said, scrunching up her face and forcing out the next few words as if they physically pained her, “I need your help.”

Whatever Isabella had said to her had completely changed the way she performed. The shift was so shocking that Harry forgot his lines for a moment.

“Don’t care,” Harry said.

He moved to close the door. Pansy surged forward and wedged herself in the narrowing gap. With a look of desperation, she fisted the front of his shirt and looked up at him like she was about to cry.

“Please,” she begged, bottom lip quivering. “I can’t get a job, I got kicked out of my flat. Everyone hates me.”

“That’s not my fault,” he said.

Harry grabbed her wrist and pushed her hand away, but she twisted in his grip and clutched his arm.

“But you can stop it,” Pansy said desperately. “Just tell everyone you forgive me and I’ll never bother you again. Please! I’ll do anything you want!”

Harry paused and stared down at her with what he hoped was a suitably speculative look.

“Anything?”

“And, cut!” Hannah called. “Much better. Let’s move into the den and get ready for the next scene.”

Pansy let go of his arm and sneered at the back of her head as she shouldered her way inside. Rolling his eyes, Harry closed the door and moved with everyone else to the den. Hannah lit a fire with a flick of her wand and set an orb of light floating over the sofa. Meanwhile, Luna hummed to herself as she fiddled with a knob on the side of the camera.

“You two strip down, we’ll be ready in a second,” Hannah said over her shoulder.

Harry shucked off his shirt and unbuttoned his jeans, but Pansy hesitated for just a moment. Visibly stealing her nerves, she slowly removed her robes and started unbuttoning her blouse. Harry was already naked by the time she shrugged the blouse from her shoulders, and for the first time in his life, really took the time to look at her.

She was short, probably just over five feet tall, and lithe. Her skin was milky white, as if it had never seen the sun, and dotted with the occasional mole. She still had the same, short bob she'd worn in their Hogwarts days. Thinking back, he'd always thought unkindly of her looks, but now that he was a little more mature, he could admit she wasn't unattractive.

Sure, she wasn't a stunning beauty like Gabrielle, but nor was she the pug-nosed witch he'd always thought of her as. He might even consider her small, upturned nose cute, if it wasn't for the perpetual sneer she usually wore.

As she stepped out of her trousers, he trailed his eyes over her body. She was rather thin and plain with small breasts. They looked a little bigger than he would have guessed when the bra came off. Perhaps just sizable enough to fit in his palm. Most prominently, each one was capped with tiny, cone-shaped nipples that were the brightest pink he'd ever seen.

Her bum wasn't bad either, he thought as she stepped out of her knickers. It was small but pleasantly round. Unfortunately, she was also quite hairy, something he wasn't a fan of. Hannah turned and eyed her with a frown.

"We'll need to get rid of that," she said.

Without waiting for a response, she whipped her wand around and vanished the hair.

"Hey!" Pansy shouted indignantly, covering herself with her hands.

"The camera isn't going to get a good view through all that," Hannah said.

"You could've warned me!" Pansy spat.

"Oh, get over it," Hannah huffed, turning her eyes to Harry and glancing down at his groin. "We need to get you hard."

"I'll take care of eet," Gabrielle said with a smile.

She pushed herself off the wall she, Lucinda, and Isabella were standing against and walked over to him. Approaching him from behind, she wrapped both arms around his waist. Her lips brushed his shoulder, and as she reached down to cup his manhood, her Allure flared brilliantly. Harry hardened in an instant, his erection throbbing demandingly in her gentle grasp. Across from them, Pansy frowned and crossed her arms over her chest.

"I could have done that," she sniffed.

"Sure, you could," Hannah said, rolling her eyes. "Alright, everything's set. Places everyone."

With a huff, Pansy walked over to Harry and dropped to her knees. His cock bobbed in front of her face, and for the first time, she showed the slightest signs of trepidation. Harry was entirely unsympathetic.

"And action!"

Harry shuffled forward, lifted his cock, and smacked it down on her upturned face. Pansy flinched, then blinked her eyes open cautiously. His length covered the center of her face from chin to hairline.

"I think it's time we use that big mouth of yours for something more important than talking," he said.

Pansy's eyes narrowed, but the effect was almost comical as she stared up at him around his shaft. Harry dragged himself down her face, leaving behind a thin trail of his leaking excitement until he reached her lips. The moment they parted, he seized her head with both hands and thrust forward until he completely filled her mouth.

Her eyes widened as her lips stretched around his girth. On the underside of his cock, her tongue wriggled, but it felt more like she was trying to find a comfortable place to put it rather than trying to give him any sort of pleasure. Harry didn't really care either way. He tightened his hands in her hair and sawed his hips back and forth. Pansy's hands flew to his thighs.

"What? Can't handle it, Parkinson?" he asked.

She glared up at him, but that look was quickly wiped away when Harry pushed deeper. Her eyes bulged as he hit the back of her throat, and she gagged lightly. She was only able to take half of his length before her throat closed up, preventing him from going any deeper.

Harry wasn't bothered. Honestly, it was a miracle of magic that Hannah could deepthroat him the way she could.

He didn't give her any time to get used to his size. He just worked his hips back and forth, utilizing the portion of her mouth he could fit in to pleasure himself. Pansy squeezed his legs and squeezed her eyes shut tightly as she was unrepentantly face fucked. Loud, wet gags and gurgles escaped her stretched lips, and a stream of pool saliva leaked from the corner of her mouth.

"That's it," Harry grunted. "The only sound I want to hear coming out of your mouth is you gagging on my fucking cock."

Briefly, he glanced up at Isabella. She'd worked with him all week to improve his dirty talk. When she noticed his inquisitive look, she flashed a pleased smile and gave him a thumbs-up. Smiling, he turned back to Pansy and pulled back for a moment.

She coughed and inhaled deeply to catch her breath. Her face and chest were noticeably flushed, and a trail of drool glistened between her breasts. She'd barely recovered when Harry thrust himself between her lips. He was rewarded with a momentary glare before her eyes slammed shut again. Her face scrunched up in discomfort as he brutally and selfishly used her mouth.

Warm, wet saliva covered his cock and dipped down his balls and onto her own chest. Harry relentlessly fucked her face, going faster and harder until, eventually, Pansy gave up and smacked her palms against his thighs.

Harry pulled back, and she sagged forward, hands braced on his legs. Taking deep, ragged breaths, she wiped her chin with the back of her hand. Luna circled them, getting close for a shot of her ruined face. Pansy sneered, but it vanished quickly when Harry gripped her hair and wrenched her head back. She stared up at him and then slammed her eyes shut just before he slapped his drool-covered length on her face. He rubbed it all over, ruining her remaining makeup and slathering her face in her own saliva.

Smirking to himself, Harry stepped back for Luna to get a close-up. As Pansy cautiously opened her eyes, she glared at both of them, anger simmering in her steel blue eyes. He was honestly impressed she managed to hold her tongue.

"Good," Hannah said. "Let's move on to the next position."

Harry nodded, and Pansy squealed when he lifted her from the floor and roughly dumped her on the sofa. As she blinked up at him, he hooked her legs over his arms and planted his hands next to her ears, nearly folding her in half. Harry looked down, eyeing her bald, puffy lips that met in a thin, glistening slit.

He smirked. She could glare and sneer all she liked, but a part of her was definitely enjoying this.

Unable to use his hands, he jostled her body around until his pulsating head pressed against her opening and pushed. Pansy gasped, her mouth hanging open as he slowly eased inside.

“Morgana’s tits!” she exclaimed. “Slo-slow down, Potter.”

Harry ignored her. He slowly pushed forward until he was buried to the hilt. As he bottomed out, Pansy’s entire body tensed and shuddered. Her nails dug sharply into his biceps, and her back arched when he started pulling back. Her inner lips clung to his shaft like they never wanted to let him go.

As much as he hated to admit it, Pansy had the tightest pussy he’d ever fucked.

She felt incredible as he drove back into her smothering depths. And apparently, he wasn’t the only one who was feeling good. Pansy grunted and groaned under him, her muscles tensing and shaking uncontrollably as a gush of arousal drenched his length.

“Are you cumming already?” he asked incredulously.

“F-f-fuck y-you!” she stuttered through clenched teeth.

Harry grinned and shrugged.

“If you insist.”

Her eyes widened when he drew nearly all the way out and then slammed back down into her spasming depths. Her mouth opened wide, but instead of the expected scream, she let out a strained, drawn-out groan. Harry didn’t break stride as he pounded her into the sofa cushions again and again. The wet slap of their bodies colliding filled the den.

Pansy leaked around him with every punishing thrust. It leaked between their bodies and soaked into the fabric. Harry wasn’t sure if she was experiencing one long climax or rolling from one crest to the next, but the look of stupefied pleasure etched on her face would be forever ingrained in his memory.

No glare, sneer, snarl, or insult would ever be able to erase the fact that when presented with his cock, Pansy Parkinson couldn't handle it.

The thought made Harry grin and fuck her harder. Pansy let out something that sounded like a sob and screamed. Her entire body shook like she was being electrocuted. Her legs tensed so hard she threatened to push him away, but Harry gripped her shoulders and used his body weight to keep her in place.

It didn't take long before he felt his own climax approaching. Unfortunately, it was too soon to finish, so he was finally forced to pull back. Pansy curled into a ball, whimpering and trembling the moment he stood up. She was so out of it, she didn't even notice Luna creeping in for a closer shot. Or, she did notice and just didn't care.

"Doggy next?" Hannah asked, showing Pansy's shivering form zero sympathy.

"Sure," Harry shrugged.

He waited a few moments for Luna to get her shots and back away before he lifted Pansy like she weighed nothing and draped her over the arm of the sofa. She was so short that her toes barely touched the floor.

Still feeling a bit sensitive, he palmed her tight, round little bum and gave it a squeeze. It was definitely her best feature, he decided. Pansy moaned under the attention, her body going slightly limp. Smirking, Harry raised his hand and gave her a firm, swift spank. With a yelp, her head shot up, and she turned to glare. He grinned and gave the other cheek a swat.

Her glare fell away as he stepped forward and lined himself up with her drooling slit. Turning back around, she gripped the sofa cushions while Harry gripped her hips and sank back into her suffocating depths. Her legs shook by the time he bottomed out.

"You just can't stop cumming on my cock, can you?" Harry asked, giving her another spank.

"It's not my fault you're hung like a fucking Troll," she spat over her shoulder.

"You've been fucking Trolls?" he asked.

"That's-you know what I mean!" she yelled frustratedly.

"I think it means you love my cock," Harry grinned.

She turned to respond angrily, but before she could get a word out, he pulled back and slammed into her depths. Her words turned into a cry of pleasure. Harry gave her several long, deep thrusts, stretching new depths thanks to the position. Holding her hips with one hand, his other hand moved up to her chest. Her breasts were too small to get any kind of grip, so he pinched her nipple instead. Pansy arched her back, and a gush of arousal leaked around his thrusting shaft.

Moving his hand from her chest to the back of her head, he grasped her by the hair and pulled, arching her back painfully until his lips were right next to her ear.

"This is for all the shit you put me through at school," he growled.

Shoving her head down, he pinned her face against the wet spot on the cushion and hammered his hips back and forth as hard and as fast as he could. Pansy screamed as she came again instantly. A constant drip of her arousal leaked from her lips and landed on the hardwood floor between his feet.

Harry huffed and puffed as he kept up the intense pace, slamming his hips against her reddened bum. Lifting his hand from the back of her head, he spanked her hard. A sharp crack rent the air. Before the bright red handprint even had time to appear on her skin, Pansy lifted her head and screamed. And then she squirted. Harry was forced out of her as a jet of arousal sprayed from between her taut lips and soaked the floor.

After three great pulses, the sudden floor turned to a trickle, and Harry speared back into her depths. Pansy was as stiff as a mannequin, her body locked in position by tensed muscles. Her face was scrunched up, mouth hanging open in a silent scream. It seemed like the only breaths she took were the ones forced out of her by Harry's relentless pounding.

More arousal leaked onto the floor.

Her arms moved as if she wanted to crawl away, but didn't have the strength. A strangled groan finally escaped her lips as a gush of arousal escaped around his shaft.

Slowly, Harry felt his orgasm approaching. He continued pounding her furiously until he was right on the edge, and then suddenly pulled out of her. Pansy's body sagged the moment he left her depths, so he grabbed her hair and wrenched her back. She collapsed to her knees and probably would have sprawled out entirely if not for the hand tangled in her hair.

Holding her upright, Harry positioned himself in front of her face and stroked his swollen, throbbing cock furiously. Pansy stared up at him blankly, like she wasn't seeing the world around her. Harry took great pleasure in seeing that dumb look on her face just as he erupted.

She had enough presence of mind to close her eyes as Harry painted her face with long, thick white stripes. Her left eye was completely covered, and two stripes ran from her chin and ended somewhere in her hair. After the initial explosion was over, Harry aimed the rest at her lips. He completely coated them, wringing out every last drop, and then wiped himself off on her cheek.

Panting heavily, he wiped the sweat from his brow and took a step back as Luna moved in to get the shot. Dazedly, Pansy licked her lips and opened her mouth to catch her breath. Sliding back into frame, Harry placed the head of his spent cock at her lips. She dutifully took him inside, swirling her tongue around him.

"And cut," Hannah said, a satisfied smirk on her face. "I think that's all we need. Good work, Harry."

Smiling, he looked down at Pansy to see her reaction. She gave none, other than to continue sucking him slowly.

“Parkinson!” Hannah yelled.

Pansy cracked open the eye that wasn’t covered in cum and glared in her direction.

“I said cut. That means you can stop now.”

Pansy flushed bright red as she glared up at Harry and seemingly realized what she was doing. She pulled back so quickly that his cock left her mouth with a loud *pop*. Unsteadily, she climbed to her feet and touched her face. Glancing at her fingers, she wrinkled her nose in disgust.

“Urgh, where’s your shower?” she asked.

“Down the hall, second door on the right,” he told her.

Pansy turned and left the den in a rush.

“That was brilliant,” Isabella gushed the moment she was out of earshot.

“It was,” Hannah smiled. “I think it’ll sell well. Pity you didn’t get to bugger the bitch.”

“Maybe next time,” Isabella smirked.

“You think she’ll come back?” Harry asked.

“Oh, she’ll be back,” she said confidently.

~

Pansy called in sick on Thursday and Friday, and then took the weekend off. While the mild soreness had faded by Sunday night, her embarrassment had not. By the time she’d had second thoughts, Abbot had already left to edit and distribute the film she’d made with Potter.

She didn’t know how’d she face them, or anyone, again.

Just as she was considering calling in Monday as well, there was a knock at her door. Climbing off the couch, she clutched her wand and approached the door slowly. You couldn’t be too cautious in this part of Knockturn Alley. Looking through the peephole, she was surprised to see Isabella Zabini. Pansy quickly slipped her wand into her pocket, unlocked the door, and pulled it open.

“Pansy, dear,” Isabella smiled. “Lovely to see you again. Do you mind if I come in?”

“O-of course,” Pansy stammered.

She hated anyone seeing her living in the dark, dingy flat, let alone letting them inside, but it would be even less proper to make her stand outside. Isabella stepped inside, completely unbothered by her less than ideal surroundings, and turned to Pansy with a smile.

“I was just at Lucinda’s,” she said. “She normally doesn’t make payments until Friday, but you earned a fair few Galleons with that film of yours. Wonderful work by the way. So, when she said she was a little worried sending an owl with that much gold to this part of town, I offered to deliver it myself.”

Reaching into her handbag, she pulled out a brown leather coin purse and handed it to Pansy. Pansy took it excitedly, her hands shaking as she opened it. It was full to the brim with gold.

“Do you know how much?” she asked, licking her lips.

“Two seventy-five, I believe,” Isabella told her. “Not bad at all for only four days worth of sale. It’s quite popular from what I hear. And did you read the Prophet this morning?”

“No. No, I haven’t,” Pansy said.

The truth was, she hadn’t been able to afford a subscription, but she wasn’t about to admit that.

“They wrote a piece all about how Harry is working with you,” Isabella smiled. “Of course, they’re casting him as the benevolent hero giving a former classmate a second chance, but it plays right into your hands, just like we planned. Everyone thinks you’re forgiven.”

“Not everyone,” Pansy muttered. “What are my friends going to think?”

“Oh, dear,” Isabella said, patting her shoulder sympathetically. “They’ll understand that you’re just doing what you need to survive. I’ll make sure of it. These are tough times.”

Pansy nodded, thinking of her Slytherin classmates that were struggling at the moment. They didn’t have it as hard as she did, but anyone whose parents had been involved with You-Know-Who were looked at with suspicion these days.

“You’re quite lucky you got to Harry before anyone else did,” Isabella said. “I’m surprised some of your classmates haven’t tried to get back in his good graces yet. You can expect a few of them to come knocking at his door now that you’ve shown them the way. But I’m sure you’ll be fine. You have name recognition behind you. So long as you keep making those films, you’ll keep raking in the Galleons until you’re ready to move on.”

“Yeah,” Pansy said, hefting the weight of her coin purse with growing resolve. “Yeah, you’re right.”

“And it doesn’t hurt you get some pleasure out of it,” Isabella winked and laughed. “Oh, don’t look so surprised. Consider yourself lucky. I’ve done much worse for much less enjoyment. There’s nothing wrong with enjoying your work. Now, while I’m here, I wanted to offer a few ideas for your next film. Some of them might sound a little extreme, but you need to stay relevant, and if you put in a performance like you did last time, you might even be more popular than that little Veela he keeps around.”

Pansy nodded and listened eagerly, but completely missed the malicious glint in Isabella’s eyes as she started offering advice.

~

Coincidentally, while Isabella was speaking with Pansy, Hermione Granger was just slipping inside Lucinda’s hoping and praying she wasn’t recognized. Thankfully, the store was empty. She spent a few moment looking through the shelves, blushing at several of the products, before she found her way over to the display of Memory Orbs. Leaning in close to the glass, she squinted to read the handwritten labels.

“Can I help you with anything?”

Hermione jumped and held a hand to her chest. Lucinda had appeared beside her out of nowhere.

“Oh, you scared me,” Hermione said, laughing nervously. “I was just looking around.”

“Are you looking for anything in particular?” Lucinda asked with a knowing smirk. “The latest memory everyone seems to be talking about, perhaps?”

Hermione blushed heavily.

“Er, well, yes,” she admitted. “I just find it hard to believe he’s willing to work with *her* of all people.”

“Oh, I think you’ll understand once you see it for yourself.”

Smiling, Lucinda opened the cabinet, pulled out one of the orbs, and handed it to Hermione.

“On the house,” she said. “After all, we have you to thank for this wonderful magic.”

Hermione blushed again, and then jumped when the bell over the door rang, indicating someone else had entered the store.

“Sorry, I have another customer,” Lucinda said. “Did you need anything else?”

“No,” Hermione said, shaking her head. “No, thank you.”

“You’re welcome, dear,” Lucinda smiled. “I hope you’ll come back soon.”

As soon as she turned away, Hermione pocketed the orb and slipped out of the store as unobtrusively as possible. Quickly, she made her way back to the Apparition point and Apparated home. After a shower, a late dinner, and finishing the washing up, she finally worked up the courage to watch the memory.

The image flickered to life on her living room wall. Her lip curled as she watched Parkinson beg for help. She didn’t deserve any after everything she did at Hogwarts. Lucinda proved to be right. She did understand why Harry would work with Parkinson now that she was watching the memory.

As Hermione caught her hand wandering to her breast, she paused the memory guiltily. She still felt a little odd watching her best friend, but after a moment, she gave in. Walking into her

bedroom, she stripped out of her clothes, grabbed her favorite dildo, and returned to the sofa in the living room. Spreading herself shamelessly, she took a deep breath to calm the butterflies in her stomach and resumed the memory.

Slowly, she inserted the dildo just as Harry did the same to Parkinson.

“That’s it,” she gasped softly, watching him pound her without a shred of concern for what she was feeling. “Fuck that bitch.”