

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.

“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.”

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“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.

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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.

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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."