

Chapter 5

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.