

## 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 he 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 chuckled 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.