

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 pleurably 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. His 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.