

## Number 4 Gigolo Drive

### Chapter 6

“Ooh! What about that shop over there?” Hermione pointed at some shop that didn’t seem to have much of a theme. From just looking through the window, Harry couldn’t tell what it was supposed to be. It looked to have a bit of everything.

“We can try that one later. How about we go to Scrivenshaft’s so you can buy all the stuff that you’ve been talking about for the last four days?” Ginny teased, holding Harry’s hand while they window-shopped along the cobbled streets of Hogsmeade. That morning, the mood in the school was electric. The first Hogsmeade weekend was always the most fun and the one that was most looked forward to. All the students got more and more excited the closer the weekend got. Even the three of them were getting antsy the closer the weekend got. Harry felt bad for the first and second-year students. He remembered desperately wanting to go but being unable to. Oh well. They would get over it just as he did. Looking over at Hermione, who had a hold of his other hand, he saw her blush from Ginny’s teasing. She, however, looked pleased nonetheless.

“That sounds good,” Hermione tried to keep the excitement out of her voice. Both girls pulled Harry along until they reached the door of the quill shop. Scrivenshaft’s sold more than just quills. They also sold inks, parchments, a small selection of books, notebooks, and many other items that a dedicated student would find useful. Hermione was as dedicated as they came. As soon as the bookworm entered, her face lit up like a kid at Christmas. “Oh, how wonderful!” Hermione cheered, letting go of his hand and quickly scampering inside. Harry and Ginny looked at each other and smiled. They rolled their eyes and went after their bookworm girlfriend to make sure she didn’t get into trouble.

“Harry, look at this quill set! Those are eagle feathers! Ginny, look at this ledger! We can keep our records in here, and it’s got a leather hardback!” Hermione squealed, hugging it to her chest. Hermione demanded that they spend nothing less than an hour in the shop perusing everything that they had to offer. In the end, Hermione walked out with an armful of bags and a pocketbook that was significantly lighter. In actuality, it was Harry carrying the enormous sacks of quills, inks, parchment, books, and heaven knows what else. Harry was in a bit of a daze. Girls shopping will do that to a boy every time. Next, Ginny demanded that they go to the sweet shop. Hermione didn’t much care about sweets with her parents being dentists after all but agreed anyway. The three lovers went into Honeydukes and were immediately hit with the scent of chocolate and sugar. Ginny smiled and explored the shop, picking out things here and there. Even Hermione picked some stuff out. Harry filled a bag for himself of his favorite treats and even some that looked or sounded strange. Remembering something that he had heard from an upper-year boy with a long-term girlfriend, Harry loaded up on chocolate bars of all kinds. The boy had said that having a stock of chocolate for when his girlfriend had her time of the month

was a godsend. He trusted the boy's wisdom. Even if he was wrong, he would still have plenty of chocolate, so it was a win-win.

Next, Hermione dragged them to the village bookshop where she emptied out her entire bag of gold. Books of all sizes and of many different topics were stuffed into a bag for Harry to carry. Feeling his arms about to snap, he called for a House-Elf to take the bags back to their room. This smart thinking earned him a kiss from the girls. Hermione blushed furiously when she realized that she wouldn't have enough money to eat lunch. Harry and Ginny laughed at her, but Harry told her that he would pay for all three since he was the boyfriend. To thank him properly, the girls pulled him into an out-of-the-way alley and kissed him deeply. Soon, Harry had his hand up Hermione's shirt and was rolling her hard nipple between his fingers as Ginny had her hand down his trousers and was fondling his large cock.

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Madam Rosmerta was wiping down the countertops when she had heard Angelina Johnson telling a group of girls about Harry Potter. One of the perks about owning and working at a place like the Three Broomsticks was listening to gossip. You wouldn't believe some of the things that Rosmerta had heard. This juicy piece of gossip was very hard to believe. Apparently, Harry Potter had the "biggest cock in the world". At least that was what Angelina had said. Of course, many of the listeners were skeptical, to say the least, but Angelina said it was true. Angelina knew first hand because she had fucked Harry herself. She had seen it, touched it, and fucked it. This had Rosmerta intrigued. Sure, she had learned long ago to not believe everything that you hear, but this wasn't some drunken lout spouting off about a get-rich-quick scheme. This was a respectable student that claimed to have first-hand knowledge. Many of the girls giggled wildly and promised to try and find out for themselves. Rosmerta added her name to the list as well. As a woman in her forties, she still looked pretty damn good if she were being honest. Not a day went by that she wasn't hit on by a customer. But these days, a normal-sized cock just wasn't going to do it for her anymore. She had gone through years of disappointing males not being able to please her properly. From what Angelina had said, all she had to do was talk to Hermione Granger or Ginny Weasley to set things up. Not only that, but they offered a money-back guarantee! She needed to talk to these girls.

As luck would have it, around half an hour later all three walked into her establishment. Harry helped the girls into their chairs. Luckily for them, they had waited until the rush was over, and they didn't have to wait for a table. Rosmerta quickly went over and took their order. While Harry was busy flirting with Ginny, Rosmerta quietly asked Hermione to meet her at the bar.

Ginny was giggling as Harry gently played with the back of her knee underneath the table. They were interrupted when Hermione came back looking pleased with herself. "What's up, Hermione?" Ginny asked.

"Madam Rosmerta just paid us ten Galleons for an hour with Harry!" she squealed quietly. "I can go back and buy that book that I wanted!" she added happily. Harry rolled his eyes as Ginny

silently wondered what she could buy with her part of the payment. "The only problem is that her time will start in forty-five minutes. You have to be up in her room by then, Harry," Hermione told him. "Just go up the stairs, and it's the first door on the right."

Harry thought about it for a moment. "What will you girls do while I'm busy?"

"We'll finish shopping, then we can meet up afterward. We should have a bit of time left to continue exploring Hogsmeade before we have to be back at the gates." They all agreed with the plan and finished eating their food. Once they were done, the girls went off to spend their piece of the loot. Harry just saved his. He had to be more responsible with money. He planned on spending his life with those two girls, and he would need plenty of money to buy a house and whatnot. Checking the time, he went upstairs and waited a few minutes before knocking on the door. As the door opened, he witnessed one of the sexiest visions that he had ever seen.

Madam Rosmerta was wearing an extremely tiny light-pink silk nightie that must have been several sizes too small. From the front, his eyes traveled from her legs up to the hem of her nightie which barely covered her pussy. Up they went until he saw what was spilling out. The amount of cleavage bursting from the thin material was obscene. His cock hardened immediately as he took her full view in. Her nipples were rock-hard and poking through the pink fabric making Harry lick his lips. She smirked then ushered him in with a curl of her well-manicured finger. Turning around, she walked him to her room. The door shut behind them as Harry kept his eyes on her swaying backside. The sensual motion of her hips had him desperate to strip her of her nightie and bend her over. With every step that she took, her nightie would ride up a bit showing him the bottom of her pillowy cheeks. As they entered the bedroom, she shut the door and turned to him. She swayed right up to him until their noses were nearly touching. "Now, Mr. Potter, I was promised that the merchandise that I purchased would be up to certain standards," she said sexily, running her finger along the inside of the waistband of his trousers. If he wasn't hard before, then he certainly was now.

Harry cleared his throat. "Go ahead and examine the product, Madam Rosmerta." She raised an eyebrow at him then slowly unbuckled his belt, then unbuttoned his trousers. As she unzipped the fly, she let them fall down and pool at his ankles. Stepping out of them, Harry pulled off his shirt. Now standing in front of her in only his boxers, she ran her hands up his belly and over his pecs. Harry closed his eyes and gulped. Leaning in, Rosmerta gently kissed his cheek and whispered in his ear.

"This is nice and all, but I paid for something else," she said huskily reaching down into his boxers and grasping his enormously erected cock. Hearing a gasp, Harry smirked.

"I hope you're not having buyer's remorse," he chuckled as she pushed him onto the bed. Quickly, she peeled off his boxers and watched as his massive cock sprang forth. Rosmerta couldn't believe her eyes. It was by far the largest cock that she had ever seen. No others had even come close. Her hand shook as she reached for it. As she wrapped her fingers around it, she saw that it was too big for her hand. Her small fingers didn't even touch. Bringing forth her

other hand, she gripped the lower part of his cock. Her breath was shaky when she realized that she could fit two more hands on this beast. Using both hands, she stroked him causing Harry to gasp out and moan. Harry's eyes feasted on the way that her large bosom bounced with the movements of her hands. "Clothes off," he told her. Rosmerta bit her lip sexily as she took her hands off of him and reached down. Grabbing the hem of her nightie, she pulled it up and off of her thick, curvy body. He was amazed as she spilled out of her clothing. Her magnificent breasts burst out and were now on full display to him. They were full and rounded with medium-sized nipples that were hard and erect. Reaching out, his hands slid over the bountiful flesh, and he gave them an experimental squeeze. They were so soft and had the slightest bit of firmness to them. His thumbs grazed over her crinkled nubs and hearing her gasp in delight, he treated her to a full massage. His thumbs ran circles over her hard nipples, and Rosmerta mewled and chattered as he pinched and pulled them. Grabbing his neck, she pulled him in for a kiss.

"No more foreplay. Just fuck me," she moaned in his mouth. He certainly wasn't about to tell her no. Settling between her thick, smooth thighs, she reached down and placed the tip of his fat cock against her wet slit. Not bothering to tease her, he pushed straight in causing her back to arch. Her thighs tightened against his hips as he bottomed out inside the sexy barmaid. He watched as her body shivered causing her breasts to shake and jiggle.

"Feel good?" Harry asked in a teasing fashion, reaching down and flicking her clit. He sent his pure magic rushing through the engorged bundle of nerves. Instantly, Rosmerta's pussy clamped down on him as she had her first orgasm. Her squeals of joy encouraged him to really start the fun. Harry didn't even build up to it, his hips just started slamming against her naked crotch. He smiled at the incoherent babbling coming from her plump, glossy lips. Her tits were bouncing and flopping everywhere as he brutally fucked her. He pinched her nipples between his fingers and made them vibrate at a very high frequency. Her eyes bugged out as her pussy dribbled her girl cum down his cock and coated his swinging balls.

Rosmerta choked out something. She didn't know if she was yelling for him to stop or go faster. All she knew was that her insides were being destroyed by the green-eyed sex god. His long, thick cock was battering her cervix and rubbing her g-spot at the same time. Not only that, but his fingers were doing incredible things to her hard nipples. He leaned down and stuck his tongue in her mouth. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she felt one of his hands leave her nipple and slip between them. She shuddered violently when he began to roll her clit while doing something to it that felt electric. Whatever he was doing felt like pure lust being rubbed straight into her clit as he continued to fuck her. Her pussy was leaking all over him, and the wet sounds were making her embarrassed. She had never been so wet in her entire life. She began seeing spots as her pussy started milking his thrusting cock. When he pulled on her clit, it was over for her. She screamed out and squirted her juices all over his crotch. Her curvy body thrashed as he continued to spear her like his life depended on it. She cried out and fainted from the intense pleasure.

She didn't know how long she was out, but when she came to, she was face down on the bed and gave out a loud moan. Her ass was up in the air, and her asshole was being fucked by the

same massive cock that had made her pussy quiver in such wonderful ways. She bit down on the blanket and bundled them up in her fists as Harry hit such a fantastic spot over and over again. She felt so incredibly full as he filled her up with cock, and she cried out when he pulled away. Her body was beginning to shiver again as she arched her back and wiggled her ass against his stomach. She felt his hands rub all over her oiled-up cheeks, and just when she was about to have a nice, pleasant orgasm, he slapped her ass so hard that it sounded like a rock splitting. She squealed in pain as her fat ass rippled from the contact. Her pussy gripped his cock harshly as she started to cum. Reaching under her, Harry rubbed her clit and did his wonderful magic.

The last thing Rosmerta remembered was spraying pussy juice everywhere while having the most spectacular analgasm of her life. She felt him fill her insides with his warm, thick cum, and as she passed out again, he rode her down to the bed, continuing to fill the busty barmaid. Money well spent in her opinion. She would definitely be a repeat customer.