

AN - I changed the name from His Happy Life to Magical Models Inc. I just like the name better.

Magical Models Inc

Chapter 2

“C’mon, Hermione! Talk to him for me!” Ginny whined as Hermione rolled her eyes. It was mid-morning and Hermione and Ginny Weasley had taken a short trip across the channel to have breakfast at a wonderful, little cafe in Southern France. Hermione had discovered this place since it was so close to Harry’s very large mansion and his offices for Magical Models Inc. She often spent time there, and she even had her own room.

“Just talk to him yourself,” Hermione chimed back. “He’s your friend as well, you know.”

Ginny had finally gathered the courage to talk to her about becoming a model in Harry’s agency. Once the redhead had graduated from Hogwarts, she wanted to become a professional Quidditch player. Unfortunately, things didn’t exactly work out that way. After that, she jumped from one boring job to the next. Then, one night at the pub, she heard Daphne Greengrass boasting that she had just signed an exclusive contract with Harry. It was all that she talked about for the rest of the night. It was only a couple of weeks later that Ginny began seeing pictures of her on shop ads, or in magazines. Quickly, the sexy Slytherin was becoming a hot commodity in the wizarding world. Her brothers were even selling posters of her in their joke shop for Merlin’s sake! Ginny wanted to deny it, but she couldn’t. She was incredibly jealous. These days, every time that she opened a copy of Witch Weekly or Teen Witch Weekly, she would often see the sexy brunette living life to the fullest or attending fancy parties with other celebrities. Ginny wanted to live that life badly.

“Yeah, but ... he’ll listen to you more than he will with me,” Ginny counterargued. Hermione sighed.

“I’ll ask and see what he says,” Hermione capitulated. Ginny squealed and hugged her friend. After that, they finished eating their meal while Ginny daydreamed of becoming one of his models.

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“She what?” Harry asked, not really paying attention. He was too busy flipping through the stacks of photos that he receives in the mail every day. It seemed that every decent-looking girl had aspirations to become the next big thing in the modeling circuit. “Nice,” he whispered, checking out a particular photo. “Very nice.”

Hermione glared and snatched the photo from his hand. “Hey!” he complained. Hermione studied the photo of the young woman posing in a not-so-innocent position.

“Harry, this is obscene!” she said, tossing it in the trash. Harry snorted.

“That one was middle of the road. You should see some of the ones that I get,” he told her, wiggling his eyebrows in a sexually devious manner. Hermione decided to ignore that.

“Ginny wants to become a model,” she told him again. Harry rolled his eyes.

“Of course she does,” he said, tossing the stack of photos aside. “Ginny’s good-looking enough. Maybe not to be one of my top models, but she’d definitely find work. But being one of my models is a lot more than just looking pretty. She has to have talent, and I’m not sure if she does.”

“Let me guess. You want her to come over so that you can put her through the paces like you did with Cho?” Harry smiled while remembering how much Cho squealed as she came all over him. “Earth to Harry!” she said, snapping him out of his thoughts. Harry chuckled. He grabbed Hermione by the waist and pulled her onto his lap. She squeaked in surprise.

“Still a bit jealous about that?” he teased, placing his hand on her stocking-covered thigh.

“I wasn’t jealous!” she refuted. He remembered that she wasn’t pleased when he broke plans with her to have his little tryst with Cho.

“You yelled at me something fierce,” he told her, sliding his hand up her thigh until he reached the point where her stocking no longer covered her silky-smooth skin. He allowed his fingers to explore her thigh and even let them travel further north so that the side of his hand rubbed against panties. He felt Hermione let out a shuddered breath as her body trembled. She couldn’t find the strength to rebuke him as he lifted her skirt up and revealed her camel toe.

“Damn, Hermione,” he muttered, causing her to blush. Her pussy was already wet from being manhandled by him. Her panties were very thin and tight, and due to the wetness, they stuck to her skin and conformed to the shape of her sexy pussy. They could both smell her arousal wafting up from between her thighs. “Looks like you’re quite eager,” he teased his friend.

“Shut up!” she whined, smacking his shoulder. “I’ve been working so much that I haven’t had any time to date recently. It’s been a while since I had any kind of physical activity,” Hermione confessed, parting her legs slightly to give him room. She groaned as his fingers rubbed up and down her covered slit. Hermione reached out and placed her hand on the back of his. She pulled his hand hard against her panties and began grinding herself on his fingers.

“Can’t even wait a moment,” he said before he took hold of her panties and slowly peeled them off of her. Hermione placed her legs together and lifted them up. She watched as her damp panties kept rising until they were pulled off of her feet. Harry tossed them aside and maneuvered her onto her back. His large couch had more than enough room for her to lay there

comfortably as he spread her legs apart and stared at her naked, hairless pussy. Blushing furiously, she tried to pull the front of her blouse down and cover herself, but Harry was having none of it. He ripped her shirt open and exposed her lacy, white bra.

Harry slid his hands from her slim belly all the way up until he cupped her bra-clad tits. Giving them a squeeze, he smiled when she moaned loudly. Wanting to feel more, he reached under her bra and pushed it up. As the lacy material lifted up, her C-cup breasts lifted up as well until the weight of her lovely tits forced them to spill out. He watched happily as they bounced and jiggled once they were set free.

Hermione gasped when his hand slid between her legs, and his fingers began massaging her clit. Once he had smeared her juices all over his fingers and her clit, he placed two of them at her entrance and pushed in. Her back arched as she squealed. As her chest puffed out, Harry took that as an invitation and lowered his head. Her hands gripped the back of his head as he kissed and licked on her hard, crinkled nipples. His hand was moving faster and faster, and she was beginning to hear a sloshing sound coming from her pussy. She could feel her juices violently escaping her pussy and splashing against her thighs while her walls contracted around his curled fingers. The sensation of his fingers stimulating her g-spot was incredible.

Sure, she and Harry had fooled around when drunk and such, but they had never taken things this far. He had never rubbed her g-spot while his thumb massaged her hard, aching clit. His lips had never encircled her hard nipple while his tongue wiggled around the sensitive tip. If she had known that it would feel this good, then she would have fucked him years ago.

Hermione was about to complain when he let go of her nipple, leaving it damp and cold in the air-conditioned house. But fortunately, his lips seemed to have found a different target. They started traveling down her belly, and Hermione giggled when his tongue wiggled inside of her belly button. His lips lowered even further until they reached the waistband of her skirt. He unbuttoned her skirt and easily slid it off of her body. Next went her tattered shirt and bra. Now she was only in her black stockings and high heels. She blushed as his eyes traveled down her body until they reached his hand which was still finger-fucking her wet pussy. She felt so naughty that she couldn't stop herself from cumming. Reaching out and grabbing his forearm, she cried out and clenched her legs shut while her pussy contracted around his fingers. His arm was still thrusting hard which was making her lovely tits jiggle while she came hard.

"Harry, enough, please!" she gasped out while opening her legs to let his arm free. Instead, he leaned down and began licking the juices straight off of her pussy. Hermione squealed and clamped her legs shut again. Unfortunately for her, his head was already between them, and his tongue was happily lapping at her very wet pussy and hard clit. When his lips found her clit, she tried to push his head away. It was too sensitive. Every time that his tongue would slither around the hard nub, her body would buck wildly which would mash her clit further into his mouth. Finally giving up, she flopped back on the couch and let him do what he wished. Pleasured whines escaped her pink lips as his tongue scooped up the arousal that was generously dripping from her. Her body jumped when she felt his tongue wiggle against her untouched

asshole. Her eyes widened when she felt the sensation of someone toying with her last virgin hole.

Harry let go of her clit and stood up. Hermione breathed heavily as she watched him remove his clothes. She gulped when his big, fat cock sprang out and slapped against his abs. She was starting to get nervous about taking that thing inside of her. However, she had very little time to worry, because she was grabbed by her spread thighs and pulled toward him. Now his cock was laying across her pussy and belly, and she could see how monstrous that it truly was. He took his cock in hand and slapped it repeatedly against her moist lips. Hermione kept her arms at her sides and bit her lip as he placed the tip against her opening. When he began to push in, Hermione opened her mouth and let out a loud groan. She had never been stretched like this.

Harry leaned down and kissed her. Hermione's tongue slithered around his as inch after inch of his magnificent cock penetrated her. The taste of herself was prevalent on his lips as their makeout session became more passionate. When she had finally taken his entire length, she was already close to cumming again. She didn't expect Harry to hook his arms underneath the back of her knees and push her lower body forward. He kept pushing until her body was folded, and her knees were pinned by her ears. Her pussy was in the perfect position to be destroyed, and that was just what he did.

As he kissed her, he started off slowly, working his hips and sliding his cock in and out of her. Her body was shuddering from the wonderful feeling as his cock hit every pleasurable spot that she had. It was only seconds later when his hips increased their pace. Soon after, his hips were colliding against the back of her thighs so hard that loud clapping sounds echoed throughout the room. Her moans and squeals added to the noise while her tight pussy did its best to squeeze a thick load from his balls.

Being inside of Hermione was fantastic, Harry thought. Her walls contracted tightly against him, and her insides felt like wet and warm velvet. He was having a hard time keeping from seeding his sexy friend. Only moments later, Hermione came hard as her pussy clamped down on him and triggered his own orgasm. Not knowing if she was on the potion, he pulled out and shot a long, thick rope of hot cum across her chest, painting her tits and nipples white. Next, he came all over her pussy and belly while she thrashed and spasmed from her powerful orgasm. When he was done, he wiped the tip of his cock against her silk stockings and sighed happily. Leaning down, he kissed her sweaty forehead as she labored with her breathing.

"Let's go for a swim," he told her. "We can cool down." He too was sweaty.

"My legs are like jelly," Hermione moaned as she tried to move. Harry rolled his eyes and scooped her up in his arms. Soon they were resting in the cool, clean water of his pool as Hermione bathed herself under the waterfall. He happily watched as she lifted her arms to move her hair, causing her tits to lift up. His cock immediately got hard again, and poor Hermione didn't see his lecherous look as he stalked closer and closer to her wet and nude body.