

The Industry

Part 2

Harry looked out of the window of his new apartment in Paris, France. The view was obviously stunning. It had better be for the price that he had paid for it. The sun was shining, and he could see thousands of little people scurrying around the Eiffel Tower in the distance, some Frenchman and many were likely tourists. Through the open windows, the scent of the nearby cafes filled his room with the wonderful smell of pastries and coffee. It was one of the things that he liked best about this apartment. Suddenly, dainty, porcelain-colored fingers reached up and threaded through his hair. As his head was pulled down, his face was buried between parted legs. Instantly, the scent of a wet pussy filled his nostrils. A moan was heard as a hard clit was stuffed into his mouth.

Fleur's eyes fluttered wildly as her new boyfriend sucked on her hard and aching clit. She was lying on his large and luxurious bed in his penthouse suite in her favorite city in the world. She didn't think that things could get any better. Just then, his tongue began to rapidly vibrate while wiggling around her clit, causing her back to arch. Holding the back of his head tightly, she ground her wet pussy all over his lips and chin, desperate to feel even more pleasure. When he let go of her throbbing nub with a wet pop, she groaned and tried to move her clit back to his mouth. Instead, he placed his thumb on it and started rubbing circles around it. Fleur bit her lip and shuddered. She felt him gently pepper her inner thigh with soft kisses.

"When is the next shoot?" Harry asked, running his hands up and down her silky smooth thighs while she kept them spread widely. Her puffy, pink pussy was on full display. He loved how it glistened with her wetness in the bright, French sunlight.

"Tomorrow!" she squealed as Harry flicked her hardened nub. He leaned down and kissed it before his lips moved up to her hairless mound.

"Is it going to be Angelina?" Harry asked as his lips tasted her lower belly. His tongue had just reached her belly button when she answered.

"Yes, mon amour," she shuddered, wiping the sweat from her forehead. She just laid there and enjoyed the way his lips caressed her soft and delicate skin. "She signed the contracts yesterday and will arrive in France later today. We 'ave a ten picture deal with 'er," she told him before giggling. His tongue dipped into her belly button and was tickling the horny, young Veela.

"I would never have expected it from her. It just goes to show you," he replied while his lips traveled further north. Her belly was toned and slim, and her skin smelled like French Vanilla.

"She 'as fallen on 'ard times. If she enjoys the work, she will sign another contract. If not, she will move abroad and begin a new life," Fleur told him as his lips found the underside of her big breasts. Fleur happily mewled as he began sucking on her tender skin.

“And you’re sure that she wants to work with me?”

Fleur gasped as his lips found their way up to her pink and crinkled nipple. He quickly licked it and made it shine with his saliva. Harry smiled before gently blowing on it, making her body shiver. Her nipple crinkled even harder from the cool air, and she couldn’t help but grab his head and pull his mouth down to it. She arched her back and tried to shove even more of her nipple into his mouth as he greedily sucked on it.

“When she found out that you are working for my company, she said that she will only work with you,” Fleur told him as he lightly pinched her nipple between his teeth. She squealed as he gently tugged on it. Fleur watched as it stretched before he let it go and it snapped back into place.

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Angelina Johnson was nervous, but she had little choice. Her father had passed on years ago, leaving only her mother to take care of her. Because of that, the debts had piled up for years. Angelina had only begun to help pay them when she suddenly came down with a severe case of Dragon Pox. Only a month later, she was gone, leaving a pile of medical bills along with the other debts that she owed. Because of that, their small house was taken away. She had been staying with Alicia while trying to figure out a way to pay off what she owed. That’s when she talked to an old acquaintance. She had dated George while Fleur had dated Bill, so they had spoken quite often.

She was shocked to find out that Fleur was the owner of Magical Mistress. It didn’t take long before Angelina asked how much the girls were making. The bonus alone was mind-blowing but finding out that they earned ten percent of each memory sold was what really sold her. If people liked her, she could settle her debts with one contract. The best part was that Harry Potter was working with the company. It made her feel much better that she would be working with him during her contract. He was something familiar in a sea of uncertainty. She took a deep breath and exhaled. She needed to focus.

She was sitting on the roof of Harry’s penthouse suite. He alone had private access to it. It looked incredibly fancy with its big swimming pool and lounge chairs. She was sitting in one, lounging sexily in her teeny tiny bikini while sipping on a fruity cocktail. Harry was standing by the pool in his little pool boy outfit while skimming the water for leaves. Of course, his face was altered from using some type of magical device.

“Excuse me? Pool Boy?!” she called out, drawing his attention. Angelina smiled sexily while turning around in her seat. She moved her long hair from her back and held up a bottle. “Be a dear and put some lotion on my back.”

“Of course, Ma’am. Right away,” Harry stuttered and clumsily made his way over to her. He took the bottle from her hand and squirted a healthy glob in his palm. As he placed his hands on her shoulders, Angelina quickly looked at Fleur who was watching the whole thing carefully. Fleur was silenced and standing at the perfect angle to get the best memory possible. Angelina wasn’t sure why she was standing there in a pair of high heels and a minuscule thong, but it wasn’t her place to ask. Her eyes brushed over Fleur’s big, perfect tits before she got back into character. She couldn’t help but moan as Harry lathered her back with lotion. As his hands slid over her belly, she grabbed them and lifted them up to her covered tits. Her eyes fluttered as Harry’s strong hands groped and squeezed her big, bouncy tits. Standing up, she took Harry by the hand.

“Let’s take this inside,” she said sexily as she gently dragged him along. As she walked to the private stairwell, Fleur kept her eyes glued to Angelina’s bikini-covered ass. Her hips swayed back and forth wonderfully, and her bikini bottoms had sunk between her wide cheeks, showing off more of her sexy ass. As they entered Harry’s living room, Angelina leaned in and lifted her head. Fleur watched as she passionately kissed her boyfriend while his hands rose from her slim waist, all the way up her back until he was able to grab the thin string that held her top on. Pulling the string, the knot untied and made her top become loose while Harry sucked on Angelina’s tongue. Breaking the kiss, she stepped back and pulled the top from her body. Fleur gazed upon Angelina’s perfectly round tits. They looked thick and heavy as they slightly bounced every time that she moved. They were the same light brown as her skin, and they were capped with dark brown nipples that were as hard as rocks. Fleur shuddered as a bead of arousal escaped her wet bikini bottom and rolled down the inside of her thigh.

Harry kissed her again before his lips traveled down her chest. Holding her tits together, Harry lavished them with kisses and licks, and he practically devoured her crinkled nipples, causing Angelina to arch her back. Harry dropped to his knees as his lips kissed down her belly. When he reached the lowest part of her belly, he pulled down the front of her bottoms and kissed the perfectly smooth mound that he exposed. Fleur could see goosebumps erupt all over Angelina’s gorgeous body. She suddenly squeaked as Harry spun her around. Fleur’s pussy tingled as Angelina’s tits flopped around from her boyfriend’s rough treatment. Moving to see what was going on behind them, she watched as Harry pulled her bottoms down and exposed her shapely ass. He wasted no time in burying his face between her cheeks and shaking his head from side to side. Her ass jiggled wildly as Harry motorboated the shit out of her cheeks. A whorish moan escaped Angie’s lips as wet slurping could suddenly be heard. Her body began trembling as Harry licked and lapped at her puckered hole. When he placed his hands on her cheeks and spread her open, Fleur got down on her knees as well to get a good look. She could see Angie’s tight, puckered hole glistening with Harry’s saliva. He touched it with his finger, and Fleur silently giggled as her hole puckered and her ass cheeks clamped shut. Harry chuckled as he got up and slapped her ass soundly.

Angelina stepped out of her bottoms just as Harry led her over to the couch. Her heart was hammering in her chest as she knew what was about to happen. It wasn’t like she was some blushing virgin, but it was the first time that she had done anything even close to this. As she

walked, Harry happily pinched her ass and slid his hand between her legs, fondling her wet pussy. Once in place, she turned around and dropped to her knees. Pulling down his swim trunks, she helped him step out of them and grabbed his massive cock before it slapped her in the face. Fleur had already told her about his size, but it was another thing seeing it in person. Trying to be professional, she did her best not to gape, but instead, she spat on his cock and used her saliva as lubricant. Up and down her hand went, stroking his gargantuan slab of meat while her other hand gently fondled his hanging sack. It grew harder and harder until she had to lean her head back so she didn't get poked in the eye. Once fully hard, she placed her hands on his tight ass and placed the tip of his cock in her mouth. Slowly, she started bobbing her head, taking him a little further each time. Looking up at him while her head bobbed back and forth, she could see the pleasure written across his face. Harder and harder she fucked his cock with her throat until a string of drool was hanging from her mouth, and she was gagging as his shaft stretched her out. Finally pulling off of him with a gasp, she wiped her mouth and worked her saliva into his huge erection.

Suddenly, he took control and moved her into position. Now on the couch with her ass up in the air, she saw Fleur staring at her pussy as Harry rubbed the thick, bulbous tip up and down between her plump, hairless lips. As his head mashed into her hard and swollen clit, Angelina squealed and jumped from the sensation.

When his girth spread her walls, Angelina opened her mouth and let out a shuddered cry. Fleur came back around the front to get a look at her face that was twisted in pleasure. She had never taken anyone or anything that big. As soon as his hips touched her ass, he pulled back and thrust forward again. Angelina squealed as her tits swung back and forth. It wasn't long before Harry was sculpting her pussy so that it would only fit his mighty cock in the future. Perverted moans and squeaks were the only sounds that she made as her ass was being clapped by his powerful thrusts. Fleur watched as her eyes twitched, and she begged for mercy as Harry repeatedly spanked her plump cheeks. When Harry smirked, Fleur knew what was coming. She very much enjoyed it when Harry did this to her. Harry reached down and captured her swollen clit between his fingers. Suddenly, Angelina felt as if a live wire was touching her clit and sending jolts of pure pleasure up her spine. Her back arched, and she let out a gut-wrenching howl of pleasure as he pinched her clit while his fingers began to vibrate.

Fleur thrust her head underneath Angie's body and looked at her pussy being stuffed. Sure enough, Harry was massaging her clit while drops of arousal poured down the inside of her legs. The scent of sex was overpowering as they fucked right above her. She watched as Angie suddenly cried out and her pussy clamped down tightly. Moving back above them, she watched as Harry pulled out and painted the dark skin of her ass with his creamy, white seed. Angelina was spasming out of control as she begged for a moment of respite. Fleur looked at her face. Her hair was disheveled and her forehead was sweaty. Her beautiful tits rose and fell with her strained breath. Fleur smirked as she saw Harry stroking his cock back to full hardness.

Angelina would earn every galleon of that contract, Harry decided as he claimed her holes again and again.

