

The Industry

Chapter 6

Fleur downed the last of her frozen margarita before getting up from her seat outside of one of her favorite cafes in the city. With her bill already paid, she began walking for a few minutes until she found the alley that she usually Apparated from. She went into the alley until she was sure that no one would see her, then she disappeared.

Lunch had been wonderful, but it would have been better if she had someone to eat with. Unfortunately, everyone was busy with something. That was why she was so excited to have received a letter from her younger sister, Gabrielle. Now she just needed to talk to her boyfriend. Appearing in her office, she tossed her bag onto her desk and went to look for Harry. She left her office and looked around. He was nowhere to be seen. That was when she noticed the red light shining above the door to one of their “work rooms”. Those rooms were reserved for their performers. A red light meant that a memory was being created for sale and that they were not to be disturbed. Fleur had set these rooms up herself and made sure to add a dandy feature so that she was able to keep track of things. It wasn't a problem for their performers. They were made aware when they signed their contracts. Going to her office, she pulled out a rune-etched metal tablet and tapped a specific rune with her wand. Instantly, the large mirror that was hung on the wall opposite her desk came to life. Suddenly, she could see her man going at it with Angelina. Within seconds, Fleur's pussy was getting wet.

She couldn't help but rub her sexy thighs together. Angelina's face was buried in the bed with her wide and thick ass sticking high up into the air. Harry was furiously fucking her with deep and powerful thrusts. Fleur watched the flesh of her ass ripple with every collision between her cheeks and his hips. She could tell that they were about to wrap things up. While Harry could go for hours, he had to keep his shows to a reasonable length. Just as Harry began slapping Angelina's juicy ass, Fleur's mother crawled onto the bed and placed her face right next to it. Angelina squealed loudly as pussy juice gushed from her quivering cunt. Harry pulled out and began stroking his cock. Apolline got a front-row seat as his cum spurted out and painted the dark skin of her ass. Streaks of his white cream landed all over her ass and back while Harry moaned in pleasure. Within moments, the scene was over. Fleur turned off her mirror and squirmed in her chair. A few minutes later, Harry walked into her office and smiled.

As he came in, he dropped the magical disguise that he normally wore during his performances. In her opinion, his real face was much more handsome. Harry sniffed the air and smiled deviously at her. Fleur's cheeks turned a pretty pink color as she pretended to do some work. “Were you watching through the mirror?” he teased. Fleur scoffed.

“As if I ‘ave time for that,” she sniffed before squealing when Harry lifted her out of her chair and sat down in it. He put her on his lap. As she squirmed in place, Harry's hand slipped underneath her skirt and onto her panties. He could feel how warm and damp they were.

“Then why are you so wet?” he asked as he kissed the side of her neck. Fleur shuddered under his gentle touch.

“Per’aps I watched a little,” she confessed as his talented hand played with her panty-clad pussy. Fleur was just getting into it when she suddenly remembered something.

“I got a letter from Gabrielle,” she moaned when he began rubbing her clit.

“Oh? How is she?” Harry asked as if nothing was going on. He stuffed his hand down the front of her panties and started stroking her naked slit.

“Good!” Fleur squeaked as her body jumped from the pleasure. “I mean not good,” she suddenly changed her story. “She was fired from ‘er job,” Fleur told him. His hand suddenly stopped playing with her and instead, he cupped her burning hot pussy in his palm.

“I’m sorry to hear that. Does she need some help?” he asked. Harry hadn’t seen Gabrielle in months. She had been trying to make it as an actress in the up-and-coming magical movie industry, and while she was more than good-looking enough, she didn’t always play well with others. All throughout school, she only had one real friend because the other girls eventually grew irritated with her. Fleur had acted the same way in school, just not as severe.

Fleur shook her head. “Non,” she said as she snuggled into him. She moaned as his fingers began slowly rubbing her again. She opened her legs a little wider to give him more space to operate. “But she asked if she could come back and stay with me and become my assistant until she finds another acting job.”

Seeing as Fleur was living with him in his apartment, she was basically asking if he was okay with Gabby living with them. He didn’t have a problem with it. He and Gabby had always gotten along well. Harry also wasn’t surprised that she needed a place to live and a job. Gabby loved the finer things in life and didn’t know how to handle her finances properly. He had a feeling that one day she would end up spending her rent on a new purse without even realizing it.

He reached down and pinched Fleur’s swollen clit. His fingers began rolling it between them while Fleur was squirming around on his lap and breathing heavily.

“Of course, Gabby is always welcome with us, love. And as far as her being your assistant, it’s your business and your choice,” Harry told her as his fingers slipped between her lips and curled upward. Fleur cried out as she spread her legs wide. Already the crotch of her panties was so wet that they were nearly see-through.

“Thank you, ‘Arry!” she cried out as her pussy clamped down on his curling fingers.

The Industry

“ ‘Arry!” Gabrielle cried out as she ran up and hugged him tightly. Harry happily returned the hug before taking her bags from Fleur’s grasp. He could see that she was struggling mightily with its weight. All she could do was drag it along the ground.

“Jeez!” Harry grunted as he moved the bags to the guest room. “You must have packed your entire house!” he declared as he hefted the overloaded bag.

“You are nearly correct, but a big, strong man should not complain when moving a woman’s bag. Besides, it is not that ‘eavy,” she smiled sweetly. Harry scoffed as he entered the room. She then turned to her sister. “The bag is expanded and magically lightened. Even so, I could not even lift it. Maybe I should not have packed my entire apartment’s worth of furniture, my clothes and shoes, and everything from storage,” she said in French. The two sisters burst into giggles as Harry came back out rubbing his sore shoulder.

“So what do you wish to do?” Fleur asked her sister as she pulled her onto the couch to sit beside her. They hadn’t seen each other in months.

“I got you girls an appointment at that new spa. You know ...” he said while checking his pockets for the confirmation printout and brochure. When he found it, he handed it to them. “ ... the one that’s all booked up for months. It wasn’t easy or cheap, so don’t be late. I don’t think they’ll be willing to reschedule.”

When Gabby saw the brochure, she squealed in happiness. “Merci, ‘Arry!” she cried out and hopped to her feet. She kissed him on each cheek while Fleur did the same.

“You’re welcome,” he replied happily. “I have to go back to work, but I’ll see you ladies later tonight,” he told them. Fleur made sure to give him a passionate kiss before he left. Once he was gone, Gabby turned to her sister.

“I cannot believe that Maman is also sleeping with him!” she declared, immediately beginning a round of girl-talk.

“She cannot go without it now,” Fleur giggled.

“Is he really that good?” Gabby asked, raising her perfect eyebrow. Fleur just gave her a smirk which set the wheels in motion inside of Gabby’s brain.

Later that night after dinner, Fleur and Harry were lying in bed and breathing heavily after another marathon session of fucking. Out of nowhere, Fleur stated, “Gabby wants to ‘ave a go with you.”

“A go with me?” Harry asked, confused. Fleur rolled her eyes.

“Sex, ‘Arry. Sex,” she clarified things.

“Why?” Harry was still confused.

“She said that since you were already ‘aving sex with me and our mother, then you should at least make a clean sweep of it and ‘ave all of the Delacour women,” Fleur giggled while snuggling against his chest. She closed her eyes as Harry threaded his fingers through her long, silvery-blonde hair and started massaging her scalp. Fleur was practically purring in contentment.

“And what did you say?”

“I said that if she could seduce you, then she is welcome to. So be prepared,” Fleur playfully warned.

“You’re okay with that?” Harry asked her. He wasn’t exactly shocked. He was sleeping with Apolline after all.

Once she’s comfortable, maybe she will let me watch as well,” Fleur smiled. “Maybe she will even become a bigger part of the business. Not a performer mind you, but similar to me and Maman,” she stated her plans.

“Hmm,” was all Harry could say.

The Industry

Gabrielle’s attempt at seduction started early the next day when she came out of her room wearing only a silk camisole and a pair of panties. The camisole was very thin and way too big for her small frame. The neckline hung down and showed off a massive amount of cleavage. In fact, nearly her entire breasts were exposed. Her nipples were clearly hard and poking through the thin, silk fabric. Her panties weren’t any better. They consisted of a small triangle covering some of her hairless mound and a string that rested between her shapely cheeks. She paraded around the house, not bothering to cover up at all. She would bend over to pick things up in front of him, showing off her ass or her naked tits if she was facing him. Since both Harry and Fleur had the day off, this went on for quite a while. “There is no reason to get dressed,” she stated.

When Fleur went out to get them food, Gabby took the opportunity to crawl onto his lap. She took his hand and placed it on her upper thigh before wiggling her bottom to get comfortable. “I’m cold,” she told him.

“Then maybe you should wear more than an eyepatch to cover yourself,” he teased while letting his hand caress her silky-smooth legs.

“It is a little bigger than an eyepatch, ‘Arry” she scoffed and spread her legs. “See?”

Harry looked, of course. He saw that her panties covered her clit but didn't do a very good job covering her smooth lips. They were hanging out of each side of the fabric. She wiggled again and the material didn't even stay in place. It moved to the side exposing her damp slit. "Oops!" she giggled and moved them back. She held in a smirk when she felt his hard cock jump. "Sorry, 'Arry. I did not mean to show you that," she lied. As if to prove that she was lying, she began not-so-subtly grinding her ass into his crotch. Harry gripped her thigh tightly while he placed his free hand on her belly. He moved it underneath her top and heard Gabrielle give a soft moan at his touch. She squirmed sexily against him the higher his hand went. When his fingertips touched the bottom of her breast, she gasped loudly and arched her back. The scent of her wet pussy became almost overwhelming. She was within seconds of being thrown down and fucked mercilessly when the door to his apartment opened. Gabrielle squeaked in embarrassment and bolted from his lap. She sat down next to him with a red face while keeping her legs closed.

Harry turned to Fleur who quietly sniffed the air. She raised an eyebrow at him while he saucily smirked back. Giving off a snort of amusement, she sat down and began unpacking their food while Gabby huffed in annoyance for getting caught off guard.