

## Magical Models Inc

### Chapter 6

“Hmm,” a businessman said as he flipped through the “catalog” of women while trying to find the perfect face of his new product. Harry simply sat back on the expensive leather chair and waited for the man to decide.

Normally, Harry would never give a client this type of one-on-one treatment. For very big or wealthy clients, he would usually send Hermione. She was the real brains of the operation after all. Besides, most of his clients were men, so they were much happier spending time with a sexy woman rather than him. This man, however, was a member of the ruling class of magical China, a market that Harry had been trying very hard to get into. Because of that, Harry felt that he needed to be the one to take the reins on this one.

“Do you have one like this, but with bigger breasts?” he asked, showing him a picture of Ginny. Harry wanted to roll his eyes. This guy continuously acted like the girls were dolls and not living humans. Unfortunately, Harry had very few redheads in his employ. A smile suddenly appeared on his face, though.

“I have a new girl. Very pretty ... Very busty,” Harry told him, wiggling his eyebrows.

“Very good!” the man said excitedly. “I must see a picture of her to make sure.”

Harry nodded. “I’ll have some pictures taken, and I’ll bring them over tomorrow,” he told the man. After a quick exchange of pleasantries, Harry made his way back to the office. As he sat in his chair, Hermione joined him with a cup of coffee. She placed it down in front of him and rested her thick bottom on the edge of his desk.

“How did it go?” she asked him. Harry snorted before taking a sip of his coffee.

“He asked for a redhead with big tits,” Harry rolled his eyes. Hermione, however, scrunched her face up.

“We don’t have someone like that. The closest is Ginny,” she said.

“I know that.” Harry hummed at how tasty his coffee was. Hermione always made it better than he did.

“Then what are we going to do? This job could break us into the Chinese market!” Hermione exclaimed, getting worked up.

“I know a girl. I just need to convince her,” Harry explained.

“Who?” Hermione looked confused.

“Susan,” he replied happily.

“Susan Bones?” When Harry nodded, she continued on. “Has she even shown any interest in becoming a model?” Harry just shrugged which earned him a roll of the eyes from her. “You’re that confident?”

“Aren’t I always?” he smirked. Hermione just snorted and left the office, likely going back to whatever work that she had been doing.

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Harry took a sip of his tea as he looked at the woman seated next to him on the couch. Before him was the imposing figure of Amelia Bones. She looked quite similar to Susan, only older. After he had finished his coffee, he immediately went to Bones Manor to try and find his old classmate. What he found was her Aunt who had been taking some time off from the Ministry. Apparently, working for bureaucrats could heavily grate on one’s nerves.

It seemed that the time off had been doing some good for her. She certainly looked less ruffled than the last time he saw her. His eyes traveled from her heeled feet, up her crossed legs, and onto the bit of thigh that was exposed as her skirt rode up.

“I hope that you don’t plan to leer at my niece the same way that you do with me,” Amelia smirked. Harry looked up at her and smiled.

“I make no promises. By the way, have you thought about doing some modeling?” Harry suddenly asked. Amelia raised an eyebrow, and Harry continued.

“We do occasionally get work for more mature women, you know,” he said, sipping his tea.

“Really?” she asked, surprised. She only ever saw young, sexy women in magazines and on advertisement posters. Harry nodded in confirmation. She shook her head at the thought. “I don’t think that I have the figure anymore. Perhaps twenty years ago ...”

“What are you talking about? You have a fantastic figure,” Harry exclaimed. Amelia just chuckled.

“How would you know? You’ve rarely seen me without a Ministry robe on,” she declared.

“I’m in the business. I’ve seen more than my fair share of figures,” he said smartly.

"I don't know ..." she said, sounding unsure. Harry knew that as women got older, confidence in their looks seemed to falter. The exception was Apolline, of course, but it wasn't fair to compare ordinary women with a Veela. Harry waved his wand and stood up.

As a full-length mirror appeared, Amelia was surprised when Potter pulled her to her feet. He maneuvered her right in front of the mirror and stood behind her. She was wearing her gray pencil skirt that ended just below the knee, and a white blouse that was a little tight. She suddenly gasped when Harry's hands found her hips. He squeezed her body tight as they slowly climbed over her hips and onto her waist.

"Look how wide your hips are. Men love that," he told her. Hearing a compliment immediately made her forget that Potter was taking liberties with her body. "Since your waist is still slim, it makes it even more pronounced," he told her. Her face was suddenly feeling a bit warm.

"Well, I ..."

"Trust me. I'd love to see you in a skimpy two-piece bikini," he teased her as his hands remained on her waist. Her face burned red. She couldn't believe that he had such an effect on her body. 'I'm old enough to be his mother for Merlin's sake!' she thought to herself. Even so, she couldn't deny that her nipples were hard and her pussy was getting a little bit moist.

"Sure you would," she said sarcastically. Harry suddenly reached into his pocket and pulled out a bikini. She guessed that his pocket was magically expanded. She did the same to hers.

"Try this on and let me prove it to you," he said. Amelia studied the skimpy fabric that he had given to her. Harry had originally planned to talk Susan into wearing it, but Amelia would do just fine.

"This thing is way too small! It's obscene!" she yelled as she held it in front of her face.

"You won't know until you try it," Harry said smoothly as his hands caressed her wide, lovely hips. Amelia swallowed nervously as he continued to play with her body. She steeled her nerves and turned her back.

"Fine!" she said, going into a side room to change.

Amelia didn't know why she allowed him to get her worked up, but she did. As her clothes came off, she stepped into the small bikini bottoms. As she pulled them up, she discovered that they were at least a size too small. The triangle in the back was already riding up her ass. The triangle in the front barely covered two-thirds of her mound. She was very grateful that she always made sure to keep herself neat down there ... just in case. She reached down just to make sure and felt nothing but incredibly smooth skin. The sensation made her gasp. When she put the top on, she couldn't help but blush deeply. Her tits were practically spilling out in every direction. She wasn't sure if she had the courage to walk out there while wearing that. "You

having trouble in there?” Harry called out. “Want me to come in and give you a hand?” she heard him tease.

Knowing that the pervert probably would come in there, she exhaled and walked out. Immediately, she heard his wolf-whistle and cat-call at her. She nearly turned around and ran back into the room, but her days as an Auror made her braver than the average person.

“That’s not bad at all!” Harry complimented her as he pulled her back in front of the conjured mirror. Amelia stood there with pink cheeks as he walked around her, slowly checking out her curvy body. When his hands landed on her lower thighs, she inhaled quickly. They slowly worked their way up with one of them sliding over to the inside of her thigh. As it climbed higher, Amelia’s trembling increased as his hand came closer to her bikini-covered pussy. The side of his hand touched her covered slit as he continued to caress her soft skin.

“Your body is very smooth,” he whispered in her ear. Amelia was forced to rub her thighs together. The tingling was getting so bad that she desperately needed some relief. Since his hand was still between her legs, it became trapped against her damp slit. A violent spasm rocked her body, and she couldn’t stop herself from grinding against the side of his hand. Her eyes fluttered and rolled into the back of her head as she nearly collapsed. Harry pulled his hand from between her legs and wrapped them around her midsection to keep her from falling. Once she was steady again, he let his hands wander higher.

“Just imagine if I had some pictures of these beauties,” he told her as he placed his hands underneath her big tits. His hands cupped bare flesh since the bottoms of her breasts were already bursting free of the skimpy fabric. He began to bounce them up and down and jiggle them around. Amelia squirmed while he treated her body like a toy. As she squirmed, her ass unintentionally rubbed against his crotch, and she felt how hard he was.

“I’d have a bidding war for pictures of these,” he continued to tease her. The bouncing of her tits made the tiny triangles that were covering her nipples slip to the side, exposing her naked breasts.

“Harry!” she cried out, begging for him to provide a bit of modesty, but it was already too late. He pinched her hard nipples between his fingers and began to tug on them. Amelia arched her back and moaned loudly. By doing so, she pressed even more of her buxom breasts into his hands.

Amelia couldn’t keep still. The pleasure from his fingers pinching and rolling her crinkled nipples was too much to ignore. Soon, there wasn’t an inch of flesh on her tits that his hands hadn’t explored.

“So you can see, you’d make a great model,” he told her. Amelia looked into the mirror and saw the handsome man groping her semi-nude body. She nodded her head without even thinking about what he said.

“Excellent! I think that we need to initiate you just like the rest of the girls. Don’t you think?” he asked. Again, she nodded without thinking. The result was that she was lifted and draped over the arm of the couch. Her ass was sticking up, and she looked over her shoulder wondering what had just happened. She watched as Harry pulled down her bikini bottoms. She gasped as the material that was buried between her thick cheeks was pulled out and lowered down her legs. She opened her mouth to say something, but instead, she cried out when he buried his face in her ass. As his face forced her cheeks open, Amelia gripped the material on the couch cushions and squeaked in embarrassment. No man had ever treated her in such a way, but Potter didn’t seem to care. His tongue lapped at her puckered hole before moving down to her sloppy wet pussy.

Around the corner, Susan’s eyes were nearly bugged out as she watched Harry Potter eating her aunt’s ass. The wet slurping told her that her aunt’s pussy was incredibly wet. She could see why. It looked like he knew what he was doing. She couldn’t help but squirm uncomfortably. Her own pussy was starting to get a little damp from the sounds of pure pleasure coming from her aunt’s lips. It had been a while since Susan had had any action, so she was a bit backed up at the moment. Her nipples became hard when Potter lowered his mouth even further and began sucking on her hard clit. She was just about to reach down to touch herself when she shook her head and snapped herself out of her sexual daze. Instead, she walked back to the kitchen and made some loud noises like she had just come in. Giving them enough time to get decent, she walked into the room that she had just been spying on.