

Taking the Rose

“Damn it, Ron! I can’t believe you did this again,” Hermione yelled angrily.

“Hermione – ” Ron said soothingly.

“Don’t you, ‘Hermione’ me!” his wife growled indignantly. “How could you bet a hundred Galleons on a stupid Quidditch match!? Again!?”

“Jack promised me it was a sure thing,” Ron said defensively. “He said there was no way they could lose.”

“Of course they lost, Ronald!” Hermione hissed. “The Cannons always lose. How are we supposed to pay the mortgage this month? I can’t believe you! First, you leave your job as an Auror to go be the broom boy for the worst Quidditch team in England -”

“Equipment Manager,” Ron corrected. “And we aren’t the worst. We came in thirty-ninth last season.”

“Out of forty teams! And don’t you interrupt me again!” Hermione hissed, her finger jabbing him in the chest. “You make a third of what you did working as an Auror, and now you throw even more money away!? We have bills to pay! Hugo needs school supplies for his last year at Hogwarts! What in the hell were you thinking!?”

“Well, Rose graduated. Maybe she can get a job and –”

“No!” Hermione barked. “I will not have our daughter getting some worthless job pay for *your* mistakes when she needs to be focused on finding a career.”

“What about Harry, then?” Ron asked.

“You want to ask Harry for money?” Hermione asked incredulously. “In case you’ve forgotten, we still owe him ten thousand Galleons for the house. Which we haven’t been able to pay back in the last six months because of *you!*”

“He said it was fine,” Ron argued weakly.

“Of course he did,” Hermione ranted. “It’s Harry. It might be alright with him, but it’s not alright with me.”

“It’s only a hundred more Galleons. What difference is it gonna make?” Ron countered flippantly.

“You –” Hermine growled, then took a deep breath to calm herself. “Just – go find something useful to do while I figure out how to deal with this.”

Ducking his head, Ron sulked as he walked out of the kitchen, grumbling under his breath. Hermione buried her face in her hands and then pushed back her shoulder-length, curly brown hair with a sniff.

Just out of view from the kitchen window, Rose Weasley hovered on her broom outside the house. Biting her lip, she flew away from the house and over the sprawling backyard at a sedate pace.

Rose felt bad for her mum. This wasn’t the first time her dad had made bets he couldn’t afford to. She could still remember the argument they had when she was eight, and her dad had bet their life savings on that year’s World Cup. Money that had been meant to pay for her future wedding or Mastery lesson had been thrown away on a bet no one in their right mind would have made.

“Rose!” A familiar voice called out.

Spinning on her broom, Rose looked back towards the house to see her cousin and best friend.

“Roxanne!” Rose yelled with a smile. “Grab a broom and come join me!”

Grinning, the tall, dark-skinned grabbed a broom from the open shed and took off into the air. Roxanne had been in the same house, Gryffindor, and year as Rose when they attended Hogwarts.

“Hey,” Roxanne said as she hovered next to Rose. “You want to grab a Quaffle and toss it around for a bit?”

“Later,” Rose replied. “Let’s go fly down to the pond. I need to talk to you about something.”

“Problems between your mum and dad again?” Roxanne asked as they flew at a leisurely pace.

“Yeah,” Rose sighed. “Dad lost a hundred Galleons on the Cannons again. They had a big fight over it.”

“Again?” Roxanne asked, shaking her head.

“I don’t know why mum stays with him,” Rose said as they both landed light on the ground, her curly brown hair being blown by a light breeze. “They fight constantly, he acts more like an annoying big brother than a dad most of the time, and I don’t think I’ve ever seen him make mum happy.”

“I’m sorry,” Roxanne said, rubbing her back comfortingly.

Rose smiled gratefully at her friend and then stretched her arms over her head, causing her blue shirt to pull taut over her large breasts. Roxanne looked at her chest and shook her head.

“Merlin, did those get even bigger?” she asked. “That’s so not fair.”

Rose smiled as Roxanne pouted and looked down at her own, much more modest bust.

“Where did you even get those from? Your mum’s not that big,” Roxanne said.

“I think I get it from dad’s side of the family,” Rose said with a smirk, then turned serious. “Listen, I want to help mum. She shouldn’t have to deal with dad’s bullshit all on her own.”

“We could go get jobs,” Roxanne suggested. “I think Fortescue’s is hiring.”

Rose bit her lip as they both sat down on the grass at the edge of the pond.

“Actually, I was thinking about going to work for Uncle Harry,” she said.

Roxanne stared at her nonplussed before she broke into giggles.

“Oh, your dad will flip if he finds out. I remember the tantrum he threw when your mum took us there last summer,” she said with another giggle. “What do you want to do there? Are you gonna help him with paperwork or sales?”

“Well, I was thinking about asking him to make a movie,” Rose admitted hesitantly.

Roxanne’s eyes went wide, and her mouth fell open.

“What!? Why?” she gasped.

“If I work a regular job, it’ll take months to help pay back my mum. Victoire said she made two hundred and fifty up front and then almost a thousand in sales,” Rose told her.

“Victoire made a movie with Uncle Harry!?” Roxanne asked, shocked. “When did she do that?”

“A couple of years ago,” Rose said. “I overheard her talking about it with Aunt Fleur.”

“Does Uncle Bill know?” Roxanne asked.

“Merlin, no. And this needs to stay between us,” Rose said, waiting until Roxanne nodded to continue. “She was curious about doing it full time, and she wore an enchanted mask that lets the watcher pick whose face she wears.”

“Wow,” Roxanne said. “Is she still doing it?”

“I don’t know,” Rose replied. “I haven’t had a chance to talk to her about it since then. She sounded like she wanted to keep doing it. Apparently, Uncle Harry is great in bed.”

“I’m not surprised with the business he runs,” Roxanne said with a grin. “I really wish I’d been brave enough to pick up a couple of movies while we were there last year.”

“I have a copy of Victoire’s movie if you want to see it,” Rose offered.

“You bought a copy of it?” Roxanne asked.

“She gave it to me,” Rose said, rolling her eyes even as she smiled. “Victoire was really proud of it. If she could, she would have put a copy in everyone’s stocking that year.”

The two of them giggled, thinking of how proud and borderline arrogant their cousin could be.

“Alright,” Roxanne said. “Let’s go see it.”

Standing up, Roxanne helped Rose to her feet, and they both climbed back on their brooms. It was a short flight back to the house, where they climbed in through the window to Rose’s room so her parents wouldn’t know they were there. As Roxanne locked the door and put up some privacy spells, Rose pulled out the movie she had hidden in a hollowed-out book.

“You know, if your mum found that, she’d be more upset about what you did to the book than finding that movie,” Roxanne teased.

“I’m not hiding it from her,” Rose said, pulling the flat, palm-sized disk covered in runes from its hiding spot. “My dad would throw a fit if he saw this. He still treats me like I’m ten.”

Sighing and shaking her head, Rose held the disk in her palm while Roxanne climbed onto the bed. Tapping the disk with her wand, the runes began to glow, each a different color of the rainbow as it floated above her hand. As Rose turned and walked over to the bed, climbing on a sitting next to Roxanne, the disk spun so the flat side was facing them and began to spin. An image began to flicker a couple of feet in front of the disk while the disk spun faster and faster. The faster the disk spun, the more the image became consistent and clear until it was one smooth, uninterrupted projection.

The first thing they saw was the opening credits.

‘Lovegood Films presents a Potteroritca Production’

‘Written and Produced by Harry Potter and Luna Lovegood’

‘Starring Harry Potter’

‘Introducing the Masked Beauty Vicki’

“Vicki?” Roxanne asked.

“Must be her stage name,” Rose said.

‘The Naughty Professor’ showed up next, followed by instructions on how to change ‘Vicki’s’ face.

Rose lifted her wand and pointed it at the projection.

“Victoire Weasley,” she said.

The edges of the projection flashed, and the movie began to play.

Harry sat at a desk in what looked like a Hogwarts classroom. He was wearing teacher’s robes and hunched over a stack of papers, his quill making occasional marks.

“I wish our professors looked like that,” Roxanne said.

Rose giggled and blushed as she looked over her handsome uncle.

“Aunt Tonks is so lucky,” Roxanne sighed.

“Yeah, she is,” Rose agreed.

They quieted when there was a knock at the door.

“Come in,” Harry called out.

Wearing an incredibly tight, scandalously short Beauxbatons uniform, Victoire walked into the classroom. She wore a plain, white mask over her face that flickered a moment after she entered to show the face of their Veela cousin.

“You weeshed to see me, professor?” Victoire asked

Rose snorted at the thick, fake French accent.

“Do you think any of our classmates have watched these while making her look like us?” Roxanne asked.

Rose rubbed her thighs together at the thought.

“Probably,” she said.

“I did,” Harry said, setting down his quill and looking at Victoire sternly. “Are you aware you are failing my class.”

“I’m sorry, sir,” Victoire said demurely. “Ees zhere anyzthing I can do to eemprove my grade?”

“That accent,” Roxanne said, shaking her head.

“It works, though,” Rose pointed out. “Marty Bennet came in his pants when she talked to him like that.”

“That was hilarious,” Roxanne grinned.

The girls turned back to the film as Harry stood and stalked around the desk.

“It would take a lot of hard work for you to pass this class,” he said.

“Please, professor,” Victoire said pleading as she looked up at Harry with her bright blue eyes. “My mozzer would be vairy upset eef I failed zhis class. I would do anyzhing to pass.”

Running her hand over Harry’s chest, Victoire slowly dropped to her knees.

“Anyzhing,” she breathed.

“Well then, let’s start with an oral examination,” Harry said.

Smirking, Victoire reached up and unbuckled his belt.

“Whoa,” Roxanne and Rose gasped in unison.

“Maybe I should ask to do one of these movies,” Roxanne said as she and Rose stared at Harry’s hard, swollen length.

Rose bit her lips as she rubbed her thighs together.

Victoire wrapped her lips around Harry’s impressive cock, her lips stretched wide around his girth.

“Not bad,” Harry said, smirking down at her. “I see your mother taught you well.”

Victoire moaned and pushed herself forward, gagging as his head bumped into the back of her throat.

“What a slut,” Roxanne panted. “Do you think Uncle Harry really slept with Aunt Fleur?”

“Maybe,” Rose said as she watched her cousin drool and choke all over his thick, veiny shaft. “They knew each other before she met Uncle Bill, and they’ve always been close.”

Suddenly, Harry grabbed Victoire’s head and pulled her down while thrusting his hips forward. She gagged loudly as his length disappeared down her throat, her eyes watering as her thin, pointed nose pressed against his groin.

“Blood hell, look at the bulge in her throat,” Roxanne gasped.

“I don’t think I could do that,” Rose said, feeling a mix of arousal and trepidation.

“I’m sure that’s fine. You know Uncle Harry wouldn’t force you to do something you didn’t want to,” Roxanne said.

Rose nodded absently as she watched Harry drive his cock down Victoire’s throat over and over again. The sight and sound of it had her rubbing her thighs together constantly, and she blushed when she caught a whiff of her own arousal. She glanced over at Roxanne to see if she had noticed, but the girl’s eyes were riveted to the projection.

As she turned back to the movie, Harry pulled Victoire to her feet and gave her a toe-curling kiss. With a snap of his fingers, both of their clothes flew off and landed out of frame. Rose licked her lips as she took in the sight of Harry’s muscled chest and ripped abs. Then, her eyes turned to Victoire and she found herself just as excited looking at her cousin. Victoire had large, teardrop-shaped breasts that jutted from her chest and flattened against Harry’s, a flat, toned stomach, a bubbly, protruding bum, and long, toned legs. In short, she was every teenage boy’s wet dream.

And some witches, Rose thought, her teeth digging into her bottom lip as she eyed her cousins stunning figure.

“Well, you certainly get an O for the oral exam. Now, let’s see how you do with the practical,” Harry smirked.

Cupping Victoire’s bum, Harry lifted her up. Her long legs wrapped around his waist as the camera moved around to show his engorged, angry shaft spear into her taut, pink folds. Victoire moaned lewdly as she slowly sank down his length, her glistening lips stretched wide by his girth.

“Merlin,” Roxanne breathed.

Victoire panted and moaned as she reached the hilt while Harry dipped his head forward and took one of her puffy, pink nipples between his lips.

“How does that fit in her?” Rose asked.

“Practice?” Roxanna suggested.

“With what, a Hippogriff?” Rose asked, her eyes glued to the projection.

“Don’t pretend like you don’t want it,” Roxanne said. “I know I sure as hell do.”

“I never said I didn’t,” Rose told her. “I just – I’ve never taken anything that big.”

“Vicki seems to be enjoying it,” Roxanne pointed out as Harry lifted Victoire up and lowered her back down, drawing a wanton moan from the gorgeous blonde.

Catching movement out of the corner of her eye, Rose looked over and gasped. Roxanne had undone her jeans and had a hand buried under her panties. Her other hand reached and groped at her chest over her shirt.

Rose opened her mouth to scold her but stopped before the words could escape. Swallowing thickly, she debated for a moment before doing the same. Glancing back over at Roxanne, their eyes met, and they shared a shy smile before turning back to the movie.

Harry had turned Victoire around, pinning her firm rear against the desk as he thrust hard and deep. The blonde's breast bounced on her chest as each powerful thrust drew a squeal from her lips. As the camera moved closer to her face, Rose saw the raw lust and pleasure in her cousin's eyes.

Rose bit her lip and moaned, a shudder running through her body. Next to her, Roxanne sat up and stripped off her shirt and bra, revealing her small, perky breasts and dark, thick nipples. Taking one between her fingers, Roxanne twisted and pulled with a surprising harshness that caused her to groan lustfully.

Tearing her eyes away, Rose sat up and took off her own shirt and bra. She blushed slightly as Roxanne looked over and stared at her large breasts. Turning back to the projection, she couldn't help but compare herself to Victoire and felt a sense of pride that she was at least a full cup size larger, though just slightly less perky.

Rose imagined herself in Victoire's position, bent over a desk while Harry took her from behind. She imagined that it was her ass that his hand spanked, that it was her hips that he grabbed so he could thrust harder, that it was her body he was taking so much pleasure in using.

"Uncle Harry," she moaned.

"Rose," Roxanne whined.

Reaching out, she took Rose's hand in hers. Rose looked down at their hands and bit her lips as she raised her eyes up to her cousin's face. When her bright blue eyes met Roxanne's deep brown, a tingle ran from her core and straight up her spine.

“Roxy,” Rose gasped.

Their hands tightened on each other as they both closed their eyes and peaked at the same moment. Rose shuddered, a moan leaving her lips when the heat in her loins exploded out to the rest of her body. Moments later, she and Roxanne lay next to each other, panting for breath.

On the projection, Harry growled while Victoire screamed out her own climax. Rose lifted her head and watched as Harry buried his length in the writhing blonde and grunted as he released inside of her. Wondering what that would feel like, a shudder ran through her body.

Then, there was a knock at the door.

“Girls, are you in there?” Hermione called from the other side.

“Shit,” Rose cursed.

Scrambling for her wand, she quickly shut off the disk, which fell to the floor with a *thud*, and then canceled the Silencing Charm on the door.

“Just a sec!” she yelled.

She and Roxanne frantically fixed their clothes, cleaned themselves, and cast an Airfreshening Charm before unlocking the door. Opening the door, her mother stepped into the room and looked at them with a quirked eyebrow.

“What are you two up to?” Hermione asked suspiciously.

“Nothing,” they replied in unison.

Hermione gave them a disbelieving look and then shook her head.

“Right, well, if you two are hungry, dinner is ready,” she told them.

“Thanks, mum. We’ll be down in a minute,” Rose said.

Nodding, Hermione looked down at the floor, right at the movie disk sitting on the floor. Rose felt her face heat up as her mother looked back up at her with a knowing smile and closed the door without another word.

“So, when are we going to see Uncle Harry?” Roxanne asked.



Rose met Roxanne the next morning in the Leaky Cauldron. Together, they made their way to the corner of Diagon and Knockturn Alley, where there was a tall, narrow white building. A relatively small, black sign had the word ‘Potterotica’ spelled out in fancy gold lettering.

“Ready?” Roxanne asked.

Rose took a deep, fortifying breath.

“Yeah,” she said.

Walking up to the door, Roxanne walked in first, holding the door open for Rose. The inside of the building had been magically expanded since the last time she’d visited a year ago. An entire second floor had been added, with rows of long shelves stocked with all manner of sex-related items. There were dildos of all shapes and sizes, life-size dolls that could be anyone or any sex you wanted, and male sex aids for any orifice you could think of. All along the back wall was a staggering selection of roleplay costumes, leather and latex outfits, and any kind of bindings

you could imagine. On the second floor, she could see rows and rows of vials of all shapes and sizes filled with an array of potions in every color of the rainbow.

“Hey, girls!” a familiar voice called out.

Rose and Roxanne turned to find Tonks walking towards them with a stack of boxes in her arms and a smile on her face.

“Hi, Aunt Tonks,” Rose said. “Is Uncle Harry here?”

“He’s in the back unloading a shipment. He should be out in a minute,” Tonks replied.

“Do you need a hand?” Roxanne asked.

Without waiting for an answer, she and Rose walked up and took a box each.

“Thanks,” Tonks said as she started leading them down an aisle. “So, you two looking for anything specific?”

“Not really,” Roxanne said. “But Rose –”

“I just wanted to talk to Uncle Harry about something,” Rose interrupted.

“Oh, really?” Tonks asked with a knowing smirk that made her blush. “You can set those down.”

Following Tonks’ lead, they set their boxes on the floor. Pulling hers open, she pulled out an impressively large dildo that looked very familiar.

“The Chosen One,” Tonks said, holding one up with a grin. “We can hardly keep these in stock. Here, on the house.”

Handing them one each, she gave them a wink and began stocking the shelves. Blushing, Rose and Roxanne both stuffed them in their purses.

“Thanks for the help, girls,” Tonks said once they were finished. “Feel free to have a look around. I’ll go find Harry and let him know you’re here.”

“Thanks, Aunt Tonks,” Roxanne said.

“Have fun,” Tonks said with a grin and a wave.

Together, Rose and Roxanne walked through the shelves, looking at everything on offer. Having seen most of the wares before, they made their way to the second floor to check out the new stock. Immediately, Roxanne became excited about the Permanent Breast Growth Potion.

“What do you think? Should I go for a C or a D cup?” Roxanne asked.

“A D might look nice,” Rose said, looking over her.

“It doesn’t look like you need any improvement to me.”

Both witches gave a start and turned to find Harry standing behind them with a lopsided grin.

“Rose, Roxy, it’s so good to see you,” Harry said, pulling them in for a hug. “Are you sure you want that potion, Roxy? I think you’re beautiful the way you are. Then again, I might be a tad biased.”

Harry said, the grin still on his face.

“I was thinking about it,” Roxanne admitted with a shy smile.

“Well, whatever makes you happy,” Harry said, patting her shoulder. “If you really want it, I’ll give it to you. Just promise me you’ll sleep on it first.”

“Thanks, Uncle Harry,” Roxanne grinned. “I really don’t like how small I am. I just hope my dad doesn’t freak out.”

“That’d be pretty hypocritical of him, considering he didn’t complain when your mum used it,” he told her with a smirk.

“Really?” Roxanne asked in surprise. “I didn’t even notice.”

“She took it years ago,” Harry said. “I think it was during your first year. They were trying to spice things up once you kids were out of the house most of the year.”

“Uncle Harry,” Roxanne whined. “I really don’t want to think about that.”

Harry chuckled and pulled her in for another hug before turning to Rose.

“So, Dora said you wanted to talk to me?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Rose said, swallowing nervously. “Could we, um, go somewhere private?”

“Sure,” Harry said. “Let’s go to my office. Feel free to grab anything you want, Roxy. On the house.”

“Thanks, Uncle Harry,” Roxanne said.

With one last hug, she made a beeline for the shelves lined with movie disks. Harry chuckled, then wrapped an arm around Rose’s shoulder and led her back downstairs. He waved to Tonks as they walked to the back of the store and through a door that led to a large office with a leather couch and a large desk.

“So, what did you want to talk about?” Harry asked, leading her over to the couch.

“Well, mum and dad got into another argument last night,” Rose told him.

Harry sighed and gave her a sympathetic look.

“What happened this time?” he asked.

“Dad bet a hundred Galleons on the Cannon’s game,” Rose said.

“Ron, you idiot,” Harry muttered.

“I feel really bad for mum. The last time this happened, she ended up working overtime for months to make up for it,” she said.

“It’s okay. I’ll give you the money,” Harry assured her.

“No,” Rose said quickly when he started to stand. “Mum will flip if you just gave it to me.”

“Stubborn as always, I see,” Harry said with a smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes.

“Yeah,” Rose agreed with a small smile. “So, I was thinking. Maybe I could work here for a bit and earn the money?”

“You want to work here?” Harry asked with raised eyebrows. “Well, I’m sure Tonks could use some help stocking shelves and keeping track of orders. Things have been a bit hectic since we expanded the shop.”

Rose bit her lip and swallowed nervously. Unable to look him in the eye, she stared down at her hands.

“Actually, I – I was thinking, maybe I could – do a movie?” Rose stammered, then plowed on before she could lose her nerve. “I talked to Victoire, and she said it paid a lot. Mum wants me to start working on my charms Mastery before the end of Summer, so I thought I could use the extra money for that and help out the family. It’s just not fair that dad’s the one that screws up and mum’s the one that has to pay for it. I –”

“Rose,” Harry said firmly but gently. “Take a deep breath.”

Rose did as he asked and took a slow, deep breath.

“Sweetheart, you’re family,” Harry said softly. “I know your mum can be stubborn, but if you really need the money, I’ll give it to you. Merlin knows she’s helped me more times than I can count. You don’t need to do anything you don’t want to do.”

“Um, well, I –” Rose froze before the words could come out of her mouth.

“Rose, look at me,” Harry said, curling his fingers under her chin.

Rose swallowed thickly, and her insides fluttered as she looked up into his soulful green eyes.

“Is this just about the money, or is this something you want to do?” he asked.

“I – I want to,” Rose admitted softly.

Harry stared into her eyes for a long moment before he smiled and pulled her in for a gentle, comforting hug. Rose inhaled his earthy, familiar scent and closed her eyes while her head rested on his chest.

“I love you, Rosie. You know that, right?” he asked.

“I know,” Rose murmured. “I love you too, Uncle Harry.”

He held her like that for a couple of minutes before finally speaking again.

“Alright, here’s what we’ll do,” he said, gently pushing her back so he could look at her face. “I want you to go home for today and really think about if this is something you want to do. If you still want to do this, then come in tomorrow morning. If you don’t, then don’t come in, we’ll pretend this conversation never happened, and I’ll send you the gold. But no matter what happens, I want you to promise me that this won’t make things awkward between us. Deal?”

“Deal,” Rose said, smiling brightly.

It was a relief to know that, whatever happened, Harry would still be her uncle, and he would still be there for her.

“Good,” Harry said with a smile of his own.

Cupping her cheeks, he kissed her on the forehead and then hugged her again.

“Come on. Let’s get back out there before Tonks gives Roxanne half the store,” he said.

Giggling, Rose stood with Harry and followed him back out into the store.

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That night, she went home with several things for the store that both Harry and Tonks had given her. The two things she was most interested in that night were the Chosen One dildo and a pack of Fantasy Mints geared specifically towards Harry Potter.

After her third mind-numbing orgasm from the feeling of the amazingly realistic toy stretching her out, Rose knew exactly what she was going to do. There was no way she could go the rest of her life without experiencing the real thing when it was right in front of her.

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The next morning, Rose was at the Potterotica store before it even opened. She was more nervous and excited than she could ever remember, even more than on her first day of Hogwarts. Tonks grinned at her knowing as she unlocked the front door and invited her inside. It was a slightly awkward moment, standing in front of her aunt when they both knew she was there to have sex with her husband.

“Come on in, love,” Tonks said, ignoring Rose’s blush. “Harry and Luna will be here in a few. They had to go pick up the recording equipment. We didn’t have any shoots planned until the weekend. Tea?”

“Sure. Thanks, Aunt Tonks,” Rose said.

“So, how are you feeling. Nervous? Excited?” Tonks asked, waving her wand and levitating a tea tray over to the counter, where they sat on stools.

“Both,” Rose admitted. “I’m really excited. I’ve had a crush on Uncle Harry since I was twelve, and I found out he made movies, but I’m also really nervous. I don’t have a lot of experience, and I’m worried I might disappoint him.”

“Trust me, sweetie. There’s nothing you can do that will disappoint him,” Tonks said, reaching out to give her hand a squeeze.

Rose smiled and felt her nerves ease just a bit.

“Can I ask you a personal question?” Rose asked.

“Sure,” Tonks said with a shrug.

“Does it ever bother you that Harry sleeps with so many other women?” Rose asked, having been curious for years.

Tonks smiled, “No. Harry and I talked about this a lot before we actually jumped into it. Our lifestyle isn’t for everyone, but it works for us. To be honest, I had to talk him into it. The first time we invited someone into our bed, he pampered me for weeks afterward just to make sure I knew how much he loved me.”

Rose giggled and took a sip of her tea.

“How did it start, if you don’t mind me asking,” Rose asked.

“I wanted to make him happy,” Tonks replied. “Harry had a hard life growing up. While most teenagers were worrying about how to get girls into broom closets, Harry was fighting dark wizards and fighting for his life. Merlin, he didn’t even lose his virginity until he was out of Hogwarts. With your mum, actually.”

“Really?” Rose gasped.

“Mh hm,” Tonks nodded with a grin. “It happened when they were fighting Voldemort. Your dad took off on them, and they ended up in bed to relieve the stress. I was surprised they didn’t end up dating after that, not that I’m complaining.”

“Why didn’t they?” Rose asked.

It was something she’d wondered about for a long time. She must have heard dozens of her mum’s friends say that they’d expected her to end up with Harry instead of her dad. Over the last few years, Harry had even acted as a better father and husband to her family than her own father did.

“It’s...complicated,” Tonks answered. “Your mum and dad were dancing around each other at the time, and they finally started dating when the war ended. Harry admitted he wasn’t in a good place a couple of years before and after the war. You know, I even invited your mum to join us when your parents broke up for a while. She joined us in bed quite a bit at the time, but she wasn’t willing to share a husband. Don’t take this the wrong way, but I think she only stayed with your dad because he was safe, and it was what she knew.”

“None taken,” Rose said with a frown. “I hate the way he treats her. I don’t think I’ve seen him make her smile in years. All he does is fight with her about stupid things and cause problems. Don’t get me wrong, I love my dad. It’s just - sometimes I wish they would get divorced so they could be happy.”

Rose looked up as Tonks patted the back of her hand and smiled sympathetically.

“I’m sorry you have to deal with that,” she said. “Harry and I have told her the same thing, but she refuses to leave him because she’s worried about what it would do to you kids. Maybe you could try talking to her?”

"I don't think she'd listen," Rose told her with a shake of her head.

"Probably not," Tonks admitted with a shrug and a smirk. "Your mum can be one stubborn pain in the arse when she wants to be."

Both of them laughed lightly. Just as they finished their tea, Harry walked in, followed by Luna and a floating trunk. When he spotted her, Harry smiled in a way that had butterflies fluttering in her stomach.

"Good morning, Rose," Harry said with a smile.

Walking over, he gave her a hug before bending down to kiss Tonks lovingly.

"Hi, Harry. Hi, Aunt Luna," Rose said, her nerves slowly growing.

"Why don't we go in the back and get things settled?" Harry asked once Luna had hugged Rose and Tonks.

"One sec," Tonks said, then peeked her head through the door behind the register. "Anna! Janice! I need you two to watch the store while we do some filming!"

"Coming," a voice called back.

A moment later, a pretty blonde and a short but busty brunette came out and took the registers while Harry led Rose, Luna, and Tonks to the back room. Instead of going to Harry's office, they walked further down the hall to a door that led to a much larger room.

In it, there was a large, fluffy white bed surrounded by studio lights and a white backdrop behind it. There was a variety of furniture piled up around the edges of the room, along with clothes racks packed with hundreds of uniforms and costumes. Luna set down her trunk, pulled

out two old-fashioned, hand-cranked cameras, and set them on tripods. Opening the spot that normally held the film reel, she instead placed a movie disc and tapped it with her wand.

“Are you still sure you want to do this?” Harry asked.

“I’m sure,” Rose said resolutely.

Harry smiled, “Alright. There are two ways we can do this. One, I pay you one thousand Galleons up front, and this film goes into my private collection, never to be seen by the public. Two, you wear an enchanted mask, and I pay two hundred and fifty galleons, plus fifty percent of all sales. From experience, I can tell you you’ll almost certainly make more with the second option, but you run the risk of someone figuring out it’s you.”

It didn’t take Rose long to make a decision.

“I’d rather do the private film,” Rose said.

Harry smiled brightly and pulled her in for a tight hug.

“I was hoping you’d say that,” he whispered.

Pulling back slightly, Harry dipped his head and kissed her softly. Rose felt her heart rate spike as she kissed him back, her hands resting on his broad shoulders. Pulling back slowly, he gave her a crooked smile and brushed a lock of hair behind her ear.

“So, anything special you want to do? Any fantasies you want to play out?” Harry asked.

Rose blushed as she thought back to one of her favorite fantasies involving him, especially since watching that movie he made with Victoire.

“Well, I , uh...” she stammered.

“Relax, Rose,” Harry said soothingly. “Trust me, nothing you ask for will surprise me. We’ve done things in this room you wouldn’t believe.”

“And at home,” Tonks added with a grin.

“Well, I - I always imagine you catching me doing something wrong, and, well...” Rose trailed off with a deep blush.

“Alright, we can do that,” Harry said, his hand rubbing her arm. “Dora, why don’t you take Rose and help her pick out an outfit.”

“Sure thing, love,” Tonks said.

Taking Rose by the hand, she led her over to several clothing racks and began rifling through them.

“Let’s see... Hogwarts uniform? No. Leather corset? Definitely not. Bikini? Eh, that’s a bit much. Hmm. See anything you like?” Tonks asked.

Rose looked through the outfits, overwhelmed by just how much choice she had. Then, she spotted a red halter top with a black mini skirt that she really liked the look of. It looked far too slutty for something she would actually wear outside the house, but it fit the ‘bad girl’ image she’d always imagined in her fantasies.

“How about this?” Rose asked, holding the outfit up for Tonks to see.

Her aunt grinned, her short, pixie-cut hair flashing from purple to red.

“Perfect,” she said.

Waving her wand, Tonks levitated a partition similar to the ones they had in the Hogwarts Hospital wing over to them.

“Don’t want to ruin the surprise now, do we?” she asked with a wink. “You get changed while I help Luna finish setting up.”

Rose stripped out of the clothes she’d worn to the store and, after a moment of internal debate, took off her nickers before putting on the new outfit. Looking down and seeing just how short the skirt was, and how her bust strained against the thin halter top, Rose felt like a complete and utter slag. And it was already getting her excited.

Taking a deep breath and running her hands over the front of her shirt, her palms brushing her erect nipples, Rose stepped out from behind the partition.

The first thing she noticed was the change in the center of the room. Two more backdrops had been raised and now looked like an exact copy of her bedroom. Even the bed had been changed to match. Luna had set up the camera where the missing wall was and grinned when she saw her.

“Oh, you look lovely, Rose,” Luna said.

“Thanks, Aunt Luna,” Rose said shyly.

“Hmm,” Luna hummed, tapping her chin as she looked her over. “I’ve got it,” she exclaimed. “So, you’ve just snuck out to a concert with your friends, and now you sneaking back into your bedroom when Harry catches you.”

“Okay,” Rose said, her hands trembling slightly with anticipation and nervousness.

“Don’t worry, Rose. You’ll do fine,” Luna assured her just as Tonks walked from behind one of the backdrops.

“Harry’s all set,” Tonks said, smiling softly at Rose. “You ready?”

“Y-yeah,” Rose stammered, then cleared her throat. “Yes. I’m ready.”

“Good,” Luna smiled. “You go stand on the other side of the window and then crawl through it when I call action.”

“Rose,” Tonks called out just as she turned. “If at any time you want to stop, just say the word, and that’s it, alright?”

Smiling, Rose nodded and then moved behind the backdrop. While the backdrops had looked paper thin before, now, they had expanded to the thickness of actual walls with a real window.

“Why would she want to stop?” Rose heard Luna ask. “Harry gives such nice orgasms.”

Rose blushed while Tonks giggled.

“Alright, Harry, positions... Lights... Camera... And action!” Luna yelled.

Swallowing nervously, Rose steeled her nerves and lifted the window open. Lifting one leg up and throwing it over the window sill, she felt her skirt lift up and a breeze over her bum and privates. Blushing, she rushed into the room, but her foot got caught. Rose stumbled and fell into the room with a groan of embarrassment.

That feeling only worsened when she looked up to find Harry staring at her with his arms folded over his chest and a frown on his face. He had also changed his clothes and was now wearing an emerald green dress shirt and black slacks. Distracted by his handsome look, it took her a

moment to realize that in her position, on her back with her legs bent, he had an unobstructed view straight up her skirt. With a yelp and a fierce blush, Rose jumped to her feet and stared at the floor.

“Uncle Harry, I – what –”

“What am I doing here?” Harry finished for her, though Rose wasn’t sure what she had wanted to say. “Your father had a bit too much to drink, so we ended dinner early. Hermione asked me to come up and check on you kids while she took care of him. Imagine my surprise when, instead of looking after your brother, your room is completely empty.”

“I-” Rose stammered, her stomach fluttering and adrenaline running even though she knew this was an act.

I never really realized how good of an actor Uncle Harry is, she thought.

“And that outfit,” Harry continued. “No knickers. Do you have any idea how your parents would react if they saw you dressed like that coming back from a concert you weren’t supposed to go to?”

“I – I didn’t,” Rose said.

“Don’t lie to me, Rose,” Harry said firmly. “I heard you and Roxanne talking about it before you came in. Give me one good reason why I shouldn’t go tell your mother about this.”

“No!” Rose yelped, feeling a surprising amount of very real fear. “Please don’t. She’ll ground me for life.”

“So?” Harry asked, raising an eyebrow. “And considering that outfit, that might be two lifetimes.”

“I – I just wanted to look nice,” Rose stammered weakly.

“Trust me, you don’t want the kind of attention dressing like that is going to get you,” Harry said. “Unless you want people to think you’re a slut.”

Rose gasped, having never heard her kind, considerate uncle utter those kinds of words. Still, she couldn’t help the excitement she felt hearing them directed at her.

“And you still haven’t given me a reason not to tell Hermione about this,” he added.

“No, please,” Rose begged. “I’ll do anything you want – just, please don’t tell my mum.”

“Anything?” Harry asked, the corner of his lips quirking up in a smirk.

Rose swallowed thickly as Harry stepped closer and blatantly eyed her up and down. Seeing him looking at her so lustfully had heat building up in her core and sent a pleasant shiver down her spine.

“You know, in my experience, girls who dress like this only want one thing,” Harry said, running his finger along the strap of her halter top. “If you want it that bad, I’d be more than happy to give it to you.”

“But you’re my uncle,” Rose protested weakly.

It was hard to stay in character when she desperately wanted him to just throw her on the bed and ravish her.

“Honorary uncle,” Harry corrected her. “It’s not like we’re actually related.”

"I - I don't know if we should..." Rose said, sucking in a sharp breath as the back of his finger grazed the top of her breast.

"Oh, come on, Rose," Harry said with a grin. "Don't pretend like you don't want his too. I know all about what you and Roxanne got up to the other day."

Rose gasped and stared up at him with wide eyes.

"Playing with yourselves while watching one of my movies, naughty, naughty," Harry said, stepping even closer and towering over her.

"How?" Rose asked in a choked voice.

"That's not important right now," Harry said. "The important thing is, I know what you want, Rosie. And you know what I want. So, let's make a deal."

Rose panted and flushed as she felt Harry's chest brush against hers, his hand gliding over her bare shoulders and back to toy with the knot holding her halter top together.

"You promise not to tell mum?" Rose asked breathlessly.

"I promise," Harry said, smiling brightly.

With a deft movement, Harry untied the knot at the back of her shirt. The straps fell forward, but the tight shirt hugged her body and refused to fall. Without the straps, however, it revealed a long line of cleavage to his eyes. Rose panted with shuddering breaths as he grabbed the ends and slowly pulled them down, revealing more and more of her smooth, pale breasts. Just as the shirt fell free, baring her chest to his hungry gaze, she closed her eyes and swallowed nervously.

"Beautiful," Harry breathed.

Rose's eyes flew open with a gasp when she felt his large, calloused hand enveloped one of her breasts and caress it gently. Watching as his thumb brushed over her wide, pale pink areola and stiff nipple, she bit her lip and looked up at his face. Harry smiled as she stared into his beautiful green eyes and slowly leaned forward. Rose's eyes drifted shut again as his lips met her softly.

She moaned while he grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it up and over her mountainous breasts. Lifting her arms up, Rose whined when he broke their kiss to pull it over her head and toss it to the side. Instead of kissing her lips, Harry cupped both of her breasts and nuzzled his face between them. Giving her soft, perky mounds a firm squeeze, he kissed his way to her nipple before wrapping his lips around it and sucking lightly.

Rose gasped and ran her fingers through his hair as his teeth grazed the sensitive nub. His every touch sent fire blazing across her skin. It was like he knew her body better than she did, his lips and teeth finding erogenous spots she didn't even know she had. None of the boys who she'd fooled around with had come close to making her feel like this.

"Oh, Merlin," Rose gasped as he scraped the back of his nail along the underside of her breast.

Chuckling against her skin, Harry straightened up and kissed her briefly. He took her hand in his and led her over to the bed. With a light shove, he pushed her onto the mattress with a grin and unbuttoned his shirt. Rose pushed herself up on her elbows and stared at his chest and abs as he tossed his shirt to the floor. As her eyes trailed down, she caught sight of the large bulge in the front of his slacks.

Rose tore her eyes away when Harry knelt down next to the bed. He reached out, grabbing her ankles and pulling her forward. A blush colored her cheeks, and her hand shot down to tug her skirt down as it rode up. She bit her lips nervously as Harry grabbed her hands gently and pulled them away. Placing his hands on her thighs he slowly slid them up, pushing her skirt up as he did. Rose blushed and panted excitedly when her damp, bare mound came into view

"Try and keep quiet. We don't want your parents to hear now, do we?" Harry smirked.

Rose felt a thrill run through her at his words while he grabbed her legs and tossed them over his shoulders. Harry left a trail of kisses up her thigh to her mound. Just as he was about to reach her folds, he shifted over the other, a playful sparkle in his eyes. Rose groaned in frustration as he did it again and again, coming close but never touching the spot she wanted him to.

“Harry!” Rose whined, her hands tugging at his hair.

Chuckling, he nipped at her thigh, drawing a gasp from her lips, and then made his way towards her glistening folds. Rose gasped as he placed a kiss on her lips. His tongue slid out and slithered between her folds, causing her hips to buck. A long, drawn-out moan left her lips as he lapped at her clit, sending a shudder through her body.

Shifting his arm around, Harry slipped two fingers inside of her while his lips wrapped around her clit and sucked lightly. Rose trembled, arching her back and tightening her grip on his hair.

“Uncle Harry,” she moaned.

Chuckling, his fingers hit a spot inside of her that made her entire body stiffen. It was a sensation unlike anything she’d ever felt before, an almost overwhelming pleasure bordering on pain. As soon as his fingers started moving back and forth, she couldn’t stop herself from crying out and rolling her hips. Mouth hanging open and eyes wide, Rose gasped as Harry stimulated the two most sensitive parts of her body expertly.

Rose took a shuddering breath, heat rapidly pooling in her core. A flush ran from her face down to her chest as the heat exploded outwards, filling her whole body and filling her mind with a cloud of euphoria. A loud, shuddering moan left her lips as her arousal soaked Harry’s face. Rose arched her back, gasping for breath as the pleasure just kept coming. After several long moments, the sensation became too much for her to bare. Any more, and it felt like she might go insane.

She went from tugging at Harry’s hair to pushing him away as she curled up into a protective ball, her body continuing to quiver and shake.

“You okay?” Harry asked, his voice a combination of smug and amused.

Rose rolled over and caught a glimpse of Luna filming a close-up of her face before she turned to face Harry.

“Didn’t know – I could feel – that good,” she panted.

Chuckling, Harry crawled onto the bed and kissed her on the lips. Rose thought she would hesitate when she tasted herself on his lips, but it only excited her further. Feeling brave, she reached for his belt. Harry smiled against her lips, and in moments, he laid on the bed naked, his rigid length brushing her thigh.

With a trembling hand, Rose wrapped her hand around his shaft. Harry groaned lightly as she stroked him, her thumb brushing over his enflamed, swollen head.

“So, how do you want me?” Harry asked, caressing her breast.

Biting her lip thoughtfully, Rose pushed his shoulder until he was lying flat on the bed. Swinging her leg over him, she straddled his waist and hissed as her dripping folds rubbed along the underside of his shaft. Rose rolled her hips and moaned as Harry cupped her breasts and squeezed roughly.

“Tell me, Rose. How long have you been dreaming about this moment,” Harry asked.

“Since I was twelve,” Rose admitted, biting her lips. “As soon as mum told me what you did for a living.”

Harry grinned as he continued to fondle her chest.

“You know, your dad wanted to wait until you were thirty to tell you,” he said.

Rose snorted and rolled her eyes.

“Just imagine how he would react seeing you like this right now,” Harry said. “Or your mum.”

Rose gave him a sultry smile as she lifted herself up and placed him at her entrance.

“Dad would throw a fit,” she said. “Mum would probably act mad, but really, she’d be jealous.”

“You think so, huh?” Harry asked.

“Mh hmm,” Rose hummed, sinking down on his length.

Both of them groaned as he slowly entered her, his girth stretching her deliciously. Settling her weight with his cock buried in her depths, Rose closed her eyes and savored the moment. When she opened them again, she smiled and lifted herself halfway up his shaft before lowering herself back down again.

“Oh, Merlin,” Rose gasped.

“Mhh, you feel so good, Rosie,” Harry rumbled deeply.

Placing her hands on his chest, Rose sped up and bounced on his length. One of her breasts jiggled on her chest while Harry cupped and groped the other. Absently, she noticed Luna moving around to get a shot of her from the front. Looking at the camera, Rose threw herself down on his cock and moaned lewdly.

“Uncle Harry,” she moaned.

Heat and a rush of euphoria rushed through her as she came again. Even as Rose shuddered her way through her climax, her hips kept moving. Harry groaned and bucked his hips upwards as she tightened and fluttered around him, drawing a sharp gasp from her lips. Her arms gave out, causing her to collapse onto Harry's chest, where she buried her face in the crook of his neck.

Wrapping his arms around her waist, Harry rolled them over while spearing his cock into her deeper than ever before. Rose bit her lip and arched her back, her body shivering. Holding himself up on his arms, Harry thrust into her hard and fast, filling and stretching her with each savage plunge. Rose's mouth hung open in a silent scream while her nails dug into the skin of his back.

The pleasure from her latest climax had barely ended before she was driven to another. Her breath caught in her throat, and her eyes rolled into the back of her head as Harry pummeled her into the mattress. Rose saw stars burst in her vision before everything went a brief second. For a moment, she wondered if he was actually going to fuck her into unconsciousness.

Harry slammed into her harshly several times, then growled before he buried himself to the hilt and exploded inside her. Rose gasped when she felt his hot cum splash against her walls again and again. Without thought, her legs wrapped around his waist and locked him in place.

It was a long moment before Harry finally relaxed, his muscled frame pinning her to the mattress. Once he'd caught his breath, he pushed himself up on his forearms and kissed her on the lips with a smile. Rose smiled back as he rested his forehead against hers.

"And cut," Luna yelled with a grin. "That was wonderful. Should I put a copy in your office, Harry?"

"Please," Harry said. "Thanks, Luna. You're the best."

Luna smiled brightly before turning and walking away. Giving her one more kiss, Harry pulled out of her and lay on his side next to her. His hand ran up her stomach to her breasts, which he caressed lightly.

“Have fun?”

Rose jumped at the familiar voice and stared wide-eyed as her mother walked up with a smirk on her lips.

“Mum?” she gasped. “What – what are you doing here?”

“Tonks Flooded me while you were filming and told me about the talk you two had this morning,” Hermione said as she sat on the edge of the bed. “I think it’s time we had a little chat.”

“Now?” Rose asked incredulously.

Through her shock and bewilderment, she idly noted that Harry was still caressing her breasts, and her mother wasn’t reacting to it other than a brief glance.

“I wanted you to hear it from me before you found out some other way,” Hermione said. “Before I explain, I just want you to know that your father and I love you very much, and that’s never going to change.”

“Okay,” Rose said slowly, her brow furrowed.

Hermione sighed, “As you’ve noticed, things between your father and I haven’t been going well the last few years. What you don’t know is that we’ve only been husband and wife in name since shortly after you and Hugo were born.”

“What do you mean?” Rose asked.

Smiling sadly, Hermione took her hand and held it gently.

“Your father and I started to have big problems with our relationship after you were born. It wasn’t your fault,” Hermione added quickly. “It’s just – the stress of it really showed just how different we were. We tried to work things out, but we just couldn’t. So, we made a deal. At home, while you kids were around, we would be a normal husband and wife. Outside of that, we could both have our own relationships with whoever we wanted. The only thing I made you father promise was that you and Hugo would never find out until you were older.”

“Why?” Rose asked. “Why not just get divorced so you could both be happy?”

“I had a lot of friends before Hogwarts who had divorced parents, and it put a huge strain on them. I didn’t want to see that happen to you and your brother,” Hermione said. “With my fame and position in the Ministry, things would have been even worse for you.”

“You didn’t need to do that for us, mum,” Rose said, feeling bad that her mother had to sacrifice so much for her and Hugo.

“Yes, I did,” Hermione said. “I grew up seeing far too many adults putting their problems on their children, and I swore I would be different. You don’t need to feel bad for me, though. While it’s not ideal, I’m quite happy with my decision.”

Smiling, Hermione turned to Harry and leaned over Rose to kiss him lovingly. Rose could only stare in shock as they pulled back, and Harry caressed her cheek tenderly.

“Your mum’s been a part of our relationship since you were about four,” Tonks said as she walked over. “Do you remember all those times she had to go away on business before you went to Hogwarts?”

“Yeah,” Rose said, wondering where this was going.

Tonks grinned, “Well, she was really at our house. Usually tied up and being fucked into a coma.”

“Tonks!” Hermione hissed, her cheeks tinged pink.

Tonks just smirked and kissed Hermione the same way Harry had.

“Wow,” Rose said. “What about dad?”

“He’s had a few relationships, but nothing serious,” Hermione said with a shrug. “We don’t really talk about it much. Your father tends to get a bit jealous.”

Rose snorted.

A bit, she thought sarcastically.

“Are you okay, sweetheart?” Hermione asked. “I didn’t want to upset you, but I knew that if you’re going to spend time around Harry, you’d find out soon enough.”

“I’m fine,” Rose said, waving off her concern. “Actually, I feel better knowing you have someone who makes you happy. I hated seeing the way dad makes you so upset all the time.”

“I’m sorry you had to see that,” Hermione said. “Just - try not to think too poorly of him. It’s hard for him, knowing his wife is sleeping with the man who used to be his best friend.”

“I still don’t like the way he throws away money and makes you fix his mistakes. It’s not fair,” Rose said, shaking her head.

“No, it’s not,” Hermione agreed sadly. “Hopefully, things will get better soon. Your father and I plan on getting a divorce once Hugo graduates and moves out. Maybe then he’ll learn the cost of his mistakes.”

“Hermione, he’s almost forty. If he hasn’t learned by now, he isn’t going to,” Tonks said.

“Ladies,” Harry interrupted when Hermione opened her mouth. “I’d really rather not talk about Ron when I’ve got three beautiful women in my bed. Now, are you two going to get undressed and join us, or should I just give Rose my full attention?”

Roses stared at him, then at Tonks as she stood and began to strip. Shaking her head, she looked at her mother, who was biting her lip and looking between her and Harry.

“I don’t know if my daughter is ready to see me like that,” Hermione said.

“I don’t mind,” Rose said, blinking in surprise as the words left her mouth.

“Are you sure?” Hermione asked.

This time, Rose took a moment to really think before giving her a smile and a nod.

“I’m sure,” she said.

“Brilliant,” Harry said.

Then next thing Rose knew, Harry had lifted her off the bed. With a wave of his hand, her mother was naked with her wrists and ankles bound to the bedposts.

“Harry!” Hermione gasped.

“Well, don’t you look yummy,” Tonks said.

As Tonks crawled between her mother's legs, Harry bent Rose over the side of the bed and plunged into her depths. With a gasp, Rose looked up at her mother's face, less than a foot away.

"I've always wanted to do this," Harry grinned.