

## The Great Recession

### Chapter 7

Knockturn Alley at dawn was even more terrifying than Knockturn Alley at midnight. The darkness hid the rot, but the gray morning made everything clear. Ronald Weasley staggered out of a pub that used to be a shop. The old sign still dangled above the door, "The Salamander's Tongue," it read, but half the letters were missing, and the door hung off one hinge. Inside, the only sounds were his fellow drunks groaning or stumbling around.

He wobbled down the street, one arm clamped over his ribs while the other clutched a filthy bottle of homemade rotgut. The booze in the bottle was the cheapest kind, moonshine, cut with essence of thistle and brewed by some desperate old codger in a piss bucket. Ron had spent his last knut on it. He took another pull and coughed. The stuff scorched his throat and made his eyes swim.

He tripped over the edge of the curb, crashed into the brick wall of an abandoned shop, and slid to the ground. The impact made his head ring like a bell. Ron pressed the back of his hand to his bleeding nose, then wiped it on his jeans. He looked up at the clouded sky and spat onto the cobbles.

He'd once been a hero. Nay, he had once been the greatest hero, Ron mentally corrected himself. Now he was a drunk. It was worse than that. He was now a joke. Everyone said so, even the witches who still recognized him at the pub. "That's Weasley," they whispered. "Did you hear about his wife? She left him for a rich bloke. Poor sod's never been right since." Sometimes they were right. Sometimes they weren't. All Ron knew was that he didn't feel anything anymore, except the familiar burn of humiliation.

He finished the bottle and let it clatter on the stones. He watched the glass spin in a perfect circle, then come to a rest. He closed his eyes. The sleep that took him came quickly.

When he woke, the world had shifted around him. His mouth tasted like bile, and pockets were turned inside out like someone had pawed through them while he was out. The alley was busier now. People stepped around him with a mixture of disgust and indifference. Ron tried to stand, but his legs didn't work, so he settled for rolling over onto his side.

Someone kicked him in the back as they passed. "Oi, wake up!" the voice shouted, then faded. Ron grunted. It took him three tries to get to his hands and knees. He vomited once, then a few more times. When it was over, he spat again and wiped his lips on his sleeve.

He heard the rustle of newspaper, looked up, and saw a fresh copy of the Daily Prophet lying on the wet stones. Someone must have dropped it when they saw him blocking the alley. He crawled over and snatched it up with trembling fingers. The headline was a slap in the face.

## BRIGHTEST WITCH OF HER AGE JOINS PLAYWIZ MANSION.

A picture of Hermione stared back at him. She looked... happy. She looked healthier than he remembered. Her hair was glossy, her skin glowed, and her smile was huge. She stood next to Harry, who had an arm around her waist and an expression of casual smugness that made Ron want to punch through the page.

Ron read the first line. He then read it again, just to make sure he understood every word. He made it to the end of the article, and then the rage hit. He snarled and crushed the paper in his fists. He staggered to his feet, fists shaking. He didn't know where he was going, but it didn't matter. He had to find Harry. He had to see Hermione. He had to do something, anything, or he'd lose his mind. He shoved the paper into his pocket and lurched out of the alley, the echo of his own howl trailing after him.

### **The Great Recession**

Susan's face was buried deep in a silk pillow, and her fists were knotted tight in the sheets. Every time Harry slammed into her, her moan was muffled, but it still slipped past her lips in a long, hungry whine. Her pussy made wet, embarrassing noises. It was a lewd, slopping sound that echoed through the vast, sunlit bedroom. She loved it. She loved every second of it, and Harry knew it.

He gripped her ass hard, digging his fingers into her hips and yanking her back onto his cock. Susan arched her spine, presenting her pussy and offering herself to him. Her plump, pale cheeks jiggling with every thrust. She turned her head, desperate for air. The instant she gasped, Harry smacked her ass with a sharp, open palm. The shock made her squeal, and her cunt got even tighter.

"Fucking hell, Harry," she whimpered. "Don't stop. Please, don't ever stop."

Harry grinned, even though sweat was stinging his eyes. He fucked her harder, feeling the base of his cock get squeezed in a way that made his balls tingle. He bent over her, put his mouth by her ear, and asked, "You like having your sexy ass smacked?"

She tried to speak, but all that came out was a needy, wordless moan. She nodded, her face smushed into the pillow. He slowed, just a little. He let his cock drag out until only the head was inside her, then shoved in hard, bottoming out so his pelvis crushed her clit against the bed. He did it again, and again. Susan bucked wildly, her ass slapping against his stomach.

Harry spread her cheeks open. Her asshole winked at him, puckering with every thrust. Harry pressed his thumb against the tight, twitching ring, teasing it. Susan made a sound between a whimper and a giggle. "You're gonna make me—" she started, but then he shoved his thumb inside, just barely breaching her asshole, and she squealed into the pillow.

Her pussy clamped down on his cock so hard he almost blew his load right then. He groaned, fucking her through the spasm, feeling his cock get drenched in a fresh rush of her cream. Susan always creamed when she came, and this time was no exception. He pulled out just enough to watch her pussy spasm, then shoved it back in, loving the way she milked him.

“God, I love your ass,” Harry growled, and let his thumb work deeper. He fingered her tight, hot hole while he pounded her sloppy, wet pussy. Susan drooled onto the pillow, her face so red it looked like she might burst.

“I love your cock,” she managed, her voice shaking. “Fuck, I love it. Keep going!”

There was a loud pop, and Twiggy, his House Elf, appeared at the foot of the bed. Twiggy stared, eyes wide, at the carnage of two naked, sweaty bodies and the mess they were making on the white silk. Harry didn’t even slow down. He looked at Twiggy, grinned, and said, “You need something?”

Twiggy’s ears flapped, and her voice came out in a nervous rush. “Master Harry, a red man is at the gate. He tells Twiggy to tell Master Harry to come out and see him. His name is Weasel.”

“I’ll handle it. Thanks, Twiggy,” Harry groaned, not missing a stroke. Twiggy vanished with another pop.

Susan giggled, then squealed when Harry’s cock hammered her g-spot. She lost her words again and went limp, letting him use her body any way he wanted. He pressed her down into the mattress, his hands on her shoulders, pounding her flat while he stared at the spot where his cock disappeared into her pale, creamy slit.

Her pussy was a mess, coated in streaks of white, and his shaft gleamed every time he pulled back. He was getting close, but he wanted to see her cum again. He yanked her up onto her knees and bent her in half, folding her so her face was back in the pillow. He smacked her ass again.

“You ready to cum again?” he asked, voice thick.

Susan nodded, but her words were lost to the pillow. She started to shake, her legs trembling. “Yes, yes, yes!” she cried out. “Oh my god, I’m gonna—”

He buried his cock to the hilt, mashed his thumb into her asshole, and Susan came so hard she convulsed. Her cunt spasmed, and a clear jet of pussy juice sprayed over his cock and balls. Her back arched, her toes curled, and her scream was that of a pure, desperate release. Harry lasted three more thrusts, then exploded inside her, filling her pussy with a heavy, hot flood of cum. He collapsed over her, pinning her to the bed, and let out a groan that was part relief and part satisfaction.

They stayed like that for a long minute, breathing in unison, sweating together. Susan finally stirred, rolled over, and stretched, her naked body gleaming in the early light. She grinned up at Harry, then glanced down at his cock, still hard and glistening between his legs.

“You’re insatiable,” she said, licking her lips.

“Only with you,” Harry easily lied, and kissed her.

He pulled out slowly, watched his cum drip from her slit, and smirked. Then he stood, grabbed his trousers, and said, “Let’s see what that idiot wants.” Susan pouted, but Harry just winked. “I’ll be back later,” he promised. She sighed, sprawled out, and watched him go.

## **The Great Recession**

Ron waited outside the gate for almost an hour before Harry showed up. The Playwiz Mansion was impossible to miss. It was a huge white villa perched above the valley, hedged in by iron fencing that was layered with magical wards. Ron leaned against the gate, head throbbing, lips cracked, and body shivering in the cold. Every so often, he’d shout “Potter!” at the top of his lungs, just to let the bastard know he was out here. There was no answer. The only reply was the faint echo of laughter from the pool in the back garden.

He bared his teeth at the window, half-expecting to see Harry’s smug face peering back, but the only thing staring was a stone nymph from the garden, its breasts bared and eyes that were cold and lifeless. Ron sneered and spat at it.

Ron was just about to pull out his wand to begin firing curses at the fence when Harry finally apparated onto the path, just inside the gate, less than three feet away from him. He was dressed in black shorts and a Playwiz t-shirt. His hair was still damp from a shower. He looked Ron up and down and smirked. “Good morning, Ron. You’re looking... well.”

Ron lunged at the bars. “Open the fucking gate, Potter.”

Harry shook his head. “You want some coffee before you start yelling at me?”

“Don’t play the big man, Harry,” Ron snarled. “I know what you’re doing. You think you can just fuck my wife and get away with it?”

“She’s not your wife anymore, mate,” Harry replied, his voice maddeningly calm. “That ship sailed when you screwed it up ... just like you screw everything up.”

Ron rattled the bars, his voice cracking. “You always wanted her! Even when we were at Hogwarts. Don’t think I didn’t see you ogling her, drooling over her every time she said something clever.”

Harry shrugged. "You were never good enough for her. You always weighed her down. Maybe that's why she left."

Ron's hands tightened on the metal. "Give her back," he said, his voice raw. "I want her back."

Harry snorted. "That's not my decision, Ron."

Just then, with a crack like a gunshot, Hermione apparated onto the path beside Harry. She wore a blue dress, her hair pulled back, and she looked fresh and sharp. She folded her arms and regarded Ron with cool indifference.

"Really, Ron?" she said. "You show up here looking like you rolled out of a sewer, and you think that's going to win me back?"

"Don't you dare talk down to me," Ron hissed, pointing a shaking finger at her. "You're the one who turned into a ..."

He stopped himself, but Hermione just rolled her eyes. "Go on. Say it. You always did lack subtlety."

"You're a whore," Ron spat, his voice high and shrill.

Hermione smiled nastily at him. "And you're a worthless drunk."

He went red. "At least I'm not screwing the whole world for rent money!"

"That's not what the Prophet says," Hermione replied. "However, I don't have to justify anything to a deadbeat loser like you."

Harry watched the exchange with the faintest hint of amusement. "Are you two finished, or should I get the hose?"

Ron's hands shook. He wanted to punch Harry. He wanted to grab Hermione and drag her home, but mostly, he wanted to sink to the ground and hide from the humiliation he was feeling. Instead, he stood tall and spat at the dirt. "You're not as clever as you think, Harry. One of these days, you're going to get what's coming to you."

Harry smirked. "Maybe ... but until then, I'll keep doing what makes me happy."

He turned to Hermione, cupped her face in one hand, and kissed her. It wasn't a polite, closed-mouth peck, but a deep, tongue-swallowing, possessive kiss that made Ron's vision blur with rage. When Harry finally broke it off, he licked his lips and grinned at Ron.

"Don't worry, mate. I'll take really good care of her."

He smacked Hermione's ass, made her yelp, and said, "Go wait for me in my room." She huffed at him, then gave Ron one last pitying look before she disappeared with a snap.

Harry watched her go, then turned back to Ron. "Anything else?"

Ron tried to speak, but nothing came out. Harry winked, gave him a mock salute, and vanished. Ron stood alone in the road, fists clenched, heart pounding. The silence lasted for a long time. He looked up at the gates, the gleaming white mansion, the perfect lawn, and the laughter echoing from the pool.

He screamed. He screamed so hard it hurt his throat. He then kicked the gate hard. The iron bars didn't budge, but something in his foot snapped, and he howled again, this time in agony. He hobbled back down the lane and away from the mansion. The echo of Harry's laughter haunted him all the way home.

### **The Great Recession**

Ginny counted her knuts three times. She lined them up along the cracked windowsill, sorting the coins by color, age, and how much gunk clung to them. There weren't enough for even a real breakfast. She might be able to afford a few rolls if she bought the day-olds. She did the math anyway, as if the answer would change.

It was cold in the flat. The charmed radiator had gone out weeks ago, and she couldn't afford a runecrafter to come and fix it. Ginny wrapped herself tighter in the ugly jumper Ron had probably pulled from a rubbish bin. They lived above an old, boarded-up apothecary, three stories up, and the only way to keep the wind out was by stuffing the bottom of the window with rags.

She was considering eating her last packet of instant soup when Ron crashed into the flat, literally. He apparated in without looking, tripped, and fell flat on his face. Ginny didn't bother to move.

"Nice landing," she said, picking at the soup packet.

Ron groaned and rolled onto his back. He looked even worse than usual. His nose was swollen, one cheek was bruised purple, and his jeans were splattered with something that might have been vomit. Ginny raised an eyebrow. "Were you on another bender again?"

He crawled to the torn, grubby couch, grabbed the edge, and dragged himself up. "You wouldn't believe the day I've had."

Ginny snorted. "Go on, tell me. I could use a laugh."

He fumbled in his coat and pulled out a battered, soggy copy of the Daily Prophet. He hurled it at her face, and Ginny caught it one-handed.

“Read the front page,” he said, slumping onto the couch.

She scanned the headline, then snorted again. “BRIGHTEST WITCH OF HER AGE JOINS PLAYWIZ MANSION.” Under the headline was a moving photo of Hermione, looking a lot better than Ginny remembered. Hermione’s smile was confident, and her eyes practically gleamed. Ginny scanned the story. She read it twice, not because it was hard to understand, but because she couldn’t believe it.

“So, Hermione’s shagging Harry and running his magazine?” Ginny said. She tried to make it sound like a joke, but the words stuck in her throat.

Ron’s face twisted. “She’s not shagging him.” He knew that was a lie, but he outright refused to believe it.

Ginny held up the paper. “It says right here, ‘The talented Ms. Granger now resides at the Playwiz Mansion, where she has taken up the position of Talent Manager and, sources say, she is Harry Potter’s live-in girlfriend.’”

“Journalists lie,” Ron snapped. “She would never.”

Ginny let him stew in that for a minute. “Why do you care? You’re divorced.”

Ron looked away. “It’s the principle of the thing.”

“Sure,” she said. “Principle.”

He glared at her. “You could help, you know. Instead of sitting here counting coins, maybe you could go talk to Harry. Ask him to set things right.”

She laughed, and her voice was bitter and sharp. “Why would Harry do anything for me? The last time I wrote him, he didn’t even reply. Besides, he’s probably surrounded by a pile of tits and money. He’s not going to care about your little family drama.”

Ron’s jaw clenched. “You’re pathetic,” he spat.

“Look who’s talking.” Ginny shot back, a flash of anger warming her chest. He gave her the finger and stormed to the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

Ginny stared at the Prophet for a long time. She traced Hermione’s picture with her thumb, watched her smile and laugh in the looped animation. She looked happy. Ginny glanced around the flat, at the mold in the corners, the peeling paint, and empty bottles of Firewhisky. She’d

grown up in a house full of love, food, and comfort. She hated living like this. She was supposed to be playing professional Quidditch, traveling the world, and seeing her face on posters. Instead, her biggest claim to fame now was working three months as a waitress at the Hog's Head before she got sacked.

Ginny set the paper down and stared out the window. The sky was the color of old parchment, and the alley below was empty. The only thing moving was a cat picking through the bins. Ginny watched the cat for a long time, then made up her mind.

She dug out a battered piece of parchment and a stub of quill. She wrote a note to Harry, trying to sound casual, but there was no hiding the desperation. She told him about Ron, about how hard things had gotten, about the flat and the cold and how she could barely afford to eat. She asked for help, just enough to get through the winter. She finished the letter, then stared at it for a full minute before folding it up.

She had no owl, so she decided to take it there herself that night. First, she needed to go to work. The old lady at the nearby potion shop hired her for the day. Ginny wasn't looking forward to a long day of scrubbing gunked-up cauldron bottoms.

The day had been miserable, just as she suspected. Her back and shoulders ached as she stepped out of the shop. By then, the sun had set and the moon had fully risen. Ginny reached into her pocket to make sure her letter was still there. She knew exactly where the mansion was. Hell, practically everyone in the country did. Most guys hung out at the gates, hoping to see their favorite centerfold prancing topless across the lawn. She apparated a short distance away and walked the rest of the way.

The Playwiz Mansion was impossible to miss, even from half a mile away. It was lit up like a Quidditch pitch at finals. Ginny could see the pool shimmering in the moonlight, and the figures of women in bikinis drifting around the edge. She felt sick with envy. She hesitated at the gate, then slipped the letter into the post box. She stood there for a few more minutes, watching the girls laugh and giggle as they splashed around in the water. She sighed and turned to go, but as she walked away, the gate swung open and Harry himself stepped out, barefoot, hair a mess, and wearing nothing but black swim trunks and a grin. He spotted her instantly.

"Ginny Weasley," he called out in a sing-song voice. "Is that really you?"

She felt her face go hot. "It's been a long time," she said, awkwardly.

He walked over, feet slapping the stone path. He looked her up and down, eyes lingering on her for longer than was polite. "I got your letter," he said, waving it in his hand.

Ginny gaped. "I just put it in the box."

Harry shrugged. "House Elves are fast." He paused. "So, what brings you here?"

She glared at him. "Are you serious? You read the letter. I need help, Harry."

He considered this. "Didn't you say you never wanted to see me again?" he asked, voice light but sharp.

Ginny clenched her fists. "That was a long time ago. Things change."

Harry nodded, looking almost sympathetic. "They do indeed."

She tried to keep her voice even. "You helped Ron before. You can help me too."

Harry looked out at the pool, then back at Ginny. "That was before you and your family turned your back on me. What is it you want, exactly?"

"A job. Something to get me out of that shithole flat."

He snorted. "There aren't any jobs available."

She swallowed. "You gave Hermione a job."

"That's different," he said, but didn't explain why.

Ginny stepped closer, lowering her voice. "There has to be something. I can't go back to that place, Harry. Please."

He watched her, his face unreadable. "There's nothing unless you want to pose in my magazine, and I'm guessing you don't."

Her cheeks burned. "That's it? You'd just turn me away?"

He shrugged. "You made your choices. I made mine."

She stared at him for a moment and glared. "You're an asshole."

He smiled. "And you're a cunt, so I guess that makes us even."

He turned away, walked back toward the pool, and didn't look back.

Ginny stood in the road, fighting the urge to scream at him. She dug her nails into her palms, the pain a distraction from the humiliation. She looked back at the mansion, at the warm light and the laughter and the scent of real food wafting through the air. She wondered, for just a second, what it would feel like to live like that again. She was about to leave when she realized something. Harry did say that there was something available. Her mother had constantly raved

about those scarlet women who flaunted their bodies for gold. Ginny never really had a problem with the women who chose to do that. She was just jealous that Harry would be surrounded by those kinds of girls.

Ginny wasn't the type of girl to do that, but then again, she knew they made lots and lots of gold. They were also quite famous. She also knew that they were living in the lap of luxury in Harry's mansion. Harry did say that there wasn't anything available UNLESS she wanted to pose for him. 'But I can't do that! What would my family think?' she silently asked herself. Ron was a drunkard, so she didn't care what he thought. George was in South America somewhere, and she hadn't heard from him in six months. Bill was nowhere to be seen, and her parents were staying with Charlie in Romania. She didn't even know where Percy was. Ginny was on her own and had to fend for herself. So, all in all, it really didn't matter what they thought about it. They weren't here to take care of her, she thought with a pang of resentment. The only thing that Ginny knew for sure was that she needed to do some serious thinking about this.

She walked away from the mansion, her hands deep in her pockets, thinking about nothing except the bright blue of the pool and the sound of women's laughter as they happily splashed around.

### **The Great Recession**

Harry shut the office door with more force than necessary. He let his head thump against the wood for a second, then turned and scanned the familiar scene. The large mahogany desk took up a decent portion of the room. The wall behind it was filled with signed Playwiz covers, and a big red sofa sat by the crackling fireplace. He ran his fingers through his hair and let out a slow, exasperated breath. The drama with Ginny had left him tense. He didn't like feeling mean, but sometimes people brought it out in him.

He dropped into his chair and leaned back. He could still see Ginny's face, pinched and desperate, when he told her there were no jobs. It wasn't a lie. There really wasn't anything for her to do. If she had been his friend, he would have helped her out in an instant, but Ginny chose to burn those bridges, along with the rest of the Weasley family. He owed her nothing, but he couldn't help but feel guilty. That was just the type of person he was.

He closed his eyes and let the room go silent. The fire crackled, the clock ticked, and from somewhere in the courtyard, a faint shriek of laughter filtered up through the glass. It might have been Hermione, or Susan, or one of the new models, but it didn't matter. For a brief moment, he let himself feel nothing.

There was a soft, measured knock at the door. Harry straightened up. "Come in," he called out, and reached for the bottle of Firewhisky in his bottom drawer. He didn't get a chance to pour.

Apolline Delacour entered in a bikini so small it could have been made from a couple of scraps of material. The triangles of her top barely covered her large, round breasts, and her wide hips

threatened to snap the thin string of the bottoms. Her skin was almost luminously pale, offset by the silver of her hair and the blue of her eyes. She moved with a slow, lazy roll of her hips.

She smiled, closed the door behind her, and locked it. "Monsieur Potter," she said, her voice laced with honey. "You look so tired."

Harry tried to keep his eyes on her face, but it was impossible. The bikini clung to her curves, the fabric stretched taut over the most perfect tits he'd ever seen. Her nipples poked the blue triangles, two delicate points threatening to break through. The bottoms barely covered her mound, and when she turned to close the door, the string vanished between her sculpted ass cheeks.

"Long day," he said. "Some people are just out to annoy me."

She floated over, hips swaying, and perched on the edge of his desk. Her breasts bounced once, then settled, big, heavy, and gravity-defying. She leaned forward, elbows on her knees, and let them hang down. The sight almost made him dizzy. She cocked her head. "Who was it this time? The red'ead girl, yes?"

Harry nodded, tried to sound casual. "She wants a handout ... or a job ... or maybe just for me to fix her life."

Apolline shrugged. "People are weak," she said, with a trace of pity. "But not you."

He stared at her chest, at the way the skin curved beneath the edge of her top. He shifted in his chair. She noticed immediately, and her perfect lips curled in the barest hint of a smirk.

"You're in a bad mood," she said. "I can 'elp with that, if you like."

He couldn't tell if it was a question or a statement. He didn't care. "Please," he said.

Apolline's eyes gleamed. She reached behind her neck, untied the string, and let the top fall away. Her breasts tumbled out, perfectly shaped, and capped with flawless, pale pink nipples. They were big, round, and naturally perky ... no magic needed. She cupped them, jiggled them, and then let them hang. The sight was mesmerizing.

"Better?" she asked.

"Much," he said.

She moved around the desk, knelt between his legs, and pulled down his shorts with nimble, confident fingers. His cock sprang free, and she took it in both hands, squeezing the shaft and rolling the tip between her palms. She leaned in and kissed the head, swirling her tongue around it, licking up the drops of precum.

“You taste good, Mon Amour,” she said, and then took him into her mouth.

Harry’s head fell back. Apolline sucked him with slow, expert precision, working him deeper with every bob of her head. Her lips were soft, and her tongue was talented. She ran it up and down the underside of his cock, teasing the sensitive spot near the tip. She moaned as she sucked, sending vibrations down his length. Her fingers stroked his balls, caressing and tugging them gently. It was some of the best head he’d ever gotten.

He looked down and saw the mass of platinum hair around her face, her cheeks bulging, and her eyes locked on his. She stared up at him, daring him to look away. He didn’t dare.

She pulled off, gasping for air, then slapped her tits together and pressed them against his cock. The sensation was unreal. It was soft, hot, and silky as her breasts enveloped him completely. She pushed them together, trapping his cock, and began to move up and down, titfucking him with a steady, practiced rhythm. Harry groaned, hands gripping the edge of the desk. “Bloody hell, Apolline ... that’s perfect.”

She smiled with a hint of mischief in her eyes. She kept bouncing her breasts faster and faster, squeezing her tits tight around his cock. Every time the head popped out the top, she licked it, then let it sink back between the pale globes. He loved the way her rock-hard nipples dragged against his skin. Her skin was impossibly smooth, and every inch of her was hot, hungry, and ready for action.

He felt himself getting close. He warned her. “I’m about to—” but she just smiled and mashed her tits together, milking his cock for everything it had.

He came in a thick, white spray, shooting it over her chest, her neck, her chin. Some of it hit her cheek, but most of it pooled between her breasts, dripping down onto the blue bikini bottoms. She held them together, letting the cum soak in, then used her finger to scoop it up and lick it off.

Apolline looked up at him, cum smeared on her lips, and said, “You feel better now, yes?”

Harry caught his breath, then nodded. “Much better.”

She stood, put her tits away with a practiced flick of the wrist, and fixed her bikini top back in place. It didn’t hide the cum dripping down her cleavage, but she didn’t care.

“Now you will be nice to the redhead girl?” she teased.

He smiled. “Maybe.”

She blew him a kiss, then left, hips swaying as she went. Harry leaned back, cock still half-hard, and watched her go. The scent of her lingered in the room. He poured himself a drink, stared at the fireplace, and let the feeling of perfect, useless satisfaction settle over him.