

## Loan Shark

### Chapter 5

Harry ignited the tip of his cigarette with his wand as he sat at the bar listening to the pointless chatter of the girl behind him. She was talking to one of her friends about some idiot that she had been seeing. He didn't often smoke, but occasionally he did when he was out drinking like he was that night. He downed his glass of firewhiskey and signaled the bartender for another. As he waited, he scoped out the place for any decent girls. It appeared that there were slim pickin's out there. In the back of the room an out of shape, middle-aged woman was giving him the "come hither" look. He was just about to leave when someone sat in the seat next to him. Looking up, he saw that it was Ronald Weasley. He hadn't seen Weasley in quite a while.

"Harry! Good to see you, mate!" he said happily, ordering a drink of his own.

"Yeah. It's been a while," Harry replied. He didn't dislike Ron, but he had never really gotten along with him. Ron was part of Neville's small group of friends. Mostly they just didn't speak. Not out of malice or anything, they just didn't have anything to say to one another.

"I've been hoping to talk to you," he told him, turning a bit to look at the loan shark.

"Oh? What about?" Harry replied. He took the drink from the bartender and thanked him. Another girl entered the bar, but she was no better looking than any of the others in there.

"I was hoping that you'd like to invest in a business proposition," he said excitedly.

"I don't often talk about business during my time off. Make an appointment and come by the office," Harry said, downing his drink and tossing some coins on the bar. He was about to get up and leave when Ron grabbed him by his arm.

"C'mon, mate. Just give me five minutes," he begged. Harry sighed and checked his watch. He really wanted to try out another bar before giving up for the night.

"Fine. Five minutes," Harry told him. Ron nodded and began to pitch his idea.

"As you know, there's been a lot of interest in signing me from multiple pro Quidditch teams," he started, making Harry raise an eyebrow. He didn't know that. In fact, Harry was pretty clued into the pro Quidditch circuit. He had a lot of clients that worked in and around the Quidditch Leagues. He even had a few players borrow money from him. He guessed that Ron was either exaggerating or was completely full of shit. Still, he kept his mouth shut and listened.

"Unfortunately, I can't keep up with the other potential signees because of my broom."

"What's wrong with your broom?" Harry asked.

"It's too old. I'm still using a second-hand Nimbus Two Thousand, and even though it's a nice, older broom, it just can't keep up with the newer models," he explained. Harry nodded.

He remembered when Longbottom gave Ron the broom when he had received the Firebolt in their third year. The Nimbus Two Thousand was still a decent broom, but what Ron said was true. It would never be able to keep up with any of the newer model brooms.

"So buy a new broom," Harry told him.

"Don't have any money," Ron answered. It seemed that they were finally getting somewhere.

"So you want me to foot the bill?" Harry asked, realizing what he wanted. Ron nodded.

"With a new broom, I would be able to compete with the other players and sign a nice, fat contract. I'd be rich!"

"Why don't you borrow money from your friend, Longbottom? From what I remember, his family has a decent amount of gold," Harry asked. People usually came to him when they had very little choice in the matter. Ron immediately flushed red.

"Can't," he simply stated.

"Why not?" Harry pushed for an answer. If Ron was unable to pay his bills, he needed to know before even thinking about giving the redhead money.

"I still owe him money, and he won't give me any more until I pay it back," Ron sighed. That was the problem. Harry wanted to chuckle but refrained. He didn't like looking unprofessional in front of people.

"So if you can't pay him back, why would I lend money to you?" Harry asked. He wasn't in the business of giving money to deadbeats.

"Well ... I ..." he stalled from answering.

"Do you have any collateral?"

"Collateral?" Ron looked confused.

"Yes. You know ... something that's worth money that I can take possession of if you can't pay me back. Like a house, land, heirlooms, art, rare books, anything?"

"Well ... I have my broom ..."

“Yes. A broom that’s worth less than the money you intend to borrow. Try again,” Harry said, shaking his head.

“I don’t know ...” Ron said, trying hard to think. Harry shook his head. He didn’t have time for this right now.

“I tell you what. If you can think of something, then make an appointment and I’ll loan you the money. If not, then don’t bother. Now, I really need to be going. I’ll see you later,” Harry said, standing up and leaving the bar. He really needed to find a girl to take home tonight. Hermione was out of town on business, and the twins were sneaking back to India to collect some of their things. Their parents were quite annoyed with them, but when they had heard that they had gotten involved with him, they didn’t put much pressure on them. His reputation extended well beyond England. If they pissed him off too much, he’d make the problem disappear permanently, as distasteful as it was.

### **Loan Shark**

Harry was sitting in his Diagon Alley office enjoying a slice of cake with a cup of his favorite tea when his secretary came in.

“Lavender Brown is here to see you. She says that she’s here to represent her boyfriend, Ronald Weasley,” she told him. Harry sighed and put down his food. He had forgotten about him. Seems like he may have come up with suitable collateral.

“Alright, send her in,” Harry replied, wiping off his mouth with a napkin. He watched as Lavender walked into his office. He hadn’t seen her for quite a while. She was looking just as sexy as he could remember. Taking off her robe, she hung it on the stand near his door.

His eyes drifted down her body. She was wearing a mini skirt and a blouse that had more than a few buttons open. Lavender was a bleach blonde girl with a pretty face and a very nice body. Her breasts were probably a small D in size, and she had a little bit of meat on her bones. Lavender had always been a bit curvier than the other girls in Gryffindor. That was something that had always drawn Harry’s eye. He liked when girls had a bit of thickness to them.

“Hi, Harry,” she smiled sweetly at him. Harry returned the smile.

“Lavender,” he greeted her. “How can I help you?” he asked as she sat in the chair across from his desk and crossed her legs sexily. She had a nice set of legs. Her pale, lovely skin looked soft and flawless.

“Ron said that he tried to get a loan from you, but you turned him down?” Lavender asked, leaning forward a bit. This created a wonderful valley between her breasts for him to look at.

“That’s not exactly true. He asked for a loan but didn’t have any collateral. I told him to get some collateral then come and meet with me, then I would give him a loan,” Harry told her, continuously taking a peek at her cleavage.

Lavender scowled to herself. She wanted Ron to succeed in life, and he was dead set on playing professional Quidditch. For that, he needed money. She would have loaned it to him, but she was just as skint as he was at the moment. Neville refused to loan him any more gold, and the rest of the Weasleys were just as broke as they were. That really only left two choices ... the Goblins, which no one in their right mind would borrow from, or Harry. Lavender had spent years molding Ron into a man worthy of marriage. Now he just needed a job that paid well. Professional Quidditch player sounded good to her. She could imagine all the parties that she would be able to attend as a Quidditch wife, not to mention all the gold that they’d have. To make those dreams come true, she needed to get Harry to give him that loan by any means necessary. Making up her mind, she got to her feet and walked around his desk. She made sure to sway her wide hips sexily as she moved.

She hopped up on the desk and sat there looking at him. She crossed her legs in a way that showed off the tiny panties that she was wearing. Knowing that she may have to seduce him, she wore the smallest ones that she owned. The tiny triangle barely covered anything, and the string was constantly buried deep between her pussy lips.

As she crossed her legs, Harry got a whiff of her pussy. The smell of her pussy mixed with the perfume that she wore damn near drove him crazy, especially after striking out the previous night.

“How about you let Ron have the loan, and you can have me all night for a certain amount of time? Wouldn’t you like a piece of this?” she smirked, opening her lovely legs and showing him her scantily-clad pussy. Reaching down, she pulled her panties aside and exposed her perfectly smooth pussy that was glistening with dampness.

Harry’s head acted on its own accord. Leaning down for a taste, Lavender stopped him with her high-heeled foot. “Not until we agree,” she smiled. Harry growled in annoyance.

“Fine. I’ll give him the loan. I get you from ten at night until ten in the morning for any thirty days that I choose. If he pays back the loan with interest within the year, then we’re even. If he doesn’t, then you’re mine for any day that I choose until he pays it off. Agreed?” Harry asked, pulling out a piece of legal parchment.

“Agreed. But you can’t tell Ron about us or this meeting. Make him think that you’re doing it yourself,” Lavender countered. Harry nodded, writing down everything. Once done, they both signed it. As soon as her name was on the contract, he ripped the tiny panties off of her, making her squeal as her body jiggled from the violent treatment. Leaning down, he licked her from asshole to clit, making her groan in pleasure.

While Lavender didn't like cheating on Ron, she told herself that she was doing it for them and their future. Since it was happening, she may as well enjoy it. Unbuttoning her shirt, she freed her braless tits as he sucked on her clit. Letting them bounce free, she pinched and pulled at her hard nipples as she ground her naked pussy against his face. Looking down, she could see that the area surrounding his mouth was glistening in her juices. Lavender was always quick to get wet. She threw her head back and moaned as he sucked hard on her clit, and his finger toyed with her puckering asshole. Standing up, Harry pulled down his trousers and boxers. Lavender gasped at his size. Reaching down, she grabbed him by the base and jacked him off with long, steady strokes. Pressing his head against her meaty lips, she rubbed his thick helmet up and down her soft, wet petals. Once his cock was sufficiently coated in her juices, she placed the tip inside of her folds.

Lavender mewled as his hands slid up the insides of her smooth thighs. She bit her lip sexily as his thumb brushed over her hairless mound, and when that same thumb bumped into her clit, Lavender arched her back, spreading her legs as wide as they could go.

"Ohhh, Harry! Keep doing that," she shuddered. Taking her advice, Harry brushed over her clit again, earning another loud moan from the sexy blonde. Coating his thumb in her arousal, he used his slippery finger to massage the hardened nub as he slipped inside of her.

Harry moaned at the slick tightness of her warm pussy. Her silky walls hugged him tightly as he began sawing his hips back and forth. Soon the clapping of their bodies and the wet, schlick of her penetration echoed off of the walls along with their moans as he steadily fucked her. His hand rose higher along her body, and when it was close to her bouncing breast, she grabbed his hand and placed it on her big tit. Lavender's eyes fluttered as his fingers brushed over her incredibly hard nipples. Arching her back, she tried to press as much of her tit against his palm as possible. The smell of her arousal was getting stronger the longer he fucked her. Scooping her up, she squeaked as he held her by her ass and pressed her against the wall. Kissing her deeply, he sucked on her soft tongue as her pussy devoured his thrusting cock.

Lavender was really close to cumming all over him, but when he reached behind her and stuck his finger in her ass, it was all that she needed. Squealing into his neck, she kissed and sucked on his skin as her pussy clamped down hard on his fat cock. As her body trembled and spasmed, he was finally pushed over the edge as her walls massaged the cum from his cock. His balls pulsed as he pushed in deep and seeded her cheating pussy with his cum. Her legs wrapped around him, and she trapped him inside as she felt his cum filling her up more and more. Once their orgasms tapered off, she stayed in his grasp as they sucked on each other's tongues. Finally breaking the kiss, Harry told her, "I'll message Ron in a moment. Be at my house tonight. Wear something sexy." He squeezed her naked ass to prove a point. Lavender nodded as her pussy squeezed him again.

They both groaned as he pulled out of her. Keeping her steady as he placed her back on her feet, she knelt down and took him in her mouth. The soft slurping lasted a few minutes until his cock was clean. He looked down as she looked up. She kissed the head of his cock before

getting to her feet and putting on her clothes. She smirked and tossed him her panties before leaving. Shaking his head, Harry put on his clothes before writing a message to Ron. As he sent the message by owl, Harry leaned back in his chair and smiled widely. Maybe when Parvati got back, he could get her and Lavender together for a bit of a reunion. Of course, Harry would be there to witness the fun and join in. He definitely made a mental note before going back to his cake.