

Bar-Tender Love and Care by YosugaT

Pairing: Harry/Rosmerta

Kinks: Gloryhole

Synopsis: Harry is having a tough 4th year at Hogwarts. Everyone won't believe that he didn't put his name in the Goblet, and he can't even lean on his two best friends. Ostracized by everyone, he finds himself going to the Three Broomsticks alone on a Hogsmeade weekend. Little does he know that he's about to find comfort in a very strange place: the last stall in the men's restroom.



‘Well, it’s not like it could get any worse, right?’ Harry thought to himself as he looked out the carriage window at the Great Lake. The air was charged with the crisp bite of autumnal Scotland, and around the lake, the trees were speckled with an array of sunset colors. Unfortunately, the young wizard was unable to fully appreciate the beautiful scenery on the way to Hogsmeade because he was wallowing in the circumstances of the last few weeks.

When the fourth piece of paper flew out of the Goblet and was snatched by the wizened Headmaster Dumbledore, Harry felt the heavy weight that was usually in his chest every Halloween drop straight down past his stomach. Confusion and bewilderment was clear on the face of every student and faculty member as the Headmaster called out, “Harry Potter.”

Harry numbly made his way past the staff table and into the small antechamber with the other three Triwizard Champions. From that point on, the bespectacled wizard’s life had spiraled into a tangle of disgusted stares, sneaky hexes, and the juxtaposition of being simultaneously completely ignored and also whispered about constantly. It was seriously getting on his nerves.

What didn’t help matters was that his two supposed best friends who had been through life-and-death experiences with him were also upset with him. Well, really it was just Ron that was angry with Harry for “putting his name in the Goblet without telling him how he did it, and then lying about it.” Hermione was caught in the middle of the two young men, but she made her loyalties clear when she joined Ron in silently avoiding Harry. The last Potter didn’t care for the

quick looks of pity and concern that she sent his way; it's not like that would help him feel any better, would it?

Cumulatively, this is why young Harry Potter found himself going to Hogsmeade by himself, for once. He felt stifled and judged everywhere he went in the castle, to the point where the only place he felt safe at Hogwarts was on his four-poster bed with the curtains drawn. Harry desperately craved some peace and quiet, and the cold autumn air with the silence of the carriage ride to Hogsmeade helped soothe his battered heart.

The ancient carriage ground to a halt outside of the quaint little village, and Harry stepped down onto the weathered cobblestones, sighing as he saw the throng of students eagerly running towards their favorite shops.

'Maybe this won't be so bad. A little bit of retail therapy at Honeydukes and the broom shop followed by a hearty meal and butterbeer at The Three Broomsticks would do me some good,' he thought hopefully.

Of course, upon entering Honeydukes, his countenance immediately fell, as all of the surrounding students sent him sneers and narrowed gazes as soon as he crossed the doorway. He went to grab some sugar quills and a few bars of chocolate hurriedly, and left with swift and decisive footsteps. Harry shook his head and blinked away the sudden prickling he felt at the corners of his eyes. 'If this is how it's going to be, I'll just skip the broom shop and go straight to The Three Broomsticks. At least then I can see Madam Rosmerta. She's never judged me or made me feel like crap,' he decided.

The fact that the bar owner was a drop dead gorgeous blonde bombshell might have also helped, too. Harry, like every other straight wizard at Hogwarts, had nursed a crush on the buxom barmaid from the moment he saw her. There was just something about her gentle but flirtatious voice and her always-smiling, full lips that made you let go of all the tension in your body. It certainly helped her maintain a successful business, as her big smiles and low cut tops ensured a healthy tipping culture at her establishment.

Harry pushed the door open, cheeks and nose pinked with the chill outside air, and the tinkling of a little bell announced his arrival. The green eyed youth ignored all of the stares and the sudden silence to make his way towards the table near the restrooms in the back. As he sat

down, the din of the room picked back up, and everyone collectively ignored his existence again.

Madam Rosmerta's eyes lit up as she saw one of her favorite customers walk in, though her constant smile wavered a bit as she saw everyone else's reaction to his entrance. To Rosmerta, Harry Potter had always been one of the more polite and generous patrons to her establishment. He was always fun to chat with, tipped well, and he kept his ogling to a level of respectful admiration and

not the hungry, predatory gazes she dealt with constantly from most of the men that came to The Three Broomsticks.

The curvy bartender weaved through her patrons towards Harry with a grace borne from decades of experience. She mentally frowned at the dejected and quiet young man, wondering where his two friends were. 'They shouldn't be too far, those three always seem inseparable every time they come in here. Maybe they just sent him ahead to secure a table for their group,' Rosmerta thought.

"Hey there, Harry, what's got you so down? You know, that face of yours is too cute to be pouting like that," she teased. "Most girls don't really go for the brooding ones these days."

Harry looked up and gave a weak smile at Rosmerta's joke. "It's good to see you again, too, Madam Rosmerta. I guess it's just been a rough few weeks is all. It's not that big of a deal."

Madam Rosmerta's frown finally made itself known on her beautiful face. "You can tell me about it, if you want to, sweetie. I've got some time before the lunch rush really hits." She waved over at her assistant barkeep and gave her a nod. Her assistant, Orelia, nodded back and began to make the rounds to check up on the various patrons.

"Are you sure you want to hear all of it? I'd feel really bad unloading everything on you like that. You seemed like you were in a good mood before you walked over to see my sorry self," Harry said softly.

“Of course, dear, you’re one of my favorites at this dingy old bar!” Rosmerta exclaimed. “Why don’t you let me decide if it’s too much and just let me be your sounding board? Let me know what’s on your mind.”

With that reassurance, Harry began to slowly tell Rosmerta everything that happened since that awful Halloween night a few weeks ago. At the end of the tale, Harry let out a soft sigh and said, “That’s why you don’t see Ron and Hermione here with me today. They both decided they’d rather believe what everyone else is saying instead of whatever I have to say.”

The small beauty mark on the left side of Rosmerta’s face shifted upwards as her lips formed a gentle smile. “Everything will be alright, Harry. You are such a kind, thoughtful, and friendly young man. I’m positive that soon everyone will start to realize that someone like you would never want to hog any of the supposed fame or glory that the Tournament might bring. You will just need to be patient and continue to prove through your actions that you are better than what they are accusing you of being.”

Harry’s emerald eyes snapped up to look at Rosmerta’s full, pink lips in disbelief. “You... believe me? You think I’m telling the truth?”

“I’d sure say so, Harry. You don’t really strike me as an egotistical gloryhound, and I think that anyone who stopped to think about it for more than two seconds would be able to come to the same conclusion,” Rosmerta said confidently. Suddenly, her eyes lit up and gained a peculiar sparkle. “Well, it’s about time that I get back behind the bar, but before I do that, let me go ahead and give you a butterbeer and a plate of fish and chips on the house. You certainly deserve it for having to deal with everyone else’s silliness these past few weeks.”

Harry didn’t even get a chance to tell Rosmerta that her generosity was appreciated but not necessary when she quickly got up and hustled her way back to the rear kitchen. The last Potter let out a sigh, but this time with a small smile on his bespectacled face. ‘She really is too good to her customers,’ he thought, feeling a bit better than he had in a while.

About a half hour later, Harry let out a satisfied sigh as he wiped his mouth with the paper napkin. ‘Rosmerta really is the best,’ he thought fondly. He picked up his butterbeer to finish it off, when he noticed something strange through the translucent glass of the bottle.

'Odd, was there always something on the back of the labels on these bottles?' Harry wondered. Upon closer inspection, there was some neatly arranged text in black that lined the top edge of the inside of the label. It said: Come to the last stall in the restroom. I'll be waiting.

Harry's eyes widened a bit, and he quickly glanced around at the surrounding patrons. Was this some sort of prank? Or maybe this was some sort of ploy by someone to hurt him before the First Task in a week. The scruffy haired wizard fidgeted in his seat as he thought about ignoring it and leaving The Three Broomsticks immediately.

Harry gasped softly, 'Maybe this is Bagman trying to give him help with the tournament again! He did pull me aside a few times trying to get my attention earlier last week, but we kept getting interrupted by people asking after him.' Harry thought it over, and decided that he should probably check it out while being extremely careful. 'Even if it's a trap, I'm sure I'll be just fine. I've managed to counter all of the stupid pranks and hexes people have sent my way so far, anyways.'

He got up from his seat, and slowly made his way to t

to the restroom, nodding and smiling at Rosmerta's young assistant. The vivacious barmaid gave him a wide smile and a wink, and continued to bustle around from table to table, taking orders and picking up empty plates with ease.

Harry carefully opened the door to the men's restroom, and upon seeing no one waiting for him, quickly walked over to the last stall at the end of the long room. The small windows at the top of the sinks offered cheerful, but limited light inside to illuminate the wooden stall doors and walls.

Stopping outside of the last stall door, Harry did one more sweep around the restroom with his eyes. Seeing nothing, he held his wand at the ready, and softly opened the door to peek inside.

To his confusion, he saw no one waiting for him. He fully opened the door and stepped inside to look around. 'Either this is some sort of trap, or whoever was supposed to meet me here hasn't made it yet,' Harry thought while he scanned the room with his wand for any sign of a trap.

‘Well, everything seems fairly plain, except for this toilet paper holder.’ As he waved his wand over the toilet paper holder, it glowed a soft blue. ‘It’s probably a charm to let the caster know when it needs to be refilled with paper. How clever.’

Harry continued to glance around in the stall, noticing all of the graffiti scribbled on the walls and stall door. ‘Some of this is rather crude, isn’t it?’ Harry thought wryly upon seeing a rough, squiggly drawing of a rather well endowed woman’s breasts with an arrow pointing towards them. The text next to the arrow read: “Rosmerta’s Fat Tits.” Harry shook his head, smiling as he thought about all of the fantasies that Madam Rosmerta must have knowingly given to the red-blooded young men at Hogwarts.

His eyes kept circling the room, cataloging the smallest details while simultaneously listening keenly for the sound of footsteps. ‘A hook for any bags or coats, a love poem written by a spurned man, more crudely sketched penises than I can count...’ Harry mused. Then suddenly, he paused, stiffened, and hurriedly backed up against the stall wall.

‘What happened to the toilet paper holder?’ Harry thought as he snapped his wand to attention. Where the toilet paper holder once was, there was now a completely blank wall except for two glaring new details. The first was that there was now a small three inch wide hole with smooth edges in the wall. The second was graffiti that certainly wasn’t there before above the hole. “Use Me,” it read.

Then, Harry noticed the most important detail he had missed. Two plush, pink lips held open, with a long, slick tongue extended out were visible beyond the hole. The tongue was pulsing slightly, and Harry could hear small, quick panting noises coming in through the opening.

Harry gulped, and his eyes dilated upon noticing the perfect teeth, soft and porcelain skin, and... the beauty mark on the top of the left side of their mouth. ‘Holy shit,’ Harry thought in awe. ‘It can’t be...?’

“R-Rosmerta?” Harry whispered, his breathing now picking up as the world around him shrank to the size of that hole in the wall. All of his focus was on that luscious mouth that remained temptingly on the other side. He eyed each and every curve of the pouty bottom lip, and

mentally traced over the white, pristine teeth he could see peeking out from below the full top lip.

Upon hearing his voice, the mouth closed, and the lips pursed a bit, sending regret racing down Harry's spine. "I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-," Harry stuttered, trying to convince the mouth to open up and reveal its enticing view again.

"Harry..." the mouth whispered in a husky, breathy voice, "I need you to come here and use me for your own selfish pleasures." The pale, peach pink tongue slowly circled the fat, lush lips and coated them with a shiny layer of saliva. "I want you to unload all of the stress from these past few weeks into my mouth."

The small bulge that had been slowly growing in Harry's trousers rapidly inflated. Harry's cock was straining against his leg, raging and pulsing against the confines of his briefs. His breathing became increasingly heavy, and he walked over to the wall in a daze.

Harry slowly reached out towards the hole with his hand, daring it all to be some crazy dream or illusion. When his index finger brushed against the thick bottom lip, he gasped at the feeling of soft, supple skin. Rosmerta's mouth widened into a toothy smile, and she slowly enveloped just the tip of Harry's finger between her lips. He let out an involuntary moan as her tongue seductively flicked against his fingertip and a gentle sucking sensation sent a pulse of arousal through his body.

Rosmerta pulled back from his finger with a small 'pop' and whispered, "That was just a tease, Harry. I want you to give me your cock. I need to feel your cum shooting down my throat and filling up my mouth."

Harry hurriedly pulled back his hand, and fumbled with his zipper. He had to stretch the waistband

of his briefs out far to remove his rigid, throbbing cock. The fat tip was leaking a clear bead of precum, and the whole length seemed to pulse along with his racing heartbeat.

The mouth in the hole was back to holding itself wide open, the fleshy, slick tongue eagerly extended as if to reach out to impossible lengths to wrap around his girthy cock. Harry held his breath and slowly guided his dick towards the opening.

As soon as the tip crossed the barrier, he felt an unbelievable warmth and wetness surrounding him. The texture of her tongue sliding against the sensitive underside of his head, and the firm, but silky soft grip of her plump lips had Harry on cloud nine. He had to struggle against the instinctive urge to thrust his hips forward with all of his strength. Harry didn't think that Rosmerta would appreciate that very much, and he was still very much aware that just beyond those lascivious lips was a very carefully restrained set of perfect teeth.

Harry gradually fed more and more of his length into the seemingly endless void of pleasure that lay just beyond the wall. His hips met the cold tile, and he let out a deep groan from his chest as he felt his cock head settle just beyond the entrance of her tight throat. Rosmerta moved her head back, lewdly sucking and lathering the veins along his cock as she worked her way back to the tip.

The busty pub owner released Harry's cock with one last suck, getting a healthy dose of precum coating her tongue as a slightly salty reward. Rosmerta closed her eyes and rolled the slick liquid around her mouth with delight before swallowing her treat. When she opened her eyes back up, she was finally able to appreciate the impressive specimen in front of her. Rosmerta brought a hand up to grab the base of Harry's cock, marveling that her fingertips could just barely touch.

Rosmerta took a deep breath, and then began to work her own brand of magic on Harry. Harry bucked his hips as Rosmerta practically inhaled his cock. She took the first half of his cock and began slobbering all over it while twisting her hand at the base. Rosmerta built up a steady rhythm, sucking hard while pulling back, and lashing her tongue all around his tip once she reached it.

There was seemingly nothing that could stop Rosmerta from chasing down the creamy, rich reward she sought at the end of this encounter. She pulled down the top of her corset and freed a bountiful, soft breast, and began to pinch and roll her nipple. Rosmerta moaned loudly at the sensation, causing Harry to give another involuntary lurch. His girthy cock pushed a bit too fast into Rosmerta's throat, and she gagged a bit around him, pulling back with a small cough.

“Sorry!” Harry said quickly, frantically apologizing with the hope that she wouldn’t leave him hanging because of his mistake.

Rosmerta was a consummate professional, and didn’t stop even while recovering from that, jerking his fat cock with her hand while she wiped off the drool that had been hanging from her chin. “It’s alright, Harry, you can be as rough as you want with me. I can take it, I’m a very good girl,” she moaned.

Harry’s cock gave a mighty twitch at the tone of her sultry voice, and as soon as Rosmerta sank her plush lips to the base of his cock again, he started to thrust in and out of her fleshy hole. He panted as he felt his head repeatedly slide against the roof of her mouth and the back of her throat. Rosmerta moved the hand on her breast down to hike up her skirt, beginning to finger her dripping pussy. The moans that she let out were sending unending waves of pleasure through Harry’s body.

He knew that he was close, and that once he came, he would likely never experience such euphoria ever again. Harry began slamming his hips against the wall, taking advantage of Rosmerta’s impressive breath control and stamina to fuck her mouth the way she craved it. Her lips stayed right near the wall, her nose brushing against the cold tile as her throat was ravished over and over by Harry’s thick cock.

She felt the increased throbbing along his shaft, and knew he was about to cum. Rosmerta pulled back quickly until just her lips were wrapped around Harry’s pulsing cock head. Her hand left her pussy and she used both to rapidly stroke him off while furiously licking at the slit at the end of his huge glans.

Harry felt his vision flash and go black, and he gave one last thrust into the hole before he came harder than he had ever cum before. Long, thick ropes of pearly white cum flew straight into Rosmerta’s hungry mouth, and went straight down her greedy throat. She had to swallow repeatedly to keep up with the river of semen that Harry seemed capable of producing, and she let out one more satisfied moan as the last drops were squeezed out onto her tongue by her soft hands.

Harry's vision came back, and he groggily stepped backwards, his still rigid member now hyper sensitive and pulsing angrily as he flopped down onto the loo. The

The last thing he heard before the toilet paper holder popped back into place was Rosmerta saying, "You can come back here anytime you like, handsome. I'll always be happy to give you some tender love & care."