

Porn

by ApollinaV

Ron learns firsthand about being in the Pornography industry.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter or anything recognizable to the HP-Universe; JK Rowling does. I'm not making any money off the writing of this fanfic.

Ron swallowed thickly as he approached the set. Hermione was posed, bent over a teacher's desk, her schoolgirl skirt tucked up into the waistband and her knickers dropped. His penis, trapped inside his tight old Quidditch breeches, throbbed. He felt ridiculous in the costume, but Hermione sprawled out like that was plucked right from an old fantasy of his. Of course, it made no sense that he'd be in Quidditch gear off the pitch, or that they could find an empty classroom unwarded, or that Hermione would ever have let him into her knickers in school, but the producers didn't seem to care much for reality.

He stepped over a floodlight and came closer to the set. Hermione's head turned, and Ron sighed in relief. It was some actress with a terrible wig. Hermione never would have done porn. In fact, if Hermione had known that he was about to become a star, she'd have hexed his bits. She was *not* a fan of the newest, most top-rated blue Pensieve series - 'Heroes of the Light.' She just didn't understand art. 'In the Forest with Dean,' featuring Thomas, was a best seller. And the twins paired up with the Patil sisters was the most awesome thing Ron had ever seen.

At least they paved the way for him to have his own feature; otherwise his mum would have held him down while Hermione strangled him.

"I'm here," Ron sheepishly announced, even though the crew hadn't spared a glance for the star.

Rock Banger, the director, came over and eyed his too-tight robes with approval. "Well, drop trou, boy. Let's see whatcha got," he ordered.

With shaky hands, Ron undid the placket of his trousers. He'd known this was going to happen. He'd thought he wouldn't hyperventilate or make a fool of himself, but he couldn't help his trembling fingers. Ron kept his eyes fiercely locked on 'Hermione's' round bum, so he wouldn't feel so queer about exposing himself to a bloke's gaze. He was semi-hard as he pulled his penis out, and a light sweat trickled down his back.

"C'mon now, I haven't got all day. Give me the full show."

Ron focused fully on 'Hermione's' pink twat, trying desperately not to think about the man in front of him. He wasn't a freaking homo. Some clenching tugs later, and Ron's penis stood proudly out, curving towards his belly.

"What the fuck is that shit?" Rock screamed. The crew turned their heads. "You said seven and a half inches. You fucking promised me seven and a half bloody inches. What kind of baby cock is this? You can't fuck shit with this!"

Ron stood stock-still and mortified as his bits were handled roughly in the director's palm.

"Five inches," Rock dully pronounced. "Five and a half, maybe." Ron's eyes jerked to the director, who still had a grip on his penis. "I can't do nutin' with this, boy. The

camera won't even see it." Rock swore and released him.

A quick *Accio* later, and Ron's magically-binding contract was in hand. Rock pointed at a fine-print portion, and Ron squinted to see. It read, ... *and any additional duties, as required.*

"Fluffer," Rock muttered. "I can't do shit else with you, boy. Your prick looks like a sickly Flobberworm being strangled by a ginger Puffskein with all those pubes. At least your brothers had what they promised. I'll have to use Snape for this scene. Yeah, that'll work, a little student-teacher kink. Buttondick, go fluff Snape's cock."

There were things that Ron could have uttered, the first of which might have been an articulate, 'Snape?' or 'Whuz a fluffer?' but his tongue was lodged to the roof of his mouth, and Ron wasn't really in any shape to speak, given how humiliated he felt.

"Go sit down, inchworm. We'll call you when we need you," Rock growled, gesturing towards a chair. Numbly, Ron sat and vacantly stared off into space. Dazedly, he watched in growing horror as greasy-haired, sallow-skinned, and beady-eyed *Snape* himself came on set.

Rock and Snape chatted within earshot. "I'd use him, but not with that baby dick. Sorry about calling you out, but you'll have to do this scene." He heard, but Ron wasn't paying attention until the ex-professor pulled a monster eleven inches out and began drilling the shrieking 'Hermione.'

Ron sicked up a little bit in the back of his mouth.

In between takes, someone screamed for a fluffer, and Ron reluctantly pulled himself out of the chair. He tripped over his feet to get to Snape, who was flushed and perspiring. Ron wasn't gay. He didn't like queers or homos, but his eyes were riveted to the glistening cock.

"Um, what does a fluffer do?" Ron nervously asked a passing stage hand. He was answered with a gesture that made his eyes bug out. Ron choked and looked at Snape's thick tool, approaching the chair where the Potions master was reading a newspaper.

"Touch my dick, and you'll never use that hand again," he growled softly.

"Right, uh," Ron responded. "Yeah."

He was magically-bound to uphold his contract, but if Snape told him 'no,' Ron was completely alright with that. He just stood towards the side, in case he was needed, his eyes focused on the wizard's cock. He'd never seen anything like it in his life - and certainly not up close and personal where his nose could pick up the tangy smell of sex.

At the end of the day Ron trudged home, relieved that he hadn't had to do a single bit of work, but bone-weary just the same. After a cleansing shower, he Floo'd Lavender's place. He needed to reassert himself and prove that his manhood really could satisfy a witch.

Ron wasn't sure what made him bend Lavender over the kitchen table. It didn't look anything like a teacher's desk, but Lavender loved it.

And when Ron came, he came buckets, erupting to the mental image of his Potions professor.

A/N:

I would like to note that 5 inches is average for a man, and not a 'baby cock.' Unless you're speaking of the porn industry.

My 'friends' prompted me to write this after a convo about fluffers. I have such terrible friends. Demanding ones too. I was required to write: Ron gets a job as a porn star, but only becomes a fluffer. Ron's homophobic and Severus is the porn star.

Christev DOUBLE-dared me, in a very public forum, to write this. It was decent of her to beta, and for that I am grateful. But next time she's going to have to write my prompt, and I will make it good.