"Mr. Potter? I'm Sarah Fields, one of the producers hired by your mother. Would you mind if we conducted a quick interview with you on camera?"

Harry Potter looked around. The other owners hadn't arrived yet, and he would only be a hindrance if he tried to join the mechanics and sisters who were unpacking and preparing the broom. He pulled out his phone and saw a message from his mom: "Coming with Eleonora. Making an entrance!" When he read it, he groaned inwardly, terrified of what idea she might have had to "make an entrance."

"Now is the perfect time," he said, bestowing upon the young woman his most charming smile. "Where would you like to do this?"

"Somewhere indoors, away from the noise of the surroundings, if possible," she said, blushing as she tugged him along to the building.

Her team followed her, and they found an empty conference room. The woman pulled out a makeup bag and, blushing furiously, applied powder to Harry's face. "To reduce shine," she said. Harry wasn't a fan, but he endured the procedure and relaxed when she took her place behind the camera.

"Where did the idea for creating this new engine come from? I assume it's an innovation that made all this possible, right?"

Harry Potter sat back, adjusting the microphone on his lapel and shifting his weight, preparing to immerse himself in the story that brought him here. "The reason we're here and the reason for everything I've done was my father. It all started after his death," he began, briefly mentioning the tragic events and funeral. Then he delved into the story of how he crossed paths with Amelia and convinced Hermione to join the venture.

He skipped over the juicier parts, but even in their absence, the story held together. The producer bombarded him with questions, delving into his psyche in the tougher moments. Finally, she ended with a question about his hopes for the future.

"If we can build brooms that people want to ride, I'll consider this adventure a success," Harry declared. "Personally, I want to see us triumph. I believe we can do it. It might take a few seasons, but seeing Potter Industries atop the podium would be a dream come true. And I know my dad would be smiling down at me from there."

"Okay, Mr. Potter," Sarah, the producer, said. "I think we have everything we need. Thank you for your time."

"No problem," Harry replied, unclipping the microphone from his lapel and handing it, along with the battery, to Sarah.

As the cameramen left, drawn by the roar of the engine being revved in the garage - undoubtedly theirs - Harry wanted to follow them, but Sarah stopped him with a hand on his arm.

"Sorry to bother you, but I wanted to ask something... off-camera."

Harry raised an eyebrow, intrigued by her nervous demeanor.

"My sister works as a buyer, and I've been sending her recordings from our daily photo sessions," Sarah explained quickly, raising her hand to forestall any anger. "I know we shouldn't disclose any recordings, but I felt this was gold, and she really wants to get it."

"You're lucky she didn't spill the beans," Harry remarked. "And that you decided to approach me instead of my mom." Sarah grimaced, and Harry sympathized with her discomfort. "What's the deal with their interest? Are they licensing content?"

"They buy them right away, often for millions," Sarah replied, her excitement growing.

"Tell her to handle any transactions to Amelia and make sure Hermione is kept in the loop," Harry instructed.

"Very well, sir," Sarah said, then hesitated, seeming unsure how to exit. Eventually, she bowed and left the office with flushed cheeks.

Harry smiled to himself. Such interactions were nothing new. Women were a peculiar group. Just flirt with an attractive woman, and instead of getting nervous or feeling threatened, they often tried to claim the man for themselves. Harry couldn't tell if it was a primal urge to compete or a more modern pursuit of status. But it certainly made him the object of many glances. Pulling out his phone, he quickly scanned the headlines, relieved to find no leaks. Then a message popped up from an unknown number. Opening it, he found a magazine spread with a model in a swimsuit.

The model struck a pose, one leg forward, arm back, lifting sunglasses from a perfect, aquiline nose. She stood in a yellow strapless bikini with a high waist, giving the camera a playful look that accentuated her full lips and wide mouth.

Harry Potter's heart raced as soon as he saw the photo. It was only after a few seconds that he noticed the broom she was leaning on. It was the most captivating and stunning thing he had ever seen, and every fiber of his being longed for it. Then he noticed the beauty mark just above her dimple, and it took his breath away. The model was his stepmother.

Another message appeared immediately after the photo, and Harry's mind raced as he read it.

"ARRIVAL IN AN HOUR. LANDING AT THE RACE TRACK. GET THEM READY, BIG BOY. - ENOLLA"

An hour wasn't a long time to prepare everything, but Harry wasn't about to let this opportunity slip through his fingers. He had no idea what Eleonora and his mom were up to, but he concluded that he either trusted them or he didn't, and he wouldn't entrust organizing such a spectacle to anyone else but these women.

Hurrying out of the conference room, Harry Potter found Hermione standing off to the side of the garage, while mechanics bustled around the broom, making final adjustments. Sarah popped out from behind Hermione, but Harry waved to ignore her and the camera, which swung around to focus its lens on his face. Ignoring them, Harry pulled his little assistant aside.

"We need to speed things up. How quickly can I start the demonstration?"

"I'll check on the sisters," Hermione replied, and Harry's heart quickened when he spotted the first Bentley pulling up to the building. He was about to signal Amelia, but she was already setting up the observers, who alerted her when the first team owner appeared. Peering through the side window, Harry watched as a tanned man in an expensive suit stepped out of the Bentley. Harry immediately recognized him as the owner of a mid-tier team, accompanied by three women, each in a dress of a different color.

The trio consisted of the man's wife and two mistresses, all of whom were sisters. According to information gathered by Hermione and the sisters, they were genuinely in love with the man. Harry saw evidence of this as the man's wife fussed over him, straightening his suit and ruffling his hair with a tenderness that spoke of love.

The man recognized Amelia and smiled as she greeted him. Amelia brought along two attractive young women who did well in engaging the man.

"Gabrielle said we're ready to hit the road, but if there's time for another start, they'll take it," Hermione informed.

"Tell them to do it. I'll handle these people," Harry nodded towards the second Bentley arriving at the building.

"I'll join you," Hermione smiled, then flew off to relay Harry's orders to the sisters.

In the building adjacent to the garage was a beautiful conference room overlooking the track, where Harry met with the two team owners.

"Here comes the man of the hour," greeted the tanned man, raising his hand in greeting as Harry entered the room. "Looks like his father, doesn't he, Fredricke?"

The second man, Fredricke Gorslag, looked up from the cheese platter and furrowed his brow. "Potter was a small-time fool. Why do you think, boy, that you'll succeed where he failed?"

Fortunately, Hermione had prepared Harry for such people, and he knew that Fredricke Gorslag was a confrontational type who only respected those who stood up to him.

"Shame my father's name again, and I'll take you out onto the... track for a chat."

"Hmph! If this were twenty years ago, I'd take you up on that offer to see what you're made of, boy," Fredricke growled, though a hint of amusement sparkled in his eyes at Harry's tone of genuine threat. "Tell us about the engine. It's the only thing we came for."

"Calm down, Fredricke," interjected Emul, the tanned man, gesturing toward the two older women by Fredricke's side. "Take your wives and enjoy the champagne and food. His people have prepared a splendid spread... Talk about angels, and one will appear." Emul smiled as Hermione slipped into the conference room and whispered into Harry Potter's ear. Even Fredricke softened slightly as he glanced at the slender beauty of Hermione.

"Hermione, could you set up the projector? It looks like the rest have arrived," Harry said, noticing several Bentleys outside, from which men and their harems spilled out.

"We won't hear about that new engine you've prepared until everyone arrives, will we?" Fredricke asked, his expression changing as Hermione exited the room.

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait until everyone is here," Harry replied, shrugging apologetically. Then, as if struck by a brilliant idea, he called for Hermione, who darted back inside before heading downstairs to the garage. "Since we're waiting anyway, would you mind taking Fredricke and his lovely ladies downstairs to see the garage?" Harry turned to Fredricke and winked conspiratorially. "They're just firing it up for one final test before the big show. If you're lucky, you might get a glimpse of the startup procedure."

Fredricke sniffed and couldn't hide his interest in his eyes. He was the type who valued hands-on experience with technology, and witnessing the startup procedure firsthand would provide him with valuable insights. Harry knew that the information would eventually come out, and it wouldn't hurt to let Fredricke unravel it himself. In fact, it might even work in Harry's favor, judging by the rare smile that flashed across Fredricke's face as he followed Hermione out of the conference room.

"Well played," observed Emul with an approving nod. "Fredricke's a bit of an asshole, but he's a genius when it comes to engineering. If you have something valuable here, he's the only person the federation trusts in this group. By the way, what cheese is this? It's bloody divine!"

"It's from America," Harry replied, examining the label. "Have you ever been to Wine Country in California?"

"My dear, my wife is French," said Emul, glancing at one of the slender beauties. "If I suggested that they produce anything other than wine in California... " He scooped up another piece of ripe brie and closed his eyes with a quiet moan. "But this is heaven itself."

"You know what you're doing," said Harry, leading Emul toward the conference table and enveloping his thick arms. "Take them to the beaches, then wash down a few wines from Napa and Sonoma. I promise, once they see the valleys, they'll be hooked."

"They wanted to visit Los Angeles and San Fran," mused Emul. Then another group of owners barged into the conference room, men with big personalities and even bigger egos, jostling and joking among themselves.

As the room filled up and Harry was forced to meet with each owner and their entourage, instead of feeling nervous, he felt a calm confidence that only grew as he heard the throaty roar of the engine below. The other owners eyed him like a lamb headed for slaughter until that sound rang out. Then he

saw each of them reassess him as they settled into their seats. Glancing at his phone, he saw another text from Eleonora, simply reading: "Twenty minutes!". Taking a deep breath and meeting the gaze of Hermione and Amelia at the back of the conference room, Harry turned on the old-school projector and began his presentation.

"Britain is the final frontier of untapped markets. The growth potential eclipses anything this sport has seen in five decades, and I'm here to show you how that wealth... can be ours," declared Harry Potter.

They were businessmen, not engineers, even if some of them started that way. They loved sports and the technology associated with them, but browsing engine designs wouldn't sway them. At least not most of them.

Instead of proving that Potter Industries could compete with the best, Harry's case rested entirely on the potential for the sport's development. They were concerned about Quidditch's dominance in Great Britain, but Harry could prove that it was a cultural phenomenon that didn't translate to the entire country. On the other hand, broom racing reached a wider and more diverse audience.

The tactic proved wise because it allowed them to focus on potential profits rather than the competition Harry would introduce to the paddock. By the end of the presentation, they still weren't entirely convinced, but Harry noticed that most of them were interested in the possibility of expanding markets and deepening pockets.