

## Red Light District

### Chapter 19

“Oooh ... That feels good ... Keep doing that,” Harry moaned into his pillow as he lay face down on the bed in his private room. He heard the girlish giggle belonging to Fleur Delacour behind him. She was straddling his backside while massaging his shoulders. It seemed that she was enjoying it just as much as he was. He could feel her slowly grinding herself against him. Her extremely short skirt was hiked up, and he was sure that the front of her white panties was soaked through. The smell of wet pussy was getting stronger by the minute. Harry put that from his mind for the time being. He was enjoying the massage too much to care, especially when her talented hands lowered to his back. At some point, he must have almost dozed off, because he was jolted back to reality when she patted him on the back.

“Roll over,” she kindly ordered. Harry groaned and rolled onto his back after she lifted her body. As he settled back onto the bed, she sank back down and rested the crotch of her panties against the bulge in his boxers, which was the only item of clothing that he was wearing. Harry stared at the blonde goddess who was rolling her hips and making his cock ache. He saw the cute, little smirk on her gorgeous face. She knew what she was doing to him, and she loved it. Harry had to admit, she looked incredibly sexy in her white miniskirt and little, pink shirt. Her shirt was a very thin, loose-flowing piece of fabric held up by spaghetti straps. The neckline was so low that when she would bend over, he thought that her tits might actually spill out. The thin, light-colored fabric did nothing to hide her nipples. He could see the hard tips making little bumps on the front of her shirt. Her clothes had obviously been chosen to have a devastating effect on him.

Fleur leaned over and began massaging his chest muscles. His eyes instantly went to her breasts, which he could see dangling inside of her shirt. He could easily see her hard, pink nipples. “I ‘ave mentioned you to my mother,” she stated, kneading his muscles.

“Oh?” Harry responded and placed his hands on her silky, smooth thighs. He slowly moved the up and down, luxuriating in the sensation of her soft skin against his palms. A tremble radiated through her body.

“I told ‘er about our business arrangement,” she confessed, pushing harder against his throbbing cock.

Not only had he hired her to be one of his models, but she was also in charge of speaking with her fellow Beauxbatons students about modeling as well. Not all of them spoke English as well as she did. Some didn’t speak any. Harry knew that she wanted to get even more involved in his upcoming plans. She wasn’t as crafty as she believed. He wasn’t opposed to that. Fleur could be very valuable to him in the future if she could convince other Veela to join him. Veela were notoriously difficult to get to join the sex industry. Most wouldn’t even model. From asking around, he found that there wasn’t a single Veela working anywhere in Diagon Alley’s Red Light

District. Harry very much doubted that he could ever convince them to work as whores, but he might be able to convince them to do other types of work. Having Fleur on his side could only improve his odds.

“What did she say?” Harry asked, lifting his hips so she could rub against him even harder.

“She said that it is a good opportunity to earn some gold. She ‘opes to meet you at some point,” she added.

“Reeeally?” Harry groaned as his balls began to swell. Fleur giggled again, enjoying his body’s reaction to her. Fleur nodded, moving her hands to his sides.

“You better be careful, ‘Arry. You are quite ‘andsome, and she might eat you up,” she teased.

“Isn’t she married?” Harry asked, confused.

“Yes, but I doubt that would stop ‘er if she gets worked up enough,” Fleur truthfully told him.

“Early this year, a girl told me that married women almost always stay faithful. She said something about marriage vows and magical bonds or something. She said breaking them is bad, and yet both Professor Lestrangle and her sister have had sex with me. They’re both married. Am I missing something here?” he asked, remembering what Susan and Hannah had told him on the train ride to school. Fleur laughed out loud.

“Oh ‘Arry. You are so naive,” she giggled. “While what your friend said is true, women ‘ave their ways to get around the magical vows. Married men do as well. It is just something that isn’t talked about in polite society. Your friend will learn about this in time,” she giggled again.

“As for my mother, Veela do not take these magical vows when married. Veela ‘ave their own special ceremonies,” she confessed.

“Oh ...” was all he could say about it. That was good, he supposed. He wouldn’t have to feel guilty about fucking as many married women as possible.

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“I talked to a few girls, and they’re all really excited about it,” Hermione happily said as they ate breakfast. She had joined him at the Hufflepuff table and was sitting on his right side while Hannah sat on his left. Hannah and Susan were giggling together about something that he had no interest in. “Angelina Johnson especially. Her family is short on money, so she could really use the extra gold. She even started pitching ideas ... like having her, Katie, and Alicia together for a special Quidditch card. I wrote down all of her ideas. She had some good ones,” Hermione chattered as she delicately bit down on a ripe strawberry.

“And what about you, Hermione?” Harry suddenly asked. “Have you decided if you want to join in?”

Harry, of course, asked Hermione to be one of his models, and as much as she was taking the whole sex scene in stride since joining the magical world, she could still be quite shy on occasion. When he asked her, her face turned red with embarrassment. She said that she'd think about it. Now that he'd asked her again, she didn't seem as embarrassed, but he could still see the pink rising in her cheeks.

“Well ... I don't know ...” she said shyly. In response, Harry moved his hand under the table and began rubbing her thigh. “Neville said it was a good idea and that I should,” she admitted. Harry had told her that it was okay if she talked about it and got some advice from her other friends.

“And what did Ron say?” Harry wondered as he ticked her inner thigh with the tips of his fingers. She sucked in a shuddering breath. From the glare being thrown his way from the Gryffindor table, Harry could guess his former friend's response.

“Nothing helpful,” she admitted. “He basically said that you were just trying to use me for gold and that you don't really care about me. I told him to stuff it and mind his own business.” Harry chuckled.

“Good for you,” he praised her. Hermione flushed red hearing his words of encouragement. He liked hearing that she was standing up for herself.

“I'm just not sure if anyone will want to see my pictures,” she said, blushing harder. Harry squeezed her thigh before continuing to rub it lovingly.

“You're nuts, Hermione. You're one of the prettiest girls in school, and you're dead sexy with your clothes off,” he teased her.

“Harry!” she quietly chastised him for the naughty words. Still, she looked pleased by what he had to say.

“Seriously though, I guarantee all the boys will love your pictures. I certainly will,” he truthfully told her. She gave him a tiny smile.

“I guess I will ... If you really want me to,” she said quietly.

“Of course, I want you. You're the first girl I thought of,” he said, moving his hand higher up her leg until he was touching the crotch of her panties. Hermione gasped before pretending that nothing was going on under the table. Meanwhile, one table over, Ron's face was very red as he stared at the pair.

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“Come on! You guys love pranking!” Ron whined to his older brothers. Fred and George both shook their heads.

“No way!” George declined Ron’s pleas to prank Harry.

“If we prank him, no girl in school will ever date us again. I’ve got my eye on a certain witch, and I’m not about to screw up my chances,” Fred told him.

“If you’re dead set on him getting pranked, then why don’t you do it?” George asked, flipping through the latest issue of *Seeker Weekly*. A busty model winked and blew him a kiss as she held up a cold bottle of Butterbeer. Butterbeer really knew how to promote its products.

“Yeah. Now bugger off. We’re busy,” Fred said, picking at his fingernails. Ron glared at the twins and stomped off in a huff.

The same thoughts continued to run through his mind. ‘Why can’t anyone else that Harry Potter is nothing but a con artist?’ Practically every girl in Gryffindor had already given themselves over to him, including Hermione. Ron thought that Hermione was smart, and yet, she was the one who had fallen for his lies the most. She actually thought that he was going to give her the important job of being his business manager. In actuality, she would end up as just another filthy whore being used by anyone willing to toss down a few Sickles. It sickened him how everyone was under his spell. The girls in Gryffindor wouldn’t give a guy like him a second look because they were too busy trying to jump into bed with Potter. Why couldn’t they see that *he* was the clear choice? Ron was a star Quidditch player in the making. Sure, he hadn’t made the Gryffindor team yet, but that was just a matter of time. They’d see his greatness eventually. It really pissed him off that the school decided to cancel the entire Quidditch season for the tournament.

As soon as he thought about the tournament, Ron became even angrier. Of course, Neville was chosen as a fucking champion. Like Potter, Neville was so full of himself that he would do anything to stay in the limelight. He said that he didn’t put his name into the Goblet, but that was obviously a lie. Neville was just trying to show him up again. Good, old Ronald Weasley ... always second best to his famous friend. Ron was sick of being second best. He was sick of having everything secondhand. Something needed to be done about this, and if Fred and George wouldn’t help him, then he’d have to figure something out on his own. Ron began walking to the Common Room’s exit when he heard Ginny and her friends talking.

“Nuh uh!” one of her friends said, not believing what Ginny was saying.

“I swear!” Ginny told them, her face turning pink.

“With Harry Potter? I don’t believe it,” the other friend joined in.

“He’s big ... reeeeeeally big,” Ginny blushed, but she was clearly very pleased and proud about the fact.

“Wait a minute ... Is that why you couldn’t walk straight that one day?” her friend asked, her eyes going wide. Ginny nodded with a smile. All three burst into giggles.

“Did he make you cum?” Ron heard one of the girls ask. He pretended that he wasn’t listening, all the while his hands were curled into fists and trembling violently.

“Multiple times,” Ginny stated proudly. She was proud that she now considered herself a woman while her friends were still girls.

“Did he ... you know ... in your bum?” one asked while the other giggled even harder. Ginny blushed beet red.

“All three holes,” she said before they all started laughing and squealing as only teenage girls could do.

Ron had heard enough. Not only had Potter sullied Hermione’s body, but now he had gotten his dirty hands on his little sister. He couldn’t let this stand. He stomped out of the Common Room and aimlessly walked the corridors for a while, fuming the entire time.

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Harry was making his way to his private room when his sixth sense began tingling. Having been on the receiving end of so many attempted hexes, jinxes, and curses in his past life, Harry instinctively knew when something was wrong. Throwing himself to the side at exactly the right time, a yellow spell slammed into the stone wall where he had just been walking. The spell hissed and sizzled as it hit the stone. Harry’s wand was in his hand in an instant as he spun around. The corridor was empty, but then he saw a shadow moving on the floor right beside a corner connecting a smaller side corridor. Whoever it was that was trying to curse him was hiding around the corner. Not in the mood to be cursed, Harry aimed his wand and set a torrent of fire at the corner. He heard a male scream followed by the pattering of shoes as the culprit ran away. Harry ran over and saw a tall, gangly boy with a hand covering the side of his face as he booked it around another corner. He wouldn’t have known the boy’s identity if it wasn’t for the shock of flaming red hair.

“Ron,” Harry scowled. It seemed that he hadn’t yet learned his lesson. ‘Maybe I should teach him,’ he told himself as he heard the footsteps growing distant. Until then, Harry would keep his guard up.

The following day, Harry saw Ron sitting alone at the Gryffindor table, the side of his face covered in bandages. Harry knew the injuries probably weren’t severe. He didn’t use cursed fire after all. Still, Harry hoped the boy was in pain. At that moment, Ron looked up and caught his

eye. He immediately put his head back down and started eating again. 'He knows that I know,' Harry told himself. 'Good.'

Just then, the morning post arrived. Dozens of owls flew in through the open windows and began delivering letters and packages to various students. A gray-colored owl landed in front of him, holding his leg up. Harry removed the attached letter and gave the owl a piece of crispy bacon as a reward. The owl gobbled it down greedily and hooted its thanks before flying back through the window. Once it was gone, Harry ripped open the envelope and began reading. As he read further, a smile formed on his face.

"Good news?" he heard Susan ask beside him. Harry looked at her and smiled.

"My solicitor found a suitable candymaker in France that can make what I need. He's sending the contract tomorrow. He also acquired professional-grade photography equipment. I just need to pick it up," he told her. Susan smiled widely.

"So it's going to happen soon? The pictures, I mean," she asked. Harry nodded.

"He's sending copies of blank contracts that I can get the girls to sign."

"That's brilliant!" Hannah chirped. She was very eager to earn some extra gold.

"I'll try and pick them up as soon as possible," he told them as the girls began talking excitedly to each other. He looked over to Fleur and saw her looking back at him. She smiled beautifully and waved at him. Harry waved back, and he could feel the glares of every boy in the school. However, he didn't mind in the least. They all had equal opportunities to go after her. Some tried and failed while others were too chicken to even give it a shot. That was their problem, not his. Though, Harry could see it from their point of view. He already had access to most girls in the school, and now he had the attention of lovely Miss Delacour. That wouldn't change his mind though.

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Harry was on his back in bed with his fingers threaded together behind his head while Cho Chang rode him hard and fast. Her pussy was nice and slick, and she was doing a good job working his cock. Bella was standing next to the bed with a handheld timer.

"You're quite lucky, Miss Chang. There aren't very many Asian girls working in Diagon Alley. You should fetch a high price if you decide to work at one of the brothels," Bella told her. Cho was clenching her muscles tightly, desperately trying to get him to cum. Her small, perky tits were bouncing and jiggling, creating a tantalizing sight. "Time!" Bella called out when the timer pinged. Cho groaned and slid herself off of his cock, leaving it hard and wet with her juices.

“The quicker you make your client cum, the more you can fit in during your shift. That means more gold for you,” Bella instructed. “Miss Bell ... You’re up!”

Katie scampered up to him and climbed on the bed. Her body was gorgeous. She was a small thing, athletically built. Her tits were a little more than a handful, and her nipples were only a few shades lighter than the rest of her lovely, pale skin. Her pussy was hairless, and Harry could see that her little, pink slit was already wet and ready to be fucked. Staying still, he watched on as she threw her leg over his hips and mounted him. She lifted her bottom and placed the tip of his cock against her opening. She sank on it easily, taking him down to the base. Harry moaned as he felt her hot, silky walls squeeze him tightly. “Go!” Bella called out, starting the timer. She only had a couple of minutes to try and make him cum. Katie wasted no time.

Her small body was bouncing vigorously while her inner walls massaged his aching cock. Harry wanted nothing more than to reach up and play with her tits which were being thrust forward. Unfortunately, he was under orders to simply lie back and enjoy the ride. Katie’s eyes were fluttering, and she began angling her lower half so that her clit was being stimulated.

“Worry more about his pleasure and less about yours,” Bella quickly chastised her.

“S-Sorry, Professor!” Katie shuddered. She then leaned forward so that her tits were pressed against his chest, and she began bouncing her ass wildly, driving him deep inside of her. Harry could feel his balls tightening, and he was threatening to release just as the timer pinged again.

“Time,” Bella called again. “Miss Johnson ... You’re up next.”

Angelina walked up to the bed, her big tits shaking with every confident step. Harry loved her light brown skin and dark-colored nipples. Her mound looked incredibly smooth as she climbed aboard. Right before mounting him, she turned around so that she was facing away from him. Straddling him, she leaned forward and spread her cheeks open. Harry got a firsthand view of her soaked pussy and tight, little asshole. She then grabbed him by the base and forced his head into her burning hot cunt. Placing her hands on his shins, she slammed her hips down and drove him balls deep into her tight pussy. “Go!” Bella called out.

The dark-skinned goddess fucked him like a woman abandoned. Bouncing her ass, she was sliding her pussy up and down his shaft, from the head to the base. Within seconds, his cock was slick with her white cream. Her thick cheeks were clapping as though they were giving her a standing ovation, giving him momentary peeks at her puckered hole. Harry gripped the sheets tightly, moaning like a madman. The scent of her pussy was surrounding him, driving him crazy with lust. After only a few more bounces of her perfect ass, Harry thrust his hips upward, grabbed her waist, and began pumping his cum directly into her womb. Angelina squealed happily, her pussy clamping down on him. He could feel her insides pulsating as she milked his cock.

“Excellent job, Miss Johnson. If you keep that up, you’ll be earning some decent coin in the future,” Bella praised the gorgeous girl. Angelina’s eyes were twitching out of control, and her body was racked with spasms while Harry filled her with his seed. Once she pulled off of him, his cock was messy with a mixture of his cum, her cream, and various girls’ pussy juices. “Miss Edgecomb ... Clean him up,” their teacher ordered.

Marietta quickly hopped onto the bed and began licking his filthy cock like it was a particularly tasty popsicle. She even moaned in delight as she licked him clean. When she had licked every bit of fluids off of him, she popped his head into her mouth and began sucking him like a quality whore. Harry threaded his fingers through her curly hair and started fucking her mouth. Marietta seemed more than happy with this arrangement. Her knees parted, and she stuck her ass up in the air like a bitch in heat. Bella was having none of this, however. She swatted Marietta hard on the ass with a loud CRACK!

“EEP!” Marietta cried out after pulling his cock from her throat. She spun around with wide eyes, rubbing her reddening bottom.

“Off the bed,” Bella smirked, jerking her thumb back toward the students’ desks. Marietta quickly scampered back to her desk, her tits and ass jiggling wonderfully as she did. Bella then turned back to Harry and sat on the bed next to him. She was only wearing a pair of tiny, black panties and matching high heels. She slid her hand up his thigh and wrapped it around his still-hard penis. Slowly pumping him, she shook her tits from side to side, causing them to create a muffled smacking sound. Her nipples were hard and crinkled, and he couldn’t take his eyes off of them. At that moment, he wished that he could suck the milk straight from them. “You still up for a few more rounds?” she asked him. Harry raised an eyebrow, silently responding with, ‘What do you think?’ Bella just laughed and got up, letting his cock go.

“Miss Davis ... Step forward,” she called out. Tracey Davis got up from her desk and came up to the bed. As she leaned forward, her breasts dangled, and Harry couldn’t help but reach out and grope them. He toyed with her hard nipple before Bella told him to knock it off. Harry huffed and fell back onto the bed, his cock sticking straight up. “Use your ass,” Bella ordered, tossing the girl a bottle of lube. Tracey blushed madly as she caught the bottle. Tracey wasn’t as good at anal as the other girls, and Bella wasn’t pleased with that. She took every opportunity to make sure that Tracey was fucked in the ass instead of the pussy. ‘Any back-alley whore can take it in the pussy,’ she would say.

Tracey poured some lube into her palm and massaged it into Harry’s cock. She then reached behind her and stuck her finger up her ass, lubing her hole as well. She tossed the bottle onto the bed beside them while straddling Harry. Taking his cock in hand, she angled it until the head was touching her puckered hole. Tracey bit her lower lip, clearly wincing as the head penetrated her. “Oh!” she grunted while slowly lowering herself. Harry could feel his cock sinking deeper and deeper with every second that passed. Once he was fully in, she slowly began grinding her hips against him.



“You’re going to have to do better than that,” Bella chastised her, crossing her arms under her ample chest. She appeared to be unimpressed with Tracey’s performance. Tracey silently nodded and started bouncing a little. After a minute or so of continuous stretching, she found the courage to really start fucking herself on his cock. Her tits were bouncing, and her dark hair was fanned out. The clapping of their bodies was growing louder. Harry grunted as he tried to hold back another orgasm. Tracey’s ass was very hot and tight, so he found it very difficult to do so. Her eyes were wide open, and her mouth was agape. Her loud breathing was suddenly overcome by a deep moan. Harry could feel her body trembling right before she collapsed forward, cumming hard on his cock. Pussy juice was leaking from her contracting pussy, flooding his stomach with her drippings. Harry desperately needed to cum. Wrapping his arms around her slender waist, he began jackhammering into her tight ass. The girls in the class had to cover their ears as Tracey’s high-pitched squeal reverberated off the stone walls. After a few more thrusts into her scorching asshole, Harry emptied his balls into her.

“Better, but it still needs a lot of work,” Bella told the girl as she spasmed against his chest. Harry gave her ass a hard slap as Bella called for the next girl.