

Red Light District

Chapter 7

“Holy fuck! That feels good,” Harry moaned as he slowly worked his lubed-up cock in and out of Hannah’s tight asshole. He would pull his hips back until only the head was in, then he would steadily push forward until his groin slapped against her ass. The perverse noises that the girl was producing had him close to cumming. With every thrust, Hannah moaned like she was having the time of her life. Susan suddenly came up behind him. Her hands slid around his waist, and he could feel her naked tits pressed against his back.

“I think she really *might* end up becoming an anal-whore,” Susan said with a mix of astonishment and amusement. Her hand cupped his swinging sack, and she gently rolled it in her small palm. With her other hand, she grabbed the bottle of lube and covered his cock in it the next time he pulled back. Harry pushed back in with a wet squelch and a whorish moan from Hannah.

“Do they get paid more than normal whores?” Harry asked as Hannah had another analgasm.

“Yeah. Like at least three times more,” Susan said, her hard nipples poking his back. She had a streak of semi-dried cum running down the middle of her beautiful breasts. Susan had wanted to “practice” giving a tit-job. She wanted to be a top-notch whore when she began working at MILKIES. He guessed that she didn’t want to embarrass her aunt since she was the one to vouch for her. Apparently, Amelia Bones had been hot-shit when she worked at the place, so Susan had a lot to live up to. As such, she wanted to practice at every available opportunity. Harry certainly wouldn’t refuse such a request. After they were finished, Hannah demanded that he satisfy her urges as well. When asked what she wanted, she simply crawled onto her bed, reached back, and spread her cheeks apart, exposing her puckering hole.

“That’s not too bad,” Harry said, reaching underneath Hannah and using his vibrating fingers to stroke her dripping pussy. Harry had learned to do that from an old sex magic book that he had found in the Restricted Section of the library. He quickly learned it and put it to good use. Hannah squealed and came hard around his cock. Susan giggled happily at her friend’s reaction.

“Look how much she’s stretching! Maybe she has a magical anus,” Susan said, continuing to giggle. Hannah was in no position to chastise her cheeky friend. The girl was cumming hard. Pussy juice leaked from her spasming cunt and drenched his fingers.

“Where do you want me to cum?” Harry asked her.

“My ass!” she cried out, squeezing his cock with her tight hole. Harry pushed all the way in and slapped her ass hard as he pumped her full of cum. Susan came around to his side and began making out with him while he continued to spurt cum deep inside of Hannah’s ass.

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'It's amazing what you can see just walking down the corridor,' Harry thought as he took a walk around the school. It was Saturday morning and well before breakfast. Harry went to bed early the previous night after the girls had worn him out. The three shared a shower and then slept together in Hannah's bed in their dorm. He woke up early, and the girls groaned and told him to fuck off when he asked if they wanted to go for a walk with him. Harry left their room with a laugh and a smile.

He noticed that he had a lot more energy and needed less sleep recently. He had a feeling that the intense potion regiment that Bella had him on was to thank for that. Harry also suspected that was why the girls said that his cum tasted quite sweet. All were good things in his opinion.

The sun was only beginning to rise. The dark horizon was just starting to turn blue, and Harry knew that the earliest risers wouldn't be up for another hour at least. Of course, that didn't count the students that hadn't been to bed yet. He saw one girl peek around the corner before scampering down the hall, her rumpled shirt on crooked, and her panties balled up in her hand. Only two corridors down, he silently passed by a broom cupboard and heard the sounds of two boys moaning. As he listened closer, the sound of a female moaning joined them. Harry chuckled and left them to their fun. 'The Prefects must be overworked,' he thought as he strolled onward.

After a bit more walking, Harry found himself close to Bella's private quarters. Deciding to drop in, he gave the password and silently slipped into her room. He quietly closed the door behind him. The room was a bit chilly as the fire in her fireplace was little more than glowing embers. Harry pointed his wand at the fireplace and gave it a flick. The fire erupted, bathing the room in a soft, flickering glow. After a few moments, he felt the room begin to warm. Moving over to the bed, he saw Bella asleep with the blanket pulled up to her chin. She had obviously grown cold during the night since she almost always slept nude. Harry smiled and removed his clothes. Slowly moving the blanket off of her body, he could see that he was correct. She was fully nude. He gently rolled her onto her back and spread her legs open. Leaning in, he dragged his tongue up the length of her slit. When he reached her clit, Harry flicked his tongue over it before tracing circles around the little nub. It quickly stiffened against his tongue. Bella was starting to squirm, though she was still asleep. She didn't wake up until he sucked hard on it. Squirming a bit harder, Bella stretched and sleepily said, "That feels good, Aurora."

Harry raised an eyebrow in amusement. "Guess again," he said, licking the arousal from her damp lips.

"Harry?" she called out, sleepy and confused.

“Mmmhmm,” he hummed while wiggling his tongue against her clit. He was still working out how to make his tongue vibrate. Her hand reached down, and her fingers threaded through his messy, black hair.

“Such a good wake-up call,” she moaned, spreading her legs wider.

“Are you going to get up for breakfast?” Harry asked, kissing the inside of her thigh.

“It’s my day off,” she huskily said. “I’m going to go back to sleep while you fuck me nice and slow.”

Harry smirked and settled between her legs. They both moaned as he slid in. As requested, Harry slowly and easily fucked her, hitting her deepest spots in the most gentle manner possible. It was only five minutes until he felt her clench tightly around him. She gave a soft, shuddered squeal as her pussy milked his cock. Harry couldn’t help but cum. When finished, he covered her up and left the softly snoring professor to her dreams.

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“Hi, Harry!” Hermione smiled as he met her at the gate. With a sour look on his old, wrinkled face, Filch opened the gate and let them out.

“No date today?” Harry asked in a teasing manner. Hermione blushed cutely and shook her head.

“You?” she asked. Harry shook his head with a smile.

“Last year I couldn’t get my deadbeat aunt or uncle to sign my permission slip, so I was unable to go to Hogsmeade. As this is my first time, I wanted to just walk around and see what it has to offer,” he told her. Hermione nodded in understanding.

“I’m not sure how long I’m going to stay. I just wanted to visit the bookshop and maybe get some more quills and ink. Maybe some folders and such for my files. Being your assistant is a big job you know ... at least it is if you want to do it right. From what I was told, the last girl wasn’t very good at it,” Hermione said in a voice that very much reminded him of her on their very first meeting on the Hogwarts Express. Of course, that was a different Hermione, but that didn’t matter to him. Hermione opened her money bag.

“I just hope I have enough ...” she said. Harry immediately pulled out his coin bag and grabbed a handful of Galleons. He handed them to her.

“Harry! I can’t ... I mean ...” she started, but Harry cut her off.

“If you’re going to be my assistant, then it’s only fair that I pay for your assistant supplies,” he told her as they walked the road down to Hogsmeade.

“I don’t know,” she replied softly. Harry rolled his eyes.

“Just use it however you want. Buy plenty of quills, parchment, ink, and whatever else you want or need. I’ll make sure to give you more gold every so often to keep you fully stocked.”

Hermione blushed prettily and thanked him. He also noticed that she continued to dress less sexily than other girls in school. He promised himself that the next day he would bring a girl with him that could help her with a new look.

They strolled down the cobbled street of the village. Harry noticed that it was roughly twice the size of the one he remembered. It had all the same shops with added extras. A sex shop was sitting right next to Honeydukes. The blatant sexuality still caught him off-guard at times. There were several clothing shops, and all of them seemed to cater to women. Only one had men’s clothing, and they were stuffed in the far back of the shop. The clothing on display was quite sexy, and there were more than a few girls that he would like to see them on.

“Scrivenshaft’s is right over there!” Hermione called out excitedly. Like every other shop, it was made of hundreds of rectangular stones and had large, multi-paned windows in the front.

“You go ahead and take your time. I want to check out that shop over there,” Harry said, pointing. Sydfeid’s Shop of Sex stuck out like a sore thumb. It was painted hot pink, and the sign had the name of the shop written in slanted cursive. The lettering was blinking like a neon light. In the front window, Harry could see an inflatable sex doll, a wand that turned into a dildo when waved, and advertisements for potions that promised girls two extra cup sizes and men several extra inches. That wasn’t even mentioning the multitude of leather items promised to increase your bedroom fun. Hermione sniffed at his statement.

“But it’s so crass!” she complained.

“Yeah, but it might be fun,” Harry smiled. Hermione rolled her eyes and smiled.

“I’d prefer the quiet calm of Scrivenshaft’s over that garish pile of bricks, thank you very much!” she said primly. “You have fun,” she said, walking toward the stationary store.

“Your loss!” Harry called out. By then, several dozen witches and wizards were walking the streets of Hogsmeade. Mothers didn’t even bother trying to keep their children from looking at the lewd shops in the village. To them, the whole thing was completely normal. Thankfully, there wasn’t anything *too* bad in the front windows. It seemed that the shop owners had some semblance of decency. A happy-looking woman with her young daughter smiled warmly at him as he pushed open the door, causing the bell to jingle.

Thankfully, the inside decor wasn't the same eyewatering pink that the outside was painted in. Instead, it looked closer to a normal shop, only this one was much more exciting. As he walked in, the inflatable doll turned its head and waved at him. Harry snorted and waved back. "Wotcher! How can I help you?" came the voice of the female shop owner. Harry looked at her and smiled.

Nymphadora Tonks was standing there behind the counter wearing an old T-shirt that read, "The Throbbing Wands". He guessed that was a band of some sort. The dark gray shirt had a rip going down the front, and the entire top of her tits was exposed to him. Tonks didn't care one bit. She didn't shy away from his gaze at all. "Just came in to see what tickles my fancy," Harry smiled. Her eyes twinkled in amusement.

"We got things that'll tickle more than your fancy," she teased. "Just got a fresh shipment of these in, we did," she said, pulling out a little silver plug that was kind of mushroom-shaped. She tossed it to him. Harry snatched it out of the air with his Seeker skills.

"What is it?" he asked, rolling it in his hand. The metal was growing warmer the longer he held onto it.

"Vibrating butt plug," she said happily. "Just tap it with your wand to activate it. Tap it again to deactivate," she instructed. Doing as she said, he tapped it and felt it vibrate wildly. He tapped it again and it became lifeless.

"That's pretty cool," Harry smiled. "Hannah would love this. Susan ... Maybe ... I don't know."

Tonks smirked. "Then you better get two ... just in case."

"Let me guess. You earn a commission on everything you sell?" Harry asked her. Tonks smirked and tapped her nose. "Fine," Harry snorted, and Tonks placed two on the counter. "Anything else worth buying?"

She leaned down behind the counter and pulled out a small, glass bottle that looked like perfume. "This is a cologne that works like Amortentia. It won't make anyone fall in love with you, but it will smell like whatever the person's attracted to."

"That sounds pretty good. I'll take a bottle."

"I'm guessing you're the new Hogwarts boy-toy," Tonks asked as she wrapped up the items.

"Yep," Harry said proudly. He wondered why Tonks wasn't an Auror like in his previous life. Then he remembered that she was likely going through her "special time".

“You must be something special if Auntie Bella chose you. She likes them big,” Tonks said, her eyes lowering to the crotch of his trousers. Harry felt his cock twitch. He would definitely enjoy spending a bit of private time with Tonks. Harry cleared his throat.

“I try not to disappoint,” he joked. “You know ... If you ever have an itch that needs to be scratched, you can contact Bella. I think she would be agreeable to letting you try out her new *boy-toy*.”

Tonks raised an eyebrow. Her dark purple hair began cycling through dozens of bright colors before landing on a bright, sunshine yellow. “I’ll keep that in mind,” she said with a bit of amusement in her voice. “That’ll be two Galleons, three Sickles, and eight Knuts.”

Harry reached into his money sack and pulled out the correct amount of coins. He placed them in her outstretched hand and took his wares. “Come again,” Tonks said.

“I definitely will, Miss ...?”

“Tonks. Just Tonks,” she said, tossing him a sexy smile.

“Tonks it is then.” Harry waved at her and left the store.

After finishing with the shop, he went into Scrivenshaft’s to find Hermione. She was pawing through the rolls of parchment, trying to decide whether to buy the thin, cheaper stock or the thicker kind that was more expensive.

“The thicker kind is much more durable, but it’s almost twice the price!” she exclaimed, holding the two different rolls in each hand as if she were weighing them. Harry just chuckled and let her spend as much time as she wanted in the stuffy store. This was the stuff that Hermione *really* loved. He couldn’t wait to open his own business. Hermione would throw herself into it one hundred percent. Of course, he would then have to listen to her arguing with herself over the difference between cheap and quality ledgers. It was almost an hour later before she left the shop laden with bags. Harry offered to carry her bags but she declined.

“I just want to pop into the bookstore for a bit. After that, I’m going back to my office. I have so much work to do! Did you know that there are already a dozen or so girls asking me about your schedule? Some of them aren’t even in the class!” Hermione shook her head. “Anyway, you go on and finish exploring. I’ll talk to you later,” Hermione told him. So Harry did just that.

Harry spent the next couple of hours walking down every street, lane, and alley that Hogsmeade had to offer. He found that there was a surprising amount of sex shops in the sleepy, little village. Further toward the outskirts of the village, one shop was dedicated to sex swings and other BDSM-related items. In the window, there was a moving mannequin that was decked out in a scandalous leather outfit. Around her waist was a harness with a giant, rubber dildo attached. In her hand was a leather crop that she cracked against her other wooden hand when

she spotted him. Harry read the signs and advertisements on display before going in. When he finally walked out, he had two self-thrusting dildos and a bottle of peppermint anal lubricant. More gifts for the girls, Harry thought as his stomach rumbled. Feeling peckish, he made his way to the Three Broomsticks for a bit of lunch.

He walked through the door and smiled. It looked pretty much the same as he remembered. The only difference was that Rosmerta's tits were even more on display than they used to be. Her barmaid dress was cut so low that the tops of her areolas were on display. The busty MILF came from around the bar with a sexy smile on her lovely face. As she came around, Harry saw that the hem of her dress didn't even reach halfway down her thick, creamy thighs. Like the girls of Hogwarts, she was wearing stockings that were only knee-high, except hers were snow white. As if she already knew him, she said, "Bella asked me to escort you to the private section of the pub in case you decided to show up."

"Not knowing what else to say, Harry said, "Lead the way." She did. Taking him by the hand, she walked in front of him, pulling him along. Harry's eyes were drawn to her wide hips. She had childbearing hips to be sure, and they were swaying hypnotically from side to side as she walked. He didn't notice that they had arrived until she began speaking again.

"Bella ... You didn't tell me he was so fuckable!" she teased her friend before groping Harry's ass. She left them in the private room just as Bella laughed. Harry heard another laugh that he didn't recognize. He looked over to the table and saw Bella with none other than her sister, Narcissa Malfoy.

The blonde before him was definitely sexier than the woman he remembered. This Narcissa Malfoy seemed younger, or perhaps she had just been through a lot less stress in this life. Staring at her beautiful face, he could definitely tell that the two women were sisters. Narcissa had the same smokey good looks that all the Black women had. Both women were dressed similarly. They each had on silk blouses, though Bella's was black and Narcissa's was an off-white cream color. Each wasn't fully buttoned, and neither woman was wearing a bra. In fact, Harry could see Narcissa's hard nipples tenting the thin, airy fabric. Looking down at them, he could see that both were proudly displaying their cock-hardening cleavage. Both were wearing skimpy skirts, and both were crossing their legs in exactly the same way. "Harry, this is my sister, Narcissa Malfoy," Bella introduced them. Narcissa held her hand out. Harry took it in his and kissed the top. Narcissa held onto his hand and gently pulled him down to sit beside her.

"Cissy, this is my assistant, Harry Potter."

"Charmed," Narcissa smiled at him.

"I've convinced Narcissa here to help with our class in a few weeks," Bella said, sipping on her tea.

"Oh?" Harry asked, turning to look into Narcissa's big, stormy-gray eyes.

“Yes. Bella was never what you would call an elegant dancer,” Narcissa teased her sister. Bella tossed her a mock glare.

“I wasn’t that bad, but Narcissa was the talented one in our family. After graduation, she became the hottest stripper that Diagon Alley had ever seen,” Bella explained. Narcissa didn’t even bother being humble. Instead, she wore a smug expression on her pretty face.

“I had men traveling across the world to come and see me,” she told him with a twinkle in her eyes that would’ve made Dumbledore proud.

“As such, I thought it would be a good idea if Cissy was the one to teach the lessons about stripping,” Bella said, nibbling on her biscuit. Rosmerta suddenly came in and placed a cup of tea and a plate of biscuits in front of him. As she did, she leaned over, giving him the perfect view of her tits. She smirked at him before leaving. Narcissa sighed.

“She’ll never change. She’s still the same horny slut that ...” Narcissa began but stopped when Bella cleared her throat.

“I don’t think we should spread tales of Rosie’s indiscretions all over school,” Bella said with a little, knowing smile.

“I suppose you’re right,” Narcissa said, sipping her own tea.

“Anyway ... I hope you don’t mind working with her, Harry,” said Bella. Narcissa looked at him and arched one of her perfectly manicured eyebrows.

“Uhh ... No, certainly not. I’ll be happy to,” Harry told them. “But ...”

“But what?” Narcissa asked.

“I mean ... Aren’t you married?” Harry asked, confused. Both women giggled slightly.

“While some people marry for love, many marry out of convenience. I married out of convenience. To be honest, I’m not even sure where my husband is right now. He left the country on business weeks ago, and I’ve barely heard from him,” Narcissa said. She didn’t look like she cared all that much.

“That’s a shame,” Harry commented. Narcissa, however, chuckled.

“It really isn’t. He lives his life, and I live mine. I prefer it that way. After all, while the cat’s away, the mice will play, and there’s so much naughty trouble to get into,” she suddenly whispered into his ear. He felt her hot breath, and his cock instantly became hard. Harry was forced to spend

the next hour being sexually teased by the hot MILF. By the time he went back to school, he was about ready to blow.

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“Harry? I need you to do me a favor,” Hermione said when he walked into her office. She was sitting at her desk, scribbling in her notebook.

“What kind of favor?” he asked, settling behind her. He started to massage her shoulders. After dealing with Narcissa, Harry was ready for a bit of sexy-time.

“Lavender and Parvati won’t stop asking me if I can get you into our dorm room. Parvati and her twin, Padma, want to be, and I quote, ‘devirginized before class next week’,” Hermione snorted. “They won’t allow me a moment of peace,” she complained. “So will you please meet with them tonight so I can get a good night's sleep?” Harry smiled wickedly.

“Only if you let Susan and Hannah come with us to Hogsmeade tomorrow. I want Susan to pick out some new clothes for you. Don’t worry, I’m paying for them,” he quickly added.

“Well, I ...”

“You know ... I think I may have pulled a muscle in my groin, and I don’t know if I can ...”

“Alright! Fine, you blackmailing S.O.B.,” Hermione huffed. She then squealed when Harry lifted her out of her chair and placed her on the couch. Her skirt was hiked up, and Harry pushed her knees apart. He then moved the crotch of her panties aside, revealing her lovely, little pussy. Harry quickly pulled down his trousers and rubbed the head of his cock up and down her rapidly wetting slit. Hermione moaned and began thrusting her hips slowly. Within seconds, her pussy juice was smeared all over his shaft.

“Tell them to meet me tonight at eight in my private room,” Harry said huskily as he shoved his cock into her quivering depths. Hermione squealed and arched her back, cumming hard around his cock.