

Red Light District

Chapter 23

“Quite the view ... Isn’t it?” Harry heard Bella’s voice from behind. Her warm breath tickled the side of his neck. The bed in the classroom had been enlarged, and Harry was sitting between Bella’s open legs. His back was pressed against her naked chest while one of her hands played with the muscles of his stomach. Her other small hand was firmly wrapped around his hard, throbbing cock. His legs were spread wide, and Cho Chang was fully nude and laying on her belly with her head between them. As Bella slowly stroked his cock, Cho was busy sucking on his hairless sack. All around the bed were his equally nude classmates. Each one was waiting patiently for their turn. Not a single one was covering themselves. From Harry’s perspective, it was a sea of beautiful breasts and wet pussies.

“Not bad at all,” Harry shuddered as she squeezed his cock and used the pad of her thumb to caress the head.

“Okay, Miss Chang. That was good, but you can do better. I suggest you work on that,” Bella told her. Cho let go of his sack and stood on her knees, revealing her petite body to him. His eyes traveled from her pretty face, down her chest, and over her small but perky breasts. Her stomach was flat and toned from playing a lot of Quidditch over the years, and below that was her incredibly smooth mound. Harry could barely see her taut lips as they hid between her closed thighs.

“I will, Professor,” Cho promised and turned around. She crawled off the bed on her hands and knees, giving Harry an excellent view of her wet slit and asshole. Bella reached down and used her hand to wipe the saliva from his swollen balls. Her hand lingered, massaging him while she laid soft kisses along his jaw. Harry closed his eyes and enjoyed the sensation. The skin of Bella’s thighs was insanely soft and smooth, Harry thought as his hands caressed her legs. He could feel her hard nipples rubbing against his back as she squirmed.

“Mmm,” their professor hummed with contentment as Harry tickled the delicate skin behind her knees. “Miss Johnson ... You’re up,” she called out.

Harry opened his eyes as Angelina crawled onto the bed. She crawled the enlarged length of the bed on her hands and knees. His eyes were immediately focused on her big, dangling tits. They swayed wonderfully as she moved toward them. Crawling between his open legs, she stood up on her knees and waited for instructions.

“Turn around and fuck yourself on him,” Bella instructed. Angie smiled widely, her brown eyes shining with delight. That day’s lesson was a “practice day”, as Bella called them. Every girl got a turn practicing something that they had already been instructed on. It gave the girls practice, and it gave Bella the opportunity to discover who still needs more work.

Angelina spun around and presented her naked ass to him. Her hips were delightfully wide, and her cheeks jutted outward. The skin of her ass was very smooth and flawless. As she moved, her big cheeks jiggled in a way that enraptured him. Bella held onto his cock, not wanting to let go until she absolutely had to. Angie backed up until her ass was firmly pressed into his crotch. She then rocked forward to give Bella room to put it inside of her. Her knees spread, granting him instant access to her dripping slit. Bella slid the head of his cock up and down the length of her damp split. Harry moaned as his sensitive head was stimulated by her wet heat. The scent of her wet womanhood was wafting up to him, making his brain hazy. Once Bella stuffed the head in, Angelina drove her ass backward and took him all the way in. Her silky, slick walls hugged his length tightly as her pussy glided down his shaft effortlessly. The rutting pair moaned together when her ass touched his lower belly. Harry took his hands off of Bella's thighs and grabbed Angie's ass. He kneaded and squeezed her plump cheeks. Her skin was so soft and warm, he thought as he played with her body. Spreading them open, Harry brushed his thumb over her puckered hole, making her pussy clench him harder. Angelina let out a gasping moan and looked over her shoulder at him. It was obvious she wanted him to fuck her good and hard. Harry was eager to comply. He pressed his thumb against her dark hole, and it was just about to pop in when Bella stopped him.

"No hands, Harry. Let her do all the work," Bella ordered, taking his hands from Angie's ass and placing them back on her thighs. She then put one hand back on his chest and moved the other between his legs. Her hand began massaging his balls just as Angie leaned forward. They both watched as his cock emerged from Angelina's depths. The surface of his shaft was slick with her wetness, but they only got to see that for a second before she leaned back. The sound of her wet penetration was loud enough for everyone to hear clearly. Bella squeezed his sack and tugged on it lightly just as Angie rocked her body forward again. Harry loved the way her inner pussy lips clung to his cock as it left her body. Her lips stretched away from her body, desperately trying to keep him in. Driving her ass back again, Angelina began trembling. She wasn't even embarrassed as her pussy squelched loudly, making several girls giggle.

Prying his eyes away from her stretched pussy, Harry looked at the crowd of girls. All of them looked like they were about to push Angie out of the way in an attempt to take her place. Of course, they would never try such a thing when Bellatrix was watching over them. Pansy, of all people, looked the most eager. As she was next in line, she was standing at the foot of the bed and had the best view of Angelina's face, which was twisted in the throes of pleasure. Pansy's small hands weren't idle. One hand was caressing her lower belly while the other was playing with her neck. Her face was pink with lust, and her mouth was slightly agape as she breathed heavily. Her little, pink nipples were stiff with arousal, and no doubt she couldn't wait for the next time he was able to suck and nip at them. Harry's eyes lowered to the area between her slightly parted legs. Her pussy was glistening, and as he watched, a fat bead of wetness dripped from her lips and fell to the floor. Pansy looked to be about two seconds from touching herself. Meanwhile, Angelina's rocking was getting faster.

Her thick cheeks clapped against his body as she expertly fucked herself on his cock. His balls began churning, and he was getting close to climaxing. Bella seemed to sense this. Her hand softly played with his pecs while she rolled his balls in her other palm.

“How does her pussy feel?” Bella asked while nipping at his jawline. She then tickled his cheek with the tip of her pink tongue.

“Incredible,” Harry was able to choke out. Angelina was beginning to cream his cock. Streaks of her thick girl-cum were smeared all over his shaft. Her cream wasn’t just on Harry’s body. It was smeared all around Angie’s pussy, and some even was up by her winking asshole. Angelina’s raucous and rowdy pounding on his cock was making a complete mess of both of them. Harry moaned loudly and turned his head. He took Bella’s tongue into his mouth and sucked on it as they kissed. Through their kissing, he heard Angelina cry out as she came. Even without her verbal confirmation, Harry would still have been able to tell. Her pussy practically choked his cock as it tightened drastically. Quickly breaking the kiss, Harry moaned loudly and gripped Angie’s thin waist.

“Flip onto your back and bring your head over here,” Bella called out. Through her orgasm, Angelina pulled off of his cock and laid back. The top of her head was now touching his bloated, cum-filled sack. Harry didn’t need to be told what to do. He leaned over and shoved his cock down Angie’s throat, causing her to gag. Hooking his arms over the backs of her knees, he pulled her lower half up until her cream-covered pussy was right in his face. Harry licked her from clit to asshole, making her orgasm even more intense. When his tongue reached her asshole, he lavished it with attention, licking all over the little hole and tracing the rim. Angelina was squirming wildly as Harry thrust his hips and fucked her mouth. Harry then moved his mouth down to her pussy and sucked the cream from her plump, hairless lips. Once the outside of her pussy was sparkling clean, he shoved his tongue inside of her. It was amazing the way her pussy tried to milk his tongue as though it was a cock, Harry thought as he moaned into her pussy. Beads of arousal were leaking from her upturned pussy and dripping down her smooth mound and onto her flat belly. Pulling his tongue out, Harry rubbed his face all over between her opened legs, motorboating her naked pussy. Angelina let out a strained, gurgling sound as Harry’s balls began to empty. Thrusting over and over, Harry groaned and took her swollen clit into his mouth. Sucking on it as hard as he could, he heard Angelina squeal around his cock as little arches of wetness squirted from her contracting pussy. Thrusting his hips downward, he kept them there and pumped the last little bit of cum directly down her throat.

He pulled his cock from her mouth, and Angelina loudly sucked in a much-needed breath. Harry stood up on his knees while his hand was busy furiously massaging Angelina’s throbbing clit. Her little nub was hard and slick with her juices, and as his fingers flicked over them, her eyes rolled into the back of her head. “No more!” she squeaked and pushed his hand away from her overly-sensitive pussy. That was the wrong move.

“Never do that to a client unless their time has run out,” Bella heatedly chastised her. “As punishment, you’re going to take it up the ass while you’re still cumming,” she told her. Bella then turned to Harry. “Give it to her hard,” their professor ordered.

Angelina whimpered pathetically as Harry moved down to her lower half and flipped her still-spasming body over onto her stomach. Her ass was lifted up, and Angie bit the bedsheets as Harry penetrated her asshole, making her orgasm flare to new heights. Behind them, the waiting girls groaned in annoyance at having to wait even longer. By then, Pansy was done waiting. Her fingers were ferociously rubbing her slit while her other hand cupped and kneaded her small breast. It was all she could do to not jump onto the bed and join in.

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When Fleur mentioned that she couldn’t stay with him that night because Madame Maxime had something to show her, Harry immediately knew what it was. With him not having any more classes with the Gryffindors for the rest of the day, he needed a way to get Neville a message. He smiled when he saw a cute redhead walking with her friends down the corridor. Harry jogged to catch up with them. When in striking distance, Harry reached out and grabbed her wrist from behind. Ginny squeaked and jumped in fright but calmed when she quickly spun around and saw Harry. He smiled handsomely at her.

“Harry! You scared me!” she cried out, breathing heavily.

“Sorry, Ginny. Let me make it up to you,” he said and grabbed her by her waist. Harry pulled her in and kissed her passionately. His arms wrapped tightly around her slender waist, and her body was pressed fully against him. Ginny’s body acted on instinct. Her arms came up and wrapped around the back of his neck as she deepened the kiss. Her little, warm tongue slipped into his mouth, and she moaned. They were now making out furiously in the middle of the corridor. Forgetting where he was, his hands slid under her very short school robes and cupped her ass. From touch alone, he could tell that she was wearing a pair of panties that was at least a size too small. The back of her panties was wedged deeply in the crack of her ass, giving him plenty of smooth, uncovered skin to play with. He gripped her cheeks roughly and kneaded her soft skin.

“Heh-Hem!” they heard the authoritative sound of a throat being cleared. They broke the kiss and looked at the source of the noise, though Harry didn’t need to. The particular sound was burned into his brain from years of being her student. Sure enough, Professor McGonagall was standing there with an eyebrow raised.

“There’s a time and a place for this kind of behavior, Mr. Potter ... Miss Weasley,” she told them, sounding annoyed. Harry tossed her a boyish smile while Ginny’s cheeks burned red with embarrassment.

“Sorry, Professor. I’d like to say it won’t happen again, but it probably will. I can’t control myself when Ginny’s around,” he joked.

“Harry!” Ginny quietly hissed in embarrassment. Ginny’s friends burst into a giggle fit.

“Well, then ... Perhaps I should keep you two star-crossed lovers apart with a weekend of detention,” she suggested with a small smile playing on her lips.

“I suddenly find that my appetite for love has been temporarily quenched,” Harry told her with a straight face. McGonagall snorted.

“I’m glad to hear it. Now run along before I really do give you detention,” she smiled and walked away.

“You’re going to get me into trouble, you git!” Ginny said as soon as McGonagall had turned the corner, smacking his shoulder while her friends continued to giggle.

“Sorry,” he apologized. “I wanted to ask you something.”

Ginny huffed and fixed her hair. “What do you want to ask me?”

“Can you do me a favor and ask Neville to meet me outside of the Gryffindor Common Room at nine o’clock tonight?” he asked her. Ginny’s eyebrows raised, not expecting that.

“I need to show him something important,” Harry added as he placed his hand on her lower back. He couldn’t stop his hand from exploring her growing curves, and she did nothing to stop it.

“Sure ... I can tell him,” she replied, still sounding unsure about why he wanted to speak with Neville. Harry smiled.

“Thanks, Ginny. As a reward, how about I take you to Hogsmeade Saturday morning?” he said, leaning in and kissing her small, cute nose. Ginny closed her eyes and purred.

“T-That would be nice,” she shuddered as his lips moved back down to hers. His lips hadn’t even touched hers yet before she opened her mouth and invited his tongue back in. Harry didn’t disappoint. Within seconds, they were making out in the middle of the corridor again.

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After checking for himself to see if the dragons were actually there, he made his way back into the castle and up to the Gryffindor Common Room with a few minutes to spare. No sooner had Harry checked his watch that the painting of the Fat Lady swung open. Neville climbed out of

the hole and looked around. Spotting Harry, she walked over to him while the painting swung shut and blocked off the entrance.

“Hey, Harry. You wanted to see me?” he asked as he walked up. Harry nodded his head.

“I’ve got a bit of information about the First Task of the tournament. It looks like you guys will be facing dragons,” Harry told him. Neville looked skeptical, to say the least. Who in their right mind would allow children to fight a dragon? Harry continued.

“If you don’t believe me and want to see them for yourself, go to Hagrid’s hut tonight and take a right. Walk along the edge of the Forbidden Forest until you can no longer see the castle or the lake. It’s a bit of a walk. A little further down is the dragon handler camp with four dragons. I think Ron’s brother is one of the handlers. If you go, try not to be seen, or you’ll get into trouble,” Harry explained. By then, Neville’s mouth was open in disbelief.

“Surely you’re joking. Dumbledore would be mental to bring dragons here to fight,” he said in shock. Harry shrugged his shoulders.

“I just went there and saw them for myself ... and I doubt you’ll have to actually defeat the dragon. You’ll probably just have to get by it or something,” he told him, trying to point him in the right direction. “That won’t make it any less dangerous, though,” Harry quickly added.

“By now, I’m guessing that Fleur and Viktor already know about the dragons. From what I read, cheating has always been a part of the tournament. That’s why I’m telling you. If you decide to go and see for yourself, remember to mention it to Diggory. He probably doesn’t know either. Going in blind to face a dragon might just earn him a lengthy visit to the Hospital Wing.”

Neville was quiet for a few seconds, appearing to be in deep thought. He then looked up at him.

“I don’t think you’d lie to me about this, but I’d still like to see it for myself,” he said. “I think I’ll get Ron to come with me and go check it out.” Harry clapped him on the shoulder.

“Smart move. I better get going, then. Don’t get spotted, or McGonagall will have your hide,” Harry warned. Neville nodded, already knowing how much trouble he would be in.

“Thanks for the heads up,” Neville called out as Harry began to walk away.

“No problem,” Harry called back as Neville slipped back into the Common Room. Harry heard the painting shut behind him. Having done his good deed for the day, Harry went back to his room to finish up an annoyingly long essay.

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The following morning at breakfast, Neville looked a bit green. His expression was morose, and he didn't seem to have an appetite for the mouth-watering breakfast the House Elves had provided. Harry guessed that he had indeed gone out and seen the dragons. His mood didn't surprise Harry, seeing as the First Task was set for the following day. Beside him, Ron was shoveling food into his mouth at his normal pace. On his other side, Hermione was patting his shoulder and speaking to him with a soft expression. If he knew Hermione, she was likely promising to help him come up with a plan. He didn't expect to see her for the rest of the day. Fleur was nowhere to be seen. Harry speculated that she was going to spend the day preparing. Likewise, Viktor and Cedric were also absent from breakfast. Up at the staff table, the fake Moody was carefully watching Neville. Harry wondered if he would try to help out the boy, just as he had helped Harry in his previous life. Of course, that help was given with a nefarious purpose in mind, but at least Neville had someone watching his back, unlike Harry the first go-round.

Everyone else in the Great Hall appeared to be very excited for the upcoming event. Loud chatter filled the expansive room. Even Susan and Hannah were jabbering away about what they might see. Harry wasn't going to spoil it for them. Noticing that morning classes would begin soon, Harry began eating his food.

The day was relatively boring, as most school days were, but at least it ended at a high point. At the end of the day, Bella informed him that she had some free time to be photographed. So with his equipment in hand, he went to her private bedroom. Harry had to admit, Bella was a natural. The only thing he had to do was coax her into different positions and click away with his camera.

Bella was really enjoying herself as she flipped her hair over her shoulder and shot Harry a seductive look. Standing tall and straight-backed, she spread her feet about shoulder length apart. Not wearing a single piece of clothing, she did her best to hide all of the good bits so that the photos would be usable. One arm was draped over her breasts, covering half of them while her other hand was covering the lowest part of her pussy. The entirety of her smooth mound was on display, and only her clit and slit were hidden from him. Bella then turned her back on him and slowly walked to the bed. The way her hips swayed did wonderful things to her plump ass. Bella stopped and looked over her shoulder at him with a soft, sexy smile. Her gorgeous eyes glittered in the light. Harry quickly got several pictures of that particular pose. She then bent over and turned on the radio. A song with pulsating beat began to play, and Bella's hips expertly moved with the rhythm. She grabbed her long, black hair and lifted it above her head, exposing her naked back. Her hips were bouncing from side to side, causing her luscious cheeks to jiggle. Harry was surprised that his camera wasn't overheating from how quickly he was snapping away. Bella then spun around and walked over to him with a hungry look in her eyes. She wasn't covering herself. Hard nipples and bouncing breasts were free to be photographed, and Harry did exactly that. He wouldn't be able to use them, but he'd happily keep them in his private collection. When she reached him, she dropped to her knees. Covering her breasts in her hands, she looked up at him and swiped her tongue across her upper lip. Harry got exactly one shot of that before she pulled his trousers down and sucked him to the hilt in a single go.

Bella pulled off of him and stroked his cock with her hand. "Sorry for the interruption, but modeling always makes me super horny," she explained before taking him back down her throat. Harry moaned loudly as he aimed his camera downward. Bella looked up as the camera clicked. She didn't mind one bit that she was being photographed while performing such an act. In fact, it only made her hornier. By the end of the day, Harry would have plenty of photographs to use and many more of her getting fucked in every position possible.