

## Red Light District

### Chapter 14

Harry was distracted from his rhythmic thrusting by the sight of Susan rubbing oil all over her naked tits. She stood in front of the mirror in her and Hannah's dorm room, turning from side to side. She examined her slick, oily tits from the side before facing forward again. Susan placed her hands underneath the large globes and hefted them up. She bounced them a few times as though checking their weight before she let go. Harry stared as they dropped down and jiggled. She then grabbed the bottle of oil again and poured another healthy dose all over her breasts. Harry watched the thick, clear liquid slowly run down her smooth flesh. Most of it disappeared down her vast cleavage. Before the oil could drip off her body, she massaged it into her skin. The flickering light from the fireplace caused her slippery skin to glisten. At that moment, Harry was very grateful that he was able to stick his cock between her luscious tits any time that he wanted. Susan had never denied him if she could help it. She then arched her back slightly and thrust her chest out, making her breasts look even better. Moving her chest from side to side, she shook her tits in a way that would have driven him crazy if his lustful desires weren't already being sated.

Susan was always lotioning or oiling her skin, especially her breasts. She took care of them more than any girl he had ever heard of. Wanting her body to be as beautiful as possible, she bought only the best products to put on herself. Those products didn't come cheap either. They were only sold in the stores that the wealthy shopped in. You wouldn't see many girls at Hogwarts with those types of products. The only one that he could think of was maybe Daphne. Thankfully, the Bones family was well-off, and they could easily absorb the extra cost. She was very proud to have been offered that contract with Milkies, and she was doing everything possible to keep her body as gorgeous as possible. On occasion, she would even warn him away whenever he nipped at her flesh a little too hard, not wanting him to accidentally scar her delicate, porcelain skin. When asked about it, she would happily go on for hours about how her aunt and mother had worked there, and how it was a family tradition. Harry already promised that he would be a regular customer when she began working there after graduation. He couldn't wait to see and experience all those big-breasted women. Harry's attention was pulled away by something squeezing his cock. "Harry?" he heard Hannah's voice.

"Huh?" he asked, looking down. Hannah was lying with her top half flat against the bed. Her backside was lifted high into the air, giving him all the access that he could ever want. His cock was buried to the hilt inside of the girl's asshole. He felt her squeeze again and remembered what he was supposed to be doing.

"I said keep going!" she shuddered, clenching tightly around his cock. Hannah then unclenched her asshole and bounced her ass. Harry moaned as she fucked herself on his cock. Harry's hands gripped her slim waist, and his hips started moving again. Her asshole was well-lubed which made the pleasure even better.

“Fuck!” Harry moaned loudly. “That feels amazing!” he cried out as Hannah practiced the perfect time to tighten and loosen her asshole for maximum pleasure. She was taking her future role as an anal slut seriously. As soon as she loosened herself, Harry slipped out of her ass and immediately entered her tight, wet pussy. Harry luxuriated in the sensation of her silken walls fluttering around his cock as he pounded her sweet pussy. Hannah pressed her face into the bed and squealed.

“Harry?” he heard Susan call out. Harry looked up and saw her examining her hard nipples.

“Yeah?” he groaned as Hannah’s pussy was attempting to suck the cum straight from his balls.

“Do my nipples look puffy to you?” she asked, looking down at them while her fingers gently pulled at the erect, crinkled tips. “They’re a bit sore.”

“I can’t really see. Come closer,” Harry told her as Hannah’s lower half collapsed flat onto the bed. Harry rode her body down and continued to fuck her even as she came. Susan walked over to the bed while she continued to look down at her aching nipples. She then climbed onto the bed and straddled Hannah’s lower back. She lifted her tits up by the bottoms and presented them to him. “See?”

He took a closer look and saw that they were a bit red and puffy. “They do look a bit swollen,” Harry told her as he thrust hard into Hannah’s sloppy, wet pussy. “What happened?”

Susan shrugged, letting them drop. “Maybe you got a little carried away last night when you were sucking on them.”

“Maybe,” he moaned while Hannah screamed into the bed. Harry then pulled out of her cumming pussy and easily slipped back into her perfectly stretched asshole. “I’ll try to be more careful next time.”

Susan’s hips started slowly rocking back and forth as she smeared her wetness across her friend’s naked back. Harry thought that his busty, redheaded friend looked incredible as she dry-humped Hannah. Her big, round tits were gently bouncing around while her pink nipples were rock-hard. Her slim belly flared into wide hips that Harry wanted to grab and squeeze every time he saw them on display. Her lower belly was an expanse of perfectly smooth skin in the shape of a V that ended where her taut, hairless pussy lips began. It was one of Harry’s favorite spots. He had spent hours kissing and nipping at the soft skin in that particular area. Considering the fact that Susan always let him spend as much time as he wanted there, he guessed that she liked it just as much as he did. Often, her pussy would get so wet that her heady scent would nearly asphyxiate him. When that happened, he would spread her legs wide and lick her from asshole to clit until her pussy was shiny and clean. Susan seemed to like that as well, as did Hannah.

Reaching up, Susan wrapped her hands around the back of his head and gently pulled it down. She pulled him until his lips were touching one of her swollen nipples. "You should kiss it and make it better," she teased, rubbing the hard tip against his lips. Harry grabbed her lovely hips and slid his hand down to her smooth thigh. His other hand crept between her legs, and he started rubbing her clit with his fingers. Susan let out a cute gasp of pleasure. He felt her body tremble, and her hips started thrusting harder. Harry placed kisses all around her areola, but it was clear that she wanted him to stimulate the tip. Sucking it into his mouth, he let his tongue click against the hard nub over and over. He then pressed his tongue against it hard and started rolling it. Susan moaned loudly, and her grip on his hair tightened to the point where it was almost hurting.

As his fingers continued to rub her hard clit, he could feel them getting wetter and wetter. After a few moments, they were completely soaked in her juices. The smell of sex was strong in their dorm room, not that they cared. Both girls would gladly parade that fact to the other girls in Hufflepuff. It was a point of pride for them that they had full access to his cock practically any time that they wanted. Of course, it drew some ire from some of the girls, but that was to be expected. After all, there was only one of him and many of them.

Harry rubbed his fingers against her even faster and harder. Susan cried out as Hannah's back became flooded when she let out a few small squirts of pussy juice. He gave her nipple one last hard suck before letting it go and pulling out of Hannah's ass. He grunted as cum erupted from the tip of his cock, painting Hannah's lower back which was already wet with Susan's juices. Harry moaned as he jerked his cock until his balls were empty. Susan then pulled him into a deep kiss while Hannah complained that they were crushing her under their weight.

## **Red Light District**

'The time is flying by,' Harry thought as he realized that it was already nearing the end of October. 'The foreign students will be arriving soon,' he suddenly remembered. With all the fun that he had been having, he had completely forgotten about the Triwizard Tournament. He wouldn't have been able to explain to anyone just how thankful he was that he wouldn't be the one going through that mess again. 'One time was enough.' Then he remembered that it would be Neville going through it, and he winced. He certainly didn't wish it upon the boy ... but what could he do?

That was something that he had been thinking more and more about lately. He already had Ravenclaw's Diadem, but nothing more. Harry wasn't really worried about Neville getting chosen as the fourth champion. Though the challenges could be dangerous, the teachers would be standing close by to help in case something went wrong. No, Harry was worried about what came after that ... in the graveyard. Harry didn't know this Neville, and he didn't know if he had what it takes. What if the boy was killed right then and there? Would Harry have to step in as Boy Who Lived number two? 'Not bloody likely,' Harry snorted. He would just have to make sure that Neville survived the graveyard. How he would do that, he still didn't know. 'I'll figure it out.'

A knock on the door to his private room cut through the noise of the raging storm outside. The weather outside was typical for Northern Scotland this time of the year ... meaning it was bad. It was pouring rain and quite cold. Sadly, he had to spend his Saturday in the castle instead of enjoying himself in Hogsmeade with a pretty date. His Sunday wasn't looking too promising either, he thought sourly. Harry got up and walked to his door. Opening it up, he saw Hermione standing there. She was shivering slightly. No wonder, Harry thought. She was wearing her skimpy clothes instead of bundling up in her winter robes.

"Hermione! You're going to catch your death!" Harry declared, taking her hand and pulling her in. He quickly shut the door to keep the heat in. Harry led her over to the chair by the fireplace and sat her down. He took her bag from her and placed it down next to the chair. Hermione instantly held her hands out toward the crackling flames to warm them. "What's the idea of walking around the cold ass castle in a mini skirt?" he asked, grabbing one of his thin, fleece blankets and placing it on her.

"T-Thanks, H-Harry," she said, her teeth chattering a bit. Harry then brought her a hot cup of tea made just the way she liked. She took it in her hands and greedily sipped from it, letting out a contented sigh. Once she was a little warmed up, she explained.

"I had my thick robe on in the library, but the big fireplace was going and I got hot. I took off my robe and sat it down on the table next to my books. Someone nabbed it when I wasn't looking. I didn't even notice until I was about to leave," she told him, drinking from her cup again.

"Is that normal?" he asked confused. "Students stealing each other's clothes I mean?" he clarified. Hermione shook her head.

"I don't think so ... Anyway, I have a suspicion that it might be Ron playing some kind of idiotic prank. I saw him skulking around the library," she said. Harry sighed. It wouldn't shock him if that was the case. Harry already knew that the time would come when Ron would forget about the threat that he laid at his feet. It would start with small things like this, and before long, he would be back to stalking the girl. Harry would have to wait and see. It was possible that it wasn't Ron who took her robe.

"If you can't get it back, I'll buy you a new one tomorrow," he promised. Hermione looked up at him and smiled prettily. Her nose was a little red, and her cheeks were pink from the cold.

"That's very kind of you," she told him. Harry just waved it off.

"So what's the reason for the visit? Did you just want to hang out or ..."

"No. I actually wanted to go over next week's schedule. There are several girls vying for the same few spots, and I wanted to get your opinion," she said, reaching down for her bag. Harry rolled his eyes.

"I don't think you've quite gotten a grasp on the perks of your position," Harry snorted. Hermione turned to him.

"What do you mean?" she asked, confused.

"Hermione ... If more than one girl wants the same spot, they should be willing to give something to obtain it, and they should be giving it to you. You're the assistant. You're the one who makes the decisions. You deserve a little something for your troubles. If they don't want to grease your palms, so to speak, then that's on them. Whoever *is* willing will get the time slot, and everyone else can go cry about it. You can accept money, favors ... whatever you want," he explained.

"Harry! I could never. I'm sure that's against the rules," Hermione sputtered.

"Every assistant has done it to some degree, and the Professors overlook it as long as you don't go overboard. Do yourself a favor and ask Professor Lestrangle about it ... okay?"

"Well, I ..."

Harry rolled his eyes and huffed good-naturedly. "Just ask her."

"Fine," Hermione said, getting up while holding her bag. She walked over to his desk and sat down behind it. "Now, I hope you don't mind but I need to use your desk for a while," she said, emptying her bag and spreading its contents across the top of his desk.

"Why don't you use your office? It's like a fifteen-second walk," Harry asked as she opened up Harry's bottle of expensive ink. Most students used cheaper inks made from coal dust. His came from some type of giant, magical octopus. According to Hermione, it didn't drip from her quills and splotch her paper, and it made smooth, evenly-colored lines that dried very fast.

"It's too cold in there. My office is drafty, and it only has a tiny fireplace. It takes forever to heat up properly. Your room is already nice and toasty," she explained. Harry walked up to her and placed his hands on her shoulders. He dug his thumbs in and began giving her a massage. Hermione moaned softly as she leaned back.

"You know ... I was hoping that you came for a bit of naughty fun," he smiled lasciviously and slid his hands down the top of her partially unbuttoned blouse. Hermione gasped as he groped her naked breasts and gave them a squeeze. He flicked his thumbs over her nipples which were already hard from the cold air. He then pinched them and gave them a gentle tug. Hermione's body bucked from the sudden pleasurable pain that she felt. Harry then untucked her shirt from her skirt and began unbuttoning it even further. Hermione didn't try to stop him.

"But Harry ..." Hermione shuddered as his hand took a quick break to grope her breast again before going back to work. "I have so much work that needs to be done!" she gasped as he

removed the blouse from her upper half and started placing kisses down her shoulders. His hands were just about to explore further when another knock at the door came. Harry's hands froze for a second as he took his lips from her soft skin.

"Are you expecting anyone?" Harry asked, and she shook her head. She didn't know who was at the door. Harry stood up to go answer it, but Hermione grabbed his arm.

"Wait! I don't have a shirt on!" she hissed, covering her breasts with her hands. Harry smiled and leaned down for a kiss.

"You look sexy as hell. I don't think that whoever is behind that door will mind. Just keep them covered with your hands ... unless you want to give them a show," he teased and began walking to the door.

"Harry!" she whispered harshly as Harry chuckled. Harry didn't even look back at her before he opened the door. He raised an eyebrow when he saw that it was Ginny Weasley standing there holding what looked to be Hermione's winter robes.

"Ginny! What a pleasant surprise," he smiled at the cute redhead. Ginny blushed deeply as he stepped aside and let her in. She shivered as soon as her skin felt the wonderful warmth of the room. Her eyes widened when she saw Hermione standing off to the side with her hands cupping her obviously bare breasts. Ginny looked around and saw that her white blouse was on the ground next to Harry's desk.

"What can we do for you?" Harry said, placing his hand on the small of her back. Ginny was wearing her own thick robe to protect her from the shivering cold.

"Oh ... ummm ... I saw that my idiot brother had taken your robe as a prank, so I took it back from him. I checked the library, but you weren't there. I came here next," she explained, holding out the robe for Hermione to take. Hermione was blushing deeply as she continued to hide her lovely tits. She continued to just stand there, not wanting to uncover herself to take the robe. Ginny was too clueless to understand. Harry chuckled again and took the robe from Ginny.

"I'll hang it up for her. Thanks, Ginny. It's much appreciated," Harry said, hanging the robe up by the door. "In fact, here, let me get yours as well," he said, slipping her robe off and placing it next to Hermione's.

When he looked at her, he saw that Ginny was dressed as sexy as possible considering her family's limited budget. One bonus was the fact that Ginny kept her clothes longer than normal. Of course, her body never stopped growing, so her clothes eventually became much too small for her. Her shirt was very tight, and it rode up her belly. Her jean shorts were so small that the bottoms of her ass cheeks were hanging out.

“Uhh ... Thank you for bringing my robe back,” Harry heard Hermione say, sounding very embarrassed. Harry moved behind her and ran his hands up and down her upper arms. He felt Hermione shiver, but he knew it wasn't from the cold.

“You're welcome,” Ginny replied, her cheeks bright red. “So, uh ... What were you two doing? I mean I ...” Ginny sputtered as Harry smiled and placed his hands on top of Hermione's. He pulled her hands down so that her breasts were fully exposed. Hermione was squirming as Harry let her hands go and squeezed her breasts.

“Hermione and I were just about to spend a few hours warming ourselves in the bed,” Harry said happily, rolling Hermione's hard nipples between his fingers. Ginny couldn't take her eyes off of the spectacle. She remembered the pleasure that she felt the last time they were together. The crotch of her panties was already damp from just thinking about it. “Weren't we, Hermione?” he asked his friend as his hands left her breasts. His fingers danced down her slim, sexy belly until they came to the waistband of her short skirt. The tips of his fingers dipped underneath, and he felt the top of her smooth mound. Hermione gasped.

“Oh!” she squeaked. “Yes ... He was, uh ... tutoring me ... for class!” Hermione shuddered as he gently ran his fingernails down her soft, sensitive skin. It was hard for Hermione to admit that she loved sex and that she wanted to have it with him regardless of their classes. Since she wouldn't admit it, Harry decided to tease her further. He undid the button on her skirt and slowly lowered the zipper until it fell off of her hips and pooled at her feet. Now she stood there in her tiny g-string, her black knee socks, and her school shoes. Her whole body was trembling as he explored her curves.

“I heard from Bella that we'll be covering threesomes soon. Maybe Ginny could help me tutor you for the next few hours,” Harry smirked and laid a soft kiss on Hermione's neck. He could feel her breathing heavily as he pressed in on her from behind. “How about it Ginny? Are you free for a while?” Harry asked, his eyes twinkling with delight.

Ginny's face burned as she nodded her head. “O-Of course, Harry. I'd be happy to help,” she said shakily. Harry smiled at her in return. She then watched as he scooped Hermione into a bridal carry and gently laid her on the bed. He pulled Hermione's shoes off before focusing his attention on her.

“Come here and take my trousers off,” he told her while removing his shirt. Ginny tore her eyes away from his torso and dropped to her knees in front of him. Her hands shook as she unbuttoned his trousers and lowered the zipper. She then grabbed them by the waist and shimmed them down his legs. She yelped as his massive cock sprang out and nearly slapped her in the face. She helped him remove them from his legs before grabbing his cock and stuffing it into her mouth. Thinking that this was what he wanted, she started giving him a sloppy blowjob.

Harry was surprised by her forwardness but also appreciative. He was still planning on having the girl work in his club after graduation. Her desire to please him without him having to ask was a good sign, Harry thought. He threaded his fingers through her fiery locks and gently ran his fingernails across her scalp. Ginny shuddered and moaned on his cock. He then pulled his cock from her mouth and gently tapped it against her sweet, pink lips. Ginny looked up at him, ready for his instructions. "Stand up," he ordered. She was on her feet immediately. "Arms up."

As soon as her arms lifted, Harry grabbed the hem of her shirt and lifted it over her head. Her handful-sized tits jiggled as they dropped down out of her tight shirt. He then unbuttoned her shorts and pulled them down her legs. Ginny kicked off her shoes as he pulled the shorts off of her feet. Harry pointed to the bed, and she quickly climbed on. While still on her hands and knees, Harry pulled the socks from her feet before grabbing her panties. Slowly, he slid them down and watched as the thin string was pulled from between her pale cheeks. Tossing them aside, he cupped her naked pussy. He luxuriated in the warm wetness as he massaged her slit with his thumb. Flicking her clit, Ginny squealed, and he laughed. He pulled Ginny to him and kissed her deeply.

"Now it's time to teach Hermione a thing or two about threesomes," Harry smiled as Ginny breathed hard. Harry turned and saw Hermione squirming on the bed. She was rubbing her thighs together, and he saw a large wet patch on the crotch of her tiny panties. He then turned back to Ginny. "Take her panties off."