

Red Light District

Chapter 29

Harry sighed into the mirror. No matter what he tried, his hair refused to be tamed. Giving it up as a lost cause, Harry left the bathroom and checked himself in the full-length mirror one last time. Satisfied with what he saw, Harry exited his private room and walked down to the Great Hall.

He arrived and found a small group of people waiting, which was growing by the second. Couples arrived, some hand-in-hand while others were nervously excited. Some arrived alone and impatiently waited for their partners to show up. Harry glanced over the small crowd and didn't see his partner yet. He didn't have to wait long for a friendly face to show up. Hermione came walking down the stairs, looking very beautiful and incredibly sexy. The skirt of her dress had a long slit down the side, which showed off the entirety of her smooth leg. The neckline was low and displayed the majority of her breasts. Her hair was pulled up in an elegant bun, and fancy gold earrings dangled from her delicate earlobes. Around her slender neck hung a very thin gold chain with a small golden snowflake pendant attached. Harry smiled at her, and she returned the smile when she saw him. He strolled over to her, gave her a light hug, and kissed her cheek.

"You look beautiful," he complimented her. Her cheeks dusted pink, and she smiled prettily at him.

"Thank you. You look dashing," she teased.

"As I always do," he joked back. "Krum better get here quick, or some lucky boy might steal you away."

"Oh, stop it," she lightly chastised him in a friendly manner while swatting his forearm. "Where's Fleur?" she asked.

"Late as always," Harry answered. "Oh, look ... There's Krum right there," he said, seeing the Bulgarian slowly walking up to the crowd. "His legs seem to be healed. Though, he is walking a bit slowly."

Hermione turned and spotted him. "Yeah. His legs are doing a lot better. He's not completely healed yet, but he's close. I better go meet him. I'll see you inside," Hermione told him, giving him one last hug and cutting through the crowd.

Next, Harry spotted Ginny Weasley coming down the stairs with a boy that Harry had seen around but didn't know his name. She was wearing the dress he had bought her. It was dark green and skin-tight. It was like a tube of slinky material that perfectly hugged her form. Most of her sexy thighs were on display, along with nearly the entire top of her breasts. As she took

each step, her breasts jiggled tantalizingly. Harry only hoped that she magically secured the dress to her breasts. Otherwise, her tits would surely pop out at some point during the Ball. Susan was the next girl he spotted while waiting.

Susan, as he suspected, chose a dress that emphasized her big bust. Her gray dress was just as tight and short as Ginny's, but the neckline was out of control. As she walked, her tits were jiggling and bouncing in a way that should have had them popping free. However, they somehow remained in their silk prison, much to the frustration of the boys around her, particularly her date, Justin. All Harry could do was chuckle at their misery. Her naked breasts certainly were spectacular. Harry noticed Zacharias Smith staring at her longingly while occasionally tossing Justin a dirty look.

Harry looked over the growing crowd again and spotted Fleur's silvery-blond hair as she edged through the crowd. He pushed his way through and grabbed her hand. "Oh!" she squeaked and breathed a sigh of relief when she realized it was him. " 'Arry, thank goodness!"

He led her to an area with more room to breathe and stepped back to get a good look at her. Fleur, as always, was like a walking wet dream. Her dress was extremely tight, a theme all the girls seemingly shared. The bottom of her sparkly silver dress ended before it reached halfway down her lovely thighs, and a slit in the side allowed him to see even more of her smooth leg. The top of the dress was shaped like a V and looped around the back of her neck. The entirety of her inner breasts and the upper portion of her belly were completely exposed, and Harry wondered how it was possible that her nipples weren't showing. He looked her over and whistled appreciatively at her outfit.

"You look bloody amazing," he complimented her. Fleur giggled and spun around for him. Her long, silver hair fanned out, and he was hit in the face with its amazing scent.

"Merci, 'Arry!" she chirped happily. "You look amazing as well," she added. She ran her hands down his shoulders and over his biceps. "This material is very soft and smooth," she said appreciatively.

"Not as soft and smooth as you," he teased as he lightly gripped her hips and pulled her in. His lips found her neck, and Fleur giggled as she draped her arms over his shoulders. All the sexy sights had him feeling a little bit randy.

" 'Arry!" she giggled and mewled as he nibbled on her skin. "You're going to mess up my makeup."

They were interrupted by the clearing of a throat. Harry looked up and saw McGonagall giving him the eye. "Sorry, Professor," he said.

"I'm sure there will be plenty of time for that once the Ball gets going, but first, I need to have a meeting with the Champions and their partners. Follow me, Ms. Delacour," she said and began walking.

Fleur took his hand and followed McGonagall down the hall a short way. McGonagall opened a door and stepped aside so they could enter. As they did, Harry spotted Krum with Hermione, Diggory with Cho, and Neville with Lavender.

Harry raised his eyebrows at the sight of Cho. Her dress was by far the strangest he had seen so far. It almost looked like a very slutty dark purple one-piece swimsuit that showed off a lot of cleavage. From his angle, he could tell it was open-backed with a g-string nestled between her cheeks. Her lower half was covered in a light purple, semi-transparent skirt made of lace. The threads that made up the lace glimmered with magic. It was oddly beautiful.

Lavender was dressed in a way that couldn't be described as anything but slutty. Her skin-tight dress was so short that he was sure he would end up seeing her panties at some point that night. Each side of the skirt had slits, which left a small flap of material to cover the front of her panties. Her tits were practically exploding out of the top. It was plainly obvious that she wanted to be looked at. No doubt, she was hoping to be the center of attention that night. Her arms were possessively wrapped around one of Neville's, and she smiled sexily at Harry when she caught him peeking at her exposed tits. Her back arched slightly, making them appear even bigger.

"Now that we're all here, I can give you a heads-up about the opening ceremony. Each Champion and their partner will open the Yule Ball with a dance. The Champions Waltz, as it's called, will take place at the very beginning, though often the other attendees will join in after a few minutes. Does everyone understand?" she asked. They all nodded.

"Good. Wait here while I wrangle everyone into the Great Hall. I'll come fetch you when it's time," she told them. McGonagall left the room, and Lavender immediately squealed and let go of Neville. She hopped up and down vigorously while clapping her hands. Her big tits were bouncing and flopping around spectacularly.

"An opening dance?!" she squealed again. "All eyes are going to be on me ... I mean us," she quickly added with stars in her eyes. Hermione rolled her eyes while Viktor remained stoic.

"You know how to dance, right Neville?" Harry asked. He didn't know if there had been dance classes for the general population. Neville nodded.

"Gran made me take dance classes for years. Now, I'm glad she did," he said.

Harry then turned to his partner, who rested her pretty head on his shoulder. He wrapped an arm around her lower back and rested his hand on her hip. "And what about you?" he teased Fleur. "Will you be able to dance in those shoes?"

Fleur was wearing five-inch, strappy stiletto heels that looked dangerous to walk in. She turned her head and smiled at him.

"It won't be a problem. Just make sure you don't bumble around and embarrass me, mon amour," she replied. Harry kissed her forehead, which made her purr.

"I wouldn't dream of it," he said as she snuggled in closer.

Cho seemed the most nervous. She was pacing back and forth and rubbing her palms together. Harry called out to her.

"You okay, Cho?"

She jumped, startled from her thoughts. Cho looked at him and shot him a nervous smile. "Just nervous, I guess," she answered truthfully.

"Don't worry. You're a great dancer," he told her. Bella had been holding dance classes regularly, and Harry had danced with Cho many times. She was a little stiff at first, but when she calmed down, she was quite graceful. Cho smiled again and nodded. McGonagall chose that moment to re-enter the room.

"Alright, Champions ... Let's go!" she said happily.

Fleur straightened up and smoothed out her dress. The eight of them then followed her out of the room, and she led them to the closed doors of the Great Hall. "Okay, line up. Miss Delacour ... Mr. Potter, you're first in line ... side by side now," she said, putting them in position. Fleur was on the left, with him on her right.

Behind them were Krum and Hermione. Krum stood behind Fleur and Hermione behind Harry. Next was Diggory and Cho. Harry noticed that all the Champions were on the left and their dates on the right. Harry was the only male date out of the four. At the back of the line were Neville and Lavender.

"When I open the door, I'll tell each pair when to start walking. Walk at a normal pace and keep walking until the music stops," McGonagall instructed. "And do try and stay in step with each other," she added. "After the music stops, there will be a brief pause before a new song starts. That's when you'll begin the waltz. Does everyone understand?" she asked. Everyone replied with a yes. Harry could hear the nerves in everyone's voice.

McGonagall checked the time and nodded. "Now, just a little extra to start things off," she said, opening a large box next to the wall. Hundreds of glowing pink fairies flew out of the box and hovered over their heads. Harry didn't have time to think before music started playing in the

Great Hall. "Here we go!" she said excitedly. McGonagall stood off to the side so she wouldn't be seen.

The massive double doors opened by magic, and the fairies zoomed into the Great Hall. Ooh's and ahh's and girlish squeals of delight swept over the crowd. "Go!" she said to Harry and Fleur. Fleur snaked her arm through his, and they began slowly walking into the hall with steady, synchronized steps. Harry kept his eyes forward, unaware of how far behind everyone else was. They kept walking until the music ended. The doors of the Great Hall closed, and a new song began.

Harry took Fleur into his arms, and they began circling the dance floor. The lights were dim, and the fluttering fairies overhead made the whole thing seem even more magical. Fleur, of course, looked radiant. She had a beautiful smile across her face the whole time. Harry didn't pay attention to anything other than his date. Soon after, dozens of couples were dancing right along with them, and they could finally exhale and relax now that the attention was no longer fully on them. His hands moved to her back and slowly crept down until he was palming her wide ass. He gave her squishy cheeks a squeeze.

"'Arry! Someone will see," she giggled while playing with the hair on the back of his head.

"Nah. We're packed in like sardines now," he smiled at her. Many couples were dancing all around them and blocking them from the view of the professors. The dancing went on for several more songs before the music stopped. Everyone clapped as Dumbledore took center stage. He held his hands up in the air to quiet the crowd.

"My friends," he said in a loud, cheery voice. "I'm very pleased to announce that this year's Yule Ball has officially begun!" The excited students cheered and clapped. "So enjoy yourselves tonight!" he finished, and the band began playing again.

"You smell really good," Harry commented on Fleur's scent. She kissed his cheek.

"Merci. It is a new perfume my Maman sent me," she giggled as Harry leaned in and brushed his lips against her neck.

"She has good taste," he said, kissing softly down her neck and shoulder. Harry noticed he wasn't the only one feeling a little frisky on the dance floor. Many of the boys were trying their luck to varying successes. For the most part, the girls seemed receptive to their advances, and he wondered how many of his fellow males would be getting lucky that night. He certainly knew one that wouldn't be.

As Harry and Fleur danced along the edge of the crowd, he spotted Ronald Weasley sitting alone at a circular table with his arms crossed over his chest. He was glaring at anyone who crossed his gaze. When he spotted him with Fleur in his arms, Ron tossed him a horribly sour look. Harry met his gaze, and Ron quickly turned his attention to someone else.

"I guess 'e did not get a date," Fleur chuckled as she spotted him sitting alone. "Why does that not surprise me?" Harry shook his head sadly.

"Hopefully, he'll learn from his mistakes, but I somehow doubt that," he told her. "Just do me a favor and stay away from him tonight," Harry added. He remembered Ron verbally berating Hermione at the ball in his previous life. He would bet good money that something similar would happen again.

"You do not 'ave to worry about that," she smiled at him. "The less I see of 'im, the better."

Harry eventually spotted Hermione on the dance floor. Krum seemed more graceful while dancing than he did when walking. He was dancing slowly due to his recent injuries, but that didn't stop him from having a good time. He actually appeared happy for once.

"I need to rest," Fleur said as the song ended.

"Let's go sit down for a bit. Do you know where our table is?" he asked. There were dozens of small, circular tables with fancy tablecloths draped over them.

"The Champions sit near the 'ead table," she answered, pointing. Harry took her hand and led her over to them. Sure enough, a card with Fleur's name written in elegant gold lettering was sitting on one of the tables. Harry pulled her chair out for her and then sat beside her. Fleur fanned her face with her hand.

"Are you thirsty?" he asked her. Fleur nodded. He took one of the small menus from the table. "Hold one of the menus and tell it what you want," he instructed. "Champagne," he stated clearly, and a crystal flute appeared on the table in front of him. Fleur looked impressed and ordered Champagne as well.

Soon after, Cedric and Cho joined them at the table. After a bit of chit-chat, Cedric asked if he could dance with Fleur. Harry shrugged. "It's up to her." Fleur graciously accepted and walked out onto the dance floor with him.

"Why don't we give it a go?" Harry teased Cho. She blushed but teased back.

"We are talking about dancing ... right?" Harry chuckled and took her hand. Within moments, they were lost in the crowd. Harry would like to say he acted like a complete gentleman, but that would be a lie.

"Your ass looks great in this dress," he teased, squeezing and groping her bottom. Cho giggled while her arms were around his neck. Her face was very close to his.

"You always tell me I have a cute butt, so I decided to show it off," she smiled prettily at him.

"You're certainly getting a lot of attention. I've seen many boys staring at it," Harry commented.

"Look, but don't touch," she said with a smirk. "Though that rule clearly doesn't apply to you."

"I should hope not," Harry chuckled and squeezed her ass again.

Harry danced with many girls that night, and Fleur had a neverending queue of willing and eager partners hoping for a dance with the gorgeous Veela. At some point, she was spending some time with her French classmates, which gave Harry the perfect opportunity to quench his raging sexual desires.

"Harry!" Susan gasped as she was bent over the back of a bench. They had snuck out to the garden to have a bit of privacy. They were off in a darkened corner, almost completely surrounded by well-manicured hedges. Harry had the bottom of her dress pulled up to her waist, and he was furiously thrusting into her from behind. "My date is probably looking for me!" she quietly gasped before moaning like a whore.

"If I were him, I wouldn't have let such a hot piece of ass out of my sight for even a second. Some horny deviant might just sneak you off for a bit of naughty fun," Harry joked as he angled his thrust. Susan shuddered as her slick pussy clutched his cock. Harry placed the pad of his thumb on her asshole and rubbed it in circles. Her wet pussy clamped down even tighter.

"Just hurry it up! I don't want to miss the dance ... EEP!" she squealed as Harry reached down between her legs and began rolling her clit between his fingers. Her clit was swollen and damp, as was the inside of her thighs.

"I don't fuck this pussy often enough," Harry groaned over the wet suction sounds of her pussy being stuffed.

"Well ... Whose fault is that?" she replied over the sounds of their rutting. Harry pulled out of her pussy and found his cock streaked with her white cream. Harry spread her cheeks open with one hand and pressed the head against her backdoor. Susan squealed and looked over her shoulder wildly.

"Don't cum in my ass!" she gasped as Harry slowly thrust forward and slipped into her ass. "I don't want cum leaking from my butt the whole night," she told him. On the other side of the hedge, a group of girls burst into giggles when they heard her. Susan groaned in embarrassment as Harry chuckled.

"Your wish is my command," he stated and began slowly fucking her tight ass. Their area of the garden was suddenly filled with the sound of fleshy clapping as Harry pounded her lovely ass. Her pale cheeks rippled faster and faster as he picked up the tempo. A little pink faerie fluttered over, landed on top of Susan's head, and watched in fascination as she was brutally fucked from

behind. Suddenly, Susan squealed loud enough that he was sure everyone in the garden heard it. Little jets of girl cum squirted from her pussy, and her body trembled as she suffered through an amazing analgasm. The little faire squeaked and flew off. Her asshole became so tight that Harry couldn't hold back. "Here it comes!" he groaned.

Harry relented to her order and pulled out. Cum erupted from the tip and spurted all over her shapely ass. He stood there for a short moment, stroking his cock and painting Susan's ass with his seed. Once finished, Harry pulled up his trousers and pulled out his wand. He gave it a wave and cleaned her body. Susan shakily stood up straight with her dress still up to her waist. Harry eyed her smooth mound and thick thighs. He only wished that he had more time with the busty girl. Susan wiped her forehead with a whew! It was quite cold outside, but the garden was pleasantly warm. She faced him and slid her arms over his shoulders.

"Come to my room soon. Hannah and I miss you," she said sexily as Harry played with the soft skin of her lower back.

"I will," he promised. Susan kissed him, and Harry eagerly deepened it. She broke the kiss and stepped away, pulling her dress down. She then rearranged her boobs so that nothing was showing.

"Let's get back inside before people wonder where we went," she said. Harry nodded and led her back inside. When they entered the Great Hall, Harry noticed a small gathering around the Champions table. Harry bid farewell to Susan and went over to see what was going on. As he got near, Fleur met him.

"It's that Ronald boy. 'E's yelling at Neville Longbottom," she explained. Sure enough, Harry could hear Ron's voice over the music. Harry moved closer.

"You're supposed to be my mate, but you know what? You're a right git, you are! Both you and Hermione! You'd rather spend time with a floozy than your best mate!"

"Hey!" Lavender called out, annoyed by being called a floozy.

"Ron ..." Neville groaned, pinching the area between his eyes.

"You think you're such a big shot since cheating your way into the tournament! Well, guess what? I could do better than you! A million times better!"

By then, McGonagall came up to him. "Ronald Weasley! Lower your voice. You're disturbing the other students."

"Stay out of this!" he snapped, not even looking at her. His glare was solely focused on Neville.

“Excuse me?!” she replied with venom. To make matters worse for Ron, Snape came up behind him and placed his hand on Ron’s shoulder.

“Alright Weasley. We’ve had enough of your pathetic bellyaching. Go back to your seat before I deduct ...”

He was cut off by Ron spinning around and punching him right in the face. McGonagall squeaked in shock with her hand resting over her heart. The girls around them squealed in fright and backed away. Harry watched on with fascination and a little bit of glee as Snape stumbled back and nearly fell on his butt. Ron’s face was blood-red, and it was clear he was nearly apocalyptic.

“Ronald Weasley!” she shouted angrily. “Striking a professor? I’ve never ...”

Before anything else could happen, Ron suddenly went stiff as a board. His body began levitating as Flitwick stepped up with his wand extended. McGonagall dabbed her forehead with a handkerchief. “Thank you, Filius. Take him to my office. I’ll be there shortly.”

The crowd around them had grown, and people were watching with wide eyes. No doubt many were very happy that Snape got punched in the face. The Slytherins didn’t look too happy, though. “Now that the situation has been dealt with, let us return to our dancing and merriment! This is a party, after all!” Dumbledore stated loudly.

The crowd slowly broke up with raucous chattering. Fleur wrapped her arms around one of his. “I cannot believe what ‘appened.”

“Ohh ... Ron’s going to be in so much trouble,” Hermione joined him, looking incredibly shaky. Expulsion was the worst possible scenario for her, and she wouldn’t wish it on her worst enemy.

“As much as I hate to say this, he deserves it,” Neville added. Harry nodded. Ron was getting a bit out of control. Hopefully, this would calm him down, though Harry wouldn’t bet on it.

“Dumbledore’s right. This is a party. No use wasting the night. Will you dance with me, Fleur?” he asked his date. Fleur smiled cutely and kissed him softly.

“Of course, mon amour. Let’s go,” she said, taking his hand and leading him onto the dance floor. Other couples soon followed them.