

Red Light District

Chapter 10

"Is something wrong with the Weasley boy?" Daphne asked him, standing there outside of his private room on the seventh floor. "He called me a Slytherin slut as he ran past me."

"He was born wrong," Harry joked. Daphne snickered. "Don't worry about him." She didn't say it, but she was already planning to get her revenge on the redhead. No one called her such names and got away with it scott-free. "Any way ... Do you want to come in?" Harry asked her. Daphne gave him a small smile and nodded. Harry stepped aside and let her enter. As she did, he closed the door behind him.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Daphne?" Harry asked, wondering why she had stopped by.

"Didn't Granger tell you?"

"Tell me what? I haven't spoken with her since earlier in the day," Harry responded.

"Oh ... Well, I talked to her and set up an appointment with you. Private time, you know?" she said, standing there kind of awkwardly. She watched as Harry walked over to his desk and checked a clipboard.

"Hermione wrote it down right here for me. I just forgot to check my schedule. Sorry," he apologized. "But I'm very happy to have you here tonight." Daphne's face began to feel slightly warm. "C'mon, let's get you comfortable," he smiled at her. Harry took her by the hand and led her to his big bed.

She could suddenly feel her pussy fluttering as the backs of her legs hit the mattress. Harry gently sat her down on the bed and placed his palm in the middle of her chest. He eased her down until she was lying on her back with her legs dangling over the side of the bed. "So, Daphne ..." he began. He lifted her leg into his hands and started caressing her smooth skin. Her body immediately goosebumped from the sensation. He unblocked her Mary Jane shoe and removed it from her foot. He tossed it on the ground before slowly peeling the thin, white sock off of her foot. "Is there anything particular that you want to work on? What are your plans for after graduation?" he asked while gently dragging the tips of his fingers up and down the length of the silky-smooth sole of her foot. Within an instant, Daphne was dripping wet.

Daphne let out a shuddered breath when he kissed the bottom of her foot. His fingers were tickling the sensitive area behind her knee. She could feel her panties wetly clinging to her damp pussy. "Everything," she moaned as he nipped at her soft skin. Harry looked at her with amusement while setting her leg down. He then picked up her other leg and began giving it the same treatment.

“Everything?” he teased. Daphne blushed red.

“Both my younger sister and I are going to be High-Class escorts just like our mother. I need to be an expert at everything,” she gasped as he pulled her other sock off. Her eyes fluttered as he massaged her bare foot. With her free foot, she reached out and began rubbing the crotch of his trousers. She could feel his long, hard cock trapped inside of the thin, black fabric. She desperately wanted to get it out. Sure, she had gotten to play with it in class, but now it was hers for the entire night, and she didn’t want to waste a single second. Harry seemed to be of the same mindset. He put her leg down, removed his shirt, and took off his trousers. He was now standing before her, his cock proudly sticking straight out in her direction. Harry then grabbed her legs and placed her feet on his hard, muscled stomach. His hands slid up and down her smooth calves which made Daphne squirm. He was looking her in the eyes, and Daphne couldn’t help but look away embarrassed. She knew that if Professor Lestrangle had seen her turn away, she likely would have received an earful. Daphne couldn’t help it though. She was still new to all of this.

Daphne did, however, look back when she felt his cock sliding between her two bare feet. She gasped at the ticklish sensation as she looked over to see Harry fucking her feet. His massive, veiny cock was thrusting between her small feet, making them seem even smaller than they actually were. She knew that as a High-Class whore, men would expect to have unfettered access to her body. She also knew that she had cute, little feet that were begging to be fucked, as Bellatrix had privately told her. Bella and her mother had been friends for a long time, so Daphne was quite pleased when she was awarded the job as professor of Magical Sexuality. The Slytherin side of Daphne was thrilled to have an ally in a position of power. As such, Bella, which was what Daphne called her in private, had begun tutoring her beyond the confines of their classes. She was given tips and was told what to expect. Bella even examined her nude body in search of the “best parts” for her to highlight. Daphne was told by Bella that she had perfect, little feet that many wealthy men were going to pay big money to cum all over. Harry was just the first of many, Daphne realized. A moan left her lovely lips as his cock pistoned back and forth. She hadn’t given it much thought, but she never would have dreamed that she would actually like it. In fact, Harry’s cock felt amazing rubbing against the delicate skin of her soles. Daphne closed her eyes and bit her lower lip, creating an incredibly sexy look for Harry who was staring at her beautiful face. Her shaking hand crept up her thigh and underneath her mini-skirt. Her trembling fingers found the waistband of her panties just before she shoved her hand down the front.

Harry let go of her feet and just stood there. Daphne opened her eyes and looked at him in confusion. It was then that she realized what he wanted. She was supposed to be the one giving *him* pleasure. She was supposed to be the whore, and he was supposed to be the client. Daphne blushed in embarrassment, but nonetheless, she got to work. She thought back to the lessons her mother gave her over the last couple of years. She had made Daphne watch many Pensieve memories of many different sex acts. She had watched them over and over until she could remember them by heart. Daphne thought back to one particular memory, and she did her best to act it out. Daphne lifted her legs up and worked her skirt up her gorgeous legs. Then she

unbuttoned her blouse before pulling it off. His eyes locked in on her young, supple breasts. Daphne then pulled her panties over her ass and lifted her legs up. As her panties climbed up and over her ankles, she pulled them off and flicked them at Harry's face. She giggled when they hit in directly in the mouth. Harry's hand snatched them up before they had time to fall. Daphne watched as he inhaled the scent of her wet pussy. She noticed that his cock jumped as he sniffed her wet panties.

"I love the smell of your pussy, Daphne. You smell like a girl that's ready to be fucked," Harry told her. Daphne tried her damndest not to blush. Instead, she opened her legs and used two fingers to spread her wet pussy lips apart. She then trapped his cock against the arch of one foot while she used the toes of her other foot to jerk his cock against it. Using the fingers of her other hand to rub her hard, throbbing clit, Daphne worked the length of his cock, earning a deep moan from him.

"Does it feel good, Harry?" she asked, genuinely curious how she was doing. Harry moaned again and a long rope of thick, white cum spurted out from the tip of his cock. She watched in amazement as it flew through the air and landed ten feet away on the floor of his room. As her foot pumped his cock again, another long rope of cum erupted from his cock. Over and over, she worked him until only a dribble came from the tip. Daphne absolutely flushed in pride. She couldn't believe that ... "HARRY!" she squealed as he grabbed her and manhandled her into a doggystyle position. Her knees were forced apart, and she felt him grip her ass cheeks.

Daphne pressed her face against the pleasant-smelling sheets of his bed as Harry spread her cheeks open. Her tight, virgin asshole puckered repeatedly, drawing his attention. When she felt his tongue tickle her hole, she gasped loudly and gripped the sheets tightly. Suddenly, his thumb began massaging her slit while his tongue wiggled all around the rim of her ass. Daphne couldn't help but grind her ass against his mouth while he licked her naughty hole. Two of his fingers then slipped inside of her and curled. Her pussy squeezed them tightly as her body was already close to cumming. The insides of her thighs were soaking wet as beads of pussy juice rolled down and dripped onto his bed. "Which hole do you want me to take tonight?" Harry asked when he pulled his tongue from her ass. Daphne squealed when he lightly tugged on her clit.

"My pussy!" she choked out as his fingers continued to massage her pink insides. He pulled his fingers out of her and grabbed a hold of her hips. Daphne looked over her shoulder, breathing heavily as Harry's hulking body towered over her. His hands held her waist possessively, and Daphne found that she kind of liked it. His shaft landed between her cheeks before he grabbed it and rubbed the thick, domed head the length of her wet slit. She could feel his head forcing her lips apart as he rubbed her. Then she felt his head slip between her lips and enter her for the first time.

"Show me what skills you have," she heard Harry say. Daphne found it hard to concentrate. All she could think about was the fact that a small portion of his cock was inside of her. Daphne pressed her face against the sheets and bit down on them just as she threw her ass back. She

squealed as she fully took his cock inside of her. Her taut lips closed in around him as the sides of his shaft rubbed against the walls of her pussy. Her body jerked when she experienced a massive spike in pleasure just before his cock hit the deepest part of her. She whimpered into the sheets while her walls fluttered around him. Harry, thankfully, wasn't pushing her to continue so quickly. He lovingly rubbed her naked back as she took a few moments to get used to having a cock inside of her, especially one of his abnormal size. Her body quivered as his hands slid up and down her back and over her sides. His fingers grazed her hard, aching nipples, causing her pussy to squeeze him tighter. He then gave her ass a gentle slap.

"Start bouncing your ass. Let's see what you can do," Harry told her. Daphne shuddered but followed his orders. She wiggled a bit to make sure that he was properly lined up inside of her before her ass began to bounce. Daphne let out a deep moan as she pulled away until only his head was inside of her. Her ass then dropped back, and she took him all the way in again. Her perfectly-sculpted cheeks clapped against his groin as her pussy sucked him in. Harry's hands continued to caress her nude body while she slowly worked his cock. As the minutes passed, Daphne became more confident with her moves, and before long, she was wildly twerking on his cock, taking him like a raging whore.

Harry couldn't believe how skilled Daphne was without ever having any actual experience. As he looked down, he could see that his cock was smeared with her pussy cream. Her insides were choking his cock and attempting to milk the cum straight from his balls. Her cheeks would spread open, giving him just a glimpse of her tight asshole before clapping shut and creating a loud smacking sound. Placing his hand on her lower back, Harry pressed his thumb against her last virgin hole and began massaging it. A gasping moan told him that she enjoyed what he was doing to her, and if possible, she tightened even further. Her ass moved faster, taking him in harder than he thought possible during her first time. Harry heard Daphne's muffled cry as her pussy suddenly became drenched. He could feel her walls fluttering around him, and he was forced to close his eyes from the intense pleasure. Thrusting his hand underneath her parted legs, Harry's fingers started rubbing her swollen clit.

Daphne's body bucked wildly. Her pussy, asshole, and clit were all being simultaneously stimulated, and that was way too much for a recently deflowered virgin. Her pussy closed shut around his thrusting cock, choking him tightly. Her back arched, and her ass rose higher into the air. She heard Harry grunt right before a sudden flood of hot cum filled her orgasming pussy. Her insides refused to let him go. Instead, her body spent long moments milking the cum from his balls until her pussy was dripping with his seed. Even through all of this, Harry continued to fuck her. Daphne begged and pleaded for mercy, but it was of no use. Harry claimed her pussy over and over until she finally blacked out several hours later.

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"You're doing pretty good, Harry!" Hannah happily chirped as Harry and Susan waltzed around the room to the sounds of classical music coming from an old-fashioned Victrola. "When you've

mastered Ballroom dancing, then we'll move on to the more contemporary moves," she promised him.

"Where did you girls learn to dance?" Harry asked as his hands rested right above Susan's wide hips. He found it hard to talk and concentrate on his steps at the same time. Thankfully he still had over two months to keep practicing.

"My Auntie taught us some moves, but we also took dance classes when we were younger," Susan explained, her arms wrapped around the back of his neck.

"Most purebloods and even a decent portion of halfbloods teach their kids to dance when they're young. There's a lot of parties and Balls in our society, so it's good to be prepared," Hannah added.

"I wish someone would have taught me when I was young," Harry grumbled. Susan giggled.

"Yes, but then I wouldn't be pressed against you right now," she said, wiggling her chest so that her big, luscious tits rubbed his chest.

"Thank the Goddess for small mercies," Harry joked and squeezed her shapely ass.

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The weekend arrived and Harry took the opportunity to visit the village of Hogsmeade early Saturday morning. Hermione planned on taking Neville later that day so that he could do a bit of shopping. Apparently, Ron was getting on her nerves, so Harry didn't see Hermione taking him to Hogsmeade any time soon. Harry made sure to keep tabs on how Ron was treating Hermione. Harry wasn't joking when he said that he would beat the shit out of Ron if he started treating Hermione like shit. So far it appeared that he was just being snarky and annoying.

The reason for Harry's early morning visit was to stop by Gladrags Wizardwear for a set of dress robes for the dance. Most, if not all, of the students had purchased theirs during the summer break, but the previous Harry hadn't been able to get his relatives to take him to Diagon Alley. By the time Harry had arrived to pick up his things, the selection was quite sparse. Only the overly gaudy and the rather plain ones were left to choose from. Harry had decided against them, remembering that there would be a wide selection in Hogsmeade once the shop owners had time to replenish their stocks. As he entered the shop, a middle-aged witch appeared with a smile on her face.

"Can I help you, young man?" she asked, looking him over. In fact, she looked him over twice, and Harry could see a slight blush creep up her neck and lightly paint her pale cheeks.

"I was hoping to check out the Dress Robes for the upcoming Yule Ball," Harry said, looking around. He didn't see many Dress Robes on display. She seemed to know what he was thinking and addressed his concern.

"Don't worry. We have plenty in stock. They're just currently in storage. We won't be bringing them into the shop until the first of November, but I have this catalog that shows everything we have. All you have to do is choose which ones you want, get measured, pay, and you can either pick them up here or have them sent to you by owl," she smiled at him. Harry nodded and took the catalog from her.

He flipped through the pages, skipping over the boring, plain ones and the ones with ruffles and tassels. Harry particularly liked looking at the girls' robes. The pictures had sexy, female models that wiggled around in their tiny robes while blowing him kisses. Finally, Harry found a great set that was quite pricey. Harry pointed them out. "These are the ones I want," he told her. She scooted closer and looked at him over his shoulder. The shopkeeper may not have been the sexiest witch around, but she did smell really good. He felt his cock twitch in his trousers.

The set he chose was form-fitting and silver in color. The silver shimmered in a very light iridescent blue when looked at from a different angle. The robes were trimmed in charcoal gray. He specifically chose a neutral color so as to not clash with his future date, whoever she may be.

"An excellent choice!" the shopkeeper said exuberantly, seeing the fat commission that she would receive from selling such an expensive set of robes. "Is it just the robes, or do you want ..."

"I want the Deluxe Set," Harry told her.

"Of course, sir!" she said, straightening up. The Deluxe set came with a matching Acromantula silk tie, a white dress shirt, black dress trousers, black dress socks, and black Dragonhide dress shoes. "That will be ... two hundred and fifty Galleons."

Harry took a few minutes to count out the correct amount of gold coins, but once he did, the shopkeeper appeared to become even more eager. "Now that that's taken care of ..." she said to him. "We need to get your measurements. A robe like that needs to fit like a glove."

Soon after, Harry found himself in the back room, standing there with his arms and legs apart. The shopkeeper was down on her knees measuring his inseam. Her hand crept up the inside of his thigh, and she gave him a squeeze. Harry didn't even jump, he was so used to being felt up by passing females. "Sorry," she giggled with a handful of his junk. "I have to move it out of the way to get a proper measurement."

"It's alright," Harry said with a straight face. She wasn't merely moving it out of the way. Her hand was fondling his groin which made him grow hard.

"My, my ..." she giggled again. "You're certainly going to make your date a very happy girl."

Harry was forced to spend the next ten minutes getting groped by the shopkeeper. It wasn't the worst thing that had ever happened to him, he thought as he left Gladrags. With nothing left to do, he was planning on visiting Tonks to do a bit of flirting when he saw a cute redhead peeking around the corner of a shop. She looked from right to left, making sure the coast was clear before she ran down the lane a bit. Harry smirked and ran after her. She didn't notice him coming up behind her until he loudly called out, "GINNY WEASLEY!"

"EEEE!" Ginny yelled and jumped. She turned around, wild-eyed until she saw his smirking face. Her surprised look turned into a glare.

"SHHHH!" she shushed him.

"Are you allowed to be wandering around here during a non-Hogsmeade weekend?" Harry chuckled at her. She grabbed him by the wrist and pulled him into a side alley.

"Stop being so loud!" she quietly yelled at him. "No, I'm not supposed to be here, hence the reason for me trying to be quiet!" she complained. Harry guessed that her brothers, Fred and George, had told her how to sneak out of the castle. Harry shook his head sadly and tutted.

"Poor, little rule breaker," he said sadly. "That'll be a month of detention you know?"

"It won't be if you can keep your big mouth shut!"

Harry snickered. "Why'd you sneak out here? And by the way, aren't you friends with Hermione? Why didn't you just ask her to bring you out here?"

"I am friends with Hermione, but she already promised to take Neville today and Lavender tomorrow. She won't be able to take me until next weekend at the soonest. The reason why I snuck out is that Madam Lorraine's Boutique is getting their fresh stock of dresses in," she said, suddenly blushing red.

Harry knew that that particular boutique sold secondhand dresses as well as new ones. "And you want to get first choice?" Ginny nodded.

"I don't have much money, and I'm hoping they have some good secondhand dresses for cheap. The dress I have is a bit old-fashioned," she said, embarrassed.

"So you know about the Ball already?" Harry asked. Again she nodded.

"My mum told me this summer."

Her mother likely wanted her to get a headstart on trying to score a date with Neville. From what Harry had seen, Neville didn't look too interested in Ron's little sister. Perhaps that would change someday, but for the time being, Ginny would have to find another date for the Ball.

"Isn't the Ball for fourth-years and above?" Harry suddenly remembered.

"Yeah, but there's several fourth and fifth-years that like me. I'm certain I'll get asked by someone," she told him honestly. It made sense, and he nodded.

"Hey, I was wondering ... What are your plans for after school? Do you have a job or a contract lined up?"

Ginny's first instinct was to tell him to mind his own business, but this was Harry Potter. Harry would most likely still be the Magical Sexuality assistant for the rest of his time at Hogwarts. That meant that if she annoyed him now, he might just pay her back later when she needed his help. As such, she decided to be honest with him.

"Well ... My mum worked at Milkies when she graduated, but I don't think I have the bust to follow in her footsteps," she told him. She blushed slightly when he looked at her breasts. "And I haven't been offered a contract with anyone else."

"I'm planning on opening several businesses. Maybe you can come work with me," he told her. She perked up slightly.

"Oh? What kind of businesses?" she asked. Harry shook his head.

"I'm still making plans. How about I meet up with you and your mum this summer, and we can talk about a contract?" Harry asked her. Ginny blushed slightly but looked pleased.

"That sounds okay," she said, sounding a bit shy now.

Harry was going to need many girls to work for him. Ginny would certainly be a good worker and could earn him quite a bit of gold. She would grow up to be quite sexy, he knew. It was smart to get her locked down with a contract early on before her fifth year when she really blossomed. A bonus was that it would likely infuriate Ron to know that his sister was one of his whores, and that he could use her body any time he wanted. He was thinking about doing the same to Hannah. The girl was turning into a top-notch anal-whore.

"As far as your dress is concerned, how about we make a deal?" Harry suddenly asked. She raised her eyebrow.

"What kind of deal?"

"I'll buy you the dress of your choice, brand new if you come to my room tonight and try it on for me?" he teased her. Ginny blushed madly. Harry would have bought it for her out of loyalty alone, but Ginny Weasley would never accept charity from a near stranger. Harry didn't want to date her or anything like that, but she had been a really good friend to him in his past life. He would make sure that she was properly taken care of. Though she wouldn't accept charity, she would definitely believe that he was a sexual miscreant ready to take advantage of her situation.

"Just try it on ... Nothing else, right?" she asked with a raised eyebrow. Harry smiled innocently.

"Of course," he lied easily. Just because he wanted to make sure that she lived a safe and easy life didn't mean that he wouldn't pound her from behind like a ten-knut whore.

"I guess that'll be okay," she told him. Ginny knew that he would want more than to just look at her. Still, she didn't have to do anything that she didn't want. She would give him a sexy, little show and nothing else.

"Excellent! Come on," he said, taking her hand and pulling her into the lane. "Don't worry about being seen. I'll tell everyone that you're with me."

Together they spent the next hour buying her the sexiest outfit that Ginny Weasley had ever seen.