

Red Light District

Chapter 44

“Harry ... This is too naughty,” Cho Chang giggled as she delicately sat atop his hovering Firebolt, straddling it with ease. They were in an abandoned classroom that Harry had claimed as his personal space for photo shoots. For this shoot, he had magicked the walls to resemble the inner sanctum of the Ravenclaw Quidditch locker room, with benches, lockers, equipment, and a blackboard. But the details didn’t matter when one took in the sexiness of Cho’s complete nudity.

She had nothing on but two tiny Ravenclaw-blue pasties that clung tightly to her stiff nipples. The rest of her was bare. There wasn’t a single hair marring the flawless porcelain of her skin. Under the bright, enchanted lights, her body was a true masterpiece. Her wide hips flared into slender, toned thighs. The delicate curve of her waist was accentuated by the way she arched her back for the camera. He particularly liked the exquisite symmetry of her perky, gravity-defying tits that were capped with those blue-and-bronze badges. Every inch of her seemed to gleam with a faint shimmer. Her smooth, hairless pussy lips were already slightly parted around the broom handle and glistening with wetness.

The Firebolt’s handle was wedged snugly between her legs, vanishing into the cleft of her smooth, hairless cunt. Her slit and swollen clit were pressed tight and hidden against the gleaming broomstick, which seemed to disappear between her folds. She gripped the handle with both hands and rolled her hips slowly, as if she were dry humping a long, thick cock.

Harry, meanwhile, was naked. That had been Cho’s idea, and he’d happily agreed. With the camera in hand, he could feel his cock already standing at rigid attention. He tried his best to ignore the heavy throb and focus on the photoshoot.

Cho was a natural. She twisted her torso for the best angle, threw her long black hair over one shoulder, and gave the lens a wicked, knowing smirk. She knew exactly what she was doing. She’d been featured in three previous card series, and this set was meant to be her most daring yet. She toyed with the pasties, making her perky tits bounce and the stiff nipples strain against the tiny covering. “Are you sure this isn’t too much?” she said, but her smile said she was loving every second.

“Not at all,” Harry said, unable to keep a straight face. “This set’s for the Diamond Holos and the Limited Edition cards. They need to be sexier than normal.”

Cho giggled, her laughter clear and unguarded. She leaned forward, the movement sending her tits jiggling freely, and whispered, “You realize every guy I know is going to wank themselves blind when these come out?”

Harry shrugged, advancing for a close-up of the place where the broom disappeared between her slick folds. "Can you blame them?" He snapped three quick shots. "Alright, now look over your shoulder, like you're about to take off. Perfect. Now, tug your hair back with one hand."

She did as asked and arched her back even more dramatically. The motion pulled her breasts higher and made her back muscles ripple. Her body looked sleek and athletic. Her pussy lips parted just enough around the broom to show a glimmer of wetness. The Firebolt's handle hid her slit and clit from view, but her plump pussy lips still stretched out over each side of the handle. Cho shuddered and bucked her hips. For a moment he thought she might actually cum on the spot.

He circled to her left side, keeping the lens on her. Cho's eyes narrowed with mischief. She growled and squeezed the broom so tight that her thighs trembled. Her tits were mashed together between her arms, and they jiggled wildly. The pasties barely clung to her stiffened nipples. Harry snapped the shot, then lowered the camera.

"Very nice," he said, feeling his cock strain. "You should consider modeling full-time."

She snorted. "You mean I should spend my life naked on brooms for you?"

He grinned. "I wouldn't object."

Cho grinned back. "Maybe I will." She slowly slid the broom forward so the shaft rubbed firmly against her clit, then she pushed backward. She gasped and bit her lip as the friction made her hips jerk. "Bloody hell, Harry. This is turning me on."

He felt himself throbbing, but kept his voice even. "Don't worry, I'll take care of you when we're done."

She rolled her eyes, but didn't stop. If anything, she started grinding with more energy, and the Firebolt creaked lightly under the pressure as her wetness began to coat the wood.

Harry reached out, adjusted the enchanted lighting, and took three more snaps. Each one caught the sweat beading on her lower back, the way her dark hair spilled down her spine, and the perfection of her firm, round ass. He moved close enough to smell her perfume mixed with the growing scent of her arousal. "Alright, now spread your knees a bit, so they can really see the curve of your ass."

She did so, and her pussy lips spread wider around the broom handle, exposing the glistening wetness that now coated the shaft. Harry's cock jumped at the sight, and he had to pause a moment to regain his composure.

Cho reached back with one hand, as if to stabilize herself, but instead traced her fingers along the slick seam of her pussy, spreading her own juices. She glanced back over her shoulder in a teasing manner. "Is this okay? Or do you need me to be even sluttier?"

He nearly burst out laughing. "That's perfect, actually. You're doing great." He snapped some photos of this, even though he knew he wouldn't be able to use them. 'Oh, well. I guess they're going in my private collection,' he cheekily told himself.

Cho smirked, then grabbed the broom with both hands and thrust against it harder, moaning a little louder this time as the wood rubbed directly over her swollen clit. Harry snapped a dozen fast shots of her grinding.

He stepped back and admired the scene. Cho looked to be both riding and fucking the Firebolt. Her tits bounced with every roll of her hips. Her skin was flushed with arousal, and a thin sheen of sweat made her body gleam. She tossed her hair back, then gave a theatrical wink to the camera. "Just so you know, I do have limits," she said. "I'm going to cum all over your broom if we don't finish soon."

Harry shrugged. "That's fine. You wouldn't be the first girl to cum all over my broomstick."

She snorted and relaxed, letting the broom handle glide between her plump, hairless lips. A visible string of her wetness clung briefly to the wood before breaking. "Are we done?"

He nodded, satisfied. "That's a wrap. You were amazing."

Cho slid off the broom and grabbed a towel from the nearby bench, dabbing sweat from her forehead, the small of her back, and between her thighs where her juices had run. "You're going to make me look good, right?"

Harry set the camera down and stretched his back. "You look incredible. I'll have these developed within the hour. Do you want to wait around for a preview?" Cho smiled and nodded. She pulled off her pasties and winced as she massaged her aching nipples. Harry immediately got to work.

When he was done developing them, she peered over his shoulder, giggling at the animated images. In one, her tits bounced perfectly in time with her thrusts. In another, her pussy gleamed as she ground against the broom. Her lips were parted and wet. "Jeez, I'm going to die of embarrassment," she said. Her expression said otherwise. She looked very pleased with the photos and how sexy she looked in them.

"Everyone will love these," he promised, "I imagine your cards will sell for quite a bit on the secondhand market."

Cho leaned in, gave his bare shoulder a quick peck, then wrapped her arms around his waist. She pressed her bare tits to his naked back. "Do I get a free set of my cards?" she asked cutely before dragging her tongue across his shoulder.

Harry chuckled, reached behind him, and squeezed her fleshy ass. "As you wish, Miss Chang."

Cho giggled, reached around to his front, and tightly gripped his cock. Her hand began sliding up and down his shaft, making him growl. He scooped her up into his arms, making Cho squeal happily and kick her legs. He carried her to the bed to claim his prize.

Red Light District

Harry opened the door to Susan and Hannah's dorm without bothering to knock, and the scene that greeted him was quite amusing. It was the kind you'd expect in a girls' room at Hogwarts. Clothing had been flung everywhere. Skirts and socks were on the floor, bras were scattered about, and a damp pink towel was balled up by the bathroom door. The dorm itself wasn't very big. It barely had enough space for two beds, a couple of wardrobes, and a mirrored vanity that was heavily used and scattered with hairbrushes and cosmetics. But neither girl seemed even remotely bothered by the mess or by Harry's sudden, unannounced arrival.

Hannah was sprawled on her bed, utterly naked. Her bare skin gleamed in the afternoon sun that drifted through the single window. Hannah's face was soft and sweet, with round cheeks and wide blue eyes, but her physique was shockingly tight and toned. Her legs were long and lean, and she had the kind of thighs that could crush a watermelon. She was slowly rubbing lotion into her legs. Her fingers slid around her knees and calves, then glided up her inner thighs toward her pussy, which was completely bare. There wasn't a hint of hair on her mound, and her damp, pink slit parted as she idly toyed with the slick folds between doses of lotion. Her fingertips circled her clit and briefly dipped between her lips. Her breasts were round and perky, with hard, pink nipples that pointed straight up at the ceiling, as if demanding his attention.

Susan was parked in front of the vanity mirror, sitting on a stool. She was wearing only a black micro thong that did nothing to hide her plump, creamy ass. The tiny string disappeared between her round cheeks, and her entire upper body was exposed. Susan's curves were legendary even by Hogwarts standards. Her breasts were enormous. Each one was easily bigger than a Quaffle, and yet, they didn't sag one bit. Susan was working oil into them, massaging each heavy globe with both hands until they shined like glass. The oil made her tits look even fuller, and her pale areolas puckered up tight. The stiff tips of her nipples crinkled and jutted out like bullets. Every time she squeezed, they jiggled, bounced, and slapped together with a wet, fleshy sound that made Harry's cock twitch.

Both girls turned their heads at the sound of Harry's entrance. There wasn't a trace of embarrassment from either of them. Instead, a wide grin spread across Hannah's face, and Susan gave him a slow, knowing wink.

“Well, if it isn’t our favorite smut merchant,” Hannah giggled, and she blew him an exaggerated kiss while deliberately spreading her lotiony thighs a little wider.

Susan didn’t turn around, but Harry could see her watching him in the mirror. Her lovely eyes sparkled with mischief. “Did you need something, or did you just come here to leer?” she teasingly asked. She pinched her nipple and gave it a firm tweak, just to tease him further. She rolled the stiff peak between her oily fingers, making her shudder.

Harry held up his hands in mock surrender. “I see you’re both hard at work,” he said. “Practicing for life outside of Hogwarts, are we?”

“Absolutely,” Susan replied, arching her back and pushing her massive tits together so they threatened to spill over her hands. The deep valley of her cleavage gleamed with oil. “These beauties are going to keep me well fed,” she joked and began bouncing her tits up and down in her palms.

Hannah giggled and let her knees fall open in a way that left nothing to the imagination. Her smooth, pink pussy was now fully on display, and the lips were slightly parted and shiny with lotion and arousal. “Ignore her, Harry. She’s just showing off because you’re here.”

Harry couldn’t help but stare. He was used to seeing them naked, but today there was something different about the energy in the room. Maybe it was the way Hannah was shamelessly spreading lotion onto her thighs and occasionally brushing her clit, or the way Susan was caressing her heavy tits. Perhaps it was the way they both hungrily looked at him, as though they were daring him to make a move on them.

He walked over to the vanity and leaned against the wall, folding his arms. “Actually, I came with news,” Harry said. He paused for dramatic effect, but Susan cut him off with a laugh.

“Don’t keep us in suspense,” she said. “Did you finally put your foot so far up Ron’s ass that he could taste the leather?” Susan giggled loudly at that.

“Even better,” Harry replied, and he paused to watch Susan’s reaction. “I bought Milkies.”

For a split second the room was dead silent, and then Susan let out a squeal so loud it made Harry’s ears ring. She leaped off the stool, and her oily body jiggled and bounced sexily. She rushed at Harry and wrapped her arms around his neck. The force of her enormous, oiled tits hitting his chest nearly knocked him over. The soft, heavy flesh smashed against him and smeared oil across his shirt.

“You bought Milkies?” she gasped, pressing her body hard against his and peppering his face with happy, frantic kisses. “You mean it? It’s yours? You own the place?”

Harry laughed and managed to keep his footing. "I signed the papers and transferred the gold this morning," he said. "Effective immediately, I'm the new owner. You'll be working for me after Hogwarts."

She shrieked again and hugged him even tighter, and her thighs clamped around his hips as she bounced up and down in his grasp. The bouncing made her massive tits slap wetly against his chest, smearing more oil across his shirt. Susan didn't seem to notice or care. She was completely wrapped up in the moment. Her face was flushed with excitement. Her blue eyes were bright with joy, and her oiled nipples dragged across his chest with every bounce.

Hannah sat up on her bed, grinning from ear to ear. "Holy cow, Susan, you're going to beat him to death with those milk bags," she giggled while her fingers drifted back between her legs.

Susan finally released Harry just enough to look him in the eye. "You are the most amazing man on the planet," she declared. Then she grabbed his face in both hands and kissed him hard and deep. Her tongue slid between his lips, and her heavy tits mashed against his chest.

Hannah hopped off the bed and sauntered over, and her pale, toned body glided across the floor. She stopped just behind Susan, draped her arms over both of their shoulders, and pressed her bare, perky tits into Susan's back. Harry had already signed Hannah to a contract to work in the new club he was building in the Red Light District. "I can't believe it," she said, peppering Susan's bare shoulder with kisses. "You're going to be our boss. Does that mean we have to call you 'sir' from now on?"

Harry wrapped an arm around Susan's waist and pulled Hannah closer with the other. Now he had four naked tits pressed against him. "It's not required," he said, grinning. "But I won't complain if you do."

Susan wiggled her plump ass, grinning like a maniac. "You know, that actually sounds kind of fun."

She spun around so her back was to Harry and leaned into him, grinding her ass firmly against the front of his trousers. The thin thong did nothing to hide the soft, rounded flesh of her ass. Her oiled-up tits were now pressed to Hannah's chest, and both girls giggled as their bodies slipped and slid against each other. They both gasped as their stiff nipples rubbed together.

Harry couldn't help himself. He grabbed Susan by the hips and hoisted her up, and her legs automatically wrapped around his waist. She squealed and threw her arms around his neck again, kissing his jaw and nipping at his ear while her massive breasts pressed against him.

"Put me down, you animal!" she said, but she was laughing so hard she could barely breathe, and she kept laying excited, open-mouthed kisses all over his face.

Harry lifted her higher by her ass, and his hands sank into the soft, plentiful flesh of her cheeks. He carried her straight to the bed and dumped her gently onto the mattress. Susan bounced and immediately spread her legs. The black thong was digging into her hips, and the crotch was already completely soaked through. One of her plump, hairless lips hung out of the side, and Harry could see a teasing amount of her pink folds. Harry followed her down and kissed her while Hannah climbed onto the bed next to them.

"Are we celebrating?" Hannah asked huskily as her fingers slipped under the edge of Susan's thong. Susan moaned and rubbed her pussy against Hannah's fingers.

"That sounds good to me," Susan said, and she reached up to pull Harry closer. Her fingers threaded into his hair while her other hand guided one of his between her thighs to feel how wet she already was. Harry's hand joined Hannah's and slid down the front of her panties.

"Let me handle this," Hannah giggled. "You get down there and fuck her." Harry chuckled and got up from the bed.

Harry stood at the edge of the bed and worked the buttons of his shirt open. The air in the room was thick with the mingled scents of perfume, lotion, oil, and wet pussy, and every restless movement from the two women only intensified the smell. Susan sprawled across the rumpled comforter with her soft thighs quivering, and her massive breasts bounced with each squirm of her body. Hannah knelt beside her with her eyes wide as she watched Harry strip, and he peeled the shirt from his shoulders and tossed it aside before he shucked his jeans and underwear in a single go. His hard cock sprang free, and both women released a breathy, appreciative sound.

Hannah's tongue flicked across her lips, and she moved between Susan's spread legs while she ran her hands up the length of Susan's calves and squeezed every firm inch of muscle along the way. She hooked her fingers into the thin waistband of Susan's tiny thong and tugged it downward, and the black fabric clung stubbornly to Susan's mound until it finally peeled it free from her dripping pussy. Hannah held the sopping panties aloft like a trophy before she laughed and tossed them over her shoulder so that they landed with a wet slap on the vanity.

"Look at that mess," Hannah said. Her voice was thick with lust and disbelief. "You're practically foaming at the pussy."

Susan giggled playfully. Her face was flushed and excited. "It's not my fault," she answered in a husky tone. "You act the same way when Harry's about to fuck you."

Harry stepped forward, and Hannah reached up with both hands to wrap her fingers around his cock. She tugged him closer with gentle insistence and slid her thumb across the slick bead of precum at the tip. "He's ready for you," she told Susan, and she eased Harry forward until the head of his cock pressed against the entrance of Susan's pussy.

Susan's lips parted in a gasp, and her legs fell open wider of their own accord while her knees rose and her heels dug into the comforter. Harry felt the heat radiating from her cunt and moaned, and he took his cock in hand and rubbed it up and down the length of her slit so that he smeared her abundant wetness over the head and shaft. He lightly patted the tip against her clit and made Susan shudder and moan. Her hips rolled and bucked as she tried to get him to slip it inside.

"Please," she begged. "Stop teasing me."

Harry chuckled and gave in to her demands. He gripped Susan by the hips, lined himself up, and pressed inward slowly so that the head of his cock split her lips and sank into her tight, clutching hole. Susan let out a ragged, desperate cry, and her entire body arched off the bed. Harry sank deeper, until he was fully buried in her slick, velvety pussy, and the sensation nearly overwhelmed him. Susan's cunt was scorching hot while the muscles within fluttered, rippled, and milked his cock.

Hannah, still at her side, leaned in to take one of Susan's nipples into her mouth. She sucked hard and made Susan gasp and tremble. Her fingers found Susan's swollen clit and circled it teasingly, and with every thrust from Harry, Susan's body jerked while her moans grew louder.

"Oh god," Susan groaned as her hands tightly gripped the sheets. "You're so deep, Harry. OH!" she moaned louder when he changed the angle of attack and rammed directly into her g-spot.

Harry kept his rhythm steady at first and then built it steadily as Susan's pussy clenched and squeezed him. He gripped her hips more firmly and began to fuck her harder, so that the sound of their bodies slapping together echoed through the dorm room. Susan's huge breasts jiggled with every push, and her nipples glistened with Hannah's saliva while they jutted upward. Hannah alternated between sucking those nipples and kissing her way down Susan's belly.

Susan moved her legs higher still and locked her ankles behind Harry's neck, and the new angle made her even tighter. Harry groaned as her cunt tried to suck him deeper and hold him there. Susan whimpered and rolled her hips in time with his thrusts while her whole body shook with need. Hannah sucked hard on her nipple and gently tugged it between her teeth, and the sudden mixture of slight pain with intense pleasure made Susan squeal.

"Bloody hell ... the two of you are going to be the end of me," Susan gasped. "I can't ... oh H-Harry, I am about to ..."

She never finished the sentence. Harry slammed into her with a final, deep thrust, and Susan's back arched so hard she nearly folded in half. A gush of wetness flooded from her and splattered Harry's cock while it soaked the sheets beneath her, and her pussy went into overdrive as it squeezed and pulsed so frantically that Harry nearly lost control. Susan screamed loudly while her fingers clawed at the bedspread, and wave after wave of pleasure crashed through her.

Hannah pulled back, removed Susan's legs from his shoulders, and spread the wide. She then leaned in, licked Susan's clit, and drew out the orgasm until Susan shook and grew incoherent. Harry slowed his thrusts and moaned at the milking pull of Susan's cunt as she descended from the peak. He leaned forward and kissed her deeply. Susan returned the kiss with wild hunger while her hands tangled in his hair.

Hannah straddled Susan's thigh so that she could grind her bare pussy against the firm muscle. Her face flushed deeply, and she watched Harry and Susan with deep longing. The moment Harry let go of her lips, Hannah mashed her lips to Susan's in an eager, open-mouthed kiss.

Harry withdrew from Susan with a wet pop, and she shuddered as her pussy continued to spasm around empty air. He seized Hannah by the hips, spun her so that her ass rose in the air, then lined himself behind her. Hannah moaned at the first touch of his cock against her slit, and she reached back to guide him inside. Harry slid into her easily. Her pussy was slick, tight, and perfect, and he held her by the waist while he fucked her slow and deep as Hannah ground her clit against Susan's thigh.

Susan rolled onto her side and watched while she rested the side of her head on her palm. She reached out to play with Hannah's breasts. She squeezed and pinched her nipples until Hannah moaned loudly. Susan then slid a hand between Hannah's legs, found her clit, and stroked it in rhythm with Harry's thrusts. The pleasure mounted swiftly, and soon Hannah gasped and whimpered while her breaths came out in panicked little sobs.

"Oh ... I'm about to cum" Hannah groaned, and her entire body tensed. Her pussy clamped down on Harry's cock while Susan's fingers worked her clit until she exploded in a rush of wetness. She cried out as her body locked up, and Harry felt her pussy rippling and fluttering along his length.

He was close now as well. He pulled free and stroked himself while his cock remained slick with the girls' combined juices. Hannah and Susan turned toward him, both flushed and hungry-eyed. Hannah dropped to her knees on the bed, took Harry's cock into her mouth, and sucked him down to the base. Susan knelt beside her and tongued his balls. The sight of them working together with mouths, hands, and tongues nearly undid him.

He gripped the back of Hannah's head and thrust gently while Susan lapped at his sack. The pleasure proved too great, and he felt his climax rising. He warned them, yet neither girl relented. Their eyes remained locked on his as they milked the orgasm from him. Harry came hard, and the first thick spurt filled Hannah's mouth. She swallowed eagerly, but Susan moved in to catch the next pulse on her tongue. They traded back and forth, licking, sucking, and sharing every drop until Harry was utterly spent.

The three of them collapsed onto the bed, breathing heavily. The girls giggled, kissed, and cuddled while they basked in the pleasure. Hannah flopped onto her back and stared at the ceiling as she panted.

The entire room smelled of sex, and they snuggled together and caught their breath. After a few minutes, Susan rolled onto her side and palmed Harry's balls. She slowly massaged them while kissing his bare chest. "I can't wait to see what you do with Milkies," Susan said as her head rested on Harry's shoulder. "You are going to make it legendary."

Hannah giggled and burrowed closer, and the girls enthusiastically pleased each other by caressing their naked bodies and sucking on their stiff nipples. Harry was already stirring again at the sight of their glistening bodies and the wet sounds of their renewed desire. Judging by the way Susan arched her back and thrust her ass in the air in his direction, he knew she was ready for more.