

Red Light District

Chapter 24

“EEEEEE!” Harry heard a terrified squeak beside him while small hands tightly gripped his forearm. Looking to his side, he saw Hermione’s pretty face twisted with worry. At his other side was Susan, who couldn’t be more different if she tried. Her lovely face was flush with excitement as she clapped furiously. On her other side was Hannah, but he couldn’t see how she was reacting. Behind him, a group of firsties were cheering raucously while stomping their feet on the wooden stands that had been temporarily set up for the event. The first out of the Champions’ tent was Cedric, who looked terrified and determined in equal parts. Cedric received a very loud cheer from both Susan and Hannah. Many of the girls in Hufflepuff had a crush on the handsome boy.

Slowly, he stepped forward, and Harry could see the slight trembling of the hand securely wrapped around his wand. When the Swedish Short-Snout spotted the relatively small human enter her space, she let out a massive roar. Many in the crowd flinched and covered their ears from the deafening roar. The dragon protectively moved between Cedric and her clutch of eggs. The side of her lip pulled up, and she produced a menacing growl as a warning. The crowd watched with bated breaths, wondering how Cedric would accomplish his task. Even though he had lived through and participated in this madness, Harry was just as nervous as the rest. With the crowd growing restless, Cedric began.

He waved his wand in a complicated pattern, and thousands of basketball-sized bubbles erupted from the tip of his wand. Each bubble was a marvel to behold, with a unique color and a pearly sheen. They seemed to shimmer in what little sunlight that was able to break through the heavy cloud cover, casting a spell of awe over the crowd. There were a lot of female-sounding oohs and awes as they all watched the beautiful bubbles dance in the breeze. Harry kept his eyes on the prize, as did Cedric. The nesting dragon became angry and confused. Its head swiveled from side to side, snapping at any bubble that got too close. Cedric took this moment to hunch over and quickly sneak around the side. It was difficult to keep track of the young man as he snuck through the thick layer of bubbles. As he neared the dragon, Harry lost sight of him. Harry impatiently waited as the seconds ticked by, and after what felt like forever, Cedric broke through the bubbles with a golden egg clutched tightly under his arm. Unfortunately, the dragon had finally lost its patience.

The silvery blue dragon opened its maw and bellowed a torrent of bright blue flames. Like a flamethrower, it turned its head from side to side and instantly evaporated all the bubbles, leaving Cedric alone and completely exposed. Another roar filled the arena and actually vibrated the stands. The tension in the air was palpable as the dragon prepared to unleash its fiery attack, leaving the audience on the edge of their seats and biting their fingernails. Cedric froze for a second, unsure of what to do. Coming to his senses, he did the sensible thing and ran for dear life, but those few wasted seconds had cost him. As he ran, a tsunami of fire raced toward him. The crowd began screaming in fear and excitement. Hermione’s grip on his arm became

crushing while Susan and Hannah bounced in their seats. Only seconds from the tent's safety, the Dragonfire caught up with him, and the back of his robes smoldered, then burst into flames. Everyone in attendance could hear his howl of pain as the entire back of his robe and hair went up like an inferno. Thankfully, Cedric was able to dolphin dive into the tent, where he was met with a panicked squeal from someone who could only have been Madam Pomfrey.

The crowd was silent for a few long seconds before excited chatter filled the newly-built arena. "Ohh, I hope he's okay," Hermione said nervously, biting her lower lip in a way that Harry found quite sexy.

"I'm sure he'll be fine," Harry assured her. With Warming Charms in use, his little group of friends were quite comfortable in the cold Scottish weather. As such, Hermione had unbuttoned her coat to make herself more comfortable. This had the unintended consequence of displaying her very short skirt. It was riding up her smooth thighs and making his trousers tight in the crotch area. Not caring that they were in a very public place, Harry placed his hand on her leg and began caressing her inner thigh. Hermione jumped, not expecting to be touched in such a way. His fingers danced along her soft skin until the side of his hand was pressed against the warm crotch of her panties. Harry left his hand there and lightly tickled her delicate skin.

"Harry!" Hermione whispered urgently. "What are you doing?" she hissed in panic and looked around to see if anyone was watching. Thankfully, all eyes were on the tent.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" he teased, continuing to play with her thigh. Her breath hitched when he pressed his finger against her covered clit and flicked it a few times. Her face began to burn pink.

She reminded him, "This is neither the time nor the place," but she didn't try to move his hand or stop his actions. In fact, her legs opened a little wider, though Harry suspected her body was acting independently of her brain. He tickled her clit one last time before moving his finger back to her inner thigh.

"You're probably right," he said, tossing her a boyish smile. Hermione huffed but was unable to keep a small smile from her lips. Their banter was cut short when Cedric stepped out of the tent holding the golden egg. The crowd broke into deafening applause and roared with cheers. Their Hogwarts Champion had completed his task and escaped with his life. However, Cedric was looking a little worse for wear. The hair on the back of his head was completely burned away, and his scalp was coated in a thick layer of burn paste. The back of his robe was severely burnt and soaking wet. Harry guessed that Madam Pomfrey had extinguished the flames with the liberal use of the Aguamenti Charm. Still, Cedric was on his feet, so the injuries couldn't have been too bad.

"That was pretty smart!" Susan chirped beside him as Dumbledore explained the scoring system again. "Using a distraction like that."

"Yeah! I probably would have just stood there and peed my panties," Hannah joked, and they burst into giggles. Harry snorted in amusement while moving his hand down Hermione's inner thigh. When he reached her knee, he moved his fingers underneath it and tickled her sensitive skin.

"Harry ... stop!" Hermione whined, squirming in her seat. "You're making me wet," she said in a whispered voice.

"Isn't that a good thing?" Harry smiled at her. She, in turn, glared at him.

"You're not the one who will have to sit here in damp panties the whole time," she countered. Harry chuckled and removed his hand. Then he pulled out his wand.

"Lift your skirt," Harry ordered. Hermione blushed and looked at him like he had gone mad. Harry rolled his eyes. "Trust me," he said encouragingly.

Hermione hesitantly lifted the bottom of her skirt and revealed her slightly parted legs. Harry could see that Hermione was correct, and the crotch of her panties was damp. The thin, satin material clung to her pussy lips like a second skin, showing the shape of her womanhood. Harry twisted his wand and jabbed it at her crotch. Hermione squealed as her short skirt billowed in the sudden gust of hot wind. A tiny bit of steam rose from her crotch, and Hermione suddenly found that her panties were dry and comfortably warm. Being so close to her, Harry could smell the scent of her arousal before it was quickly carried away in the cold wind. Hermione blushed deeply and flattened her skirt.

"Thanks," she muttered in embarrassment and avoided his eyes. Harry laughed softly and kissed the side of her head. Hermione couldn't help but lean in and rest her body against his. Harry wrapped an arm around her thin waist and hugged her tightly. As the judges began raising their scorecards, Harry let Hermione go so she could stand and get a better view.

"Forty points ... That's not bad," Susan called out over the clapping.

"They must have deducted points for catching fire," Hannah rightly added.

"Headmaster Karkaroff only gave him a five," Hermione said with a look of disapproval.

"I imagine he's one of those types to show favoritism to his own champion," Harry told her, already knowing the truth about the Death Eater turned traitor.

"Maybe ... but that's so unprofessional," she began as the dragon handlers wrangled the Swedish Short-Snout out of the arena. Soon after, the Common Welsh Green was brought in.

“AND NOW TO FACE THE FEARSOME COMMON WELSH GREEN ... OUR SECOND, AND DARE I SAY MOST ALLURING CHAMPION ... FLEUR DELACOUR!” Ludo Bagman’s magically magnified voice boomed over the crowd.

In opposition to what had happened with Cedric, this time, it was the boys of Hogwarts who rose to their feet and raucously cheered for the gorgeous Veela. Many of the girls surrounding them rolled their eyes and made gagging sounds, disgusted by the boys’ behavior. Of course, they had conveniently forgotten about how they jumped up and down on their feet and squealed in delight when the handsome Cedric Diggory took center stage. Fleur stepped out of the Champions’ tent looking like a goddess sent down to seduce the poor boys of this school, Harry thought to himself as she came into full view. She was wearing some kind of white silk robe whose two sides were only connected at the waist. As such, the whole arena could see her white, silky panties along with the full length of her long, smooth legs. Fleur was barefoot and taking elegant, dainty steps, much like a dancer would. The top section of her robe did little to hide the valley between her incredibly perky breasts and only covered the middle portion and sides. Her hard nipples were impossible to hide under the thin, semi-transparent material. Her toned stomach and cute little belly button were out for all to see. The girls of Hogwarts were none too pleased by Fleur’s reception from the male portion of the school’s population. The bottom half of her robe flapped behind her in the stiff breeze and revealed to the crowd that Fleur was wearing a g-string. Her long, gorgeous locks of hair fluttered around her like a silvery-gold aura, drawing the eyes of many. Her stunning face appeared confident, but Harry knew her well enough to see that she was understandably nervous.

Fleur confidently strode up to the dragon but stayed out of range of its fiery breath. The dragon opened up and blew a thin jet of fire in her direction, but it died well short, further aggravating the beast. The pressure wave from the blast hit Fleur and caused the top half of her robe to pull tight against her body. Everyone there got to see the exact shape of Fleur’s perfect tits, and as a bonus, the right side of her robe pulled back a little too far and exposed just a sliver of her pink areola.

“TEN! ... TEN!” several boys shouted for perfect scores even though the task hadn’t even truly begun. Harry snorted in amusement but silently agreed with them. Fleur should get a perfect score based on her sheer sexiness alone. The girls around them looked less inclined to give her a perfect score. If it were up to them, they probably would have given her a zero out of pure jealousy.

Fleur began by holding her arms straight out on either side of her body, and though he couldn’t hear what she was saying, he could tell that she was intoning and calling upon some powerful magic. The wind around her body began to whip viciously. The lower part of her thin robe snapped furiously behind her, and her long hair seemed to fly in every direction. Then Fleur began to step forward slowly. With every step, the dragon got angrier and spat another jet of flames at her once she was in range. The beam of fire rocketed to the Veela but hit the barrier of tornadic wind and was sucked in. Hellish fire was bent and twisted around her and pulled along the wind’s powerful current. Fleur was now in the vortex, protected by the spinning wall of fire.

The boys in the crowd went nuts, clapping and cheering on their chosen Champion. Even the judges looked impressed. Madame Maxime was clapping furiously and cheering her school's champion.

Harry's view of Fleur was blocked by the twisting fire, but that didn't last long. An unexpected crack of thunder above made everyone flinch and duck. Just then, the fire surrounding Fleur morphed into a pink mist and expanded in every direction, with the sexy Veela at the center. With the dragon being the closest to her, it caught the full brunt of the pink mist. The dragon's wide nostrils sucked in lungfuls of the mist, and it sneezed loudly and shook its head. Harry may have been crazy, but he could have sworn he saw the dragon's eyes glaze over. A gust of heavy wind carried the pink mist into the crowd, and that's when the real fun began. It started with most of the boys and even a few girls squirming in their seats. Harry looked behind him, and the group of male firsties were biting their lower lips and squeezing their legs together tightly.

Back in full view, Harry would wager a large sum of gold that Fleur had never looked sexier. Her hair danced behind her back, giving off a glowing, silvery sheen. Her chest was heaving, and from up in the stands, Harry could easily see that her nipples were rock-hard. Fleur began chanting again, raising her hands to the sky while the dragon swiped at her nose with her massive paw. After a few seconds, Fleur's hands dropped, and the remaining pink mist still in the sky turned a deep purple. The effects were instantaneous. The dragon began twitching and whining. Then suddenly, it spun around and lifted its rear into the air like it was preparing to be bred. Harry didn't see what happened next because the crowd around him was likewise affected.

Feeling strange and oddly amorous, Harry closed his eyes and took a deep breath. It felt like Fleur's Allure was affecting him, but it was stronger. After several seconds of pulling himself together, he reopened his eyes and looked around.

"EWWW GROSS!" Harry heard Hannah shout. He looked over at the bubbly blonde and found her checking her hair.

"What happened?" Susan asked her friend.

"He came on my hair!" Hannah screeched as she turned and glared at the young boy behind her. Harry followed her angry gaze and saw what must have been a second-year student sitting there with his trousers down to his knees while he furiously tugged on his small weiner. His glazed eyes were trained on Fleur's gorgeous body. This boy wasn't alone. As Harry searched the crowd, more and more cries of female disgust reached his ears. Practically every boy in school was mindlessly masturbating right out in the open. They all wore the same glassy-eyed, dopey expression as they shamelessly stared at the competing Veela. A shot of cum whizzed past his face, and Hermione squealed in disgust.

“That almost hit me!” she cried out. Harry turned to the boy behind him and glared. Holding up and shaking his fist threateningly, Harry bluntly told him, “If that stuff had hit me, it would have been the last thing you ever did.”

That seemed to snap the boy out of his daze. His eyes moved to Harry, and the boy gulped loudly. He then looked down and saw that his small penis was exposed. “EEP!” he cried out and pulled up his trousers as fast as humanly possible.

“YUCK! HE DID IT AGAIN!” Hannah shouted. Harry turned just in time to see Hannah lean forward and slap the boy right across the face. His head jerked to the side with a loud, fleshy smack. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Fleur quickly escaping the nest with the golden egg in hand, but instead of loud cheers, the crowd was filled with pleased moans and groans.

“Uhh ... I think we should leave ... Like right now,” Harry told his little group as he spotted the many faces twisted with pleasure. Eyes were bugging, and neck veins were bulging. All three girls agreed before he could even finish his sentence. They rushed to the exit aisle right before the cum hit the fan. High-pressured spurts of jizz began raining down on everyone in the crowd, drawing revolted squeals of rage from every girl unlucky enough to get hit by the gooey, flying menace.

Fleur finally made it to the tent, and the effects of whatever she had done began wearing off. Glazed eyes cleared, and the previously amorous boys looked around in confusion when they spotted the furious glares aimed at them. Even though Harry couldn’t see the carnage, he did hear the pained cries of many boys being hexed into bits as they safely escaped the arena.

“SILENCE!” Dumbledore’s magnified voice filled the air. “Some decorum, please. I believe we shall take an hour-long break to allow those affected by Miss Delacour’s ... unique choice of magic to pull themselves together and clean up. The First Task shall resume in exactly one hour!” Harry heard the amusement in Dumbledore’s voice.

“Ick! I’m going back to my room and wash my hair,” a very annoyed Hannah told them, not waiting for a reply. She wanted that stuff out of her hair as fast as possible.

“Hold up, Hannah! I’ll come with you,” Susan called after her and ran to catch up. Harry watched her red hair bounce around as she trotted along.

“I wonder if we can go to the tent,” Hermione said. “I want to check in on Neville and see how he’s holding up.”

“Let’s go. I’ll check in on Fleur,” Harry agreed, placing his hand on the small of her back and leading her to the Champion’s tent. When they reached it, Madam Pomfrey stopped them from going in.

"But Madam Pomfrey, all I want to do is check up on him," Hermione pleaded with the matron. She shook her head.

"Sorry, dear, but Mr. Longbottom has yet to compete, and it wouldn't be fair to allow him to receive any tips," Madam Pomfrey told her.

"I'm not going to help him cheat," Hermione said, scandalized by the insinuation. "I just want to see how he's doing."

"I'm not suggesting you were, but even so ..." Madam Pomfrey continued to explain while Fleur stepped out of the tent. Since she had already competed, she was free to come and go as she pleased. Hermione didn't even notice her as she tried to reason with the strict woman. Harry took Fleur's hand and led her away from the arguing pair. Once they were out of earshot, Fleur began to rant.

"Only thirty-eight lousy points!" Fleur huffed, clearly displeased. "They said that they 'ad docked some points because I caused a scene," she sniffed. Harry couldn't help but chuckle. "It was that cochon, Karkaroff ... 'E only gave me four points!"

"And what a scene you caused," he smiled at her. "Practically every ballsack in a one-mile radius has been emptied," he joked. Fleur flipped her hair but couldn't stop the little smirk from forming. "There's going to be a lot of girls who are quite peeved at you tomorrow," Harry amusedly warned.

"Let them be. I do not care one way or another," she haughtily said as they walked hand in hand.

"So what was that magic you used?" he asked her.

"I called on the Goddess Aphrodite to amplify my Allure. It worked, no?" she asked with a smile.

"It certainly did. You did a great job," he complimented her. Fleur smiled, stopped, and wrapped him in a hug. Harry kissed the side of her head, causing her to purr like a kitten. She then moved her head and captured his lips with her own. Fleur rapidly deepened the kiss until they were having a full-blown snogging session out in the middle of the field. She then broke the kiss, breathing heavily. She turned her big, sapphire eyes on him.

"You know, 'Arry ..." she began, teasingly drawing circles over his pec with the pad of her finger. "Calling upon such magic 'as left me feeling a bit aroused. Per'aps, we can find a secluded spot to celebrate my accomplishment?" she asked, nipping at his jawline. Harry's cock was throbbing in his trousers.

"Well ... We do have around forty minutes before the task resumes," he smiled wickedly. Grabbing her hand, the two lovers rushed behind a nearby large rock formation where they

were out of sight. Fleur reached into her robe and slid her panties down her thighs. Shimmying out of them, she kicked them off of her foot while Harry pulled his trousers down. As soon as they were down, Fleur jumped into his arms and wrapped her legs around his waist. Being held by her jutting cheeks, Fleur reached underneath her and grabbed Harry's hard cock. Giving it a few test strokes, she pressed the head against her wet slit and stuffed it in. Slowly dropping down on it, they both moaned as Fleur's slick, silky walls scraped the length of his shaft. Harry's fingers dug into her ass as he hissed from the intense pleasure her body gifted him.

Fleur just couldn't get enough of his body. Every time he touched her smooth skin, she found herself on the verge of cumming. She had gotten much better at handling the pleasure, but it was still there, constantly making her pussy drip. She whimpered against his neck as he sank deeper. When his cock hit her g-spot, Fleur squealed and immediately began cumming. Her walls fluttered wildly, choking and massaging his cock at the same time. As she bottomed out, Harry squeezed her ass and began bouncing her body up and down. "You always cum so fast," Harry groaned as he dragged her tight pussy up his pole. Fleur couldn't respond. She simply squealed against his neck as he let her body drop. Her pussy hugged his length as she slid back down and produced a loud, perverse squelching sound as she was stuffed.

Harry couldn't take it anymore. Her pussy was too exquisite, and he couldn't stop himself from vigorously bouncing her on his cock and treating her body like his own personal sex toy. Fleur began babbling away in French as he fucked her good and hard. Her incredibly tight cunt was practically sucking him off as he fucked her out in the open air. Taking one hand off her ass, he slid it underneath the back of her robe and up her smooth, bare back until he gripped the back of her neck. Turning her head, he stuck his tongue into her mouth while her soaked pussy continued to milk his cock. Reaching the end of his rope, Harry squeezed her ass with both hands and thrust all the way into her. Fleur moaned into his mouth as he filled her with his warm cum. Harry stayed inside of her until his balls were as empty as all the other boys' in the arena. Once he had been sated, he lifted her off his cock and set her back on her feet. Fleur licked him across his lips and peppered his cheek with kisses while her hand gripped his cock. Looking down, she giggled.

"It appears I 'ave made a mess," she giggled again. Breathing deeply, Harry looked down and saw that his cock was smeared with her cream. Fleur looked up at him with a coquettish smile. "Do not worry, 'Arry. I will clean you up," she assured him, dropping to her knees and taking him down her throat in a single go. Harry leaned against the hard, uneven surface of the rock and enjoyed her tender ministrations.