

Red Light District

Chapter 1

Eros, the God of Love, appeared in the darkened hospital room. It was late at night, and the young man in the bed was being quarantined for the good of all. He looked at the boy's sorry state and shook his head. Suddenly, a beautiful woman was standing next to Eros.

"It's such a shame," she said, taking in his pitiful state. "He gave everything to protect those he loved, and this is his reward."

Eros agreed. Harry Potter was someone he had kept an eye on. Even the great Ares was interested in the boy's courage, but alas, fate was a cruel mistress. Young Harry was wasting away, his breath shallow, and his cheeks sunken. He looked less like a human boy and more like a sleeping skeleton. Eros knew that he wasn't long for this world. He smiled when he suddenly got a thought.

"You're right, mother. For all he's done, he deserves a much better reward than this," Eros said. Aphrodite turned and looked at her son.

"If you're thinking what I suspect you are, then the answer is no. Fate has chosen him. Who are we to interfere?" the beautiful blonde said.

"Fate has taken her prize from him. He is of no use to her any longer," Eros remained steadfast. Aphrodite sighed and shook her head. Her son could be so impulsive.

"Besides ... I have the perfect spot for him," Eros smiled wickedly.

"Where?" his mother asked, confused.

"There's that Earth where the magical folk worship you," he told her.

"But what of the young Harry that already lives there?"

"See for yourself," Eros said.

Aphrodite's eyes clouded over until they were a swirling vortex of pearly white and stone gray. "Oh, my," she said, surprised.

The Harry there was nothing like the one that they enjoyed watching. This one was a cowardly wallflower that never stood up for himself. Any time his Uncle raised his voice, Harry would tremble and cower. Any time a bully was after him, he ran and cried. Aphrodite shook her head. It was sad to see the difference between them. The reason for the difference? In this world, Harry was never the Boy Who Lived. It all ended when Harry was running from another bully.

The boy tripped over his own feet and hit his head against the street curb. The boy was slowly dying as she watched. They didn't have much time, so she made a decision.

"Very well," she said. "Begin."

Eros hovered his palm over the bedridden Harry's chest. Suddenly, the boy's back arched as a glowing light rose from his heart. As soon as the light escaped his body, he stopped breathing. The pair of immortals disappeared as hospital staff came rushing through the door.

Appearing next to the Harry that was bleeding on the ground, Aphrodite and Eros stood there invisible to all. They stood there for hours until that Harry also breathed his last breath. They watched as his soul naturally left his body and returned to the lifestream. "Go in peace," Aphrodite bowed her head. With the body now empty, Eros quickly slammed his palm down on the body's chest. Again, his back arched, but this time, the light sunk down into his chest, and the boy began breathing slowly. Eros knelt down and tipped some drink into the boy's mouth.

"Ambrosia?" Aphrodite asked. Eros nodded.

"It will heal the body," he told her. Aphrodite scoffed.

"It will do more than heal it, Eros. He will have the body of a god," she said. Eros chuckled.

"Consider it a just reward for the sacrifices that he made." When he had had enough, Eros put his cup away, and then placed his hand on Harry's forehead. "Remember ..." he whispered. A tiny gasp left the boy's lips.

This made Aphrodite pause and think. The boy was courageous and always tried to do whatever was best for everyone else. His selflessness had impressed many in the Pantheon. She watched as the boy's body began to heal. It wouldn't be long before he was well enough to wake. Making a quick decision, she leaned down to him.

"You are right, my son. A reward is justified," she said. She closed her eyes and kissed his lips tenderly. His body jerked only slightly before she removed her lips from his. She stood up and turned to her son.

"You gave him your blessing?" he asked, raising an eyebrow. She shrugged.

"He will need it in this world," she said in an amused tone. They both understood what she was talking about and chuckled before disappearing from view.

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As soon as Harry's eyes fluttered open, confusion washed over him. Conflicting memories were beginning to make his head hurt. He obviously remembered Charlie Weasley accidentally

spreading Dragon Pox to most of his family and Harry. He remembered everyone getting very sick, including himself. He remembered Arthur and Molly dying first. He remembered Hermione, Ginny, and Bill going next. With much more power than the others, he withstood the disease for months, watching as they all fell to the pox. After that, he became too sick to even understand what he was being told. There were moments when he would suddenly become lucid, and he understood very well that he would die soon, only a few short years after finishing school. He had even made peace with it. The fact that he was sitting on the side of a street in what appeared to be Little Whinging was very confusing. That was amplified by another set of memories.

Everything was fuzzy, but he remembered being given a second chance. At least he thought he did. He even remembered the most beautiful woman in the world giving him a kiss. Harry reached up and touched his lips. They were still tingling. He shook his head. He remembered much more than that. He remembered a whole other life that he had never lived, and truth be told, he didn't much like what he was remembering. The old Harry had no guts. He was a coward through and through. It wasn't even like he was being abused. That Harry didn't even get half of what he experienced at the hands of the Dursleys. There was really no excuse for his behavior. Harry stood up and wobbled for a second before he regained his footing. None of that mattered. As far as he was concerned, he was the real Harry Potter, and this Harry Potter was no coward.

Harry walked to a nearby park and sat under a large oak. His body was feeling very strange like it was storing too much energy. By then, his whole body was beginning to tingle. He put that out of his mind for the moment. He needed to take stock of the situation.

'Something or someone may have given me a second chance at life. At least that's what it seems,' Harry thought.

'Summer's ending in a few weeks, then I'm starting fourth year again,' he added.

'In school, I'm a Hufflepuff and have very few friends.'

That's when he remembered what the magical world as a whole was like. Apparently, in this world, sex was a major thing for the magical community, and everyone worshiped the Goddess Aphrodite. From what he remembered, students were heavily taught about sex early. That was because once you reached the age of majority, your libido would increase massively, and not only that but your magic was closely tied to sex. Usually, by the time you hit your thirties, the intense desires would taper off but never fully go away. The magical world was a very strange place.

Another thing about this world, Neville Longbottom was the Boy Who Lived. From what Harry could remember, Neville always seemed like he was carrying a heavy burden ... like everything depended on him. Harry could certainly relate. As much as he felt sorry for Neville, Harry was very glad that the burden was no longer on him. He had done his duty.

Harry thought about what he should do. He had no desire to stay with the Dursleys. Besides, it wasn't like there were Blood Wards protecting him. Dumbledore wouldn't care if he found another home. He was too busy making sure Neville was alive and safe. From his memories, Harry knew that he had a decent-sized mountain of gold in his Gringotts Vault. It was at least as vast as the one from his former world. That meant that he didn't need to worry about money. That also meant that he could spend the next few weeks at the Leaky Cauldron just as he had done the summer before his third year. That would give him plenty of time to sort things out. With the beginning of a plan in place, he got back up on shaky legs and returned to the Dursleys.

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Harry apparated to an alley near the Leaky Cauldron. Stepping out with his trunk in tow, he ignored the gawking of passersby as he pulled the trunk into the dingy, old pub. Thankfully, the pub wasn't exactly bursting at the seams with customers. The toothless bartender, Tom, was more than happy to rent him a room until September first. He didn't even question him about where his guardians were. Within a few minutes of entering, Harry was dropping his trunk in front of a comfy-looking bed. Harry flopped onto the bed and sighed.

The thought of what had happened to him and his friends was terrible. The thought of poor Hermione and Ginny and ...” Harry closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. He could feel his eyes burning. He could only hope that they were all in a better place. It only added to his hurt that Hermione wasn't his friend here. She wasn't exactly NOT his friend ... they had just never spoken more than a few words. Harry wasn't friends with the Weasleys either. Going through his memories, it seemed that the trio of this world was Neville, Ron, and Hermione. If that wasn't bad enough, the Ron of this world was a bit more pompous and definitely more of a jackass. He absolutely basked in Neville's limelight. Hermione was still Hermione ... a book-loving know-it-all. He would definitely rekindle their friendship. With everyone else, he would have to wait and see. Harry wiped his eyes with the back of his hand and got up. There was no use sitting around feeling sorry for himself. He would do what he always did ... suck it up, adapt to the situation, and carry on.

The first thing he did was grab some extra gold from the bank. With a heavy sack laden with gold, he went back into the pub and ordered dinner. By then, it was getting late, and his body was quite sore. Going back to his rented room, he stripped down to his boxers and crawled into bed.

Harry would like to say that he had the best sleep of his life, but that would have been a lie. The ache in his body seemed to spread down to the bones. Unable to fall asleep, he tossed and turned while sweat dripped down his forehead. He felt hot ... too hot. He tried to get up and splash some cold water on his face, but he didn't have the energy to do even that. It seemed that once again, Harry was trapped in bed while suffering through tremendous pain. This time, however, he was certain that he didn't somehow still have Dragon Pox. He remembered very

well what that felt like. This didn't feel anything like it. This wasn't a sickness. This was an ache spreading through all of his muscles. At some point during the night, his muscles began spasming. His body was shaking and trembling, and he was unable to get himself under control. Harry was unsure how long this had lasted, but sometime during the night, the spasms finally stopped. The burning aches in his muscles and joints stopped. Everything stopped, and he instantly passed out from exhaustion.

His sleep was filled with strange dreams of new worlds and beautiful blondes. In one dream, Hermione was running away while throwing books at him as he chased her, begging for friendship. Somehow, even in the dream, he knew it was silly. Hermione would never throw a book for any reason. When Harry woke just past midday, he stood up and nearly fell. "Oh, shit!" he yelped, bending over and steadying himself against the bed. When he slowly stood back up to full height, he suddenly realized that he was a head length taller than the day before. Also, his vision was blurry. Removing his glasses fixed that problem. He looked at them with shock and placed them on the bedside table. He wondered how his vision was suddenly fixed. It wasn't only that though ... he felt good ... really good. There was no other way to describe it. He felt strong and healthy. Looking down, his eyes bulged as he saw the six-pack abs that he was suddenly sporting. Quickly going over to the mirror, Harry checked himself out. He had to blink a few times to make sure he was seeing correctly. He was tall and handsome with the body of an Olympic swimmer.

"How the hell ...?" he wondered. It was then that he reminded himself of everything that went on the day before. This wasn't even close to being the strangest thing that had recently occurred.

"Just shut up and enjoy it, Harry," he said, sniffing the air. He wasn't going to lie, he smelled a bit foul. Sweating all night would do that. He made a mental note to wash his bed linens. Harry kicked off his boxers and walked toward the bathroom. He noticed something smacking against his thigh as he walked. Looking down again, he sputtered when he noticed the basilisk hanging between his legs.

"Bloody hell!" he said in awe. He gave his hips a shake and watched as his magnificently long and thick penis flopped around. He then attempted to spin it like a helicopter blade before realizing what he was doing. He cleared his throat and blushed at his childish antics. He slipped into the shower and let the hot water soothe his muscles.

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The main street of Diagon Alley was much as he remembered it. There were a few name changes on the shop fronts, and an old junk shop was replaced by a shop that sold women's clothes. Beyond that, there wasn't much of a difference. It even smelled the same.

His first stop was to the clothing shop to get him some clothes that fit. This took over an hour since the middle-aged shop owner kept chatting him up. Harry noticed how she eyed him like a

piece of meat. He didn't mind, of course, but he didn't want to spend all day buying clothes. Once he was wearing clothes that fit his recently sprouted frame, he carried on.

Walking the streets of the alley filled him with wonder, much as it did the last time he stayed here. Before falling sick, Harry hadn't had much time to enjoy his newfound freedom. After the defeat of Voldemort, they had to spend time locking up Death Eaters and sympathizers and trying to repair Hogwarts after the battle. Now he had all the time in the world to explore, and there was no one around to tell him otherwise. A smile crossed his handsome face, and he walked with a little more pep in his step.

The biggest shock in Diagon Alley was the Red Light District. His new set of memories told him nothing of this place. He only vaguely knew that it existed. It was located in the back part of Diagon Alley, away from the prying eyes and ears of passing children. Just walking down the wide, cobblestone street was enough to blow his mind. If he wasn't sure that these magicals were obsessed with sex before, he was now. A long row of shop fronts stood with floor-to-ceiling front windows. Behind these windows were women ... who were completely NUDE! Harry's eyes bulged as he feasted on more naked flesh than he had ever seen. As he walked by, women of every race, shape, and size smiled at him and blew kisses. One sign said, "20% OFF ANAL". Harry was very tempted, but he didn't want to jump in headfirst, so he continued walking.

There were sex shops of all kinds. Some sold sex toys, and some sold lingerie. There were several strip clubs with brightly flashing neon signs that said GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS! There were bars and dance clubs. Harry even spotted a place that promised nightly donkey shows featuring a male Centaur named Brutus. He decided to stay clear of that place. Gay and lesbian clubs were prominently displayed, though they were few and far between. Harry also noticed that the magicals here were also obsessed with beauty. There were over a dozen shops that he could see that were selling potions, elixirs, magical makeup, age-defiers, youth potions, and zit and boil removers. It was insane. There was even a shop proudly touting its wide selection of love potions. 'What kind of a world did I enter?' Harry asked himself as a Goblin bobbled down the street wearing what appeared to be leather bondage gear of some type. "Strange," was all he could say.

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The Hogwarts Express's whistle blew loudly, letting everyone know that it would soon leave the station. Harry was already dragging his trunk down the tight corridor while peeking into windows. Sadly, the old Harry didn't have very many friends. The boy was too shy to try and make any. The only students that he talked to with any kind of regularity were Susan Bones, Hannah Abbott, and of course, his roommates, Justin and Ernie. Even then, he wouldn't say that he was friends with any of them ... more like friendly acquaintances. He smiled when he remembered how sad the ladies of the Red Light District were when he left. He certainly had plenty of friends there. They were going to miss his fat sack of coins ... among other things.

He passed by one door and heard soft moans coming from within. The privacy shade had been pulled down, and Harry guessed that the door was also locked. Moving on, Harry continued his journey until he was in one of the last few train cars. It was there that he saw Neville, Ron, and Hermione sitting in a compartment together. Ron and Hermione looked the same as before, though Ron looked a tad more confident. Hermione still had a mop of wild, bushy hair, and she sat there with a thick book on her lap. Neville was the biggest change. He wasn't as chubby as the old Neville was, and he definitely didn't look as scared or nervous. Harry would pay more attention to him than the old Harry did. He wanted to know if Neville could handle the situation. Taking one last look at Hermione, Harry moved on. A couple of compartments down, he spotted Susan and Hannah sitting alone. He tapped on their door window and smiled as Susan got up and opened the door. "Mind if I sit with you?" Harry asked. He could see Susan's cheeks suddenly tinting pink. She nodded silently and stepped aside, allowing him to pull his trunk into the room. As he stowed it away, he heard the door close behind him.

"You've grown!" Hannah squeaked and slapped her hand over her mouth. Her face turned red. Harry chuckled happily as he sat down across from them.

"Yeah. I had a bit of a growth spurt," he told them. It was then that he noticed their attire. Both were wearing very short skirts that showed off most of their thighs. Hannah was wearing a regular T-shirt that was a little tight. He could tell that she wasn't wearing a bra because he could see her hard nipples poking through her shirt. Her breasts were about the average size for a girl her age. Susan, however, was a different story. She was wearing a long sleeve, very thin sweater that had five or six buttons down the neckline. Every single one of them was unbuttoned, and her large bust was threatening to tear her sweater apart. Harry could see the deep valley of cleavage that her big, beautiful tits created. Just eyeing her succulent body made his cock strain.

Another thing that he noticed was that magical women wore outfits that were much more revealing than in his time. In his other life, women dressed like it was still the 1800s. Only the younger girls dressed normally, though still conservatively. Here, however, even the middle-aged women walked around in short skirts and high heels instead of the ankle-length robes and boots that he was used to seeing. It was a pleasant change, in his opinion. Seeing Susan's tits bursting out of her top only solidified his opinion.

"I see that I'm not the only one who did some growing," he smiled at them. They looked at each other and blushed before giggling slightly.

"Are you girls excited to be going back to school?" Harry asked. He wondered if the Triwizard Tournament would be held. They gave each other a knowing look.

"Very excited," they said in unison and then burst into a giggle fit. Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Is there something happening that I'm not aware of?" Harry asked.

"Fourth-year girls start the voluntary training course," Susan said as a few more giggles slipped out.

"Training for what?" Harry asked, confused. Now it was the girls' turn to look at each other in a confused fashion.

"Sex work ... Don't you remember?" Hannah asked. Harry shook his head.

"Sometimes I don't pay attention," he admitted. They rolled their eyes.

"Just like every other boy," Susan joked.

"Hey now," he threatened in a teasing way.

"Once the girls reach their fourth year, they're allowed to take a voluntary class to train them for sex work," Susan explained.

"But why would they want to train for that? There are tons of them in the Red Light District," Harry said. Hannah shrugged.

"It's well known that salaries in the magical world are utter crap. Most women dabble in sex work of some kind to help earn some extra gold ... at least until they marry," Hannah told him. The old Harry knew nothing about this. Harry wished that he could've slapped some common sense into the boy.

"Besides ... We'll be having lots of sex anyway. We may as well make a few galleons as we do," Susan shrugged.

"So married women don't do that kind of stuff?" Harry asked. The whole sexual community was strange and confusing to him.

"No. When you marry, you take a magical vow. Sex is connected with our magic, and so is marriage. Being unfaithful can cause the vow to break. That would be very bad ..." Susan left it at that.

"That's why no one marries until they're well into their thirties. They have to wait for their urges to cool down so there's less risk of them doing something stupid, like cheating. It still happens on occasion, but thankfully, it's rare," Hannah added.

"So these classes are only for girls?" Harry asked. They both nodded. "That sucks," Harry joked. They giggled together.

"Well ... It won't suck for one lucky boy," Susan said. This caught Harry's attention.

"One boy?" he asked.

"The teacher of the class picks one boy to be the teaching aid. Basically, he has sex with all the girls in the class," Susan said, blushing.

"It's not only that ... He gets to use the Prefect Bathroom. He has permission to stay out well past curfew, and he is able to go into the girls' dorms without setting off the alarm. I've heard that he can even visit Hogsmeade whenever he wants," Hannah told him.

Harry was very thankful that he remembered to visit Petunia and force her to sign a paper allowing him to visit Hogsmeade. The old Harry couldn't get her to sign, and he was too scared to threaten her. The new Harry was only too happy to do a little threatening.

"How is the boy chosen?"

"I think you apply for the position, and the teacher chooses who she thinks is best," Hannah said, taking out a fashion magazine. "I'm not really sure though."

"Are you thinking about applying?" Susan asked him.

"You think I could get it?" he asked, his eyes twinkling. Susan smiled back, her cheeks still slightly red.

"You're cute enough," she smiled. "Unfortunately, it's not my opinion that matters."

"We'll see," Harry smiled, sitting back and relaxing.