

Red Light District

Chapter 18

“Crushed dung beetle shells ... One dragon scale ... Crystalized tree sap from a spruce ... Three counterclockwise turns followed by five clockwise turns ... Add three drops of venom from a young, male Runespoor and let simmer,” Harry stated as he prepared the concoction. He then went over to his bed and flopped down on it before re-reading the notes that he had taken. He had found the recipe in an old book in a dark corner of the library’s Restricted Section. ‘So many good things can be found there,’ Harry thought with a smirk. He rested for over an hour until the bubbling, purple potion turned black. Harry walked over and examined it, making sure to not get too close. It had a slight silvery sheen. “Perfect,” he stated out loud and put on his thick, rubber laboratory gloves that went up to his elbows.

Collecting Voldemort’s father’s bones, he carefully placed each one in the large cauldron. The next step was to let them soak for a few days. He’d have to keep everyone from his room while they stewed, but that could easily be done. Harry packed up his bag, locked the door behind him, and added some magical protections to keep everyone else away. He didn’t want Hermione going in there when he wasn’t around. Thankfully, she had been distracted the past few days. There was a series of important tests coming up, and like always, she was stressing out by studying way too much. Harry had even told her to put a hold on doing work for him until the tests were over, which was something that she was grateful for. Maybe he’d stop by her room later that day and help her relieve some of that stress.

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Bella’s arms were wrapped tightly around the back of his neck while he fucked her nice and slowly. Bellatrix was in one of her moods where she wanted to be made love to. Harry, of course, had no problems with that whatsoever. Her shapely thighs were squeezing his hips while he slowly thrust into her. Her gorgeous breasts were mashed against his chest while she kissed him deeply, taking her time to explore every inch of his mouth. He could feel that she was creaming all over his cock. He now had enough experience to know that when a girl suddenly became very slick, she was likely creaming on him. It was a good indicator letting him know that he was hitting all the right spots. Classes that day had ended, and Bella was very eager to spend her late-night hours in bed with the lights off. The only light in the room came from the crackling fire that was throwing shadows against the walls and ceiling.

She whimpered into his mouth when he angled his cock to hit her g-spot again. Her thighs tightened their grip on his hips, and she began sucking on his lower lip. Finally, she broke the kiss to take a much-needed breath, though she made sure to order him to keep fucking her. Harry pushed his upper half up to give her some room. He saw her lovely tits jiggling from his constant thrusting. Harry could instantly tell when she began cumming. It was almost as if her pussy was sucking him off. Harry couldn’t help but moan deeply as his shaft was massaged by her contracting walls. Bella then rolled him over so that he was on his back. Straddling him, she

rolled her hips slowly. Her black hair was a wild mess, and her eyes were hooded with desire. The tips of her pink nipples were stiff with arousal.

“Hey, Bella?” Harry grabbed her attention. He had actually come to her room to ask her some questions, but she decided to distract him the moment she opened the door.

“Yes?” she answered as her hands slid up her body until she was cupping her big breasts. Harry could see that her fingers were toying with her hard nipples. He gently caressed her smooth thighs while trying hard not to cum too early.

“What are the rules about school girls working in the sex industry?” he wondered. Bella’s eyes were fluttering as her pussy continued to squeeze him.

“Ooooh ... Goddess!” Bella squealed and lifted her lower half up. His long, wet cock slipped from her cumming pussy. She angled it back and pressed the tip against her asshole. Slowly, she sank down on it until he was fully inside of her ass. She began bouncing.

“Ummm ... Bella?” Harry asked again, trying to keep her attention on him and not his cock.

“I don’t know all of the rules, but I do know that anyone under the age of seventeen cannot work in brothels, strip clubs, casinos, or fetish bars. Basically, no establishment where they will be nude or come into contact with customers. I think that they can still work in places like shops that sell sex toys and stuff like that. There’s a whole section in the Ministry’s Book of Law about stuff like that,” she said before moaning loudly. Her asshole was a whole ‘nother level of tightness. “I have a copy of the Book of Law over on my bookshelf. You can borrow it when we’re done.”

Harry knew that they wouldn’t be done any time soon. When Bella got into one of her amorous moods, she would keep him there all night. He likely wouldn’t be leaving her room that night. Deciding to just enjoy the situation, he pulled her down so that her body was flat against his. He captured her sweet lips and sucked on her talented tongue while jackhammering into her ass from below. Bella squealed into his mouth while her pussy flooded his belly with her juices.

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The following day, Harry was back in his room in the Hufflepuff dorms. He was at his desk carefully going over the rules and laws regarding the sex industry. Just as Bella had indicated, anyone under the age of majority wasn’t allowed to participate in what Harry called the Hardcore stuff. Anyone over the age of fourteen could legally work in any shop that sold sex-related items if the business wasn’t also involved in the Hardcore stuff. Anyone fourteen and over could sign a contract to work in a Hardcore business once they reached the age of majority, but they had to have their guardian’s permission. Susan had already explained what she went through to get her contract. Madam Bones had to go down to the Ministry and sign the contract in front of an official Ministry notary to make Susan’s contract legal.

Harry wasn't interested in trying to find loopholes or workarounds for that stuff. He was patient enough to wait until they graduated from school. That wouldn't stop him from signing them to contracts though. He'd have to study more on that later, or possibly hire a solicitor to explain it all in detail. What Harry was looking for was what the girls *were* able to legally do while still in school. There was a lot of gold to be made, and he had a few ideas.

On his desk lay a letter from the Goblins stating that they had begun preliminary renovations to the building that he had bought. All of the furniture and fixtures were being removed and sold if they were worth anything. They had also begun tearing down the columns and other Roman-style stuff on the outer facade. All that crap had to go. The fifth floor was being gutted and turned into his personal penthouse. The Goblins were confident that they would have that completely done by the time his school year ended. He needed somewhere to live after all. What the other four floors would be, he hadn't completely decided yet, but thankfully, there was still plenty of time.

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Harry wrapped the bones up in a plastic sheet and carefully packed them away in his magically expanded bag. It was once again Saturday morning, and he would be using his journey into Hogsmeade as a cover for his real plans.

Hermione was still studying, so she had no interest in going into Hogsmeade that morning, and even if she wasn't studying, the weather was so bad she likely would have decided to stay indoors. It was cold and rainy, and even Harry wasn't eager to be out in it. Unfortunately, it needed to be done.

Filch was extra grumpy from having to let him through the gate on such a terrible day, but Harry didn't give two shits about what he thought. As soon as he was out of sight, Harry apparated to the graveyard and dug up the empty grave. Harry set the bones back in the correct position so as to not make it obvious that they had been tampered with. He quickly covered it back up with dirt and added the same magical fertilizer as before. Within a day, no one would be able to tell that anything was amiss. In this case, the bad weather was actually a blessing. No one in their right mind would be visiting those old graves with rain steadily pouring on their heads. With that done, Harry left the graveyard and apparated to just outside of the Leaky Cauldron. He kept the hood of his raincoat up to hide the fact that a student was visiting Diagon Alley while school was still in session. Thankfully, Harry was big and tall enough that no one gave him a second glance. Besides, it wasn't like he was the Boy Who Lived in this reality. Hardly anyone knew who Harry Potter was, and those who did probably wouldn't care one way or another.

Entering the alley, he found the streets practically deserted. Only a few people were hurrying down the cobbled lanes with hoods or umbrellas to shield them from the downpour. Not wanting to be out there any longer than necessary, Harry put his head down and made his way to his

new solicitor's office. He was glad to find that it was only a short walk from the alley's entrance. He pushed open the door and was greeted by an older man with a kind smile.

"I'm glad to see you're a few minutes early Mr. Potter. I thought that you might cancel when the weather turned sour," he said, taking Harry's wet slicker and drying it with his wand before hanging it up on a hook near the door.

"I wasn't keen on losing my deposit, Mr. Latliss," Harry responded kindly. The old man laughed while ushering him into the office where he poured Harry a hot cup of tea. Lenny Latliss had been chosen by Harry because he was supposed to be an expert in Ministry laws. He was the consultant for many of the larger businesses in the Red Light District.

"I daresay I was skeptical when you said that you would be able to sneak out of Hogwarts for the meeting," he said, taking his seat across the desk.

"It's a lot easier when they willfully open the gate for you, but still, I'm not technically supposed to be here, so ..."

"You were never here," the old man waved his concerns away. Solicitors were usually good about keeping the secrets of their high-paying clients. "Now ... what can I help you with today?"

"I'm sure I'll have more uses for you in the future. I bought that big, empty hotel in the RLD," Harry informed him. He nodded his head.

"Yes, I had heard."

"I won't be starting anything major up for at least the next couple of years, but for the time being I had some questions about the laws involving the sex industry," Harry said, getting down to business.

"I can certainly help you there."

"I know that those under the age of majority cannot legally work in most places in the RLD, but what exactly can they do?"

"Well ... They can work in shops related to sex as long as they are level one Restricted or less. Brothels and casinos are level three. Strip clubs are level two."

"What about modeling?" Harry asked.

"Again ... It is completely legal as long as it is level R1 or less," Latliss answered. "Pictures showing sexual acts are R3 ... Tasteful nudes are considered R2."

"What does R1 consist of?" Harry eagerly asked, finally getting to the meat of his questions.

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Harry left his solicitor's office very pleased. He could go on with his first plan to get his business off and running. Harry's idea was to make a naughty version of Chocolate Frog cards. He had checked multiple places, and it seemed that Chocolate Frogs didn't exist in this reality. Harry figured that with everyone so preoccupied with sex, the inventor was too busy chasing women to ever come up with the sweet. He would make a lame, non-sexual version for the little kids. There was no reason to cut himself off from that money source, but for the boys in school, he planned to have some cards that were a little bit spicier. Hell, he'd even make a version for the girls in school. He was sure that they'd enjoy cards with good-looking shirtless boys. Harry just had to follow the law. Before putting them on the market, he'd let Lenny look them over to make sure everything was on the up and up.

From what Lenny had said, boys just couldn't have their junk on display. For girls, it was pretty much the same. The pictures could be sexy, but there couldn't be any nudity, which was fine. He wasn't planning on that anyway. Of course, he would have to get their guardians' permission. Harry had even asked about Susan's situation with her contract. He said that hers was a standard letter of intent. Susan couldn't work at any other club besides the one she signed up with until the contract had expired. However, she could still model and do any other type of work without penalty. That was certainly good to know. Lenny even had a friend who owned a small printing business and was thinking about retiring. He mostly printed flyers for various clubs and bars in the RLD, but the machinery could be re-tooled to print the cards he wanted. Lenny would get in contact with him and ask if he would be willing to sell his business. Obviously, Lenny would be earning a commission on the sale.

One thing he did say was that under no circumstance should he use the Hogwarts school crest to promote his product. Apparently, the school owned the copyright to the logo. That meant no actual Hogwarts uniforms could be used in any pictures. He could still use similar generic uniforms that didn't have the logo attached. He could even use the word Hogwarts when describing the girls. Copyright law was all a big headache, so he'd let Lenny worry about that.

Harry had also asked him to try and find a candy company that was willing and able to make and enchant the little chocolate treats. In the meantime, Lenny was writing up a standard contract that he could use to sign his models. He was also going to trademark Chocolate Frogs so that no one else could use the idea. Harry mentally thanked whomever it was who invented them back in his old world.

It was several hours after he left that Harry trudged his way through the gate like a wet cat. His hair was soaked, and he was freezing cold. The Warming Charms that he had been using weren't cutting it anymore. All he wanted was a hot shower and maybe a short nap. However, as he passed by the massive Beauxbatons carriage, the door swung open, and someone called out for him.

“ ‘ARRY!” he heard someone yell through the pounding rain. Harry turned and saw Fleur standing just inside the doorway, trying to avoid getting wet. She was waving him over. Harry ran over so he could hear her better.

“What are you doing out in this weather?” she practically screeched. He couldn’t blame her. Only a raging lunatic would be out in this.

“I had some errands to run,” he loudly called back. She didn’t answer him back. She leaned out, grabbed his hand, and pulled him into the carriage. As she did, the door shut behind him.

“You are going to get pneumonia, you crazy boy,” she huffed, pulling him behind her. Harry had never been in the carriage before. It was very spacious and finely decorated. He was glad that it appeared completely empty.

“Where is everyone?” he wondered out loud.

“Everyone is in their rooms. With the rain, there is nothing to do but stay in and relax,” she explained, pulling him down a long corridor until she came upon a room with a golden nameplate on the door that was etched with the name Fleur Delacour, written in elegant cursive. She opened the door, pulled him in, and closed the door behind him. “Take off that coat,” she ordered. Harry pulled it off, and she hung it by the door. Within seconds, there was a small puddle of water on the floor directly underneath the hanging coat. Fleur came back to him with a towel. Instead of handing it to him, she draped it over his head and vigorously rubbed it against his wet hair. After several minutes of this, she pulled the towel off his head and burst into a giggle fit. Harry reached up and touched his hair. His normally messy hair was wildly sticking up in every direction. Harry chuckled and did his best to flatten it with his hand.

“Now what was so important that you would risk your health by going out in this monsoon?” he incredulously asked, pouring him a cup of steaming coffee. She didn’t ask how he wanted it. She simply poured in some milk and added two sugar cubes. The silver spoon clinked against the inside of the ceramic mug as she stirred. She handed the mug to him before making her own cup.

“I was meeting with a solicitor about starting a business,” he said, deciding to just be honest. It wasn’t exactly a secret. She finished her cup and sat down on her bed. As she did, her fluffy bathrobe opened up some and displayed most of her gorgeous legs. She patted the bed beside her, indicating where she wanted him to sit. Sitting down, he angled his body to face her while taking a sip. Glorious warmth flooded his insides. “Is it okay that I’m in here?” he asked. He didn’t want Madame Maxime to burst through the door. The half Giantess could literally rip him in half.

“Do not worry about it. We are allowed to bring boys into our room if we desire. Besides, I am a Champion. That comes with special privileges,” she easily told him, moving her legs into a sexier position. “Tell me about this business,” she smiled.

Harry sat there explaining it all to her while she attentively listened. She had to admit, there was potential to make some decent profits if done correctly. School girls had plenty of masturbatory aids at their disposal. They could walk into any sex shop and choose from an array of different sex toys. School boys really didn't have all that much. You had to be at least seventeen to buy dirty magazines, but that didn't seem to stop the boys in her school from getting them. Still, it would thrill them if they got to see their fellow female classmates in sexy, little outfits. No doubt the girls of Beauxbatons would love posing for them.

"What about the girls in my school? Do you plan on including them?" she asked him, suddenly intrigued by the possibilities.

"I was planning on it since our schools and countries are fairly close. I probably won't include any other schools for now since I know very little about them," he honestly told her. "Why? Are you hoping to be on a card?" he teased. Fleur tossed him a teasing smile of her own.

"Am I not sexy enough?" she smirked, taking his hand and placing it on her bare thigh. Harry's cock instantly hardened. He ran his hand up and down her incredibly smooth skin.

"More than sexy enough, I'd say," he smiled back, his eyes practically twinkling.

Fleur was proud of herself for keeping it together. The moment he touched her skin, the familiar throbbing in her pussy immediately returned with a vengeance. Not wearing anything under her robe, she was sure that Harry could smell the level of her sudden arousal. She had to use every ounce of self-control to keep from lying back and offering her body to him. Her mother still hadn't found anything new about the phenomenon, but she continued to search. In the meantime, Fleur planned on getting even closer to the strange boy. She was glad to see that he wasn't shy around Veelas. His hand was creeping dangerously close to a certain area of her body.

She realized that she had to play this right. Of course, she could just fuck him now and be content with being his personal whore. That certainly wouldn't be the worst thing in the world, she thought, but Fleur wanted more out of life. Like Harry, she wanted a business of her own. She wanted to make her own way in this world. For that, she needed gold. Perhaps she could get into business with Harry and earn some of that gold. He explained that the Goblins were already converting the top floor of his building into a luxury penthouse. There would surely be plenty of room in that penthouse for one lonesome Veela, she giggled internally. Fleur wasn't planning on living at home once she graduated. It would be great to live in the Red Light District of this country's largest magical financial hub. There would be so many opportunities, and it would be a great way to make business connections for the future. If she could convince Harry to let her live with him, she could easily save enough money in a few years to start something small and hopefully grow it over time.

"Tell me, 'Arry ... 'Ow much are you planning to pay these girls, and are you going to 'ire anyone else for your company?"