

Red Light District

Chapter 25

“AND NOW FACING THE MAN-EATING CHINESE FIREBALL ... THE CHAMPION OF DURMSTRANG ... VIKTOOOOOR KRUUUUUUUUUM!” Ludo Bagman introduced the star Quidditch player as though it were a boxing match at Caesar’s Palace. Many of the boys in the crowd cheered, though their cheers were slightly damped from the severe hexing they received from the female portion of the population.

The tall, gangly Bulgarian stepped out of the tent wearing a blood-red robe partially covered in what Harry thought were Quidditch pads. After a closer look, Harry discovered that they were likely pieces of enchanted armor. ‘Smart move,’ Harry thought as Krum faced the angry beast. The closer he got, the more irritated the dragon seemed to get. At a certain point, the scarlet dragon had had enough and shot mushroom-shaped balls of fire from each nostril. Both of the fireballs rocketed toward Krum, who was forced to run forward and commando roll between the two balls of fire to avoid getting burned. It seemed that the girls in the crowd had momentarily forgotten their anger and joined the boys in cheering wildly, though Harry didn’t expect that forgiveness to last very long.

Viktor was back on his feet in a flash, but Harry could see one big problem with that. While Viktor Krum was brilliant in the air, on the ground, he wasn’t exactly graceful. The young man was round-shouldered and duck-footed, and while Harry didn’t consider him a klutz, he wouldn’t be putting any bets on Krum to win any hundred-yard dash races. As if to prove his point, when Viktor stood up, he lost his balance slightly and was nearly flambeed by a much larger mushroom-shaped fireball shot from the dragon’s mouth. The only thing that saved him was the large rock to his left that he was able to jump behind. He huddled behind the rock as another blast of fire hit the boulder and blasted hundreds of stone shards in every direction. Hermione was tightly gripping his forearm while Susan bounced around and cheered. Harry didn’t want to take his attention away from the show, but a better show was drawing his eyes. Because of his Warming Charms, Susan had taken off her robe and was jumping up and down while wearing a very tight and low-cut t-shirt. Her big tits were bouncing and flopping and ... The crowd groaned loudly. Quickly turning his attention back to the arena, he saw that the boulder was now half its previous size, and Viktor’s arm was on fire. Instead of panicking and putting the fire out, Viktor dove away from the boulder as it was blasted again. It was a smart move, looking back, because the boulder practically disintegrated in a puff of white-hot pebbles.

Harry watched as Viktor twirled his wand at the ground, and a small vortex of air formed. The vortex grew larger, picking up dirt and pieces of the broken stone until it was a small tornado. Krum then aimed his wand at the dragon, who was just about to fire another volley of fireballs at him. The tornado shot forward and attached itself to the dragon’s head. Enraged and blinded, the dragon charged to the side and stepped on several of its own eggs in an attempt to get away from the stinging wind. This was the moment Viktor had been waiting for. He gracelessly ran forward and ducked under the swaying tail. At the nest, he ignored the red eggs and

scooped up the solitary golden egg. However, by that point, the fire on his arm had spread to his back and chest, and Harry could see the flames licking at his head. Viktor began screaming in pain while turning to run to the tent. He only got a few steps before he couldn't take it anymore and dropped to the ground. Rolling from side to side to try and extinguish the flames, he never saw the dragon stumbling toward him, blinded by the swirling tornado of dust and debris.

Harry winced as a very loud "AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!" filled the arena. The dragon stepped directly on the backs of his legs and crushed them flat. Immediately, the dragon handlers rushed in and subdued the dragon while several of Hogwarts' professors rushed out and extinguished the flames with their wands. Once Viktor had been levitated from the arena, there was only silence before a few halting claps peppered throughout the spectators could be heard. 'At least he got the golden egg,' Harry thought as they disappeared into the medical tent. Harry turned to Hermione, who was as white as paper.

"You okay?" he asked, rubbing her leg. By then, the crowd was quietly buzzing, though Harry couldn't tell if it was from excitement or shock.

"I think I'm going to be sick," she said, looking a bit clammy. Harry placed his hand on her back and slowly rubbed it.

"I can't believe they let that happen to him," Susan said in shock from his other side.

"The tournament is very dangerous. A lot of people have died from it in the past," Harry shrugged. "They all knew that going in."

"You don't think he's going to die ... do you?" Hannah asked, leaning forward from Susan's other side to see him. Harry shook his head.

"Nah. I imagine Madam Pomfrey will heal him up. He's probably going to be in for a rough night, though. It looks like she's going to have to heal the flesh and vanish the bones in his legs."

"Vanish the bones?!" Susan gasped, looking disgusted.

"She'll give him some Skele-Gro, and they'll grow back overnight. I reckon it'll be painful," Harry told her, remembering back to when that git, Lockhart, vanished the bones in his arm.

"Ugg!" Hermione groaned. Harry saw her leaning forward, her head down between her knees, breathing deeply. He couldn't help but chuckle as he tenderly rubbed her back. Harry reached into his robe and pulled out a small vial.

"Here. Take this," he told the bookworm. Hermione turned her colorless face to him.

"What is it?" she asked, taking it from him. She popped the cork and sniffed it. The smell made her gag.

"Anti-nausea potion," he told her. "I had a feeling one of us might need it."

Hermione greedily drank it down and gagged again. It wasn't a pleasant potion to take. He knew that from experience. After a few seconds, her pale face regained its color, and she sighed.

"Thanks, Harry. That helped a lot," she said, gracing him with a small smile.

"You're welcome," he said, smiling back.

"The scores!" Hannah interrupted them.

"Only thirty-four ... That's not good," Susan replied. "They must have docked him for getting hurt so badly. That won't be good for his morale."

"All things considered, he should be happy just to be alive," Harry told her.

"THAT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH ONE TO FOLLOW FOLKS!" Ludo Bagman began again. "BUT IF ANYONE CAN DO IT, IT WILL BE OUR FINAL CONTENDER. NOW HERE'S THE FRIGHTENING ... THE FEARSOME ... THE LOATHSOME MENACE OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS ... THE HUNGARIAN HORNTAIL AND ITS CHALLENGER ... NNNEVILLE LONGBOTOMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

The crowd cheered raucously as the black brute was ushered into the arena. The Hungarian Horntail made the other dragons seem small and meek in comparison. Hermione squeaked nervously and gripped his thigh painfully. Not long after, Neville came out of the tent looking just as pale as Hermione had a few moments ago. As soon as the dragon saw Neville, it let out a deafening shriek and blasted a torrent of fire forty feet in his direction. Harry could hear the Slytherins mocking the frightened boy while everyone else screamed and clapped. Neville slowly edged to the furthest point he could go while still being out of the dragon's fiery range. He pointed his wand and said something Harry couldn't hear. Out of the tip of his wand burst a giant flock of small birds that began circling above him. Harry immediately recognized it as one of Hermione's. That wasn't surprising, considering she had been helping him prepare for the task. Neville continued to use the spell over and over until there were hundreds of small, yellow birds circling above. Then, he pointed his wand at the dragon, and the birds simultaneously dive-bombed its head.

The Horntail roared angrily and reared up, spreading its massive wings. This didn't stop the birds from harassing the beast. While distracted, Neville tapped his wand to the top of his head, and he slowly disappeared from view. His Disillusionment Charm wasn't perfect, and Harry could see a transparent distortion in the vague shape of his body. The Horntail roared again and sent a fiery blast at the birds. Dozens were instantly incinerated, but thankfully, there were plenty more where that came from. Many were pecking at its eyes or loudly chirping in its ears. The Horntail shook its massive head from side to side, trying to get them off. Harry tried to follow

Neville's mostly-hidden form, but it was difficult. He followed the boy's footprints in the dirt and saw him slowly making his way to the clutch of eggs, but the dragon was still almost directly over them. Getting the golden egg would be very dangerous, Harry reasoned. Then, the dragon flapped its huge wings, and Harry saw something hit the ground. Neville became visible once again as he pushed himself to his knees. He had been blown back by the hurricane-force winds that the massive wings produced. Once Neville was visible, the dragon ignored the birds and focused on him with a menacing growl. Neville looked up just in time to see the dragon's maw opening. Hermione screeched in fear as the dragon's breath ignited. With a flying leap, Neville barely escaped the fire's path. The Horntail then charged.

It scuttled forward with its head lowered, intent on swallowing the boy in one bite, but the shackle on its leg suddenly halted its charge. Harry heard the enchanted metal groan under the force while Neville got to his feet. As he did, he was forced to drop down flat to avoid a tail swipe from the lumbering beast.

"Oh, gosh! He's going to die!" Hermione squealed, hiding her face against Harry's shoulder. Thankfully, the tail passed right over Neville, who shot to his feet and ran for the now unprotected nest as fast as Harry had ever seen someone run. The dragon turned its head and opened its mouth again. This time, Neville was ready. He pointed his wand, and all the remaining birds flew directly into the dragon's mouth. The dragon's eyes bugged out as its throat was suddenly blocked by hundreds of birds. Unfortunately, the build-up of gas had nowhere to go. As Neville was running with the egg held high above his head in triumph, there was an explosion of fire. BOOM! The entire arena trembled as a wave of fire blew out in every direction. Many in the front row screamed as they were pelted with fiery bits. Neville yelled loud enough that Harry could clearly hear it from so far away, not that he blamed him. The back of his robe was on fire as he was thrown clear of the explosion. He ripped the flaming robe from his body and threw it away. Grabbing the egg from the ground, he high-tailed it back to the tent in only his skivvies.

The closest spectators were too busy trying to put out burning clothes and hair to care about Neville's triumphant feat. Meanwhile, the Horntail was slowly getting back to its feet. When it finally did, it stumbled around shakily, and Harry could see that several large teeth were missing. The dragon handlers flooded the arena and began pelting the large beast with spells, knowing that it was going to be very angry as soon as it came to its senses.

"WOULD YA LOOK AT THAT! OUR YOUNGEST CHAMPION NEARLY KILLED THE BEAST WITH A SINGLE BLOW!" Bagman began hamming it up. Harry guessed that he had placed a large bet with the Goblins on Neville winning the tournament.

"Is he still alive?" Hermione squeaked, still hiding her face. Harry could feel her trembling, so he wrapped his arm around her back and squeezed her tightly.

"Yeah, the dragon's fine," Harry patted her back.

“Not the dragon, you git! Neville!” Hermione said, looking at him like he was crazy.

“Oh ... Uh, yeah, he’s fine as well,” Harry informed her. Hermione huffed and stood up.

“I’m going to check up on him,” she said before looking at him one last time. “Honestly!” she huffed again, shaking her head at him. All Harry could do was chuckle. He loved riling her up.

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As it turned out, Neville made it out with only minor burns and lacerations. For his gallantry, he was awarded thirty-seven points, which put him in third place. Points were deducted for causing catastrophic damage to dozens of innocent bystanders. Many girls were unhappy at having some of their hair burned off, and they were very vocal about it. However, Neville didn’t seem to mind at all. He was just happy he survived the ordeal. Harry could relate, feeling the same exact way when he was the one going through it.

Those who weren’t follicly maimed were excited about what they had witnessed, though the Slytherins were pretty bummed that Neville hadn’t been eaten. Excited chatter filled the corridors directly after the end of the task. While watching the task, Harry came up with an idea that was likely going to be very difficult ... maybe impossible, but if he could pull it off, he would end up rich beyond belief. The idea wasn’t exactly an original one, and many Muggleborns likely had the same idea at one point. Could he come up with a magical version of the television? It would have been nice if everyone could have watched the First Task live. That’s what he thought while watching it. There were numerous problems that he could see with the idea just off the top of his head, but while many might have had the same idea as him, Harry guessed that they didn’t have the gold or resources necessary to make a real go at inventing it. The idea was too good to pass up, though. He was already trying to make a name for himself in the sex industry, and this would take it to a whole nother level. Unfortunately, Harry didn’t know where to start. The easiest way would be to just magically convert a muggle television, but that wouldn’t work at all. The entire television industry was built on muggle technology that spanned continents, and none of it would work with magic. The closest thing in the magical world was the wizarding wireless, which was basically a magical radio. The Wizarding Wireless Network, or WWN, was based right here in Hogsmeade. Harry passed the building every time he visited the village. Understanding how it worked might be the first step in creating something new. He would have to wait on that until his next visit. For the time being, he did have an idea that he could research in the school’s library. Excited to get started, Harry grabbed his bag and went straight there.

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Harry put his book down and scribbled some notes on his piece of parchment. He spent two hours going over the Protean Charm in detail. Would that help him on his quest? Harry wasn’t sure, but a little extra knowledge never hurt anyone. He tried to find out how Pensieves were made and how they worked, but he couldn’t find anything on that. The only thing he knew about

them was that they were absurdly rare in his original world but less so in this world. Harry replaced the books back on the shelves, packed up, and went to see the Charms Professor.

"Mr. Potter! What a pleasure," Professor Flitwick smiled kindly as he answered his office door.

"The pleasure's mine, Professor," Harry smiled back. He always liked the good-natured half-Goblin. "I was hoping you could tell me how Pensieves are made. I tried to find it in the library, but there was nothing on the subject."

"No, I imagine there wouldn't be. Pensieve creation has always been a secretive subject. There aren't many Mastercraftsmen out there capable of creating one, and those who have the ability tend to keep their knowledge a secret. All strive to be the best and produce the highest quality artifact," Flitwick explained, stepping into his office and waving Harry in. Harry walked in and closed the door behind him.

"I don't know much about the subject, but what I do know is that the inside of the basin is etched in various Runic languages and inset with precious stones. The stones are enchanted to absorb magic and power the Pensieve. Why are you interested in the subject?" he asked, sitting behind his desk. Harry sat down opposite him.

"I wanted to have a go at making one," Harry half lied.

"They are readily available for purchase, though very expensive. From what little I know about your finances, I daresay you should be able to afford one," Flitwick said.

"There's no fun in just buying one. I want to try and make one. I think I would learn a lot in the process," Harry told him.

"Are you thinking of becoming an Enchanter after graduation?" he asked, lifting an eyebrow.

"I don't know yet ... but possibly. I've always been fascinated by magical artifacts like racing brooms, the Sorting Hat, Platform Nine and Three Quarters ..." Harry was cut off by his chuckling.

"As many others have before you," he said, finishing chuckling. "Enchanting is a fine job and a noble profession. I myself was briefly an Enchanter after I graduated from Hogwarts. A few years later, I took the position of Charms Professor and gave up my former job, but I still have fond memories of it," he said, standing back up and going to his bookshelf. He skimmed through the tomes and plucked one from the shelf. "Here," he said, holding out a battered leather book. Harry got up and took it from him.

"This will teach you the basics of Enchanting. Once you have it down, come see me, and I'll test you. If you pass, I'll give you the next book," Flitwick explained. Harry nodded eagerly. "As for

the knowledge of creating Pensieves, I'll ask around and see what I can find," he smiled. Harry smiled widely.

"This is brilliant! Thanks, Professor!" Flitwick waved it away.

"Think nothing of it. Now begone with you. I have a pile of ungraded papers higher than I am tall," he chuckled merrily.

"Yes, sir!" Harry saluted him and exited the office.

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Harry was at his desk in his private room when the door opened. Hermione walked in and smiled at him. "Hey, Harry," she greeted him. He hadn't seen her since the end of the First Task earlier that day.

"Hey, Hermione," he smiled back.

"I know that I scheduled some ... private time with you for tonight, but the Gryffindors are having a celebration party and ..."

"Don't worry about it, Hermione. Go and have fun," he told her. "Don't drink too much," Harry teased.

"I don't drink!" she stated emphatically, which made him chuckle. "Anyway, I scheduled someone else to come and keep you company for tonight," she said. "Padma," she answered before he could ask. "She said she needs to work on her anal, so help her out with that if you could," Hermione said, checking herself in the mirror.

"Will do," Harry said as he walked up behind her. He pressed his crotch against her ass and slid his hand under the front of her blouse. He loved how soft her smooth, warm belly was.

"Harry!" she gasped. "I don't have time for this. The party is going to start in twenty minutes," she shuddered as he toyed with her braless tits.

"It only takes five minutes to get there. That leaves me fifteen minutes to have my way with you," Harry teased, reaching under her short skirt and lowering her panties. Hermione dutifully stepped out of them and squealed when he picked her up and carried her to the bed. As he sat her down, she spun her body so that he was standing between her legs. She opened them wide, revealing her damp slit.

"Just hurry it up, will you?" she said, pretending to be annoyed. Her slick pussy said otherwise. Not wanting to waste even a single second, Harry pulled down his trousers and lined himself up. No teasing was needed. He placed the head at her entrance and thrust all the way in. Hermione

shuddered as her tight pussy opened up and invited him in. Harry licked the pad of his thumb and placed it against her hardening clit. Hermione bit her lower lip and squirmed as he began massaging it. His hips were already moving at a slow and steady pace.

"Faster, Harry," she gasped as wet suction sounds began filling the room. Her womanly scent was growing stronger while her wet pussy lips clung tightly to his jackhammering cock. Harry could see her tits shaking underneath her shirt, and he fought the urge to rip it open and free them. Harry enjoyed watching her expression change while she was getting fucked by him. At first, she always looked a little embarrassed, but that quickly went away and was replaced by blushing cheeks. When her mouth opened and she began breathing heavily, Harry knew she was properly turned on.

"Your clit is so hard," he commented as his thumb flicked back and forth over the little bead. Hermione arched her back and moaned.

"Keep rubbing it!" she shuddered and trembled. "I'm almost there!"

Harry could tell. Her pussy was pulsating and massaging his thrusting cock in a way that always made him cum fast. "I think I'll send you to the party filled with my cum. Would you like that?" he asked, changing his thrusting angle to directly pound against her g-spot. Hermione squealed, and her pussy was suddenly flooded with juices.

"Oh! Please don't," she choked out through her mini orgasm. "It'll drip down my legs, and someone might see."

"Your pussy feels too good," he truthfully said as she practically strangled his cock with her wet, silky walls. "I don't think I have the strength to pull out."

His compliment was all she needed to send her over the edge. Hermione cried out while her back bowed violently. Her insides clamped down on him and began milking his thrusting cock. This sent him over the edge as well. "Here it comes!" Harry grunted.

Hermione somehow found the strength to pull off of him, spin around, and take him into her mouth. Harry released, filling her mouth with a full load of hot cum. Harry grabbed the back of her head and thrust down her throat. He could hear her gurgling on his cum as he slowly fucked her face. When his balls had been satisfactorily emptied, he pulled out of her mouth and placed his hand under her chin. He tilted her head upward and gently slapped the head of his cock against her cheek. The last few blobs of cum released against her cheek before he slid the head down to her lips and slowly rubbed it against them. Hermione was looking up at him lovingly as she laid soft kisses on the underside of his head. They were interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Harry? It's Padma," they heard her say from behind the door. Hermione blushed and jumped to her feet. Quickly grabbing her panties, she slid them on just before Harry opened the door.

“Hey, Padma!” Harry chirped. Padma blushed and responded happily.

“Hi, Harry. Did Hermione tell you that I’d be visiting?” she asked.

“I did,” Hermione said, pink-cheeked as she made herself known. “He’s all yours. I’ll see you tomorrow, Harry,” Hermione smiled at him.

“Uhh ... Hermione?” Padma said as she studied his assistant.

“Yeah?” Hermione asked.

“You have something right here,” Padma told her, pointing to her cheek. Hermione swiped her fingers across it and blushed deeply when she discovered what it was.

“Thanks, Padma,” she embarrassingly said before rushing off to the bathroom to properly clean up. Padma shut the door behind her before she was grabbed by the ass and lifted into the air. She squealed happily as Harry sucked her tongue into his mouth.