

Red Light District

Chapter 38

Bellatrix's classroom looked like a cross between a high-end brothel and a medical theater. It was softly lit with torches, with thick velvet curtains drawn over the windows. Instead of desks, there were several rows of plush armchairs. At the front, set slightly above the floor on a dais, was a massive bed. The frame was black, the silk sheets were dark green, and the mattress was wide enough to fit an entire Quidditch team. Tonight, it was just Harry and Bellatrix on the sheets, both of them completely nude.

Bellatrix lay beside Harry, her body pressed against his from hip to shoulder. She looked nothing like a typical instructor. Her long black hair was loose, pooling around her shoulders and over Harry's chest. Her pale skin glowed in the flickering light. She had one leg draped over his, and she gently dragged her toes up and down the length of his calf. Bella let out a yawn and lazily stretched like a cat. Her arms were slim and elegant, and her hands never stopped roaming. One palm was flat on his chest while the other ran gentle circles around his navel.

He shivered at her touch, and she bit his shoulder just hard enough to send a jolt through him. Bella then gently kissed the damp bite mark. She then smiled, kissed his neck, and whispered, "You always taste so good."

In the audience, the girls watched and waited. None of them wore a stitch of clothing. They lounged with their legs splayed over the arms of their chairs or tucked under themselves. Every eye was on the bed, and every set of nipples was stiff and flushed. Harry could feel their gazes on him, and all that attention prickled his skin. He obviously knew every girl in here. Hell, he'd fucked each of them dozens of times. There were Parvati, Daphne, Susan, Hannah, and many more. All of them were unapologetically staring at his massive erection. At the end of the front row, Hermione sat with her knees together, back straight, and hands balled into trembling fists. She pressed her thighs tight, unconsciously rubbing them together as she watched.

Daphne and Tracey sat together, their chairs barely touching. Both girls had one hand between their own thighs, but they spent more time teasing each other. Daphne's fingers slid up Tracey's slick mound, and Tracey shuddered. They exchanged a knowing look, and their eyes were hooded with arousal. Neither missed a moment of the demonstration.

Pansy was the opposite of subtle. She had her legs spread wide and her ankles hooked over the arms of her chair. She played with her clit, circling and flicking the hard nub with two fingers while watching Harry's cock with hungry delight. She moaned loudly, not caring who heard.

Bellatrix finally closed her hand around Harry's shaft. She squeezed it gently and pumped it a few times. The sensation made his back arch. "Are you ready for your lesson, ladies?" she called out, grinning with a knowing smirk.

“Yes, Professor!” they all simultaneously answered. Some giggled, and others moaned.

Bellatrix began to stroke Harry’s cock with a slow, practiced rhythm. She kept her eyes on his face, watching for every twitch and shiver. “He’s a bit sensitive today,” she told the girls. “Especially here ...” She paused to graze her thumb over the spot just below the head. Harry’s hips bucked and let out a low moan. Bellatrix laughed softly. “See?”

Pansy’s hand moved faster, and she rocked her hips in tiny, desperate thrusts. Pussy juice was dribbling from her slick cunt and pooling on her tight, puckered hole.

Bellatrix shifted and partly rolled on top of Harry so her tits pressed against his arm. Harry could feel how stiff her nipples were. She nibbled at his earlobe, then purred, “I could make him cum in less than a minute, but where’s the fun in that?” Bella then sensually kissed his lips.

She turned to the crowd, and her lips curled into a wicked smile. “Miss Chang!” she snapped, not looking away from Harry’s cock.

Cho shot up from her seat, already flushed with excitement. She was gorgeous, and she knew it. Her skin was like freshly churned cream, her hair glossy and black, and her breasts were perky and round. Her pink nipples were stiff, crinkled, and ready to be sucked. Her waist was tight, her hips were flared, and her ass was round and perfect. She practically bounced to the edge of the dais, proudly displaying her perky, jiggling tits. She smiled happily when she noticed Harry staring at them.

“Yes, Professor?” she said, and her voice trembled just a little.

Bellatrix didn’t bother with pleasantries. “Now, Miss Chang,” she began. “You have exactly thirty seconds to make him cum with your mouth. If you fail, you owe me a twelve-inch essay on what you could have done better.”

Cho thought about it and nodded. “Easy,” she said, climbing onto the bed and settling between Harry’s spread legs. Her eyes were locked on his battering ram of a cock.

Bellatrix raised her hand like a referee, then chopped it down. “Go.”

Cho dropped between Harry’s legs instantly. Her hands locked around the base of his cock, and her mouth dove straight down onto the head. There was zero warm-up. She just opened her lips, sealed them tight, and drove him straight to the back of her throat. Her tongue was flat and wide, and she worked it along the underside as she bobbed her head.

Harry’s hands shot to her hair, threading through the dark silk. He wasn’t rough, but he couldn’t help but guide her. He needed to cum almost as badly as she wanted to make him cum. Cho’s cheeks hollowed as she sucked, then relaxed as she took him deeper. The wet, obscene sound

of it echoed off the stone walls. All the girls leaned forward in their chairs, mesmerized by the sight.

Cho didn't use her hands except to steady herself. She just worked her mouth up and down, swallowing every inch she could handle. Her nose bumped his skin with every stroke. She moaned around his cock, making his vision blur.

Bellatrix looked on with a bored amusement, drumming her fingers on Harry's thigh. "Not bad," she said. "But you'll never make him cum at that pace. You need to be faster and rougher."

Hermione gasped softly. Pansy licked her lips. Daphne gasped as Tracey gently rolled her swollen clit between her fingers.

Cho took the hint. She sped up, bobbing her head with aggressive speed and force. She twisted her neck to get even more leverage. Harry felt the heat rising in his stomach, and he felt the tingle at the base of his spine.

Bellatrix kept count. "Fifteen seconds," she declared.

Daphne moaned as Tracey worked her clit faster. Tracey bit her lip, her eyes wide and aroused.

"Ten," Bellatrix purred while caressing Harry's skin.

Cho deepthroated him, then pulled off with a wet gasp. She spat on his cock, then rammed it back in, faster and harder.

"Nine. Eight. Seven ..."

Harry's balls tightened, and his whole body trembled. He squeezed Cho's hair, holding on for dear life.

"Six. Five ..."

Cho locked eyes with Harry as she sucked. Her lips were stretched tight around his shaft. She looked up, pleading with her eyes.

"Four ..."

He felt it coming like an unstoppable wave.

"Three ..."

Cho doubled down, twisting and flicking her tongue around the head.

“Two ...”

Harry’s whole body jerked, and his hips thrust up into her mouth.

“One. Time!” Bella called out.

Cho was still sucking when Bellatrix grabbed her by the hair and gently pulled her off. A long strand of saliva snapped between Cho’s lips and the tip of Harry’s cock. He was seconds from blowing, but not quite there. Cho panted with spit running down her chin. She looked dazed and frustrated.

Bellatrix smirked and patted her on the cheek. “Almost ... but not quite. Take your seat, Miss Chang.”

Cho wiped her mouth and glared. She shuffled back to her chair, her ass wiggling as she went. All the girls sighed in collective disappointment or admiration.

Bellatrix stroked Harry’s cock, maintaining his near-orgasmic state. She looked down at him and smirked. “You’re going to make such a mess when you finally pop, aren’t you?” she teased.

“Yes,” Harry groaned while Bella rubbed the underside of the head with her thumb.

Bellatrix smirked, and her eyes glinted with desire. She rolled onto her back, pulled Harry’s hand to her breast, and let him knead the soft flesh. She didn’t stop stroking him while he had his fun with her. The desperate girls watched, waiting to see who would be chosen next.

Bellatrix milked Harry’s cock with both hands, and each stroke was faster than the last. He thrust up into her grip, slid his hand between her legs, and stroked her wet pussy. Bellatrix let out a throaty laugh.

“Oh, my! You’re eager tonight, aren’t you?” she purred. She leaned in and kissed his chest, just above his heart. Her lips were warm, soft, and greedy. “I’ll allow it, for now.”

She let go, wiped her palm on the silk sheets, and then called out, “Miss Bones, front and center!”

Susan shot up from her chair with a big, bashful grin. She moved with a sexy confidence. Her wide hips swayed as she strode down the aisle. Her body was a walking wet dream. She had big, perky tits with fat pink nipples, wide hips, and a narrow waist. Her stomach was soft and smooth, and her jutting ass jiggled with every step. Susan was wet already, and Harry could see her pussy lips glistening in the soft light.

Bellatrix gestured to the bed. “You’ve got the best tits in the room. Use them.”

Susan bit her lip and crawled onto the mattress, her eyes wide with excitement. She looked at Harry and slid her hands up her tits. She lifted them high and let them drop with a spectacular bounce. Her hands were shaking. She was dying to be touched.

“Use those wonderful breasts to make him moan,” Bellatrix instructed, pointing at Harry’s cock. “You’ll be using them quite often at Milkies, and I won’t have you reflecting poorly on my lessons.”

Susan blushed but did as she was told. She straddled Harry’s chest, and her knees pinned his arms down. Her ass hovered over his face, and the fat cheeks parted just enough to show her glistening pink slit and the tiny, perfect pucker of her asshole. Susan reached down and braced herself on his thighs. Then, with a careful motion, she scooped her tits together and dropped them around his cock.

The heat and softness made Harry groan. Susan bounced her tits up and down, working the shaft between her cleavage. She moved with determination, and her rhythm was steady and quick. With every bounce, the head popped up and out, then disappeared between her pillowy flesh. The sensation was almost too much.

Bellatrix leaned in, watching the action from the side. “Excellent form, Miss Bones. And you’re showing off your cunt for him, too. That’s good. Most men are as much visual creatures as they are physical.” She turned to the girls. “You’ll remember that. Let him see what he’s going to get. Make it look as irresistible as possible.”

Hermione was grinding the heel of her palm into her own clit and gasping. Her face was red and sweaty. Daphne and Tracey took turns fingering each other’s pussies. Both of them arched their backs and moaned. Pansy’s whole body shuddered as she watched. Her fingers furiously pumped deep inside herself. Parvati, Padma, and Lavender were all rubbing their pussies and assholes at the same time. The air was thick with the smell of sex, and the scent of arousal was almost dizzying.

Susan looked over her shoulder with pink, flushed cheeks. “Is this good, Harry?” she asked.

He could barely answer. “It’s ... yeah ... oh god. It’s bloody brilliant.”

Bellatrix sat up and began stroking his balls with one hand while toying with her own nipple with the other. She whispered in his ear, “Those are some really nice tits. I bet you want to cum all over them.”

Harry nodded, unable to do anything but moan. Susan squeezed her tits tighter while moving faster. Harry felt himself on the verge of exploding. But then, Susan lowered her hips until her pussy was barely an inch from his mouth. She held it there, hovering, before slowly lowering further until her slit brushed his lips.

He couldn't help himself. He dragged his tongue along the hot, slick flesh. He found her clit and sucked gently, and Susan's whole body bucked. She nearly lost her grip on his cock.

"Fuck!" Susan whimpered, and her knees buckled. She braced herself on his chest, face down and ass up, while Harry tongued her hard. Bellatrix smirked while still massaging his fat sack. Susan still had a lot to learn, Bellatrix thought to herself.

Harry pressed his thumb up against Susan's clit and massaged it slowly. He then slipped a finger inside her, and the effect was immediate. Susan squealed, and her body convulsed as she came in a furious, shuddering wave. Her pussy clamped down on his finger and gushed her juices over his face. The other girls burst into a giggle fit.

Bellatrix rolled her eyes. "You still haven't made him cum, dear. Remember, always put his pleasure above your own." She patted Susan's ass, then delivered a quick smack that left a perfect handprint on the creamy flesh. "Off you go. Better luck next time."

Susan wobbled off the bed on trembling legs. She wore a dazed, blissful smile. "Sorry, Harry," she said with a breathless giggle, then staggered back to her chair.

Harry's balls felt like they might rupture. He let out a ragged breath. "If I don't cum soon, I'm going to die." All the girls laughed in response.

Bellatrix straddled Harry's hips, and her dripping wet cunt hovered just above the head of his cock. She gripped his shaft, aimed it at herself, then ground the tip against her wet, swollen lips. She looked down at Harry with pure mischief in her eyes.

"I suppose I'll have to finish the job myself," she teased.

Bellatrix eased herself down with her knees spread wide on the silk sheets. She gripped Harry's cock tightly and ran the head up and down her slit. The crown glistened with her juices, and each pass left a slick, wet trail along the folds of her cunt.

Every eye in the room watched. Hermione leaned forward with her lips parted and her fingers buried in her own pussy. Daphne and Tracey held hands while they furiously fingered each other. Even Pansy's usually harsh voice was reduced to a whimpering moan.

Bellatrix smiled, lifted her hips, and teased the tip against her entrance. She looked out over the crowd, locking eyes with several of the horny women. Her hair fell forward, framing her beautiful face, and her breasts swung as she adjusted her position.

"Ready, Mr. Potter?" she asked with an aroused voice.

"Yeah," he said. His cock twitched in her hand, desperate to be inside her.

Bellatrix pushed the head in, then paused. The lips of her pussy stretched around the thick shaft, swallowing the tip with a wet pop. The wet sound filled the room. Harry gripped her hips and steadied her as she rocked back and forth, working him in a little at a time.

Bellatrix took her time. She slid down, inch by inch, until she was sitting flush on his lap. The entire length of his cock was buried inside her, and Harry thought he might pass out from the heat and pressure. Bellatrix arched her back and thrust her tits out while rolling her hips in a slow, circular motion.

Every girl in the room squirmed. The visual of Bellatrix riding him, and the way her cunt swallowed his cock was hypnotic. Hermione whined, and her whole body was shaking. Susan squeezed her own tits and pinched her nipples as she watched. Cho's eyes fluttered as she fingered her asshole and rubbed her clit at the same time.

Bellatrix picked up the pace, bouncing on Harry's cock in smooth, steady drops of her jutting ass. Her hands found his chest, and she squeezed his pecs. She tilted her head back and moaned. Her gorgeous eyes fluttered, making her look even sexier. Harry responded by thrusting up into her, meeting her movements with every ounce of strength he had.

Bellatrix panted, "Harder," and Harry did as he was told. He slammed upward, fucking her from below. The force made her tits bounce wildly, and she loved it. She ground down on him, squeezing tight with her pussy and milking every inch.

The wet sound of their fucking grew louder. Bellatrix was sopping wet, and each time she slammed down, a squelch echoed off the stone walls. Juice ran down the shaft and onto Harry's thighs, pooling under their bodies.

Bellatrix leaned forward, and her hair fell in a black curtain around their faces. She put her hands on either side of his head and whispered, "Make me cum." Then she mashed her lips against his and gently bit his lower lip as she rode him even harder.

Harry grabbed her ass and spread her cheeks wide. He could feel the wet heat of her pussy as it gripped him and fluttered. He slid his finger along the crack of her ass and brushed the tight rim of her asshole. Bellatrix shuddered at the touch, then pressed back into it, daring him to go further.

Hermione's pussy gushed as she watched. Pansy squealed and came on her own hand. Padma's eyes fluttered, and her hips bucked as she squirted. The spray of pussy juice hit Marietta Edgecombe in the back of the head.

Bellatrix sat up, still impaled on his cock, and started working herself in hard, fast strokes. She bounced so high that the head of Harry's cock threatened to slip out. Then she dropped, slamming all the way down. The whole bed rocked with the force.

Harry gritted his teeth. He was right on the edge. "I'm gonna ..." he gasped.

"Hold it," Bellatrix said, but she was close too. Her face twisted, and she rode him with a wild, desperate intensity.

Harry lost control. He pulled Bellatrix down, wrapped his arms around her, and sucked one of her tits into his mouth. He thrust up with everything he had, and the sensation was blinding. His cock swelled, then erupted deep inside her.

Bellatrix came at the same time. Her pussy clamped down, milking his cock, and she threw her head back with a scream. The girls watching all moaned, with some cumming at exactly the same time.

When it was over, Bellatrix slumped forward, panting. She stayed seated on Harry's cock, letting it soften inside her. Everyone stared, entranced at the scene. Bellatrix finally lifted herself up, and Harry's cock slipped free. A flood of thick, white cum spilled out of her cunt and dripped down her thighs and onto the sheets. Hermione whimpered at the sight. Susan came again, shaking in her chair.

Bellatrix rolled onto her back and let her legs fall open, showing them the evidence of Harry's load inside her. She ran her finger through the mess, then sucked it clean. "That's how you do it, girls," she said. "Class dismissed."

The room was suddenly filled with moans and laughter. The girls helped each other up, gathering clothes and giggling as they left. Some lingered, hoping for another show.

Harry lay on the bed, exhausted and happy, with Bellatrix tongue-cleaning the mess from his cock. He couldn't wait for the next lesson.