

Red Light District

Chapter 40

Susan awoke to the sound of whimpering moans. For a minute, she thought she was dreaming it. Her head felt thick and heavy, and her vision was still a little blurry. Someone had left the curtains open, and the morning light spilled across her face. Susan rolled onto her back, yawned, and flopped an arm over her eyes. The moaning didn't stop. If anything, it got louder.

She pushed herself upright, fighting the urge to just fall over and go back to sleep. The moans grew higher in pitch, and Susan looked over, blinking blearily toward the source. The clock on the wall said it was barely past seven, but her two friends in the other bed were already wide awake.

Hannah had her face mashed into the pillow, and her blonde was fanned out on the sheets. She was flat on her stomach, and her hands tightly clutched the sheets. Her pretty pale ass was thrust high in the air. Harry knelt behind her, completely nude. His cock was buried in Hannah, and he pumped in and out in slow, steady thrusts. Every time his hips met her ass, the smack of skin filled the room.

Hannah wasn't quiet about it. She gave off needy, almost desperate noises with every thrust, as if she had no control over her own mouth. The moans started low and rose with each push, and they turned into squeaks when Harry bottomed out. Susan caught herself staring. Her eyes moved between the muscles of Harry's back, the way his hands possessively gripped Hannah's wide hips, and the trembling curve of Hannah's ass as it quivered with every impact.

"Couldn't you have waited for me?" Susan muttered, her voice gravelly and half asleep.

Harry glanced up, and there was already a grin on his handsome face. He didn't slow down. "You looked so peaceful. I didn't want to disturb you." His voice was rough as he pulled Hannah onto his cock. Each pull of her ass was met with a whorish moan from the bubbly blonde.

Then Hannah let out a whine that could have woken the dead. Her legs shook, and she pushed her hips up higher, as if begging for more. Her thighs were slick and shiny, and every time Harry drew back, Susan could see the outline of his cock stretching Hannah open.

Susan rolled her eyes, but she couldn't look away. "You're so considerate," she said in a dry voice.

Hannah's face peeked out of the pillow. Her cheek was smushed, and her lips were parted. She looked dazed and happy, and her blue eyes were glazed over with lust. "It's s-so good, Suze," she gasped out breathlessly. "He's hitting all the spots."

Harry gave an exaggerated wink. "Glad to be of service."

Susan snorted. "You two are gross," she said, but the heat pooling between her legs told a different story. She pulled the blanket up around her chest and sank back against the headboard. Susan crossed her arms, pretending to be bored. She watched as Harry shifted his grip and spread Hannah's cheeks wider. His cock moved in and out of her asshole effortlessly, glistening with lube. Hannah's body tensed around every inch.

Hannah's embarrassing squeals, whimpers, and moans turned into pleas. "Harder, Harry, please ..."

He did as requested and slammed his hips forward. The slap echoed loudly off the stone walls, and Hannah arched her back. Susan saw her toes curling in pleasure.

Susan let the blanket slip down and scratched the top of her thigh, pretending her pussy wasn't already starting to throb. "So ... You're just going to sit there and be greedy with his cock?"

Hannah giggled, then choked on it as Harry's cock hit a deep spot. She fumbled behind her, searching for Harry's hand. "You can have him when I'm done," she managed. Her voice was breathy and needy.

Harry thrust faster, and the muscles in his arms and chest were flexing from the effort. "You can join in any time you want," he offered in a casual tone.

Susan arched an eyebrow in amusement. "With you, it's always about sharing."

Hannah moaned again. This moan was much more lustful than the others that came before it. "I'm gonna ... oh god, Harry!"

Susan swung her legs out of bed and padded toward the bathroom, rolling her eyes for show but grinning despite herself. She paused in the doorway and looked back one last time. Harry had Hannah pinned. His cock was buried to the hilt, and Hannah clutched the pillow like a lifeline as she came. Her body was wracked with shivers and spasms.

Susan shook her head, slipped into the bathroom, and shut the door behind her. The sounds didn't fade much, but Susan didn't mind. She liked starting her day with a little bit of chaos.

She brushed her teeth, splashed cold water on her face, and admired herself in the mirror. Her hair was a mess, but it looked cute that way. Her big, round tits were flushed and stood proudly and perkily on her chest, and her nipples were already stiff. Susan grinned, then stuck her tongue out at her own reflection. It was going to be a good day.

She heard a thump and a long, drawn-out moan from the bedroom. Susan finished her morning routine. When she cracked the door open, she saw that Harry was still giving Hannah the business.

Hannah's ass glowed pink in the pale morning light. Harry gripped her hips, and his thumbs pressed into the soft meat. He pumped into her with a pace that was downright greedy. Susan stood in the bathroom doorway with a towel slung around her neck, and watched as Harry's cock slid in and out of Hannah's asshole. Each thrust made Hannah gasp and mewl like a whore. It was a sight Susan never got tired of.

She let the towel fall, walked back into the bedroom, and climbed onto the bed next to them. Her skin tingled from the morning chill, and the heat from the other bodies drew her in. She propped herself on one elbow and rested her chin on her palm, putting herself in perfect view of the action.

"Good god, Harry," Susan said in amusement. "You're going to break her in half."

Hannah looked over her shoulder, and her eyes were wild and shining. Her face was pink and sweaty, and her blonde hair was stuck to her temples. "He's so deep," she whimpered. "You have to try it, Suze. He always feels so much bigger in the morning."

Harry grunted, and his hips smacked Hannah's ass with wet, filthy sounds. His cock glistened with lube, and Susan could see his balls bounce with every thrust. They beat against Hannah's wet, upturned pussy like a wrecking ball. Susan spread her legs, not bothering to hide her arousal. Her pussy was soaking wet, and she wanted Harry to see it.

"Stop showing off and make her cum again so I can have a turn," Susan teased.

Harry smirked, but he was too busy fucking to answer. He slowed for a second, drawing his cock almost all the way out. The swollen, flushed head stretched Hannah's hole wide. Susan couldn't help but stare at the way Hannah's rim hugged every inch, refusing to let him go.

"Come here," Harry said in a voice that was strained with pleasure.

Susan crawled closer, and her tits swung as she moved. She grabbed the back of his neck and pulled him in for a kiss. His mouth was hot and hungry, and Susan couldn't help but giggle as his tongue tickled the bottom of hers. She reached down and brushed her fingers along his cock as he thrust into Hannah. When he pulled back, his lips were red and swollen. Susan licked his lips and peppered kisses along his jaw.

"You always smell so good in the morning," she said as she nuzzled his neck. "But I can barely smell it over the scent of Hannah's slutty twat."

"Cheeky girl," Harry replied, and kissed her again. Susan moaned into his mouth.

Hannah moaned and shifted her weight so that her pussy was almost touching Susan's thigh. Susan reached out and slid two fingers between Hannah's legs, finding her clit already swollen and slippery. Hannah bucked and nearly lost her balance. "Oh, fuck, Suze, yes, just like that ..."

Susan stroked her wet pussy, using her thumb to rub circles around Hannah's clit. Her fingers were instantly slick with wetness, and she grinned as Hannah started to pant. Harry's pace picked up, and he slammed his cock into Hannah's asshole harder and faster.

Susan sucked Harry's tongue into her mouth, then broke away to watch as his cock pounded into her friend's backdoor. Hannah's breath hitched, and her curvy body began to quiver. "Are you close?" Susan asked while her fingers continued to work Hannah's pussy. Pussy juice was dripping down both sides of her hand.

Hannah let out a helpless, high-pitched sound. "I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna ... oh god ..."

Harry groaned, and his hips jerked. "She's squeezing me so tight," he managed through gritted teeth. "It feels like she's about to snap it off."

Susan fingered Hannah harder, and the other girl's body tensed as the orgasm arrived. Hannah shook, then screamed as the orgasm ripped through her. Her muscles spasmed, and the suction around Harry's cock nearly pulled him in for good.

Hannah jerked forward and clenched so hard that Harry's cock popped out with an audible wet sound. Susan watched as a string of thick lube trailed from Hannah's twitching asshole to the tip of Harry's cock. Hannah collapsed onto her side and pressed her hands between her thighs as her body trembled uncontrollably.

Susan giggled in amusement. "That's one way to start the day."

Harry sprawled on his back, and his cock was standing straight up. It was slick, throbbing, and ready for more. Susan eyed it, then settled beside him, draping her leg over his hips. Her pussy hovered over his shaft, and she rubbed the tip against her folds, letting it glide up and down.

Harry watched her, and her blue eyes became half-lidded with lust. "You want to?" he simply asked.

Susan nodded, cutely biting her lower lip. "Missionary," she said in a soft voice. "Go slow. I want to feel every inch of you." Susan lay back and spread her legs wide, offering every inch of her smooth, wet pussy to him.

Harry rolled over, lined himself up, and easily pushed in. Her pussy was so wet that it offered no resistance. Susan gasped at the familiar stretch. He filled her up with slow, easy thrusts of his massive cock. His hands cradled her face, and he caressed her jaw with his thumbs, making Susan blush deeply. She then kissed him softly as he slid in and out of her.

Susan wrapped her legs around him and hooked her ankles behind his back. She rocked her hips, matching his rhythm, and let her body melt into the erotic sensation. Harry's cock brushed every spot inside her, and each thrust sent sparks of pleasure through her body. She moaned into his mouth, and her hands clawed at his shoulders.

"Oh, Harry ... yes, just like that ... don't stop ... EEP!" she squealed when Harry changed the angle of his thrusts and stimulated her g-spot. "Right there!" she gasped loudly. "Keep doing that ... OH!" she cried out.

He did as she requested and continued to hit her g-spot. He kept it slow and deep, rolling his hips so that every inch of him rubbed her the way she needed. He gently dragged his lips along her neck, sucking her delicate skin. He nuzzled her ear and moaned, "Your pussy is so good, Susan. I could do this all day."

Susan shivered at the words while her pussy clenched around him. She reached down, squeezed her own tits, and pinched her crinkled nipples until she saw stars. "You better," she breathlessly demanded.

He picked up the pace slightly, but it was enough to trigger a response. She could feel her orgasm start to build. The pleasure rolled through her, making her muscles tense and her pussy tighten.

Hannah was still curled in a sweaty ball, but she watched them with glassy eyes. "Fuck, you two are hot," she said in a hoarse and dreamy voice. Her body was still twitching from her powerful analgasm.

Susan looked over, caught Hannah's gaze, and held it as she started to cum. Her body bucked, and her toes curled. She gasped Harry's name and then cried out. The orgasm hit hard, and her silky walls began milking his cock. Harry followed a few seconds later. He thrust deep inside her, groaned into Susan's shoulder, and Susan felt the heat of his release inside her. His thick, sticky cum flooded her womb, and Susan knew that if she wasn't on the potion, she would have become pregnant for sure.

They stayed in that same position for a few glorious moments. Harry's body trembled over hers, and he sweetly kissed her. When he finally pulled out, Susan whimpered at the loss. She rolled onto her side and dragged the blanket up, shivering as the air hit her damp skin. Harry lay back and smiled happily. Hannah snuggled up to Susan's back, pressing her naked tits against Susan's hot skin. Hannah lovingly caressed Susan's bare hip, and she started laying soft kisses on her shoulder.

Susan's breathing slowed. She looked at Harry and softly blushed. She then reached back to squeeze Hannah's hand.

"I love mornings like this," Susan groaned, already drifting toward sleep again.

Hannah giggled into Susan's naked back. "Me too," she agreed.

Harry propped himself up on one elbow and shot Susan an amused look. "Don't even think about falling back asleep," he said, wagging a finger at her. "We're supposed to be at the main gate by nine." He craned his neck to the side to check the clock on the wall. "That gives us about an hour and a half to make ourselves presentable."

Susan's eyes snapped open, and she let out a shriek that had Hannah jolting upright and nearly tumbling off the edge of the bed. "Oh, my god. I completely forgot about the carnival!" Susan squeaked as her voice rose at least an octave. Her hair was a tangle of coppery red, and she looked equal parts mortified and delighted. "Do you know how long it takes me to do my hair?" she wailed. "And pick an outfit? And ..." She paused, and her cheeks flushed. She then shot Harry a baleful glare.

Hannah, still breathless and with legs trembling from her most recent orgasm, blinked dazedly at the ceiling. "Oh, bugger." She buried her face in Susan's shoulder, then stared at Harry. Her blue eyes were glittering. "This is your fault," she declared, smacking him gently on the chest. "You and your ..." She trailed off, pointedly eyeing the massive erection between his legs.

Susan joined her in glaring at Harry. "See what you've done? Now we barely have any time to get ready!" she said, pouting in an exaggerated, almost comical way. She flung herself off the bed, exposing her body to the pale morning light. She then stood and began to pace the room, muttering to herself as she compiled a mental checklist.

Harry was unfazed and simply sat up and stretched. He displayed the kind of confidence that only came from knowing he could get away with anything. "You could always show up like this," he suggested, gesturing to the two of them and their naked bodies. "I'm sure nobody would complain." He grinned wickedly, but Susan only rolled her eyes.

The girls then completely ignored him as they quickly discussed which clothes would look best on each of them. Harry didn't mind. He enjoyed watching their naked bodies bounce and jiggle as they scurried around the room.

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Harry walked up to the main gate with Susan clinging to his left arm and Hannah looped around his right. The morning was cold, and the sky was covered in light gray clouds. Luckily, there didn't appear to be any rain or snow in the forecast. Frost rimed the ancient flagstones, and ice shimmered on the bare branches of every tree. The cold wind that drifted up from the lake made Harry's hair even messier. But neither Susan nor Hannah seemed to feel the chill. The Warming Charms he'd cast on them both were working overtime, and he could feel the heat rolling off their skin.

It was a good thing, too, because the girls had taken his suggestion to “show up like this” with a feverish literalness. Susan had selected a clingy little black dress that looked as if it had been painted on her curves. The hem didn't even try to cover her thighs, and with every sashay of her hips, a flash of pink panties and a strip of creamy inner thigh flashed for all to see. The neckline plunged deeply, exposing the entirety of her cleavage. Her tits jostled with every step, threatening to leap out and greet the crowd head-on. She hadn't bothered with a bra, and her nipples were standing out so firmly that Harry wondered if people would be able to see them from halfway across the courtyard.

Hannah, not to be outdone, wore something that barely qualified as a dress at all. It was bright bubblegum pink and, if possible, even shorter than Susan's. The hemline curved dramatically upward over her hips, displaying the bottom of her ass cheeks with every step. The fabric there was so thin and tight that it clung lovingly to every curve of her ass. The top was strapless, and her hefty tits were cradled and lifted to impossible heights. Each bounce and jiggle seemed to defy gravity, and the deep scoop of the neckline made a perfect frame for her cleavage. Her hair was done up in messy pigtails and, with her rosy cheeks and bare legs, she looked like the world's naughtiest pinup.

The path from the castle to the gate was already crowded, and the excitement was palpable. Eyes followed the three of them as they made their way down the slope. Conversations trailed off, heads turned to gawk, and jaws dropped. Even the Bloody Baron, who usually drifted through the morning in a fog of his own misery, came to a complete halt and stared at Hannah's ass as she strolled by. Harry grinned to himself, relishing every second of the spectacle. He enjoyed seeing the jealous looks of every guy he passed. They all wished to be in his place. He enjoyed the feel of Susan's hand squeezing his bicep, and the way Hannah kept darting shy glances at him and giggling.

Susan took every opportunity to press herself against Harry's side and rub her soft tits on his arm. Whenever someone stared too long at her, she'd wink over their head or blow them a cheeky kiss. Hannah was slightly more composed, and she clung to Harry's right arm with both hands, as if worried some other girl might steal him away. Her nipples were clearly outlined through the thin pink fabric, and Harry felt a surge of pride every time someone did a double-take at the two stiff peaks.

By the time they reached the main gates, a crowd had gathered ahead of them. A couple of Ravenclaw boys openly gawked, and even a group of Slytherin girls looked on with a mixture of envy and fascination. Susan and Hannah weren't the only girls dressed sexily, but they were the most brazen about it. Professor Sprout, who was bundled in a patchwork scarf and mittens, did a double-take and then laughed, shaking her head fondly. “Oh my,” she said to herself. “Young people these days.”

Harry stopped just before the wrought iron archway. He pulled both girls tight against him, feeling the delicious squish of their bodies. "Are you two ready for the best day ever?" he asked, leering playfully down their tops.

Susan rolled her eyes, but she couldn't hide her excitement. "Only if you win me a giant stuffed dragon," she declared. She hopped up and kissed him on the cheek, and her dress hiked up another scandalous inch. She heard some boy behind her moan as she accidentally flashed her ass at him, and Susan giggled in response.

Hannah beamed and hugged Harry's arm tighter. "Will you buy me some candy floss?" she asked in a bright, eager voice. Harry laughed and promised to buy her some.

When Harry spotted Hermione and Fleur standing just in front of the gates, both girls grinned and waved in perfect unison. Fleur, who had already drawn a crowd of admirers, wore a snowy white dress that clung to her hips and made her silvery blonde hair glow against the gray sky. Hermione, by comparison, looked almost reserved in a blue skirt that ended mid-thigh and a soft cream-colored sweater that exposed most of her perky cleavage, but the way she smiled at Harry was anything but innocent. She hooked her arm through Fleur's, and together they cut a path through the gathering crowd.

The energy around the gates was easy to see. The chatter was so loud that nothing could actually be heard. Professor Flitwick stood on a crate, waving his wand and shouting reminders about curfews, but nobody paid him any mind. Instead, the whole of Hogwarts seemed bent on getting to Hogsmeade as quickly as possible and wringing every drop of fun from the day. Harry, Susan, and Hannah were swept along with the tide, and the three of them were pressed together by the jostling bodies.

As they moved closer to Hermione and Fleur, Harry caught Hermione's eye. She blushed adorably, but didn't look away. Fleur gave Harry a cheeky wink and then leaned down to whisper something in Hermione's ear. Hermione's cheeks went scarlet, and she covered her mouth with one hand as she giggled. Fleur's arm slid around Hermione's waist, and her fingers splayed possessively over her shapely hip. Both girls stepped in front of Harry to block his path.

"That is an impressive entourage you 'ave today, 'Arry," Fleur purred, giving Susan and Hannah an appreciative once-over.

Hermione tried to maintain her composure, but she was still grinning like a loon. "It seems like you've already won the biggest prizes today?" she asked, casting an amused sidelong glance at Fleur.

Harry laughed and shrugged. "I told you, Hermione, I'm in it to win it," he said, hugging the two scantily dressed women closer to him. "And I promised you both a proper date at the carnival, didn't I?"

Hermione nodded a little shyly. "Tomorrow, then?"

"Tomorrow," Harry agreed. "You two are at the top of my list."

Fleur's eyes sparked mischievously. "Tomorrow, we will steal you away. Today, you 'ave your fun," she said, giving Harry a knowing look. She released Hermione's waist and grabbed her hand instead. She led her down the lane toward the village.

Susan and Hannah exchanged glances, and then Susan looped an arm around Harry's waist. "You know, I'm not sure whether to be jealous or turned on," Susan whispered in his ear.

"I don't think it would be too difficult to convince Fleur and Hermione to join us in bed," Harry replied, giving her hip a squeeze.

The gates finally creaked open, and the entire crowd surged forward. A few unfortunate souls tripped in the rush and got slightly trampled on before being tugged to their feet by Hagrid. Everyone poured onto the road, chattering and laughing. Susan and Hannah pressed tight against Harry as they walked, and Hermione and Fleur trailed just ahead, occasionally glancing back with smirks or sly little waves. The path down to Hogsmeade sparkled in the winter light, and each cold breath stung Harry's nose.

Hannah spotted the carnival rides in the distance, and she squealed happily, jumping up and down. One of her tits popped free, and Harry was certain a Gryffindor beside them actually creamed his trousers. All Harry could do was chuckle as Hannah stuffed her naked tit back into her dress and pulled him and Susan toward a day of fun.