

Red Light District

Chapter 43

Bellatrix seemed to have upgraded her bed, and Harry had never seen another one quite like it. The silk sheets were the color of dried blood, and the headboard was a swirling lattice of enchanted thorns. The mattress itself was so soft it threatened to swallow them whole, but Harry kept them anchored by pinning Bella beneath him. His hands gripped her pale wrists and held them tight above her head. Bella's hair spilled out like a snarl of twisting vines, and the black strands shined even in the low, flickering candlelight. Her face was turned sideways and pressed into the pillow, but she kept twisting around to watch him from the corner of her eye. Her lips were parted and glossy. Her cheeks were flushed, and every so often she bit her lower lip and let out a whimper that turned him on even more.

He had her flat on her belly with her knees spread wide, and her ass lifted high in the air. The muscles of her back showed in stark relief beneath the skin, and her shoulders trembled with every impact. The scent in the room was overwhelming. All he could smell was the thick, heady sweetness of Bella's cunt. Every time he sank into her, the sound was filthy. It was wet, shameless, and so loud that Harry was sure that anyone walking by her room would hear it. Her inner thighs glistened with her runoff that only seemed to grow with every thrust. It coated the insides of her legs and pooled beneath her, soaking the sheets.

Harry leaned forward, pressed his chest to the curve of her back, and slid his hands from her pinned wrists down to the swell of her hips. He ran his fingers lightly between her cheeks, spreading them apart, and exposing the tight pucker of her asshole. It tensed and relaxed as he played with it, and he could feel Bella pushing back, desperate for more of his long, thick cock. He thrust harder, making her thick cheeks ripple. Bella's moans turned rough and deep. Her arms shook as she scrabbled for a grip she wasn't allowed to have.

"Fucking hell, Harry," she gasped. Her voice was muffled by the pillow. "If you don't slow down, you're going to ... break me ... Oh, god!" she moaned again, and her pussy slurped loudly around his shaft.

He grinned and leaned down to nip her shoulder. "You're not that delicate."

She laughed, and the sound was strangled and wild. She twisted her head so she could see him better. Her hair stuck to her cheeks in damp curls, and her eyes were wide with need. "Did you see ... my new cards?" she managed to say. Her voice broke with every slam of his hips. "The ones Fleur took the other day ... the ones with the naughty pose?"

Harry slowed for a second to let her catch her breath. He could feel her shuddering beneath him, and her silky walls rippled around him. He slid his hand down, curled his fingers between her legs, and found her clit already swollen and slippery. He rolled the stiff bead between his fingers, making Bella squeak cutely.

"I saw them," he said. "Everyone's seen them. You're quite famous now, Bella. Every guy in Gryffindor wants your cards. I heard the price for them is steep on the secondhand market."

She shivered, and her pussy clenched hard around him. "The Magical Mistress wants ... me to do ... a full ... centerfold ... EEP!" Bella gasped and moaned throughout her sentence, and her words dissolved into a yelp as he pinched her clit. "I told them ... I'd only do it if you approved. I want everyone to know who I belong to."

Harry's cock swelled at the sound of her sweet voice. He thrust deep and then held it there, buried to the hilt and grinding against her with a maddeningly slow force. Bella groaned loudly and buried her face in the pillow, and he could feel her pussy greedily squeezing him. He let go of her hip and reached up, grabbing a fistful of her hair and tugging her head back. She arched her neck, exposing her pale throat, and he leaned in to kiss the side of her neck.

"You like being famous, don't you?" Harry asked teasingly.

She nodded wildly, and her voice was thick with pride and submission. "Yes. Yes, I want everyone to see me again," she moaned. "It feels just like the good old days when ..." She broke off as he started thrusting again. His hips moved faster and harder, and her body jerked with every powerful thrust.

Her breathing grew ragged and desperate. She had a beautiful voice. It was deep and smoky, and every time she moaned, it made his cock throb. Her body was just as beautiful. Her perfect pale skin glowed against the red sheets, and her ass jiggled with every impact. It was hypnotic and obscene, and Harry couldn't stop watching her. He wanted to make her cum again and again until she was screaming his name.

He licked his thumb and dragged it over her asshole. Harry massaged the rim and smirked as it puckered against his finger. He gently pushed until it opened under the pressure. Bella shuddered and whimpered, and her whole body went rigid. She made a strangled noise that was desperate and greedy for whatever Harry was willing to give her.

"Do you want more attention, Bella?" he teased, voice low and thick.

She nodded, and the words were lost in a pitiful moan. "I want it all!" Her cunt clenched again, and a fresh rush of wetness spilled down her thighs.

Harry let go of her hair and grabbed both cheeks, spreading her wide so he could watch the way her wet pussy swallowed him. He fucked her slow for a minute, making her feel every inch, then slammed in hard enough to knock the air out of her lungs. The sound was filthy and wet.

Bella babbled his name and arched her back so hard she almost threw them both off the bed. He could feel her muscles clamping down and spasming as she came. He didn't slow down one bit. Instead, he went harder, determined to wring every last drop of pleasure from her.

Harry felt his balls tighten, and his vision went white at the edges. He fucked her harder, making her scream his name with every thrust. He knew she meant it when she said that she wanted it all. He knew she loved being the center of attention. He would make sure she got her wish.

He slammed into her several more times, and then Bella shrieked. Her whole body locked up as she came again. The waves of her orgasm squeezed him so tight he almost couldn't pull out, but he didn't want to anyway. He wanted to leave her dripping and sore and so deeply satisfied she wouldn't even remember what it felt like to want anyone else.

He collapsed over her, panting. He kissed her shoulder, her neck, and her flushed cheek. Bella laughed breathlessly and turned her face to him. "Do you think I can be a true celebrity again?" she asked as her pussy continued to convulse from her most recent orgasm.

Harry grinned and caught her earlobe between his teeth. "I'll make sure everyone knows your name."

She moaned and rubbed her thighs together, greedy for more even though she was shaking with exhaustion. Harry rolled her onto her back and pinned her down with his body. Her breasts were flushed and heaving, and her nipples were stiff and sensitive. Bella opened her legs wide, inviting him in again.

He guided himself back inside her, making her feel every inch as he slid in deep. Bella whimpered and dug her nails into his back, pulling him closer. He kissed her, took her tongue into his mouth, and began to move inside her again, until her whole body trembled underneath him.

He fucked her slowly and steadily, until her eyes rolled back and her body went limp with pleasure. When she finally came again, her body shook uncontrollably, and she clung to him like a lifeline.

He held her close and continued to pump into her. Bella's pussy was fluttering so wildly that Harry couldn't hold back any longer. He buried himself deep and released inside of her. Bella moaned as hot cum flooded her cumming pussy. Her tight walls clamped down and rippled, milking every last drop from his bloated sack.

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Harry left Bella's room exhausted. His balls were sore, and his cock was still tingling from the early morning "detention". He hurried through the shortcut by the greenhouses, then doubled

back to the front gate. The sky was gray, and it was so cold it made his lungs ache. He looked for Fleur, wondering if she'd made it out of bed.

He spotted her at once. Fleur leaned against the far post of the gate with one hip cocked and her arms folded under her impressive chest. The dress she wore was ridiculous in this weather. It was tight, white, and as small as a handkerchief. Her legs and thighs were completely bare, and she wore five-inch matching heels on her small, dainty feet. Fleur's tits were almost falling out of the top, drawing a lot of attention from the surrounding guys. Her hair was up in a high ponytail, and Harry's cock twitched at the sight of her.

Fleur saw him and smiled wide, showing all her perfect white teeth. She pushed off the wall, crossed the path, and threw her arms around his neck. Her body pressed to him, and her tits squished against his chest. "You are late, mon cher," she playfully chastised him, then kissed him full on the mouth.

Harry's head spun. Fleur's lips were soft and warm, and they tasted like the mint gum she liked to chew. Her tongue darted out and slipped into his mouth. He could feel every curve of her body pressing up against him. She gripped his hair with both hands and kissed him harder, as if claiming him in front of every girl in the crowd.

When she finally pulled away, there was a chorus of groans and mutters from the line of guys waiting behind the gate. Harry looked up to see at least four guys scowling at him in pure, desperate envy. Even the Slytherins stared at her, and one of them was actually drooling.

Fleur looked over her shoulder and smirked at the onlookers. "You can all go 'ome now," she said sweetly. Her French accent sliced through the air like a whip. The guys were obviously there to try and catch her attention, but now, seeing that that wasn't going to happen, they groaned and moved away.

Harry slid his hand down to her ass and gave it a squeeze. The flesh was soft and jiggly, especially when he bounced both of her cheeks in his palms. She didn't even flinch. Instead, Fleur giggled and pressed herself closer. "What do you want to do first, 'Arry?"

He leaned in and teased, "Ride the Ferris wheel with you in my lap. Then I want to win you one of those stuffed mermaids that you've been talking about. Then I want to take you back to my room, rip that tiny dress off of you, and fuck you like there's no tomorrow."

Fleur's eyes lit up. "Only three things? You are losing your touch, 'Arry."

"I'm saving the best for later."

She laughed, pulled his hand off her ass, and laced her fingers through his. "Let us go before I die of cold," she said. "Or before you are attacked by jealous boys."

The gates creaked open, and the whole line surged forward. Fleur towed Harry along, hand in hand. She walked at a perfect, catlike pace, knowing every step made her ass bounce under the tiny dress. Harry caught more than a few looks from people they passed. Some whispered behind their hands, and others just stared. A third-year Hufflepuff tripped over his own feet and nearly face-planted when Fleur glanced at him and winked.

By the time they got there, the carnival was in full swing. The main street of Hogsmeade was completely packed, and the entire road was lined with banners, food carts, and magical vendors. The air was thick with the smell of sugar, hot oil, and roasted meat. Brightly colored balloons bobbed overhead, strung on enchanted ropes that glowed and changed shape every few seconds. Every lamppost was enchanted into a different bright color, and a thick dusting of glittering snow clung to every surface.

Fleur pulled Harry right to the first food cart and gave him the pouty face that meant she wanted something. "I am starving. Will you buy me a treat?"

He chuckled, knowing exactly what she wanted. He dug into his pocket and stuffed a few coins into the vendor's hand. "One funnel cake, extra powder."

The woman behind the counter laughed and handed over a gigantic funnel cake, fried to a golden brown and topped with a mountain of powdered sugar. Fleur took it with both hands and immediately got sugar on her nose. She made a mess of eating it. Powdered sugar smeared her lips and dusted her dress. A clump of sugar fell right down her cleavage.

She looked at Harry and pouted. "Oops," she said, then dipped her finger into her own cleavage and licked it off, deliberately teasing him and every other guy that was watching the spectacle.

Harry's cock throbbed again. "You're a menace, Fleur," he said.

She giggled, then leaned close so only he could hear. "Will you 'elp me clean up?"

He grabbed a napkin from the food cart, but Fleur batted it away. Instead, she juttied her chest at him. "With your tongue, silly boy."

Harry raised an eyebrow at her. Two girls from Gryffindor were ogling the scene from a nearby table, and a group of fourth-years watched in open-mouthed awe. Harry shrugged and bent down, licking the sugar right from Fleur's cleavage. Her delicate skin was hot, soft, and very smooth. Fleur mewled with pleasure while raking her nails through his hair. She pressed his face harder to her chest.

When he came up for air, there was a round of applause from a passing group of Ravenclaw boys. Fleur smirked, then popped the last of the funnel cake into her mouth. She licked her fingers one by one. "You are better than a napkin, mon cher," she purred.

They walked arm in arm through the maze of tents and booths. Fleur snuggled under his arm and refused to let go. At every turn, she found something new to gawk at, from spinning fire jugglers to a guy selling enchanted marzipan frogs. The more she giggled, the more Harry wanted to drag her behind a tent and fuck her right there.

They passed a row of game stalls, each manned by a different witch or wizard in bright, ridiculous costumes. The barkers shouted out in thick accents, trying to draw Harry in.

“Win a phoenix feather quill!”

“Try your luck at the Sphinx’s Riddle!”

“Show your girl how strong you are!”

Fleur pointed at the last one. “I want to see you win that one, ‘Arry.”

He grinned, nodded, and played along. He walked up to the booth, handed over a sickle, and gripped the mallet. The mallet was Charmed to be weighted, so when he lifted it, it felt ten times heavier than it should. Fleur watched, openly admiring the bulge of his arms as he cocked the mallet back and slammed it down on the target. The bell shot up and hit the top with a magical pop of confetti. The attendant grunted in surprise, then handed Harry a plush owl that moved and hooted. Fleur snatched it from his hands and hugged it to her chest.

She held the toy up and grinned. “ ‘e is so cute. ‘e is also the only one ‘ere who gets to sleep in my bed tonight.”

Harry raised an eyebrow. “What about me?”

She nuzzled his neck. “Maybe I will let you, if you win me another prize.”

They moved on, and Fleur playfully flirted with every food stall, game, and souvenir vendor. The effect on the crowd was amazing to behold. Fleur was in her element. She was the center of attention, and she loved every second. All Harry could do was play along. Sometimes he would keep a hand on her ass, and sometimes he would wrap an arm around her waist. The entire time, Fleur kept up a running commentary of snarky remarks about jealous witches.

After a circuit of the main square, Fleur dragged him up the side street to the Ferris wheel. She stopped at the base and pressed herself to his side. “You promised me a ride, mon amour.”

Harry nodded. “And I keep my promises.”

They were about to buy a ticket when a shriek split the air. Harry looked up and saw the rollercoaster winding above the carnival. Its track twisted in impossible loops. A car shot around a curve, then hovered upside down for a full three seconds before dropping straight down. At

the front of the car, with his eyes twinkling even from fifty feet away, was Dumbledore. The old wizard sat perfectly still with both hands folded in his lap as the car screamed around the track at breakneck speed.

Fleur laughed so hard she doubled over. "Is that ... is that your 'eadmaster?" Harry nodded, too stunned to speak.

Dumbledore's car came to a sudden halt at the highest point on the track. He turned, saw Harry in the crowd, and gave him a lazy wave. The ride jerked, and Dumbledore's body tumbled backward, so his feet stuck up in the air and his pointed, spangled hat fell off and drifted away on the wind.

Harry yelled, "Be careful, Professor!"

Dumbledore righted himself, then cupped his hands around his mouth and called down, "No guts, no glory, Mr. Potter!" Then the car shot down the next drop, and Dumbledore whooped like a child.

Fleur giggled loudly and kissed Harry on the cheek. " 'ogwarts is full of lunatics."

Harry chuckled and squeezed her hip. "You're right about that."

They finally reached the Ferris wheel, and Fleur chose a hot pink car. She stepped in first, then patted the seat next to her. Harry slid in, closed the door, and the car rocked gently as the ride started up.

The Ferris wheel made a slow, shuddery turn, and the car rocked a little with every click of the gears. They were already one hundred feet above the ground, and from here Harry could see all of Hogsmeade laid out under them. The square was packed with people. Most of them flocked around food carts or the dangerous-looking roller coaster.

Fleur stared at the crowd below, then turned to Harry with a mischievous look. She bit her lip and said nothing. Then, her hand crept onto his thigh, just above the knee, and she squeezed it.

"Enjoying the view?" Harry asked, knowing that look in her eyes.

Fleur's lips curled into a sly, cheeky smile. "You 'ave no idea," she said.

The wheel gave a little lurch and started its long, slow climb up the next arc. Fleur waited until they were nearly at the top, then she slid out of his grasp and onto her knees in front of him. She made no attempt to be subtle about what she was planning to do.

She reached up, hooked her thumbs under the neckline of her dress, and peeled it down in one quick move. Both of her tits bounced free, and her pink nipples were stiff and ready to be

sucked. Her skin was goosebumped from the cold, and she seemed to love how hard he was staring at them. Fleur caught his gaze and jiggled them side to side, smirking.

Harry sucked in a breath. "You're unbelievable."

Fleur leaned in, grabbed his belt, and undid it with a practiced flick of her wrist. "I know," she said cheekily.

She yanked his trousers down just far enough to free his cock, which sprang up and nearly smacked her in the face. She didn't tease or even waste a second. She gripped his shaft in both hands, squeezed, and ran her tongue from the base to the tip in one slow, obscene lick. The heat of her tongue sent a jolt straight to his balls. Fleur held his gaze the entire time, not even blinking. When she got to the tip, she swirled her tongue in a tight little circle, then sucked the head into her mouth. The suction made a wet, slurpy sound that seemed impossibly loud in the tiny car.

He watched as her silvery hair spilled forward, framing her face and the curve of her back as she leaned in. Fleur's tits jiggled with every movement, and her nipples brushed against his thighs as she bobbed up and down. Her tongue was hot and soft, and she flicked it along the underside with every stroke.

"You like it, yes?" she asked, pulling off for a second and jerking his cock with her hand. Harry tried to answer, but all that came out was a pleased grunt.

Fleur giggled and dove back down. This time, she took him almost all the way in, and her throat squeezed around the head. She kept a perfect pace, going up and down with her lips stretched wide around his shaft. Every time she pulled up, she squeezed the shaft with her fist. Harry felt like he was going to blow right there, but Fleur slowed. She then tongued the head with a series of teasing licks.

Harry looked out over the side of the car, half expecting to see the entire castle staring up at them. The Ferris wheel car was high enough that nobody could actually see inside, but the risk made his heart race faster. He forced himself to look down at Fleur. Her face was flushed, and her eyes sparkled with mischief. She knew exactly what she was doing to him.

Fleur pulled off again, wiped her lips with the back of her hand, and grinned. "I want to taste you, 'Arry," she said as she grabbed the base of his cock and stroked it fast. She took him back in her mouth, and this time, she bobbed her head hard, picking up speed. The whole car started to rock from the force of it. Harry clenched the edge of the bench so hard he thought he might break it.

She alternated between sucking and jerking, and she occasionally looked up to lock eyes with him, as if daring him to cum. Harry tried to hold back, but Fleur was a force of nature. She twisted her wrist on every stroke. Her tongue lapped at the tip between gulps, and she never

once paused to breathe. When he did finally cum, it came out in a flood. Fleur swallowed every drop dutifully. She moaned around his cock, then sucked even harder, milking the last drops out with relentless, greedy pulls.

When she pulled off, her lips were pink and shiny. She wiped her mouth and shot him a pleased smile. She didn't say anything at first. She just sat back on her heels and proudly displayed her jiggling tits.

Harry could barely think. "I knew there was a reason why I liked Ferris Wheels so much," he finally managed.

She giggled and kissed the tip of his cock. "You are very tasty, mon amour. Next time, I want to see if you can do the same for me."

"Right now?" Harry asked.

She shook her head, redressing herself and sliding up onto the seat beside him. "Patience. You must let me enjoy the view first." She settled against his shoulder with her tits still half-exposed, and he wrapped his arm around her waist. Harry zipped himself up, but not before she slipped a hand down and gave his cock a little squeeze, just for good measure.

The Ferris wheel car hit the apex and paused, suspended above the entire village. Fleur kissed his cheek, and Harry placed a hand on her thigh in response. His hand crept up until it slid under the hem of her short dress. His fingers found her scorching hot pussy, and he began to massage the soaked crotch of her panties as the car began its slow descent, carrying them back toward the carnival below.