

Red Light District

Chapter 3

It was at the point of his sleep cycle where he wasn't awake but not quite asleep either. His mind was racing with many different hazy thoughts. Some were about the future of his new existence, and some of them were downright naughty. His current thought starred the lovely Daphne Greengrass. He had to admit, she looked incredible in her tiny robes. Even Pansy Parkinson looked pretty good with most of her smooth thighs on display. Harry didn't know how the boys in the castle could concentrate enough to make it through school. Harry often found himself starring. 'Maybe they're just used to it?' he had thought.

Harry groaned into his pillow as he imagined Daphne doing a sexy striptease for him, just like the girls in the strip club that he frequented during his summer in Diagon Alley. She was just pulling her top off when his perverse thoughts were destroyed by someone bouncing on his bed. Harry groaned out a whine and blindly swiped his hand in the direction of the offender. "SSSTOP!" Harry called out, his deep, throaty morning voice muffled by the pillow that he had just buried his face in.

"Wake up, Harry! Wake up!" he heard the chipper-sounding redhead's sing-song voice as she continued to bounce up and down. He then felt another dip in his mattress, and he knew that Hannah had joined her.

"A pox upon both of your houses," Harry muttered, earning a giggle from Hannah.

"You were chosen as Professor Lestrangle's assistant!" he heard Susan squeal. "Why didn't you tell us that you tried out?"

This caused Harry to sit up wide awake now. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes. Unfortunately, his movement caused his overfull bladder to ache with distress. "Pee!" he cried out, slipping from his bed and hopping out of the curtains surrounding it. Once in the bathroom, he relieved his bladder, quickly brushed his teeth, and washed his face. When he crawled back through the curtains, he was finally able to get a good look at the girls.

Both were on his bed. Hannah was sitting cross-legged while Susan sat on her heels. Both girls were still in their sleepwear. Susan was wearing the tiniest, thinnest nighty that he had ever seen. It was so short that he could see the crotch of her white panties. Her panties looked to be a size too small as he could see the exact shape of her pussy due to her raging camel toe. Her pink nighty absolutely refused to hold back her breasts, and her cleavage was spilling out for his viewing pleasure. The best part was that he could see right through it, and her perfect nipples were clearly on display.

Hannah was wearing an old Quidditch jersey that was hiked up so much that he could see her panties as well. Hers were light purple, and Harry thought that he could make out where her

little clit was. The material clung to her crotch tightly, though he could see the little bump right above where her slit would be. Neither cared about covering up. In fact, girls often came down to the Common Room in the mornings wearing whatever they had slept in. Hannah sometimes did, though Susan never had. He could see why. Practically her entire body was on display.

"Well?" Susan asked, becoming impatient. She crossed her arms under her breasts, causing them to lift up slightly.

"I didn't want to jinx it," Harry said, as he crawled on his bed and joined them. "Professor LeStrange didn't tell me that I had been chosen though."

Harry had a good idea that he was going to be chosen. Bella had requested that he come back for continued testing eight times over the last couple of weeks. He made sure to always leave her satisfied. He was glad that all of his hard work had paid off.

"You git!" Hannah said, smacking his shoulder. "You should have told us! We could have cheered you on." Harry chuckled.

"I didn't want to announce it and then end up embarrassing myself when I didn't get it," he lied. In reality, he was a private person, and he wasn't at the point where he wanted to share everything with them just yet.

"Smart," Susan nodded. "I definitely would have made fun of you," she joked and squealed when Harry poked her in the belly.

"How did you girls find out?" Harry wondered. "Was it posted on the bulletin board or something?" he asked. They shook their heads.

"They don't announce this kind of stuff. The class is strictly for those who sign up. For everyone else, it's strictly on a need-to-know basis," Hannah informed him.

"But since Hannah and I signed up last week, we were just sent a message informing us of exactly who was chosen," Susan smiled.

"You don't mind do you?" Hannah suddenly asked, sounding worried. Harry looked at her in confusion. "That Susan and I decided to take the class, I mean. Now that you've been chosen, that means that you and I will ... you know," she said, embarrassed. Her cheeks were turning pink. She looked quite pretty when she blushed, Harry thought.

"I'd be upset if you didn't sign up. I imagine we'll learn a lot of things together," Harry calmed her nerves. Hannah blushed harder, but she looked pleased nonetheless. Susan smiled as well and lunged forward, wrapping him in a hug. He could feel her perfect tits pressing against him. It did nothing to calm his morning erection. Still, he refrained from being a pervert long enough to lovingly rub her back. When she broke the hug, she looked quite happy.

"That's not the only good news," Hannah said, smiling.

"Oh?" Harry asked. Susan nodded while looking a bit embarrassed.

"Susan was given a five-year contract to work at Milkies after graduation," Hannah smiled at her friend. Harry was confused, however.

"Milkies? I've never heard of that."

"It's one of the fetish clubs located in the far corner of Diagon Alley, behind the Red Light District. They only hire girls with ..." Susan stopped short, blushing.

"Big, milk-filled udders," Hannah finished, bursting into a giggle fit while Susan grabbed Harry's pillow and whumped her on the head. Harry's eyes suddenly focused on her bouncing tits. Just from her playful movements, they were already threatening to explode out of her top.

"They certainly chose well," Harry teased. Susan blushed again and tossed his pillow back on the bed.

"My Auntie worked there after she graduated from Hogwarts. She's the one that got me the contract," Susan told him. Harry scooted over to her and placed an arm around her shoulder.

"Don't sell yourself short. You're very pretty, have a banging body, and have tits to die for. It's obvious that you'll fit right in," Harry told her. Susan put her head on his shoulder while he gave her one last squeeze.

"Thanks, Harry," she said, sounding happy.

"So what's this place like? What do they offer?" Harry wondered. He hadn't ventured that deep into the alley.

"The men that go there love big tits. The girls dance, obviously. They offer titty-fucking, motorboating, handjobs ..." Hannah counted her fingers.

"Cumming on tits. They even have potions that make the girls lactate. It's a very niche club ... and very expensive if what my Auntie says is true," Susan said.

"I'm so jealous!" Hannah groaned. "You're going to make so much gold!" she whined. Susan smirked at her friend.

"Is it normal to get a contract so early on?" Harry asked. Susan shook her head.

“Only a select few girls get them every year,” she told him. “Though it is common for girls to get contracted by the many different stag mags and the companies that sell Pensieve memories.” Harry turned to Hannah.

“Any idea where you’re planning on working?” he asked. Hannah shook her head.

“Probably at one of the dozens of strip clubs in the alley. The bordellos only hire the best girls from Hogwarts. They don’t offer early contracts. You have to be recommended by the class teacher. The whorehouses are for the girls with no other options. You don’t make much money working there. I really hope I don’t end up having to work there,” she said.

“Don’t worry, you won’t. I’ll even practice with you day and night if that’s what it takes,” Harry teased, placing his hand on her upper thigh and giving it a squeeze. Hannah rolled her eyes and then giggled along with Susan. Harry noticed that she didn’t smack his hand away as his fingertips caressed the incredibly soft and smooth skin near the crotch of her panties.

“You would say that, you pervert,” she told him. Harry began tickling both girls. They squealed loudly and laughed, writhing around while trying to escape from his tickling fingers. One of Susan’s tits finally popped out, and he got a good look at her hard, pink nipple.

“Will you guys shut it?” Harry heard the annoyed voice of Zacharias Smith who was his fourth dorm mate. Harry rolled his eyes. Zacharias was just as annoying as he was in Harry’s first go-round. His dislike for the rat-faced boy was equally as strong as well.

“Come on, girls. Go get dressed. It’s almost time for breakfast,” he said. Susan stuffed her tit back into her nighty as they got out of Harry’s bed. As he did, he saw Zacharias peeking his head out of his curtain. His eyes bugged out when he saw how Susan was dressed. Harry knew that he had a huge crush on Susan. Harry looked the boy right in the eye and smirked. He then reached down and gave Susan’s thong-clad ass a squeeze. She squeaked, and the girls burst out laughing, running from the room. Zacharias was grinding his teeth in anger as he stared daggers at him. Harry flipped him the bird before getting dressed himself.

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It was the Sunday morning before the sex classes were to begin, and as they went to breakfast, Harry noticed many of the girls in his year were looking at him. It didn’t take a genius to understand that they were checking him out. All of them knew that he had been chosen, and all of them were wondering just how good he was. Most knew that a fourth-year was never chosen, so Harry must be something special since he was the first in over a hundred years to earn the mantle. Harry didn’t mind in the least. They were all welcome to eye him up and down. Even Hermione was looking at him with a slight blush on her cheeks. Next to her, Ron Weasley was also looking at him. Harry had never seen someone look so jealous before. Neville, however, didn’t look as though he cared at all. Harry wondered how they found out. As the girls had said,

it was need-to-know. He guessed that some girl had spilled the beans to the Boy Who Lived. Harry simply shrugged and went back to eating.

Not long after breakfast was finished, Harry was summoned to Bella's office to discuss his position. When he knocked on the door, she opened it with a small smile. Bellatrix wasn't what you would call a happy, go-lucky type of person. A small smile was usually the best anyone could hope for. 'Except when she orgasms,' Harry thought with a smirk. 'She gets really happy if she cums hard enough.'

"Come in, Mr. Potter," she said professionally, stepping aside.

"Thank you, Professor," Harry nicely replied. When the door closed, her attitude suddenly changed.

"Now that you're my official assistant, you may call me Bella when we're alone," she told him, bringing over a folder. She pulled out a quill and had him sign her contract on the dotted line. Once he had, she continued. Bella pulled out another piece of paper from the folder and handed it to him.

"The password for the Prefects bathroom. A new password will be provided to you every week. Memorize it," she said. It didn't take long to memorize the phrase, "Squeaky Clean". He handed the paper back to her, and she crumpled it up and tossed it in the bin.

"Here is a list of the other perks of the position," she said, handing him another paper.

"No curfew," he read. "Hogsmeade with a plus one every weekend. I can choose an assistant for myself. Full access to female dorms. A private room on the seventh floor," he continued. Bella nodded.

"While you may enter any dorm that you're invited to, getting into a Common Room other than your own may be a little tricky. I wouldn't recommend trying," she chuckled. "You may invite a partner to visit Hogsmeade with you every Saturday and Sunday. Just remember to be back at the gate by five in the afternoon."

"And the assistant?" Harry asked.

"Girls in the class are going to want private time with you so that they can hone their skills. The seventh-years will be particularly demanding. You will need someone to take names and create a schedule."

Bella whipped out her wand and waved it at him in a complex fashion. Harry looked on, confused. Bella explained what she was doing.

"I'm keying you into wards that guard the female dorms," she stated. Harry nodded in understanding. When she was done, she showed him his private suite.

Harry set the password on the door, making sure that Bella knew it. Entering the room, Harry found it to be quite homey and comfortable looking. The room was large with a big bed on the left-hand wall and a fireplace on the wall opposite the door. The right-hand wall had a desk and a wardrobe against it. It was on this wall that the bathroom door was found. The bathroom was large with a toilet, shower, and a big bathtub with enough space for at least four people. Unfortunately, Harry didn't get to christen the room with Bella since she was spending the day getting ready for the upcoming classes.

"You're allowed to have company stay overnight," Bella told him as he examined the room.

"Thanks, Bella. It's brilliant!" he told her. Harry walked up to her, palmed her ass, and kissed her deeply. Within seconds, Bella's tongue was in his mouth while his hands climbed up and groped her robe-covered tit. Bella broke the kiss before things could get too hot.

"Sadly, I don't have time for fun. I have about a dozen errands to run before our first class tomorrow. Make sure you're well rested," she warned and gave him one last kiss before leaving him behind.

For the rest of the day, the girls wouldn't stop excitedly chatting. In fact, most of the girls that he came across were talking quietly to each other. They were excited and giggly. It was obvious that they were just as eager as he was for the class to begin.

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The chatter never stopped, at least until Bella waved her wand and produced fireworks. As they popped loudly, the girls quickly sat down and looked toward the front attentively. Harry was standing off to the side, waiting to be called. It was the first of two classes to be held that day. Classes were a mishmash of girls from different years. As Bella began talking, Harry's eyes drifted to the girls filling the seats.

He could see Susan and Hannah sitting amongst the students, their eyes following the slowly pacing teacher. Daphne, Tracey, and Pansy were sitting in the back of the class. The Gryffindor Chasers were there as well as the other girls from their house. Cho and her friends were watching with excitement, and off in one corner, sitting alone was Hermione Granger.

Harry didn't really expect Hermione to attend the class. After all, she was a logically-minded person who grew up in the normal muggle world. And true enough, she appeared to be very embarrassed as she quietly sat there. Her cheeks were pink, and he could see that her hands were shaky. A piece of parchment was on her desk, and a quill was in her hand. She was ready to take notes. Suddenly, he heard Bella say his name. Harry turned his attention away from the bookworm and focused it on the class. He stepped forward and stood at Bella's side.

“As stated in your information packets, this is our newest assistant, Mr. Harry Potter,” she said happily. The girls politely clapped as they kept their eyes focused on him. “He will be the one to help you on your journey of sexual exploration. Now, I’m sure you are all keen on seeing exactly what you’ll be working with. Hmm?” Bella teased.

Many of the girls nodded and verbally agreed. Harry’s heart was beginning to beat faster as Bella moved behind him and reached around his waist. She untied the belt to his bathrobe, and as quick as a flash, she whipped it off. Harry heard loud gasps of shock and excitement as they got their first look at his nude body. Bella had forced him to remove all the hair from his body, and he had to admit, the sensation wasn’t half bad. Besides, he didn’t want his pubes getting stuck in their teeth and ruining the mood. Bella’s hand found his half-erect cock. She began stroking it, making it inflate before their very eyes.

“Oh, Goddess!” he heard one girl cry out in a shaky voice as his cock continued to grow. Once it was the size and thickness of a Beater’s bat, Bella let go of it and trailed her hand up and down his ripped abs. Harry closed his eyes and inhaled. The smell of wet pussy was getting stronger. He saw many of the young ladies squirming in their seats. In the back, the Slytherins were whispering to each other fiercely while never taking their eyes off of his horsecock. Bella chuckled.

“He is quite the male specimen, isn’t he?” she teased, hugging his waist from behind and kissing his broad shoulder. Her hands continued to drift down and fondle his hard cock. “And trust me, ladies, his body feels as good as it looks. So, if you will all line up ... Each of you will get to ...” she was cut off by the sounds of chairs groaning as they were pushed back. As fast as a blink of an eye, a line of horny, young women were already forming. Lavender Brown had somehow ended up at the head of the line even though she was seated in the middle of the class. She threw her arms out to stop any potential line-cutters. Bella rolled her eyes and stepped aside.

Lavender stepped up to him with a pretty smile and began going to town. She felt his pecs, his muscular stomach, and his shoulders, but she spent the most time on his cock. Her soft hands explored every inch of him. She was in her own world when Bella cleared her throat.

“Perhaps you’ll allow the others a chance at him?” she asked, raising an eyebrow. Lavender blushed and went back to her seat.

Harry spent the next half hour standing there while the girls went over his body like a buyer purchasing a prized bull. Susan and Hannah spent nearly all of their time stroking his cock and fondling his balls with deep blushes on their pretty faces. Hermione was at the end of the line. He watched as she nervously stepped up. Her shaking hands touched his belly, and she gasped. Her hands lowered, and her fingertips gently caressed his six-pack abs. She looked up at him, and their eyes met. Hermione blushed tomato-red and quickly pulled her hands back.

She was back in her seat before he even knew it. Harry knew that it would take a little time to get her out of her shell.

"The older girls already know what to expect from this class, and I will schedule a meeting with each of you this week to discuss your progress and what you hope to achieve this year," Bella told the class as she grabbed Harry's hard cock and pulled him toward the large bed that was off to the side.

"For the new girls, here's a taste of what to expect this year ..." she said wickedly and pushed Harry back onto the bed. As soon as his back hit the mattress, Bella was on him.

Her robe was tossed away, exposing her supple, nude body. She was laying between his parted legs with one hand rubbing his bloated sack while the other lazily stroked his long cock. She gently placed kisses all over the head. "Gather round," she called out. "Fourth-years upfront so that they can see!"

Harry heard the girls all gathering around the bed. He could see their familiar faces looking back at him as lie there getting his cock worked by their sexy teacher. He caught sight of Susan's eyes, and she blushed deeply but didn't look away.

"This year you will be learning the fundamentals ... How to properly fuck a cock ... How to properly suck a cock ... Handjobs ... Anal ... Threesomes ... Orgies ... Kinks ..." she went on.

"Trust me, all are a valuable learning experience," she said, licking him from his balls all the way up to the bottom of his head. "You ..." Bella pointed to a girl.

"Parvati Patil, ma'am!" the cute, Indian girl squeaked in embarrassment.

"Come up here," she ordered. Very shyly, Parvati climbed onto the bed.

"In this class, there is no room for embarrassment. Tomorrow you will hang up your school robes as you enter. The only clothes allowed are bras and panties. Often you will be nude. If you cannot handle the thought of this, then you may as well drop out. You will simply carry on with your life completely unprepared for all that is waiting for you," Bella said, straddling his waist. She rubbed the head of his cock up and down her slit, making the tip glisten with her juices. She stuffed the head into her damp slit and dropped down on him.

Some of the girls gasped and shuddered as Bella took the monster cock like a professional. They were amazed by how much her pussy was stretching to accommodate the ungodly beast.

"Ms. Patil ... Strip down to your underwear," Bella ordered as she shuddered as well. Her hips were slowly rocking back and forth. Her back was straight and her breasts were sticking out, proudly on display. Parvati squeaked.

“Go on,” Bella urged with a little more strictness in her voice. Harry watched as Parvati nervously slipped out of her school robe, exposing her matching dark purple bra and panty set. “Now ... sit on his face.”

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Hermione watched with bated breath as her housemate lifted her leg up and straddled Harry Potter’s face. Harry’s hands came up, and he clutched Parvati’s thighs. Parvati’s eyes were wide with shock when Harry pulled her panties to the side. Hermione watched as his tongue snaked out of his mouth, and he licked her naughty bits. Hermione’s face suddenly felt warm, and she started squirming. She squeezed her thighs together to keep the aroused feelings at bay.

She originally wasn’t going to attend this class. She just couldn’t imagine herself doing those kinds of things in the middle of class with everyone watching. She wanted to die of embarrassment just thinking about it. In the end, she decided to speak with her Head of House, Professor McGonagall, who she highly respected. It was she who convinced her to give it a try. Hermione was warned about not being prepared for life after Hogwarts. Earning enough gold without adding a bit of sex work was going to be very difficult. That was even before her body went through its change. McGonagall had explained to her that she would be overcome with the urge to mate and that normal, non-magical men would not cut it. Her body would be craving the sexual magic produced by magical males. It usually hits females around the age of eighteen, she was told. From what she knew, the magic of Hogwarts did a very good job of delaying the change until after graduation. Beyond that, she was on her own, and if she wasn’t properly prepared, she could end up a mindless slut, spreading her legs for anyone and everyone. The thought of being out of control scared Hermione more than the thought of having sex in front of the class. Because of this, she hesitantly joined.

When she heard that the assistant would be Harry Potter, she asked around to see if she could find out anything about him. Most girls that she asked knew about as much as she did, which was to say nothing. Apparently, he didn’t interact with very many people. However, when she caught sight of the handsome boy, she couldn’t help but blush. When she caught sight of him naked, she immediately felt a pulse down below. Her body was responding to his good looks. One would think that his attractiveness would make things easier for her. After all, wasn’t it much better to do sexual things with someone you find attractive? Unfortunately, like most young girls, she was self-conscious about her body, and the fact that he was sexy only intensified her doubts about herself. Parvati was one such girl. Hermione overheard her and Lavender talking about it one night before bed. Parvati was scared that the boy, whoever he turned out to be, wouldn’t find her attractive. Hermione now knew that it was ridiculous. Harry was eager lapping at her folds and sucking on her hard clit. Hermione blushed deeply as Parvati squealed.

“I told you that he was good,” Professor Lestrangle laughed. Hermione thought that their professor was the sexiest witch alive. She was so confident, and she moved with such grace.

Hermione hoped that she would one day be half the woman that she was. She watched as her wide hips jerked back and forth rapidly before she pressed down on him hard and rolled them in a circular pattern. Hermione kept her eyes glued to her, and she mentally made notes about her technique. Another squeal made her turn back to Parvati. She was shaking so badly, and one of her eyes was twitching. One of her bra straps had fallen down, leaving one of her dainty shoulders bare. One of Harry's hands was rubbing her slim belly, while the other was groping her bra-covered breast. Hermione's breath hitched when Parvati cried out and bucked. She watched on with shock as pussy juice came flooding out of her and practically drowned poor Harry. Meanwhile, the Professor's hips were slamming down on him. She was bouncing so hard that her backside was clapping against his skin. The smell of sex was making her lightheaded, and she saw that she wasn't the only one. She could hear soft gasps all around her, and she wondered how many of the girls present were secretly touching themselves. Suddenly, the Professor jumped off of him.

She saw Harry's hard penis slip from their professor's silky folds, and she was amazed at how wet it was. She could see drops of wetness literally dribbling down the side of his shaft. "Ms. Patil, lean forward and use your hands to finish him off."

Hermione saw Parvati do just that. As the girl came over and over from having Harry constantly licking and sucking on her, she leaned over and grabbed his long, hard shaft. Her small hands couldn't cover the entirety of his cock, but nonetheless, she began moving them up and down. Harry moaned while Parvati ground her naked quim against his mouth, her hands moving faster and faster. Hermione suddenly squeaked when a fountain of cum spurted from the tip of his cock. The fat load flew high into the air and rained down on poor Parvati, covering her hair and back with his sticky seed. With shaky breaths, Hermione continued to watch on as more and more cum erupted from the tip. When he was finally done, the Professor pulled Parvati from his face. Harry's entire mouth and cheeks were smeared with the girl's juices.

"That was just a small demonstration of what we have planned this year. Now ... back to your seats and get out your books," the Professor said. Hermione did just that, still feeling nervous about being there. She noticed that Harry didn't bother covering up. He simply walked around the class reeking of sex while his massively long cock bounced around. Very few girls could pay attention, and some were chastised by the teacher. Hermione couldn't help but take a few peeks herself before going back to work. She wished that she had the confidence of some of the girls in class. As Harry passed by them, they would reach out and touch his cock. Susan even leaned in and licked it. She sighed. She hoped that one day that she would be that self-assured. Until then, she put her head down and went back to writing notes.