

Red Light District

Chapter 42

Harry strolled down the corridor and stepped inside his seventh-floor private room. He paused a moment to smile at the view. Hermione and Fleur were already there, both completely nude, and they were standing in front of the enormous floor-to-ceiling armoire, bickering about what to wear to the carnival. The sunlight from the window lit up their pale skin and turned every strand of their hair into shimmering gold and copper.

Hermione's hair was the usual bushy cloud around her head. Her body was fit, soft, and pale, and she stood with her arms crossed under her breasts, which made them lift and squeeze together in a way that Harry knew was deliberate. Fleur was unselfconscious in her nakedness. She lounged on one foot with her hands on her curvy hips. Her silvery hair spilled over one shoulder and nearly reached her waist. Fleur didn't even attempt to cover herself. She was already rifling through the hanging clothes with brisk efficiency.

The two women faced the open wardrobe as if it were their personal enemy. They were mid-argument, and neither noticed Harry at first.

"I am not wearing zat!" Fleur snapped, and her French accent thickened, which made the protest sound even more dramatic. She held up a white velvet corset with a plunging neckline. "It is ridiculous, 'ermione!"

Hermione snatched the corset away and glared. "It's not ridiculous, it's pretty!" she shot back. "And you wore it last year, I saw the pictures in your photo album."

"That was for a wedding, not a carnival!" Fleur rolled her eyes and tossed her hair. "I want to look sexy while being comfortable. Those corsets make it 'ard to breathe."

"It would be comfortable if you just expanded it slightly," Hermione countered, now holding up a short skirt made of pink tulle.

The argument escalated in volume and absurdity, and Harry took the opportunity to clear his throat loudly. Both women whipped around, and their expressions changed in an instant. Fleur's eyes lit up, and Hermione's face went red, but she didn't look away.

"Good morning, ladies," Harry said, grinning. "Am I interrupting a fashion crisis?"

"It is not a crisis. It is just a friendly argument," Fleur replied, pouting her lips in mock offense. "'ermione is trying to make me look like I am ready to take the cock of every man at the carnival."

Hermione burst into giggles. "Says the woman who just rejected a perfectly good blouse because it didn't show enough cleavage."

Harry laughed and walked over to them. He kissed Hermione first. One hand slipped to the small of her back while the other slid up her smooth belly to cup her bare tit. Hermione gasped into his mouth and leaned against him. Her nipple rapidly stiffened under his palm. Fleur waited for her turn, watching with barely concealed lust. As soon as Harry finished with Hermione, he stepped to Fleur and drew her in for a kiss. Fleur threaded her fingers in his hair, and when his hand slid between her thighs, she parted them without hesitation. His fingertips found her already slick folds, and Fleur let out a soft mewl as she pressed into his touch.

"Don't make me wet. I am about to get dressed," Fleur scolded, but her tone was ruined by the way her hips arched toward his hand.

Harry chuckled as she slid her pussy along his fingers. "I'm pretty sure it's too late for that," he said, teasing her clit with slow, circular rubs.

Fleur shuddered, and her nipples pebbled in the cool air. She yanked his hand away, but not before he felt a fresh wave of heat and wetness between her legs. "You are impossible," she muttered, but she certainly didn't sound angry.

Hermione watched, biting her lower lip while her eyes were glued to Fleur's flushed, trembling thighs. "We're never going to get ready if you keep distracting us," Hermione said, but she didn't move to stop him.

Harry stepped back and surrendered with his hands in the air. He flopped onto the oversized bed to relax. "By all means, carry on. I'll just enjoy the show from here."

The two women returned to the wardrobe, completely unbothered by their nudity, and resumed arguing. Fleur pulled out a sequined minidress and tossed it at Hermione. "You wear this. I want to see 'Arry try to focus on anything else."

Hermione caught the dress and held it up to her chest. The plunging neckline in front made her cheeks flush even deeper. "If I wear this, you have to wear the white corset. Fair's fair."

They glared at each other for a second, and then Fleur grinned. "Deal."

The next ten minutes consisted of pure chaos. Hermione wiggled into the minidress with no attempt at modesty, and Fleur let Hermione lace her up in the corset, causing her breasts to practically spill out of the top. Neither woman bothered with panties. Hermione's dress was so short that the curve of her ass was visible with every move. Fleur's skirt was a flouncy little ruffle that barely covered her hips, and the corset was cinched so tight her waist looked tiny. They stood in front of the mirror, sizing up each other's reflection.

"I think we look amazing," Hermione said, spinning so the skirt flared up and flashed her naked ass and smooth, bare mound. "What do you think, Harry?"

Harry propped himself up on an elbow and smiled. "I think there's going to be a lot of guys jizzing in their trousers," he said. "I hope those poor bastards are ready."

Fleur preened in front of the mirror, then spun to face Harry. "So ... you approve?" she asked, walking to the bed with a catlike sway. She stopped just out of reach with her hands on her wide hips, awaiting judgment.

Harry slowly inspected her, and his eyes traveled from her smooth, sexy legs, up to her bulging breasts, and finally up to her smirking lips. "I approve," he said. "Highly," he added when Fleur raised an eyebrow. She smiled and then giggled happily.

Hermione joined her, and the two women stood together with their shoulders touching, as if daring Harry to choose a favorite. He just laughed. "You're both perfect," he announced. "But you're missing something."

Fleur's eyes sparkled. "And what is that?"

Harry reached into the top drawer of his nightstand and fished out two black acromantula silk chokers with small, golden tags hanging off the front. He tossed them to the girls. "House rule," he said. "If you're going to wear that, you have to wear these."

Hermione's face lit up with delight as she buckled hers around her neck. Fleur snorted when she saw that the golden tag was shaped into two letters ... HP, but she put hers on and flicked it with her finger. "This is ridiculous," she said, but she was grinning. In her mind, it was like Harry was claiming her as his and his alone. The thought made her pussy even wetter than it already was.

They posed in front of the mirror, examining the tags and seeing how the chokers looked on themselves. Fleur sidled up to Hermione and ran a hand down her spine. "I like this. We should dress up for 'Arry more often."

Hermione giggled, then turned and nuzzled Fleur's neck. "You smell good," she whispered while brushing her lips against Fleur's soft skin. Hermione then lightly kissed her neck, and Harry saw Fleur's eyes flutter closed for a moment as she pressed back into the touch.

They kept flirting and preening, alternating between teasing each other and casting sultry looks at Harry, who watched from the bed with a satisfied grin. The girls played it up, parading across the carpet, swishing their skirts, and arching their backs. Fleur bent over the vanity to apply lipstick, making sure her ass was pointed directly at Harry. He could easily see her plump, hairless lips peeking out from between her creamy thighs. Hermione sat down on the edge of the bed and crossed her legs, which made her dress slide even higher on her sexy thighs.

Harry just watched, enjoying the show.

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The morning air was bitterly cold, but that only mattered for those who weren't smart enough to use Warming Charms. Their heels clacked crisply on the ancient cobblestones as they strutted through the gates and down the sloping path into Hogsmeade. The sun was bright, but that did nothing to fight off the cold. Each breath sent little clouds of mist tumbling from their mouths. The wind picked up every few steps, and the gusts would whip at their short skirts and tug at their hair, making them laugh and clutch at each other for balance.

Harry followed them at a slower pace, smiling while watching their tight ass bounce from side to side. The girls would occasionally look over their shoulders at him and smirk when they spotted him blatantly staring at their asses. Fleur and Hermione's outfits were engineered for maximum effect. With their bare shoulders, long legs, and the deliberate lack of bras and panties, they looked more like celebrities who had wandered out of a high-end party.

They walked like runway models strutting down the catwalk, grinning at every catcall or wolf-whistle. Fleur blew a kiss at the bakery worker, causing him to drop his tray of freshly baked bread, and Hermione winked at the sixth-year boys huddled by the Three Broomsticks. Whenever the wind tugged at Hermione's skirt, she let it, showing off her thighs and sometimes more, and Fleur never bothered to adjust the plunging neckline of her corset. The effect was devastating. A group of Ravenclaw girls up ahead spotted them and immediately began whispering with wide eyes. One of the taller girls tried to mimic Fleur's strut, only to nearly topple over in her five-inch heels, which made the whole group erupt into laughter.

They were halfway down the High Street when a Hufflepuff came sprinting up with a self-inking quill clutched in one hand. He skidded to a stop in front of the girls, panting, and managed to stammer out, "C-could I ... would you ... sign my chocolate frog cards, please?"

Hermione's cheeks flushed, but she gave a delighted giggle and nodded. She took the card from the boy's trembling hand and examined it. The Hermione in the card was on her hands and knees in bed, and she looked over her shoulder, winked, and wiggled her thong-clad ass. The real Hermione rolled her eyes, scribbled her name, then passed the quill to Fleur. Fleur examined her own card. The Fleur on the card was in her room in the Beauxbatons' carriage. She was completely nude, and the only thing protecting her modesty was an arm covering her breasts and a hand covering her pussy. The Fleur in the card danced slowly and sensually, showing off every cock-hardening curve. She scrawled a dramatic signature, then handed both back with a wink. The poor guy looked like he was about to pass out.

This became a routine as they made their way from shop to shop. By the time they reached Zonko's, a small crowd had begun to shadow them, and there were even a few shopkeepers who had come out to see what all the fuss was about. The women hammed it up, striking poses and tossing their hair, and the crowd responded with genuine applause. One of the older villagers, a bald man with a thick beard, leaned out of the apothecary window and shouted, "Oy! D'you lot want to come in for a warming draught?" Fleur shot him a dazzling smile and called

back, "Per'aps later, monsieur!" The man grinned and shook his head, muttering to the other shopkeeper about those "bloody model types."

At Honeydukes, the display window reflected their images back at them. Hermione's cheeks were glowing from the cold and excitement, and as always, Fleur's lips were glossy and perfect. Harry stood just behind and off to the side, trying to look unimpressed, but he failed miserably. Hermione pressed her nose to the glass and pointed out the new selection of fudge that was made specifically for the carnival, and Harry used the moment to slide his arm around her waist. Fleur caught the gesture and rolled her eyes. She then took Harry's other arm for herself. The three of them entered the store, and the shopgirl at the counter didn't even try to hide the way she stared at the two women.

They sampled every new candy, giggled at the heart-shaped bonbons, and fed each other some very messy caramel-coated roasted coffee beans. By the time they emerged, they were even more hyper from all the sugar. Outside, the group of followers had grown larger, and there was even a gaggle of Slytherins pretending not to watch but hanging back at an obvious distance.

A nervous third-year shuffled forward with a camera and, with shaky politeness, asked if he could take their picture. Fleur and Hermione instantly took up a pose with their arms linked, hips cocked, and fingers playfully holding their skirt hems. They smiled for the flash, then giggled as he scurried away with a beet-red face.

Then the original Hufflepuff returned, and this time he brought backup. With him were two more guys and a very shy, pretty girl with glasses. They each offered their favorite chocolate frog cards, which depicted them posing scandalously. Hermione and Fleur signed every single one and even added little hearts and swirls under their names. Harry realized they were genuinely enjoying themselves. Sure, it was a bit of a performance, but the excitement was real.

The two women signed their cards with a flourish, then pressed close together and struck a pose for the camera, grinning as if they were already famous.

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Daphne Greengrass and Tracey Davis watched the chaos from their seat in the window of Madam Puddifoot's, where they'd been sipping overpriced, underwhelming cappuccinos and trading running commentary about the "gullibility of the masses." They'd seen the crowd gather. At first, it was just a handful of gawkers, but in less than ten minutes, Fleur and Hermione had drawn out what looked to be every guy in Hogsmeade. Tracey pointed at the spectacle outside. "Are you seeing this? What's so special about them today?"

Daphne didn't answer. She was busy watching Fleur pose for the camera with one leg cocked forward and the other slightly bent. Her smile was so perfect it looked manufactured. Hermione had a soft flush on her cheeks, and her normally bushy hair was tamed beautifully. The two

women looked as if they'd stepped out of a glossy magazine cover and into the gray stone street of the wizarding village.

Tracey sipped her drink and tried again. "Honestly, I don't get it. We're hotter than those two."

Daphne finally spoke, and her tone was flat. "Are we? Look at them."

Tracey looked, and her lips twisted in reluctant admiration. "Well, okay. Maybe not the Veela. But Hermione ..."

Daphne tapped her manicured fingernail against the glass. Both girls had posed for Harry, and both knew exactly how much effort went into being immortalized on a chocolate frog card. Tracey's debut had gotten a respectable number of packages sold, but by the time the latest set rolled out, she only appeared in the Collector's Edition. Daphne's own cards were even rarer. She only had two cards, and both were from the very first set. Now there was talk of a new set, and the latest rumor had it that Hermione and Fleur would be posing together.

Tracey muttered, "They're not even real celebrities. They're just Harry's ... girls." The word tasted sour, and she made a face.

Daphne leaned close and spoke quietly. She didn't like being overheard. "We're not any different. That's what pisses me off."

They watched as a fourth-year Ravenclaw nearly fell over backward trying to get a picture, and Fleur blew him a kiss that sent him into a tailspin. Hermione giggled at the commotion, and when the wind snatched her skirt and lifted it nearly to her waist, she didn't even blush. The girls in the crowd seemed just as enthralled, and even some of the Hogwarts faculty had ventured out, looking somewhat amused.

Daphne huffed, "It's getting out of hand. I heard Harry's planning on releasing a new magazine. I wonder who will be on the cover," she sarcastically stated as she watched the two women perform for the crowd.

Tracey laughed, and she licked a bit of foam from her upper lip. "Maybe we need to get in on that. You know, remind Harry of exactly how sexy we really are."

Daphne shot her a look. "He's not going to come find us. Not with all of ... that." She jerked her chin at the parade outside.

Tracey's eyes narrowed in thought. "Maybe we need to be more assertive."

Daphne didn't say anything, but her lips tightened. She could hear the truth in Tracey's words, and more than anything, she hated feeling outplayed. It wasn't just about Harry, either. There

was a hierarchy at Hogwarts, and for the first time in years, Daphne felt herself slipping down the ladder. She didn't like it one bit.

Outside, the crowd had begun to thin. Most had left to enjoy the carnival or had drifted off in search of warmth. The show, however, was far from over. Fleur and Hermione kept up their effortless act, gliding from booth to booth. At one point, Fleur spun Hermione around so that the skirt of her dress fanned out around her legs, flashing a great deal of skin. The two girls then linked arms, laughing and whispering secrets into each other's ears.

Daphne's jaw set. She grabbed Tracey's hand and pulled her up. "Come on."

Tracey blinked in confusion. "Where are we going?"

"We're going to crash their little party," Daphne said. "And we're going to make damn sure everyone knows who the real stars are."

They paid for their drinks and stepped into the cold wind, which bit at their faces and turned their ears pink. Daphne led the way, never hesitating. She didn't even stop when her heels skidded on a patch of black ice. She smoothed her hair, straightened her short skirt, and pulled Tracey in close as they navigated the thinning crowd.

They made their way straight to the center of the action, planting themselves in the path of Fleur and Hermione just as they were leaving the Honeydukes shopfront. Fleur's eyes lit up when she saw them. "Daphne! Tracey!" she said, and her accent made their names sound almost musical.

Hermione smiled, but there was a glint of mischief in her eyes. "Out for a stroll?"

Daphne didn't bother with pleasantries. "We saw the crowd and figured there must be some real celebrities around." She gave Fleur a once-over, careful not to let her envy show.

Fleur grinned and fluffed her hair. "We are just 'aving some fun. It is a carnival, after all."

Hermione raised an eyebrow. "You could join us, if you want."

Tracey tried to sound cool, but her voice wobbled. "Oh, we wouldn't want to get in the way of your ... fan club."

Fleur laughed, and Hermione's cheeks dimpled. "We're not greedy," Hermione said. "There's plenty of attention to go around." The challenge in her tone was unmistakable.

Daphne looked at Tracey, who nodded. "Alright," Daphne said. "Let's see what we can do."

They fell in beside Fleur, Hermione, and Harry, and as the five of them walked down the street, they garnered a lot of attention. The photographers reappeared, and the crowd doubled in size

within minutes. The combination of four beautiful witches, each dressed to kill, was enough to cause a full-on traffic jam outside a face-painting booth.

Fleur took the lead, and Daphne followed right next to her. "So," she whispered. "What's your secret to getting everyone's attention?"

Fleur gave a secretive shrug. "I just do what feels good. They like it when you are 'aving fun." Daphne filed that away. She could do fun. She could do anything.

Hermione fell back with Tracey, and the two of them exchanged a look. "You really wanted to be on the new chocolate frog cards, didn't you?" Hermione asked, but her voice was kind.

Tracey blushed and shrugged. "It's stupid, I know."

"It's not stupid," Hermione said. "It's a great honor to be chosen by Harry, and all the attention will help us out in the future." Tracey smiled, and for a moment the rivalry faded.

They reached the foot of the lane, where a crowd had gathered around the cotton candy-flavored Butterbeer stand. With the carnival going on, there were way more people in Hogsmeade than usual. Harry even noticed that many were from outside the country. Fleur, never one to waste a good audience, posed with her hands on her hips and chin lifted. Daphne let herself be pulled next to her. Hermione and Tracey played it cool on the ground, but within seconds, the cameras were on all four of them.

It was chaos. There was shouting, laughing, and people jostling for a better view. Someone called for the girls to do a group pose, and without thinking, Daphne leaned into Fleur, and Tracey wrapped her arm around Hermione's waist. Their poses were quite seductive.

The flash of the camera bulbs was blinding, but Daphne didn't flinch. Instead, she kept her eyes fixed on Harry, who was standing nearby and watching over them, making sure things didn't get out of hand. He was smiling, but there was also a look of pride on his handsome face. Daphne wanted to kick herself for not demanding more time alone with him.

Daphne smiled back, flashing her white, perfect teeth. She posed with Fleur seductively caressing her bare arm, and let herself be seen. For the first time all day, she felt like she was climbing the social ladder instead of falling.

After a few minutes, the crowd began to drift away. Fleur giggled and straightened her skirt. "You are good at this," she said to Daphne.

Daphne shrugged, trying to play it cool, but she was pleased. "I know." The other three girls giggled in response as they linked arms and went to buy some candy apples.

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Harry hung back and watched the four girls orbit around each other. Their competitive energy mixed with their laughter, flicks of hair, and not-so-subtle jabs about whose legs looked best or who was getting the most stares. Daphne and Tracey were putting on a show, but unlike Fleur and Hermione, who seemed to do it effortlessly, Daphne's and Tracey's movements were calculated. When Daphne stretched to grab a sample of Fizzing Pumpkin Punch, she arched her back just enough to show off the bottom of her jiggy cheeks, making every guy in the street stare. Harry smirked and wondered if she even realized how obvious she was being. Of course she did, Harry thought. That was the point.

Tracey wasn't far behind, shoving her way to the front of the line for a cream-covered strawberry the size of his fist and making a spectacle of licking the strawberry's juices off her fingers. She winked at a fourth-year Hufflepuff who almost dropped his entire tray. Hermione watched the display with a raised eyebrow and a half-smile, while Fleur openly laughed at the chaos they left in their wake.

The group dynamic shifted quickly. One moment it was playful, the next it was like watching a pack of wolves circle a fresh kill. Harry could see the way Daphne sized up Fleur, never quite standing next to her unless she was sure of the angle. Tracey tried to match Hermione in clever banter, and when that failed, she'd just flash a little more skin. It was entertaining, and Harry knew exactly what was happening. They weren't just joining the show. They wanted to take over.

They were sick of being on the sidelines while Fleur and Hermione turned heads and signed autographs, and they wanted some of the fame and attention for themselves. As the wind blew up the back of Daphne's skirt, exposing her bare ass, he decided he would give them exactly what they wanted. Harry smiled wickedly and joined the girls.