

Red Light District

Chapter 12

The music was loud and the bass was thumping, and Harry was sure that one of the older girls had done some magic on the abandoned room to keep the noise from penetrating the corridor. The room was larger than a normal classroom by at least double. Harry suspected that it might have been a dueling chamber at one point. Now, however, it went unused and forgotten, tucked away in a far corner of the castle. At the moment, it didn't look abandoned. Large, comfortable couches were placed along walls and angled to create seating sections. The cold, stone floor was covered in thick, Persian rugs, and the fireplace was bright and crackling with flames. A metal grate was placed over the front to keep any drunk teens from falling in. He thought that was a mighty good idea since more than one girl was stumbling around with a bottle in their hand.

A loud feminine squeal was followed by loud laughter. On the other side of the room, several girls cried out, "Ooooooh!" in their warbling, girlish way when something sexy happened or was said. Harry was unable to look over and see what was going on. He had his hands full.

Katie Bell tilted his head back while Alicia Spinnet poured firewhiskey down his throat. She was a bit too tipsy and ended up splashing some down his chin. That was okay because Angelina grabbed the back of his head and mashed her naked tits against his face. She wiggled them from side to side, motorboating him while Ginny and Parvati took turns on his cock.

"Wiggle your tongue right here where his balls meet his cock," Parvati instructed Ginny who was sucking on his sack. Ginny did as she was told and moved her mouth up. She could instantly tell that Parvati was correct by the way Harry's body stiffened under her gentle ministrations. While she swirled her tongue on his special spot, Parvati wrapped her lips around his head and began bobbing up and down.

Harry moaned into Angelina's pillowy tits. Her perfume was delightful, and for some strange reason, when she stuffed one of her nipples into his mouth, it tasted sweet. 'She must be wearing some kind of sweet-tasting body lotion or something,' he thought happily. He couldn't wait to taste the rest of her sweet body. Harry moaned against the hard nub as Ginny sucked his entire sack into her mouth. Angelina pulled his head harder against her tit, and her fingers threaded through his hair. Harry let her dark, crinkled nipple go with a wet pop before pushing her breasts together and making them jiggle. Angelina giggled, "I told you he was a 'tit-man'."

"I thought he was an 'ass-man'," Alicia giggled, and when he turned his head to look at her, she pressed her naked ass against his face and began to bounce it. Angelina pushed against the back of his head until his face had spread her cheeks apart. Alicia squealed happily when she felt his warm tongue lapping at her asshole. Katie was pawing at his body and waiting for her turn to have her hard, pink nipples sucked on. Her hand was between her parted legs, and her fingers were sliding over her warm, wet pussy lips.

Hermione was watching from a couch and rolled her eyes. The three Chaser girls were always the horniest of all Gryffindor girls. They even outmatched her roommate, Lavender, which was really saying something. Hermione tipped her head back with her lips against the rim of the bottle. She drank deeply which only added to her slightly drunken demeanor. Girls clapped on the other side of the room, and she saw Lavender spinning around a silver, metal pole while upside down. She was always bragging about her pole dancing skills. Hermione had thought that she was exaggerating, but now, it appeared that she was telling the truth. Her big tits nearly spilled out of the top of her bra as she hung upside down before she flipped back to right-side-up. As she slid down the pole, her body rotated, spinning around it in circles. Behind her, her long, blonde hair fanned out as she spun. When her high-heeled feet hit the floor, all the girls around her clapped and cheered again. Even Hermione was slightly impressed by her skills on the pole. It also made her kind of nervous since they all would have to learn pole dancing... including her. She saw Harry stand up, and she heard Ginny whine pathetically. There was no doubt that Ginny wanted to remain on her knees until Harry finished in her mouth. The young redhead kept her hand on his cock and slowly tugged on it while Angelina kissed him deeply.

She had watched him fuck over a dozen girls already. It was amazing to her that he still had the stamina to continue. It also amazed her that Angelina kept coming back for more. All three of her holes had been stretched wide that night, and one would think that she had had enough. Instead, she would come back, rub her big, bouncing tits in his face, and Harry would fuck her again. Truthfully, she was a bit jealous, but not of him having sex with all those other girls. Hermione was jealous of how sexy Angelina was, and how she was able to get what she wanted with only a few shakes of her big breasts. It wasn't fair, she sighed to herself ... but then again, life in general wasn't fair.

"You alright, Hermione?" Harry suddenly asked. Hermione softly gasped and jumped, not hearing him sneak up on her. He plopped down on the couch next to her, his legs slightly open. He didn't care one bit that his long, hard cock was sticking straight up from between his legs. Hermione looked at it and blushed slightly before looking away. She was pretending like it wasn't a big deal. He placed his hand on her thigh and began gently moving it up and down, caressing her incredibly soft skin. Hermione's face grew warm, and her pussy started to tingle.

"Yeah ... I just drank a bit too much and got buzzed too quickly. I was just sitting here to calm down," she told him which was only partly true. She was wearing a tiny, white dress that Lavender had picked out for her during their Hogsmeade shopping trip. Her face flushed, both from the alcohol and from Harry's hand slipping underneath the hem. She felt his fingers touch the crotch of her cotton panties. Hermione opened her legs slightly and rested her thigh on top of his.

"Well, then ... just relax," he told her and pulled the crotch of her panties to the side. With her wet pussy uncovered, he began rubbing his finger back and forth over her slit. Hermione shuddered under his touch. Harry whistled appreciatively, and Hermione looked at him. She followed his gaze and saw two sixth-year girls going at it on one of the couches. They were both

nude and vigorously scissoring with each other. Both of their pink pussies were shiny with wetness. Hermione gasped out loud when Harry's finger brushed against her throbbing clit. One of the girls had her eyes closed and was biting her lower lip sexily while her hands massaged her perky tits. Harry loved watching her pinch and pull on her little, pink nipples as she slightly arched her back in pleasure. "That's quite the sight, isn't it?" Harry asked her.

Hermione squeaked softly as he pinched her clit. Her hand clamped down hard on his forearm as he stroked her slick pussy. By then, a very upbeat song had come on, and the three Chasers were dancing together, their nude bodies rubbing. Girls off to the side were drinking deeply from their cups while another girl was sucking malted firewhiskey from a tube and funnel while others were yelling, "Chug! Chug! Chug!"

By then, Lavender had shed her clothes and was shaking her ass while gripping the dancer's pole. Harry could see her thick cheeks slapping together and occasionally giving him a peek at her tight, little pussy. His vision of the naked blonde was suddenly blocked by Ginny Weasley. Her hair was slightly messy and the front of her white t-shirt was wet with spilled beer. Over the last few minutes, she somehow lost her skirt and was wearing only a purple g-string to cover her pussy. In her hand was a plastic cup freshly filled with beer. Harry saw her taking several peeks at his hard cock.

"Umm ... Harry? ... Can I ...?"

"You want to suck on it again?" Harry asked her. Ginny blushed pink and silently nodded. Harry smiled wickedly and held out his hand. "Cup," he ordered. Ginny looked confused but handed it to him nonetheless. Harry took it from her and chugged it down before tossing away the empty, plastic cup. Harry then scooped Hermione up and placed her on his lap.

"Harry!" Hermione squeaked as some of her wine cooler spilled on the couch. Another thing that he noticed about this reality was that their choices of alcohol in the magical world were much greater than before. Hermione seemed to prefer wine coolers ... the Pink Dragon flavored ones. As her ass touched his belly, he stopped her from squirming and placed his hands on her knees. He pulled them open and hiked up her dress, revealing her damp, white panties to Ginny.

"First, help me take Hermione's panties off, then you can suck on my cock as much as you want," Harry told her. Ginny's face was bright pink, but she used her shaky hands to pull Hermione's panties down over her hips and off her legs. Harry had his hands on Hermione's thighs, keeping her legs wide open. He could see that Ginny had a hard time not looking at Hermione's pussy. Instead, she stayed quiet and ducked her head down beneath Hermione's ass. Harry felt Ginny's soft, warm lips engulf his throbbing shaft. Harry moaned and kissed the side of Hermione's neck as his fingers began playing with her soft, wet petals. Pleasured moans made him look over and see that Sally-Anne Perks was furiously thrusting into Parvati's pussy from behind using a long, thick dildo.

Ginny wrapped her lips around it tightly and began sucking while bobbing her head. She angled her eyes upward and saw Hermione's puckered hole staring right back at her. The smell of pussy was strong, which was unsurprising given that Hermione's incredibly wet pussy was only inches away from her nostrils. She could hear Hermione's soft gasps and moans along with the slight hitches in her breathing. Being so close to Hermione's pussy really embarrassed her. She wasn't used to being this open ... sexually that is. She knew that she would have to do stuff with girls eventually, but up until then, the most she had ever done was sharing Harry's cock with Parvati. There was also the time when she and Luna had practiced kissing when they were younger, but that was only kid stuff, she thought. Ginny lowered her head until Harry's cock was all the way down her throat. She gagged and instinctively pulled away. Harry's cock emerged from her throat, wet with her saliva. Looking up, she saw Harry's fingers toying with Hermione's pussy. Her lips were spread open, and Ginny could see the light pink color of her insides. She could see Hermione's clit swollen with need. Ginny blushed again, and her face heated up even more. Hermione's pussy looked pretty and clean. She knew that was a strange thought to have, but she couldn't help it. Hermione had a beautiful pussy, plain and simple. She briefly wished that hers was as sexy as Hermione's. Her inner lips hung down a little more than Hermione's, and her outer lips weren't as cute and puffy either. She suddenly wondered who was tighter, her or Hermione. Then she remembered that she was still a sad, little virgin while Hermione was constantly getting fucked by this beast, she thought as she rubbed her thumb against the underside of his shaft. Harry's cock was massive, and there was no doubt that he had stretched Hermione's pussy to the breaking point. Still, she had learned that, thankfully, the girls were provided with potions and creams to regain previously lost tightness. If not, then most girls would be sent to the brothels with pussies the size of the Great Hall after Harry had his fun stretching them out of shape. Ginny almost snorted at the thought before remembering that her pussy would soon be stretched out of shape as well. Wet, sloshing noises made her look up, and she saw that Hermione was now being finger-fucked right in front of her. She lowered her head and licked the underside of Harry's bulbous head, making him shudder with pleasure.

Bringing him pleasure made Ginny feel good ... like she was doing a good job. All she wanted was to be with Neville, and it seemed that her only shot was to fuck him so incredibly well that he absolutely had to keep her with him. She may even have to tempt him with threesomes. In order to do that, she first had to learn how to fuck, and she needed to get used to being with other girls. She reminded herself to talk to Hermione again after the party ... and after they've recovered from their hangovers, she thought as more girls shouted, "Chug! Chug! Chug!"

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"Wake up!" Harry heard the annoying whine of one, Miss Susan Bones. He felt his body jerk from side to side as she shook his shoulder. Harry groaned in annoyance and tried to roll over. He could hear Hannah's amused giggles as she stood off to the side.

"Go ... Away ... " Harry pleaded in a gravelly, tired voice.

"But it's Sunday morning, and I want you to take me to Hogsmeade!" Susan begged him, still shaking his shoulder. Harry groaned again.

"Too tired," his muffled voice said from the pillow.

"But you took Hannah yesterday morning!" she whined. "And you had been partying the night before," she said accusingly.

"I hadn't even gone to sleep. I was still drunk when I took her," he replied.

Harry had gone straight from the Friday night, Gryffindor party back to his dorm, expecting a good night's sleep. Instead, he found Hannah begging him to go to Hogsmeade so she could buy some new type or color of makeup that had just come out. He wasn't really paying attention. Not wanting to disappoint, he took her and suffered through the long, drunken trek to the little village.

"Well then, now you can take me," Susan chirped and pulled his blanket off. Harry's eyes snapped shut when the bright, morning light hit his face.

"But I've barely slept!" Harry complained. Hannah giggled loudly.

"You've been asleep for fifteen hours," Hannah told him, unable to quell her giggle fit.

"Just five more minutes then," he begged just as Susan jumped onto his mattress which made his body bounce around. His stomach still felt a bit queasy from the party. He promised himself that he would never duel-wield two 40 oz bottles of malted firewhiskey again. His stomach churned just thinking about it. Susan snuggled up to him and nuzzled his cheek with her cute, little nose. Her hand was tickling his belly, which immediately woke up his cock. In less than a second, he was at full erection. Harry closed his eyes, enjoying the way she was touching him when he felt a pair of lips touch the head of his cock. He looked down just in time to see Hannah begin to suck him off.

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Harry shivered and pulled his thick, winter robes tighter. The wind was whipping through the cobbled lanes harshly, making Susan's auburn locks flow out behind her as they walked.

"You really picked a good day to come out here!" Harry called out over the loud wind.

"Stop complaining!" she called back, brushing away the few hairs that were whipping against her face. "It's not that cold!" she said just before the bottom of her winter robe got caught in the wind, lifted up, and smacked her right in the face. With her robe up, there was nothing to stop her short skirt from flying up as well. The few people who were brave enough to walk around on such a day were gifted with the sight of Susan's naked ass and perfectly smooth mound. One

old man looked like Christmas had come early. Harry burst out laughing while pulling her clothes down while Susan struggled. "It's not funny!" she cried out, her cheeks already a brilliant pink. "That was soooo embarrassing," she huffed. Harry calmed down and wrapped an arm around her waist. He loved feeling the curve of her wide hips.

"Let's go get warm! Sydfeid's Shop of Sex is right over there! We can look around for a while!" he said loudly as the wind was blowing even faster. Susan held her hair down to keep it from continuously smacking her in the face. To be truthful, she was having her doubts about coming to Hogsmeade that particular day, but she wasn't about to tell Harry that. Still, a few minutes out of the wind was very welcome indeed. Susan quickly nodded her head, and she was led over to the shop.

"Wotcher!" a voice called out from behind the counter.

"Heya, Tonks! Miss me?" Harry happily said.

"Like an outbreak of herpes," she smirked. "Two days in a row? Seems like you're the one that misses me." Harry had stopped by to visit Tonks the previous day while Hannah shopped. "You look a lot better. Less drunk, at least," she snorted.

"You remember what the parties back at Hogwarts were like," Harry explained while Tonks nodded. She had been through some ragers back then. More than once she had stayed up all night partying and then visited Hogsmeade the next day. It was brutal, but she wouldn't trade those memories for anything.

"Do you have this shirt in small?" Susan asked, holding up a white shirt that didn't appear to have any front buttons. There was only an excess bit of material at the bottom of each side where they tied together. No doubt her tits would be falling out of that shirt. Tonks looked at her chest.

"You might want to shoot for a medium. These shirts tend to run small, and I don't know if it can keep your tits from exploding out," she explained while Susan blushed slightly.

"I'll try both sizes," Susan said.

"There's more on the rack in the back ... right next to the changing room," she pointed where to go. Susan thanked her and walked back there, leaving the pair alone.

"So, Tonkie-Poo," Harry teased her before she punched him on the shoulder. "How'd you end up with this job?"

"This is Mum's shop," she told him while leaning over to check her inventory. Harry could see right down the front of her low-cut shirt. "The shop was given to her when she graduated from school. Did the name confuse you?" she asked and Harry nodded. "She just kept the same

name when she took over,” she explained. Harry heard Susan pawing through the racks in the back of the shop.

“I was wondering why you didn’t get a job in a brothel. You’re certainly sexy enough,” he told her. Tonks shot him a sexy smile.

“You have no idea ...” she laughed lightly. “I didn’t work in a whorehouse because I could make more money here. I also do some modeling on the side for extra money,” she said.

“Oh? Maybe you’d send me a few photos sometime,” he said cheekily. Tonks snorted and flicked his forehead with her finger. Harry hissed in pain and vigorously rubbed his forehead. A red spot was beginning to form.

“If only you were so lucky,” she chuckled and heaved a heavy box onto the counter. Harry took the opportunity to check her out. She was quite sexy, and Harry was already making plans to get her to work for him in some manner. While waiting for Susan, Harry chatted with her some more to help build up their blossoming friendship. When she finally came back, Susan paid for a size medium.

“I’ll see you later, Tonks!” Harry called out as they left the store. He’d make sure to write to her a few times every week to keep him on her mind.

“Bye, Harry!” she called back right before they went back out into the fierce windstorm.

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As it turned out, Susan was quite eager to go back to school not long after. Her hair was a complete mess, and they had been chilled to the bone.

“Back already?” Hannah asked as she started following him back to his room. Susan followed as well. Once in his dorm, Harry shrugged off his thick robe and shivered as he rubbed his bare arms.

“Yeah ...” Susan’s teeth chattered.

“Weather’s bad,” Harry finished her sentence. “Poor Suzie’s freezing her tits off,” he chuckled, teasing the cold girl. The cute redhead glared at him.

“Doesn’t look like it to me,” Hannah giggled and squeezed Susan’s big breast causing her to squeak.

“If y-you are both d-done teasing me ...” Susan sniffed airily.

"How about we warm you up a bit?" Harry smiled at her and immediately began stripping her down. Hannah quickly joined in, and within a few moments, all three got into Harry's bed completely nude. Harry pulled the curtains shut, blocking them from view. Susan laid back with her head on Harry's fluffy pillow with Harry and Hannah settling on each side of her. They lay at her side, and each of them pulled a leg, spreading her open. Harry leaned in and started laying soft kisses all over her right breast. Hannah followed his lead and did the same to her left one. Susan closed her eyes and exhaled deeply. The bed was so warm, as was their soft lips. Each of their hands moved to the junction between her legs. Hannah instinctively went for her tight, puckered hole while Harry's fingers found her sopping wet pussy lips. Susan gasped loudly when Hannah began rubbing her asshole while Harry lightly bit down on her hard, aching nipple. Susan arched her back as Hannah started kissing down her belly. Harry watched as she sexily wiggled her tongue inside Susan's belly button. Susan's pussy was drenching his fingers. When Hannah's lips lowered even further, Susan's pussy began squeezing his thrusting fingers tightly.

Just as Hannah reached her hairless mound, Harry pulled his fingers from within and found them completely soaked in her juices. Susan bucked as Hannah began kissing her swollen clit, and Harry placed his fingers at her lips. Susan took his fingers into her mouth and sucked them clean. He could feel her wet tongue swirling around them. When he pulled them from her mouth, he leaned in and kissed her passionately. She moaned into his mouth as he massaged her tongue with his. Down below, he could hear the sounds of wet slurping as Hannah began lapping at her drenched folds. When Harry looked over at her, she had Susan's knees wide apart as she devoured her wet pussy. Breaking the kiss, Harry moved behind Hannah. As soon as he did, her knees spread open wide revealing her glistening folds. Harry took a cheek in each hand and spread her open. Her asshole looked virgin-tight even though he stretched her out several times a week. He already knew that she was on the potions that would tighten her back up. Hogwarts girls wouldn't normally do that since they wanted their assholes stretched out so that the pain was minimal. Hannah, however, was a true-blue anal whore and loved the pain that came with the exquisite pleasure. She also loved to make Harry moan with her tight ass. It was something that made her stand out from the rest of the girls.

Harry grabbed the bottle of peppermint anal lubricant and squirted it all over Hannah's wiggling ass. He then squirted some on his cock and rubbed it in. When the tip of his cock touched Hannah's winking hole, Susan was already bowing her back as she came hard on her friend's tongue. Harry plunged in and immediately began thrusting. Instantly, Hannah began moaning like a whore and squeezing his cock with her ass. He loved the way her wide ass jiggled as he viciously pounded her into sexual oblivion. A hard slap on her ass made her cry out in pleasure, and she answered by throwing her ass back hard and taking him to the hilt. It wasn't long before Harry felt the sweet coil of release creeping up on him. "Here it comes!" Harry called out.

The girls scrambled until they were both on their knees, the sides of their heads touching. They both opened their mouths and stuck out their tongues. Harry shot a thick rope of cum at their faces, coating their tongues. He worked his cock rapidly and shot another rope onto Hannah's forehead. Another load hit Susan directly in the mouth. When Susan held up her tits, Harry couldn't refuse and shot another load onto her beautiful breasts. He then grabbed the back of

Hannah's head and shoved his cock down her throat. Hannah dutifully sucked him clean while Susan licked the cum from her face. His Sunday was turning out to be a good one.