

Red Light District

Chapter 41

The path through Hogsmeade was pure chaos. People were packed shoulder to shoulder, and the crush didn't relent even inside the carnival grounds. All around were shrieks, laughter, the music of a band, and the smell of sugar, cinnamon, and frying oil. Just inside the grounds, Susan stopped dead and pressed herself against Harry's chest, forcing him to a halt. She pointed by jabbing with her whole arm forward, accidentally smacking some poor first-year in the back of the head.

"Look at that! Is that a rollercoaster?" There was awe in her voice, and her jaw hung open so wide that Harry saw the tip of her tongue. The coaster was hard to miss. It was an insane collection of loops, corkscrews, and impossible spirals that hovered a good thirty feet in the air above the crowd. The track gleamed a deep metallic purple, and instead of supports, the whole thing seemed to float mid-air. Cars shot around the circuit, screaming up vertical ascents and plummeting past impossible drops, and with every twist, the track warped, bent, and flexed as though it were a living creature.

Susan had never looked more excited. She bounced up and down, and her dress threatened to abandon all dignity. The movement made her tits shake so forcefully that a pair of nearby third-years gaped openly. Harry stared too. He found himself grinning at her excitement, and also at the little flash of pink panties that showed whenever her dress rode up. Hannah let out a delighted shriek. "We have to go!" she yelled, grabbing Harry's arm and squeezing it against her cleavage. Her eyes sparkled, and her lovely face was flushed with excitement.

Harry looked again at the coaster. It was a madman's dream. Sections of the track vanished in midair, only to reappear on the other side of the ride with a crackle of blue sparks. The cars were decorated like miniature dragons, and they would sometimes detach from the rails altogether and fly in a loop before slamming back down. Some riders had their arms raised high, screaming with joy, while others clung white-knuckled to the safety bar. Harry felt a flutter in his gut, and he couldn't tell if it was nerves or excitement. He loved it.

"Race you there!" Susan shouted, already sprinting. Harry barely had time to react before she took off, and her heels clicked alarmingly fast on the frosty flagstones. He was slightly afraid she would slip, fall, and bust her ass, but Susan seemed a natural in high heels. Hannah whooped, shoved Harry in the small of the back, and darted after her. The crowd parted in front of them, as people made way for the trio with giggles and pointing. Harry chased them both, keeping his eyes locked on her wide, jiggling butt cheeks, and he caught up to them at the end of the queue, which wound around a barrel of hot cider and a stand selling cherry vanilla butterbeer in neon blue bottles.

They squeezed into the line, still breathing hard. Susan leaned back against Harry's chest, giggling, and then she looked up at the track with a reverent sigh. "Do you think it's safe?" she huskily asked into his ear while rubbing her ass against his groin.

Harry chuckled and shook his head. "Absolutely not." He wrapped an arm around her waist and caressed her belly as they waited.

Hannah hugged his arm and pressed her body against his side. "I hope there's a picture at the end. I want to see Susan's face." She laughed, but she was genuinely trembling, and it made Harry even more excited. He put his arms around both girls and squeezed them tight, feeling their warmth fight off the cold air. Both girls seemed very pleased by this, and they chittered and mewled cutely as they squirmed against him.

As they waited, the three of them watched the people coming and going. Those from Hogwarts made up most of the queue, but here and there, adults lined up as well. Most were in standard wizarding wear, but some wore strange collections of mismatched Muggle clothes. All of them looked either terrified or determined to finish the ride without pissing themselves. There was a small platform at the boarding area, and a witch in red-and-white carnival stripes was shouting instructions. "Don't try to stand up. Don't stick your legs outside the car. If you lose your wand, you can retrieve it after the ride is over." Hannah giggled at that.

The cold wind whipped around them, and Harry noticed that the magical Warming Charms he'd cast earlier were doing their jobs almost too well. Susan's skin was flushed, and beads of sweat had started to form between her tits, making the curves gleam in the soft light of the overcast sky. Hannah fanned herself with one hand, and her dress had started to stick in a very interesting way to the tops of her thighs. Harry chuckled when he realized that his Charm wasn't too powerful. It was just the long, excited run to the ride queue that did them in.

"I wish the line would move faster," Susan admitted, pouting. To pass the time, she pressed herself more firmly against Harry, sandwiching his bicep between her tits. Harry luxuriated in the feeling, but he didn't let her have all the fun. He slid one hand around to her ass and squeezed gently. Susan let out a little gasp and then tried to look offended, but she couldn't hide the smile from her face. Hannah, not wanting to be left out, pressed her own body tighter against Harry's other side. He slid his other hand up the back of her dress and playfully toyed with the string of her thong.

The line shuffled forward. They were close enough now to hear the shrieks from the loading platform, and to see the cars on their final approach. Harry watched as a trio of Slytherin boys disembarked, staggering on rubbery knees and laughing like maniacs. One of them threw up over the edge of the platform, and another wiped his mouth and looked fairly green.

This only made Susan and Hannah more excited. "I want to sit in the very front!" Susan declared. "Do you think they'll let us?"

Hannah nodded. "I hope so."

They made it to the head of the queue and the carnival witch beckoned them forward. "You three together, yes?" she said. Her gaze dropped to Harry's arms, which were still locked tight around the girls' waists. She gave him a knowing smirk. Harry then tossed her a nice, shiny galleon. "Front row?" he asked. The woman caught the galleon and quickly stuffed it into her pocket with a smile.

"Front row, then. Follow me."

The car was modeled after an open-mouthed dragon, and it had just three seats in the front. Susan and Hannah immediately claimed the outside spots, leaving Harry in the center. The witch waved her wand, and the bench-shaped seat snapped them into place, restraining them with a padded bar that closed snugly over their midsections. Harry could feel the warmth of his dates pressed up against him, and their bare, smooth thighs were out for him to see. Susan's dress had ridden up even further, and he could see the tops of her pink panties. Hannah's dress was little more than a wide belt at this point, and he could see her skin goosebumping from the nerves.

Susan gripped Harry's left hand and placed it squarely on her thigh, just above her knee. She drew little circles on the back of his hand with her fingertip, smirking. "If it gets scary, I'm holding onto you for dear life," she said, but the look in her eye suggested she would probably do that either way.

Hannah, meanwhile, leaned in close and said, "Look! There's Fleur and Hermione in line for the Ferris Wheel," she said, pointing. Her breath was warm against Harry's ear. "They saw us too!" she declared and waved.

The carnival witch double-checked their restraints, then stepped back. She flicked her wand, and the dragon car lurched forward. There was a brief moment of silence as the car coasted along the first gentle curve. Susan and Hannah both giggled with excitement. He squeezed Susan's thigh, and she responded by sliding his hand under the hem of her dress. On his other side, Hannah took Harry's hand and put it on her thigh as well, guiding it boldly beneath the edge of her dress. Both girls' skin was so soft and hot that Harry once again wondered if he'd overdone the Warming Charms.

The gentle start didn't last. Suddenly the car shot up a vertical incline, pressed hard against their backs, and the world blurred into a smear of acceleration. Susan screamed, which quickly turned into hysterical laughter, and Harry grinned so wide that his cheeks hurt. The car reached the top, paused, then dropped straight down, and everything went weightless. Harry's stomach flew into his throat, and the only thing keeping him grounded was the feel of Susan's thigh beneath his palm and Hannah's hand gripping his wrist.

At the bottom of the drop, the car whipped through a corkscrew, and the three of them were mashed together. Susan's head ended up on Harry's shoulder, and she buried her face in his neck. He could feel her tits squished against his bicep, and the heat of her breath on his ear. Hannah shrieked again, squeezing Harry's hand, and then the car went into a series of wild, banking turns.

Between the shrieks and laughter, Susan reached down and moved Harry's hand, sliding it all the way onto her panty-covered pussy. He could feel her pussy through the thin fabric, and the heat radiating from her was staggering. She placed her hand over his and pressed it hard against her crotch, grinding into him with every lurch of the car. Seeing this, Hannah giggled and did the same, guiding Harry's other hand to her own crotch.

Both girls went wild as the dragon car whipped around the next bend. Every twist and drop of the track made them squeal, laugh, and clutch at Harry's hands. Susan ground herself against his palm with reckless abandon. Hannah did the same, writhing on his other hand so hard that her dress rode up to her waist, and Harry's fingers pressed straight into the heat of her pussy, barely even separated by the thin string of her thong. The world beyond the ride was a blur, but Harry barely registered it. All his attention was on the writhing bodies pressed against him.

The air was cold, but with every rapid turn, the girls' skin flushed more and more, and Harry felt their thighs begin to get sweaty. Then the coaster hit another corkscrew. The track twisted violently, and gravity itself seemed to vanish for a brief moment. Susan threw her hands in the air and shrieked in delight. In one instant, the neckline of her black dress plunged down to her stomach. Both tits burst free, bouncing and trembling as the car rolled upside down. Her nipples stood stiff and crinkled, each surrounded by a perfect pink areola. The cold wind only made them sharper, and Susan's laugh turned into a gasp of pleasure as Harry instinctively cupped her now bare breast to steady her.

On his other side, Hannah's dress didn't stand a chance. The force of the next drop yanked the whole top down around her ribcage, and her own tits sprang free. The pale globes jiggled wildly as the coaster shot through another loop. Harry couldn't help it. He reached over to offer a helping hand, and he ended up with both hands full of naked tits. The girls squealed happily from the excitement of the ride and the pleasure of being touched.

From their vantage point at the top of the next curve, Harry could see the whole carnival laid out beneath them. He saw dozens of faces staring straight up at the trio with their mouths open in shock or grinning in delight. Susan noticed too. She snorted with laughter and then, to Harry's amusement, cupped her own tits and jiggled them at the onlookers. "HELLO, HOGSMEADE!" she bellowed, and her voice echoed across the crowd. Instead of hiding, the girls showed off even harder. Hannah started clapping her hands above her head, which only made her breasts bounce higher and wilder as the ride plunged down another steep track. A few people in the crowd started chanting their names, and a group of guys stood on a bench, gaping as Susan's tits gloriously flopped about with every bounce and dip.

The coaster went into a barrel roll, and Harry felt both girls' bodies press even tighter against him. He tried to keep them steady, but the g-forces were insane and their combined momentum sent all three of them mashing together. Susan leaned in and licked the side of his neck. She was clearly aroused from all the attention she was getting. She punctuated this by grabbing his hand and squeezing it even more firmly onto her breast. Hannah clung to Harry's arm, and he could feel her nipple scraping against his wrist as her chest heaved up and down with every gasp.

The ride didn't slow down. Instead, it became more intense. The track plunged and twisted so violently that Harry thought his head might actually fall off. The girls' dresses continued their losing battle with inertia, and they gave everyone watching a spectacular sight. They didn't care. Each new twist brought a louder scream, and with every drop, Susan and Hannah mashed their bodies closer to Harry. Both girls then took his hands off their tits and shoved them back between their legs.

After another hard turn, the car whiplashed, and Harry's hand slipped beneath Susan's panties. His fingers brushed against her slick, swollen lips. Susan moaned, and her eyes rolled back in pleasure. Next to her, Hannah's thong had worked its way aside, and Harry's hand found her bare slit. Her skin was hot, wet, and quivering.

They hit the final series of loops, and for the last stretch, it was as if time had slowed. The girls' tits bounced wildly, and their stiff nipples were glistening with sweat. Susan's were a perfect shade of pink. The hard tips jutted out proudly, and the areolas were tight and crinkled. Hannah's were smaller, but just as hard and jutting. The tips were so erect they looked painful. Both sets of tits moved in a blur as the ride twisted and rocked, and Harry's hands didn't know where to settle. With every lurch, the girls pressed themselves against his palms, grinding and moaning and making a spectacle of their exhibitionism.

When the car finally slowed, the three of them were hot and breathless. They coasted back into the station, and the crowd around the platform erupted in applause and wolf-whistles. Harry looked down and saw that their tits were still proudly on display. The girls giggled loudly and pulled up their dresses, much to their audience's frustration. Harry helped them out of the car, and they both stumbled into his arms. "That ride was insane!" Hannah said, wiping sweat from her cleavage.

"I know what you mean," Susan replied, breathing heavily. "Come on, Harry! Let's go play some games!" Susan and Hannah took his hands and led him back into the carnival, leaving behind many wistful sets of eyes.

Red Light District

The carnival tent was draped in glittering pink and silver, and it was crowded with a dozen people clustered around a row of carnival games. Harry, Susan, and Hannah squeezed in to see. At the far end, a bored-looking witch in sparkly mascara supervised a series of moving

targets. All the targets moved from right to left on a conveyor belt before eventually repeating. They were painted as small cardboard cutouts of famous witches and Veela. Each one posed provocatively with their skirts flipped up to show off cartoonish, exaggerated asses clad in painted thongs. The targets rolled past a shooting station where a young man about Harry's age was failing miserably with a little wooden training wand.

"Five Sickles to play. The first one to knock down ten witches gets a prize!" the attendant called out. She had a singsong voice and a talent for making her accent sound suggestive, even when she was just reading off the rules. "No full-powered spells, no aiming at your opponents, and no using your own wand. House rules."

Susan and Hannah both turned to Harry with conspiratorial grins. "You have to play," Susan said, pushing him forward by the hips. "It's literally your destiny to make beautiful witches fall for you," she said with a giggle.

"I never back down from a challenge," Harry replied with a chuckle. He then handed over five Sickles, and the attendant winked and handed him a battered, splintered practice wand.

The wand felt strange in his grip. It was unbalanced and almost useless, but Harry lined up his shot, watching the cutouts roll past. The first was a cartoon version of McGonagall in a tartan thong. Her hair was up in a bun, but her skirt was hiked ludicrously high. Susan snorted at the sight and nearly choked with laughter. As the other players around him shot and missed, Harry aimed, focused, and hit the cardboard with a precise Stinging Hex. The cutout wobbled and then tipped over, and its thong-clad bum wiggled in the air as it fell.

The crowd cheered. Harry felt a surge of pride, and then a rush of competitive energy as the next target zipped in. It was a version of Fleur Delacour, and Harry realized that they had painted it from a picture of her from one of his cards. Her cardboard cleavage was deep and ridiculous. Someone behind Harry wolf-whistled. He found himself strangely motivated to impress the girls, as well as the gathering crowd. He fired another Stinging Hex, and the Fleur cutout toppled forward with a satisfying thud.

Susan and Hannah whooped and hollered, egging him on with each perfect shot. Three more targets were more outrageous than the last, and Harry hit every one. The attendant started watching with more interest, and her mouth opened in an impressed O. "You're a natural!" Susan cheered, and Hannah slapped his bum for encouragement.

Harry lost track of how many witches he'd knocked over, but by the time he finished, the crowd was roaring with applause. The attendant counted up the results with great exaggeration. "Ten out of ten! Winner, winner, dragon's dinner!"

She lifted a plush toy dragon from the prize shelf. Its wings were glittery, and its eyes were glowing. Harry turned to Susan and handed it to her with a crooked smile. "For you, love."

Susan giggled and pressed the plush to her chest, making a great show of hugging it and then planting a kiss on Harry's cheek. "You're my hero," she cheekily said. Hannah pouted, so Harry played again and won. He then presented the new dragon to her. She squealed and hugged him tight, pressing her chest to his arm.

The group moved away from the game, and both girls were giddy from the win. Harry helped them out by shrinking their prizes and storing them in his front pocket. In response, Susan slipped her hand into Harry's back pocket and squeezed. "You were born for this," she said. "It's almost unfair."

"I just like to make you happy," Harry replied, and he meant it.

They laughed together, and the sound blended with the rest of the carnival noise as they made their way to the next tent, which was decorated like a wizarding sweet shop. The sign read "Sugar and Sin," and inside, a dozen glass jars were filled with magical bonbons, sparkling fudge, and licorice wands that curled and writhed like live snakes.

Susan dragged Harry to the front of the line, tossing a sly look over her shoulder at the crowd. "Let's get some sweets to celebrate your victory," she said. The girl behind the counter had a pixie cut, and she leaned forward eagerly, displaying her cleavage. "What can I get you?"

"Three Firewhiskey Caramels, and whatever else you recommend," Susan ordered. The girl grinned and reached for a tray of pink, heart-shaped candies. "You'll want to try these," she said.

Harry arched an eyebrow, and Hannah giggled. "What exactly are they?" she asked. The girl shrugged. "I don't know, but they make you tingle in all the right places."

Susan licked her lips and slid two of the candies into her palm. She handed one to Harry and popped the other into her mouth, rolling it around with a look of anticipation. "You first," she challenged.

Harry bit into the candy, and a wave of heat rolled over his tongue. A tingle shot up his spine, and he nearly choked. The taste was sweet at first, and then it turned spicy. He heard Susan gasp and saw her eyes flutter. Hannah's face flushed bright red as she tried hers, and she immediately started giggling.

It was just as he suspected. The candies made his body tingle pleasantly, and there was a momentary rush of euphoria, but that was pretty much it. The effects didn't last all that long, but he still found it a pleasant experience. As such, he bought a dozen for them to snack on later.

Red Light District

Later that night, after the noise and bright lights of the carnival had faded, Harry found himself in the corridor outside Susan and Hannah's room. They had instructed him to join them after

dinner. They opened the door, and Susan was already topless. Hannah answered the door in just her panties, and Harry loved the way the tight fabric dug into her fleshy hips.

Susan grabbed Harry by the hand and pulled him inside without a word. She kicked the door shut, and her lips crashed against his. Her tongue was insistent and hungry, and she tasted of the caramels he had bought her earlier. Harry barely had time to register the taste before Hannah pressed herself up behind him and slipped her fingers beneath his shirt. She peeled it off, scraping her nails down his spine as she did. He shivered, and the girls laughed in unison. There was no awkwardness, and no pretense. They wanted him, and they were very open about it.

The lamp on the nightstand cast soft shadows around the room. The bedsheets were already half-pulled from the mattress, and there were wrappers from the magical sweets scattered everywhere. The faint scent of vanilla and chocolate filled the air.

Susan broke the kiss and spoke with a rough, lustful voice. "You absolutely killed it at the games today. It's only fair we reward you properly." Without waiting for a response, she yanked down his jeans. Harry's hard, eager cock sprang free, and both girls let out an amused sound that sounded like a cross between a giggle and a moan.

"Bloody hell," Hannah breathed out with wide eyes. Every time she saw his size, it amazed her more and more. She knelt beside the bed, tugging Susan down with her. Both girls were on their knees, naked, unashamed, and side by side before him. Susan's soft hands wrapped around his shaft, while Hannah's fingers cupped and kneaded his balls. Her touch was gentle yet demanding. Susan stroked and squeezed with a confident grip. Her thumb teased the head and caught every slick bead of precum. Hannah palmed his sack and tickled it with the tip of her fingers.

They worked together in tandem, and each action was perfectly timed to the other. Susan pressed her breasts together, trapping his cock in the pillowy valley, and began to glide them up and down. The heat of her skin, the softness, and the friction nearly stole his breath. Harry moaned in surprise, and Susan giggled, arching her back to squeeze even tighter. It was obscene, the way her tits enveloped him, and how she seemed to enjoy the act as much as he did.

Hannah leaned in and licked the underside of his cock whenever it popped free from Susan's cleavage. "Get it wet," Susan demanded as she opened her breasts and momentarily freed his cock. Hannah took it from there.

Her tongue was hot and wet, and she flicked it over the tip before swallowing him down to the root. She didn't gag or sputter. She just took him in and looked up with a devilish grin. When she came up for air, she'd kiss the head before letting Susan drag it back into the valley of her tits. It sent a jolt up Harry's spine, and he struggled to keep his knees locked.

“Fuck, you two are amazing,” Harry managed, and his hands found their way into their hair. He gripped them tight, pulled them closer, and guided their mouths and bodies to keep up the relentless tempo. The girls giggled again, but this time it sounded more lustful. Susan’s lips parted, and she let spit slide from her mouth onto her tits, adding a slippery sheen that made the next stroke even hotter. Hannah’s hand went straight back to his sack, where she eagerly and insistently began to roll it in her palm.

They traded off without missing a beat. At one point, Susan leaned forward and licked up the shaft herself before letting Harry fuck her tits while Hannah tongued his balls while her nose nuzzled against the thick base. The sensation was overwhelming, and Harry’s breath came out faster and rougher.

He could feel his orgasm building, and he knew he couldn’t last much longer. Susan sensed it, because she squeezed his cockhead between her tits and moaned, “Come on, Harry, give us all of it.” Hannah nodded with flushed cheeks, and she clamped her lips over the tip and sucked hard. The combination was too much. Harry’s hips bucked, and he groaned as he shot thick ropes across Susan’s chest and neck. She caught as much as she could in her cleavage while Hannah licked stray drops from his cock and from Susan’s skin.

When he finally stopped shuddering, Harry looked down at the girls. They were both grinning up at him with flushed faces and wide eyes. Susan wiped a bit of seed from her collarbone and licked it off her finger. “Now, Harry ... It’s our turn,” she said, then dragged Hannah onto the bed, laughing as she pinched the other girl’s nipple between her sticky fingers.

Harry quickly joined them, and soon, panties were tossed aside, legs were spread, and pussies and asses were pounded until neither girl could take any more.