

Red Light District

AN- Some comments on the poll said that I should have one main teacher with a few others that pop in to teach a class every so often. I'll probably do that.

Chapter 2

The train ride to school was quite nice in Harry's opinion. He got to know the girls much better, and he could honestly say that a friendship between them was budding. When the train began to slow, Harry pulled on his school robe and left the compartment temporarily so that Susan and Hannah could get dressed. Looking down at himself, he could see that not a lot had changed when it came to the school robes. He couldn't have been more wrong. When he returned to the compartment, his eyes widened in surprise.

Like the clothes that they had been wearing before, the robes were much more revealing than Harry remembered. Instead of going all the way down to their ankles, the hem of the female school robes ended mid-thigh. The neckline plunged deeply, showing off a vast amount of cleavage, for which Harry was grateful. Susan's legs remained bare, and Harry happily eyed the expanse of soft, smooth skin. Hannah, however, had opted to wear black, thigh-high socks that had two yellow stripes circling the tops. Even with the long socks, Harry could still see several inches of her smooth flesh peeking out from below her robe. Just as with his robe, they sported a Hufflepuff badge on the left side of their chest. They smiled as he came in. Susan stood up and twirled. As she did, the bottom of her robe fluttered up, and he caught the quickest flash of white, cotton panties. "What do you think, Harry?" she asked.

Harry whistled appreciatively as Hannah joined in, showing off her robes. "They look like they were made for you," he complimented them. They giggled slightly.

"They were, silly," Susan said. "Almost all girls get their school robes tailored to their body shape and height. We got ours done professionally. Madam Malkin did a good job, didn't she?"

Susan turned and showed off her shapely rear. "Tell Madam Malkin that she did a bloody brilliant job," Harry replied. The girls laughed, and each one grabbed one of his arms. They all joined the queue to exit the train.

Once they were off the train, not much had changed for Harry. The firsties went by boat, escorted by the lumbering Hagrid, while the rest went by Thestral-drawn carriages. Harry spent his ride sandwiched between two excitedly chatting girls. Harry found it strange to not be stared at even once since arriving at Platform Nine and Three Quarters. It was strange that he wasn't accosted by Malfoy and his goons during the train ride. It was certainly strange that there wasn't the normal air of foreboding surrounding him as he started yet another year of Hogwarts. While that was all very strange and new to him, he wasn't unhappy with it. He was glad for it all. Just then, Susan leaned across him to whisper into Hannah's ear. Harry caught the scent of Susan's

hair, and he couldn't stop his cock from hardening. Yes, he was very glad for his sudden change in fortune.

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Sitting with the girls at the Hufflepuff table certainly was a trip. Harry's eyes continued to swing over to the Gryffindor table where he used to sit. He had spotted Hermione coming into the Great Hall. She was wearing her school robe, but in order to hide her cleavage, she was wearing a Gryffindor-colored scarf. The scarf couldn't hide her bare legs, and Harry happily feasted on the sight. He could tell that she still wasn't comfortable when it came to the hardcore sexuality of the magical world. As far as he knew, the mundane world was just as normal as the last time, so Hermione likely never grew up with this kind of stuff. As he continued to eye Hermione, he paid no attention to the little first-years that were being sorted. Eventually, the sorting ended, and he was forced to turn his attention to the staff table where Dumbledore stood up with his arms stretched out.

"Welcome, welcome, to another year at Hogwarts! I would just like to say one thing ... Dig in!" he said boisterously and clapped his hand twice. The crowd of students cheered and clapped as a stunning feast appeared on every table. Immediately, the students ravenously began filling their plates.

Harry watched Susan eating a second slice of pumpkin pie while Hannah preferred the lemon cake. Regarding himself, Harry munched down on his third piece of treacle tart. Once their stomachs were full, the leftovers disappeared leaving all of the plates spotless. It was then that Dumbledore stood up once again. He began as he had always done and mentioned the prohibited items that Filch would not tolerate. He then stated that Quidditch would be canceled for the year. This made Harry's ears perk up.

"Calm please!" he cried out with a smile on his face. "I believe we have something that will more than make up for it, for you see, the Triwizard Tournament will be held at Hogwarts this year!" he stated proudly. Instantly, the angry ramblings turned into excited chatter. It seemed that almost no one knew what the tournament was, but the name sounded exciting.

"Contingents from Beauxbatons Academy of Magic and Durmstrang Institute will arrive before Halloween, at which time, the three champions will be chosen to compete," Dumbledore continued. The chatter became louder.

"Keep in mind that due to the extreme danger of the tournament, only those who are of age ... that is to say, at least seventeen years of age, will be allowed to put your names forward."

Some of the exciting chatter turned back into angry grumbling. Dumbledore simply waved it away. "Now that you have been thoroughly excited ... off to bed!" he chuckled. Harry rolled his eyes and got up from the seat, as did everyone else. The normal pushing and shoving commenced as dozens of students tried to get through the set of double doors. It was then that

Harry noticed the hot teacher getting up from the staff table. Of course, there was Professor Sinistra, the sexy, dusky-skinned Astronomy teacher that many of the boys lusted after. Harry noticed that she was wearing a robe similar in style to the female students, while McGonagall and the other older professors were wearing robes that were much more conservatively cut. However, it wasn't Professor Sinistra that Harry had noticed, as sexy as she was. It was a different beauty with long, luscious, black hair that fell past her shoulders in loose curls. Her dark green robe was as tight as a cocktail dress, and it hugged her body magnificently. Because of this, Harry could see every one of her cock-hardening curves. The top of her breasts was practically exploding out the top of her low-cut robe, and a slit that went down from the waist exposed the entirety of one of her shapely legs. Her face was beautiful and mysterious with full, pink lips and smokey, gray eyes. Harry tapped Susan on the shoulder.

"Huh?" she asked as she walked beside him.

"Who's that?" he asked, pointing to the sexy woman. The former Harry had no memories of her.

"That's Bellatrix Lestrange," Hannah said, joining in. "She's a member of the Black family. She got married to a Lestrange, but he was a big supporter of You-Know-Who."

Susan nodded. "He was arrested right after You-Know-Who was defeated. Auntie said he died in Azkaban or something."

"What's she teaching?" Harry asked. His mind was being twisted like a pretzel. 'Bellatrix never went to prison?' he asked himself. Was she still a psycho? Was she just better at hiding her demented personality? There were a lot of questions that needed to be answered. The only way to truly get those answers was to spend time around the dark-haired beauty, watch her closely, and figure it out himself.

"I'm guessing Magical Sexuality," Hannah said. "The rest of the Professors are the same as last year," she deduced. Harry nodded.

"Why didn't Dumbledore introduce her?" Harry wondered.

"I saw her come in late." With that, Harry let the subject rest.

The journey to the Hufflepuff Common Room was filled with excited students bouncing around and talking loudly. From his first go-round, Harry knew that the Common Room was near the kitchens, but with his new memories, he knew exactly where it was and how to get in.

The Hufflepuff Common Room was brightened with what appeared to be artificial sunlight. The circular room was very homey with its soft, earthy colors. As the other Hufflepuffs talked with one another, Harry walked over to the billboard and looked it over. There was a flier that was hyping up the upcoming tournament. There was a second flier reminding males fourth-year and above about the upcoming tryouts for the Magical Sexuality class. Nothing else was mentioned.

Not a time, place, or date ... nothing. Harry reasoned that it was only Friday night, and they had the entire weekend to update the flier. He shrugged. He'd ask about it the following day if possible. With that done, he bid the girls goodnight and went to his dorm.

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The following day, Harry left Susan and Hannah after breakfast. They were too busy giggling madly with all the other fourth-year girls to notice. All they wanted to talk about was the sex class. With nothing to say about it, Harry used his morning to explore the castle. It was almost exactly the same as he remembered. Just walking the corridors again filled him with equal amounts of peace and anxiety. He had many good and bad memories associated with the castle. In fact, he was so deep in his nostalgic state that he accidentally bumped into someone.

"Oh!" Harry yelped. "I'm sorry. I wasn't watching where I was going," he admitted. A soft, flowery scent filled his nose before he locked eyes with Bellatrix Lestrange. She smiled at him, though he could tell that there was no emotion in it, good or ill.

"Understandable," she said in her even, feminine voice. It was much different than the deranged, baby-talking voice that the other Bellatrix used to cackle with. This sound was much more pleasant. "A new year of school can often leave one out of sorts. Just be careful. The stairs in this castle are unforgiving to the blissfully unaware." She was just about to walk by when he stopped her.

"It's Professor Lestrange ... correct?" Harry asked.

"Yes," she nodded.

"Are you the new sexuality teacher?" he asked. Again she nodded. It seemed that this Bellatrix was short on words.

"I saw the flier in the Common Room, but there was no time or ..." he started before being cut off.

"I haven't decided when to hold tryouts yet. The class doesn't begin until the second Monday of the new school year."

"That's a shame. I was looking forward to it," Harry told her. She raised an eyebrow.

"You're a fourth-year, correct?" Harry nodded.

"I should let you know that a fourth-year hasn't been chosen in over a hundred years. I doubt a fourth-year would have what it takes to be my personal assistant," she smirked. Harry suddenly saw the confidence in her eyes that reminded him of the old Bellatrix.

"I often prove doubters wrong," Harry smiled cheekily.

"Is that so, Mr ...?"

"Potter, Ma'am. Harry Potter," he answered her.

"Well, Mr. Potter, I'll make you a deal. I'll allow you to tryout early, and when you fail, you'll be cleaning my classroom after hours for the next two weeks."

"Deal," Harry said, continuing to smile.

Bellatrix smirked even more now that she found her first patsy of the year. Hopefully, she would be able to scam even more desperate boys to clean her room. If everything went to plan, she wouldn't have to clean her classroom even once. Still, the boy was handsome, and she definitely remembered his father. James was an easygoing and good-natured chap once he had matured. However, it took more than good looks and a pleasant personality to become her assistant.

She led him into her personal room. Under normal circumstances, she would never allow a tryout in her personal bedroom. This was her private space. 'Thankfully, this won't take long,' she thought to herself. As the door closed behind them, she went into her bag with all of her supplies and pulled out a ruler that had been sawed off at a certain point. She held it up. Harry could see that it was cut off at the eight-inch mark.

"If you're not at least this long, it's an instant fail. Very few will even make it past this point," she told him. "So lose the trousers and let's find out," Bella said in a no-nonsense kind of way. She didn't want all her valuable time taken up by horny, young men. She kept her eyes on his crotch as he unbuttoned his trousers. Then, without an ounce of self-consciousness, he pulled his black trousers and boxers down in a single go. Her attention was immediately caught. What flopped out was a soft, flaccid cock that was still greatly impressive. It was thick and at least six inches long. She instantly wondered how long it would be when fully hard. She didn't have to wonder for long. As she stood there looking at it while Potter stepped out of his trousers, she watched it grow bigger and bigger. The beast hanging between his legs plumped like a juicy sausage and grew so long that it was forced to tilt down by its weight. Bella licked her pink lips.

"I must admit ... That is impressive," she said, unable to take her eyes off of it. She set the sawed-off ruler aside. There was obviously no need for it. Snapping out of her daze, she reached into her bag and pulled out a tape measure before walking over to him.

She sidled up to him and looked him in the eyes. With her free hand, she reached down and wrapped her palm around his girth. Closing her hand, she found that her fingertips weren't even close to touching.

Harry held back a shudder as Bellatrix touched his cock for the first time. Her hand was soft, and he could feel the heat radiating from her body. The robe that she was wearing was similar to the one that she had on the night before. The neckline still plunged deeply, and her magnificent breasts were on the verge of spilling out. The difference was that this time, the robe was no longer than a mini skirt, so he could now see even more of her pale, flawless skin. The scent of her hair and skin was intoxicating, and his cock was so hard that it was beginning to hurt. Suddenly, her hand began to move. It moved slowly at first, pumping up and down with long, experienced strokes. A soft gasp left his mouth as she moved in closer. She was now so close that her head was forced to tilt upward so that she could keep eye contact with him. A smirk crossed her gorgeous face, and she playfully lunged forward and nipped his jaw with her teeth. Harry flinched, and she laughed softly before shoving him in the chest, forcing him to take a step back.

"Let's just see exactly how impressive ..." she said, pressing the end of the tape measure against the base of his cock and running it down the top of his shaft. "Very nice," she muttered before wrapping it around the shaft.

"Over twelve inches long and nearly seven inches in circumference. You are certainly blessed, Mr. Potter," she told him, rolling up the tape and tossing it back into her bag.

"Thank you," Harry said.

"However, size isn't everything. It doesn't matter how big you are if you blow your load at the sight of a wet pussy." She used her hand and flipped her long, luxurious hair over her shoulder. "Completely nude. On the bed," she ordered. Harry was eager to follow her directions.

It only took him a few minutes to remove the rest of his clothes and lay on her bed. The sheets and pillows all carried the same scent as her body. Needless to say, his cock was still as hard as a rock. Harry watched her walk over to him, her wide hips swaying sexily. She reached up and pulled down the top of her robe, exposing her perfect breasts to him. Harry guessed that they were perfectly rounded D-cups. They were capped with light pink nipples that weren't hard yet. All Harry could think about was latching on to one of them and sucking it until it grew hard in his mouth.

"Well, you haven't cummed all over my bed yet, so that's a good start," she snorted as she hiked up the bottom of her robe and straddled his thighs. He could feel the intense heat radiating from between her legs. Her panties were lavender and appeared to be made of satin. He could see the light reflecting off the tiny scraps of material. She suddenly grabbed his wrists and placed his hands on her breasts. As soon as he touched them, he could feel her nipples grow hard. Harry flicked his thumbs over them as he massaged her beautiful tits. He earned his first soft moan from Bellatrix. He knew that he needed to impress the woman if he wanted the position, so he made sure to not only caress her bare breasts, but every inch of her naked skin. He slid one hand up over her shoulder before caressing the skin of her neck. Bella flushed and tilted her

head back, closing her eyes at the same time. He could feel her pulse thumping under his fingers.

The fingertips on his other hand flowed down her sides, gently tickling her ribs. He felt her body tremble as he moved lower. His fingers moved around to her slim, toned belly. Her skin was incredibly soft and smooth, and Harry felt that he could spend all day touching it. As soon as he touched her thighs, her hips began bucking slightly.

"Passable," she said, reaching down and peeling her tight robe off of her body. Tossing it aside, Harry could see that she was now only wearing her lavender-colored panties and a pair of shiny, black high heels. She moved her body until she was laying on her back with the back of her head resting on his lower belly. His cock was sticking up right against the side of her face. She was situated right between his legs which were spread eagle. He watched as she spread her legs and stuffed her hand into her panties. She gasped as her hand began moving. Harry desperately wished that he could see what was going on. He could tell that she was rubbing her clit at first before her fingers dipped even lower. He heard wet noises being masked by her labored breathing. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly, causing her breasts to jiggle slightly. She then pulled her hand from her panties, and he could see her fingers glistening with wetness. Bella touched her clit over her panties and started moving her fingers in circles.

"Mmmmm," she hummed in pleasure as a small wet spot appeared on the crotch of her panties. Suddenly, her legs lifted into the air, and Bella eased her panties down her thighs before pulling them off her high-heeled feet. She turned her head and tossed her damp panties right at his face. She raised an eyebrow when Harry held them up to his nose and inhaled deeply. Her hand was gently rubbing his hard, swollen cock. Looking impressed, she rested her head back on his belly and opened her legs wide. It was then that he got his first look at her pussy.

Bella's mound was puffy and perfectly smooth. No doubt she frequented some of the shops in the Red Light District that sold an abundance of perfumes, lubes, oils, and hair removers. Below her mound, two plump lips were pressed together, and peeking out from between them were the two tiny, pink flaps of her inner lips. As her legs opened wider, her lips slightly moved apart, and she showed off her wet, pink insides. Before he could get more than a quick look, her hand was covering her pussy while her fingers slipped inside of her. Almost instantly, she was squirming and moaning.

Harry threaded his fingers through her thick hair as she nuzzled the side of his shaft with her cheek. Bella then turned her head and kissed the underside of his shaft. Harry gently scratched her scalp with his nails while her hand slowly jerked his cock. Harry moaned softly.

Bella flipped over so that she was on her stomach, and his cock was right in front of her face. She continued to play with it, rubbing her finger down its incredible length before pulling it flat against his body and letting it go, only to watch it spring back up to attention. "You haven't blown your load yet," she said, impressed. "I guess you're not just another horny virgin desperate for a tug," she said, looking him in the eyes.

She kicked off her heels and slowly paddled her bare feet back and forth. Even the soles of her feet were perfect and smooth. Harry's eyes moved down to her thick, shapely ass. As she kicked her feet, he could see her cheeks moving around. He suddenly wished that he was behind her, plowing her like a ravenous beast from behind. Her head lowered, and she captured his cum-filled sack between her lips. She sucked on his skin hard enough to leave a hickey before letting his balls go. She then lovingly placed kisses all over them before she started moving up his shaft. When she reached the bottom of his head, she repeatedly flicked her tongue against it, making Harry's hips buck. Bella laughed and pushed herself to her knees. She crawled up his body and straddled his waist. Reaching down, she grabbed his fat shaft and rubbed the tip up and down the length of her weeping slit. Both of them moaned together.

"Now let's test your stamina," she said, dropping down and taking him all at once. Harry moaned loudly and gripped her silky smooth thighs tightly. Her pussy was the best that he had ever had. The moment he entered her, her tight walls practically choked his shaft and coated his cock with a thick layer of her arousal. Not one to mess around, Bella leaned forward and rested her forehead against his. A curtain of black hair covered Harry's entire head, and as such, he couldn't see how fast her hips were moving. He could definitely feel it though. His breathing intensified as she pounded her pussy down on his cock, taking him to her cervix each time. Unable to stop himself, he grabbed the back of her head and kissed her deeply. Bella didn't seem to mind. Her hips bounced on his cock so hard that her fat ass cheeks were smacking together wildly and filling the room with the sounds of meaty claps.

Harry was sucking on her tongue hard when he broke the kiss. "Bloody hell! You're so fucking tight!" he cried out. Bella moaned deeply while running her tongue across his lips and cheek.

"I'm highly trained. They didn't give me this job because of my connections, you know? Hundreds of women applied for this position," she moaned as Harry grabbed her ass. She trembled when he began massaging her asshole with his finger. Harry felt her pussy flutter and get even tighter. By then, her hips were slamming down on him so that his cock was hitting the deepest spots of her body. Then, out of nowhere, she squealed in a high-pitched voice. Her walls clamped down on him, choking his cock and triggering a massive orgasm. Harry squeezed her cheeks hard enough to hurt her, but the pain only added to her pleasure. As he spread her cheeks apart hard enough that her tiny, puckered hole was forced open slightly, his balls released their load, and he began pumping her full of his cum. On top of him, her sexy body quivered and shuddered while she nuzzled his neck with her lips and mewled in pleasure. Their orgasm lasted for several minutes, and even after, Harry remained buried balls deep inside of her.

"Did I pass?" Harry asked and groaned as she squeezed her pussy around his still-hard cock.

"You're certainly the front runner," she said, kissing him passionately before rolling them over so that he could fuck her again. Harry eagerly proved why he should get the position, again and again.