

Red Light District

Chapter 6

Hermione gripped the bedsheets tightly as one of her legs was lifted into the air. She watched as Harry slowly peeled her knee-sock off of her leg. Now bare, her leg was caressed by his strong hands. Hermione bit her lip and squirmed. As she did, her damp slit rubbed against the massive cock resting across it. Her other leg was now up in the air, and as with the other, Harry slowly removed her sock, leaving her foot bare. She suddenly realized that she was completely nude, and her belly did a bit of a flutter. There was no way that she could hide. There wasn't an inch of her body that was unavailable to him.

With her legs resting over his shoulders, he leaned down and kissed her again. Hermione was the one to deepen the kiss while his long, thick shaft rubbed the length of her wet slit. By then, Hermione's clit was swollen with arousal, and the slightest touch was threatening to unleash another powerful orgasm. Harry slipped his arm between her back and the bed and flipped them both over. She was now on top of him. Looking down, she could see that her pussy was pressed hard against his cock. Her soft, feminine lips were spread wide to accommodate his beastly girth. Her clit was engorged from the intense arousal that she was feeling. Harry's hands were on her thighs, lazily stroking her smooth skin. "Since this is your first time, you should set the pace," Harry told her. Hermione blushed madly and nodded.

As if to test things out, she slowly worked her hips back and forth. She dragged her damp lips across the underside of his cock, leaving a streak of wetness behind as she did. As her pussy reached the bottom of his head, Hermione shuddered and slid her hips back until she reached his base. Harry moaned and bucked his hips slightly. This small action caused Hermione to become even more confident. She lifted up and grabbed his shaft. Accidentally mashing his head against her clit, Hermione squealed and thrust her chest out. Harry took the opportunity to slide his hands from her thighs, slowly moving them up her sides and onto her perky breasts. She let out a cute squeal when his fingers brushed over her hard nipples. While he kneaded her apple-sized tits, Hermione dragged the head of his cock from her clit, along her slit until it reached her opening. Easing him in, she wiggled her bottom to make sure they were in the perfect position before she gradually lowered herself onto him.

Harry let go of her breasts just as her body rested against his. Hermione was sitting still, breathing heavily as she got used to his size. The level of her tightness was incredible, Harry thought. Her insides were squeezing his shaft, and he could feel her inner muscles rippling and fluttering. Harry let his hand wander her beautiful body. He particularly liked to squeeze the soft flesh of her hips. Hermione lifted up about an inch before she cried out and dropped back down. That movement sent a shock of pleasure through his body. Harry couldn't believe that he was actually fucking Hermione Granger. Sure, it wasn't *his* Hermione, but she was as close as he was going to get. From a physical standpoint, she was identical as far as he could tell. Personality-wise, she was very similar as well. Just thinking about it made his cock throb inside of her. He had a hard time not flipping her over and fucking her like a maniac.

“You okay?” Harry was able to moan out as she squirmed on his cock.

“You’re really big,” she answered back. Hermione had already broken her hymen with a dildo as the professor had instructed. The girls in class had “secret” lessons with Professor LeStrange that Harry wasn’t privy to. She taught them female-related things like hygiene and how best to prepare for a cock the size of Harry’s. Being so tight, she had a hard time trying to stretch her little hole so that she would be able to take him in without a lot of pain. She thought that she did a fairly good job, but there was still a bit of pain as he sank in, hit her g-spot, and bumped into her cervix. Hermione used his chest to push herself up again. Half of his cock slipped from her wet depths before she collapsed back down with a pleased whimper. The pain and pleasure mixed, sending contradictory signals down her spine as his cock once again hit her g-spot. Her silken tunnel contracted and gripped him tightly, making him moan. His hand slid from her thigh, and he placed his palm on her hairless mound. He let his thumb dangle and touch her throbbing clit. Suddenly, somehow, his thumb began vibrating like one of the toys that Professor LeStrange had shown them. When it touched her clit, Hermione’s insides squeezed his cock so hard that she wouldn’t have been surprised if it had been crushed. Her eyes widened manically, and her chest jutted out as her back arched. Her head tilted upward, and she cried out as her insides began fluttering and milking his cock.

Her mind blanked, but she could vaguely feel Harry’s hand groping her naked tits while the thumb of his other hand ran circles around her hard clit. She knew that if the professor could see her now, she would be quite disappointed. Her job was to make *him* cum, not the other way around, and here she was, body bucking as her orgasming pussy massaged his fat cock that was buried deep inside of her. Using all of her willpower, she pushed herself up again and dropped down. A wet, fleshy clap of their skin echoed through the room along with the perverse squelching of her drenched pussy being stuffed by a tremendous slab of meat. Hermione couldn’t stop herself from falling forward. Trembling on his chest, she felt Harry’s arms wrap around her waist, pinning her to his body. His hips began to move, and his perfect cock started to piston in and out of her. The wet, juicy sounds of her pussy being fucked embarrassed her to no end. The professor had warned the girls of this during their secret meetings. She explained that while the noises their bodies produced were embarrassing, they were also considered flattering since their bodies were only reacting to the pleasure that their partners were creating. No noises meant that the girls were barely even wet. That, of course, meant that their partners weren’t doing their jobs correctly. Harry, it appeared, didn’t have that problem.

Hiding her face against his chest while squealing and moaning, she felt his hips move faster. Hermione felt him steadily penetrating her. ‘I’m having sex!’ suddenly crossed her mind as her g-spot was stimulated. She had the overwhelming feeling that she was now a woman, and she moaned like a whore just as her pussy drenched his lap. As soon as the pain went away, she felt him begin to fuck her even harder. Her waist was securely held in place while his hips continuously clapped against her ass, making her cheeks jiggle and ripple. Her hands clawed at his chest, though her short nails didn’t do any damage. At some point, Harry let go of her waist

and gripped her ass. Her cheeks were spread apart, and she could feel the cool air hitting her last virgin hole. The sudden temperature shock made her hole clench tightly.

Hermione abruptly found herself flipped onto her back, and Harry's cock had slipped from inside of her. Her legs were spread wide, and he placed his hands on her knees and pushed them until they were nearly touching her ribs. His cock was resting on her belly, and Hermione could see that it was slick with her juices. Harry didn't even need to use his hand to place it in her, she realized. He was so skilled that he simply thrust forward and penetrated her to the hilt. Not long after, he was furiously fucking her again, making her body jerk this way and that. The lights in the backs of her eyes were flashing, and she could feel that wonderful coil deep in her belly growing tighter. She knew what was coming.

"Harry!" she cried out. "Slow down!" she squealed as her pussy was already tightening.

"No way in hell," Harry groaned as he changed the angle and started directly fucking her g-spot. Hermione's toes curled and her back arched violently. "Your pussy feels too good," he gave her a quick compliment just before her body clamped down on him again.

He could feel her pussy tightening around him, clutching him with all her strength. He could feel her walls fluttering and tempting him to cum. He wasn't able to hold back. He thrust forward, burying himself as deeply as possible just before he started cumming. With each titanic thrust, more cum spurted out and filled her insides. Hermione shuddered and moaned while her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

Hermione felt him filling her body with his seed. She was grateful that the school provided its female students with contraceptive potions. If not, there was no doubt that she would soon be pregnant with Harry's child. Before he was even done thrusting, his thick, hot cum was already leaking from between her legs. 'There's probably enough semen in my vagina to impregnate half our year!' she wildly thought as Harry pulled out and rolled onto his back. He was breathing heavily but steadily as he lay there. Hermione suddenly didn't know what to do. She had never had sex before. Should she stay? Should she go? She didn't ...

Harry cut off that line of thinking when he pulled her on top of him. His hands were groping her bare ass as he kissed her deeply. Hermione happily went with it, passionately kissing him back. Little did she know, but Harry would be enjoying her tight body all through the night and most of the following morning.

Red Light District

"Are you alright, Harry?" Hannah asked the next day when he met the girls in the Hufflepuff Common Room. The skin under his bright, green eyes was dark, and he clearly wasn't as jovial and carefree as he normally was. Harry just waved her away.

"I'm fine ... just tired," he yawned. He and Hermione had just left his room. Hermione needed to go back to her dorm and get ready for the school day. After classes were done, she would report to Bellatrix for instructions about her duties. The poor girl had to walk back with a limp. No doubt that she was incredibly sore. However, the huge smile on her face told him that she didn't mind one bit. Harry was just glad that she was happy.

"I'm guessing you and Granger stayed up all night celebrating?" Hannah cheekily asked as Susan joined them. Susan's blouse looked ready to pop open. The top of her tits was spilling out and creating some rather trouser-tightening cleavage. Her black skirt was so short that he could see brief flashes of her bubblegum pink panties as she walked up to them. Her legs were covered by black, thigh-high stockings that were so tight that he could see the smooth flesh of her thighs mushrooming over the tops. Draped over her forearm was her school robe. Harry was fully hard again. He was very surprised that he had any semblance of a libido left after his marathon fuck-session with Hermione. Still, his cock couldn't lie.

"You know I did," he tiredly smiled back and poked her in the belly, earning a laughing squeal from the bubbly blonde.

"Well, make sure you get plenty of sleep tonight or Professor LeStrange will have a fit," Susan told him as she walked up. She had already earned the reputation of being a witch that you didn't fuck with. Some upper-year boy had cat-called at her as they passed in the corridor between classes. With a smirk and a quick wave of her wand, the boy had soapy suds leaking from his mouth, ears, and anus. Harry really wished that he had been there to see that.

"I will. We can stop by her classroom on our way to our first lesson and pick up one of her special pick-me-up potions," Harry told them. Bella had explained to him that there would definitely be plenty of sleepless nights in his future. There were dozens of horny girls, and he was only one man after all. Some of them would practice with other lucky boys, but many would still want to practice with him. Harry was more than willing to sacrifice his sleep in the name of education. When he told Bella this, she just snorted merrily and called him an idiot. He wouldn't argue with her on that front. Even so, she said to drop by and pick up one of her potions whenever he needed it. Harry even had the password to her class and office just in case she wasn't there when he arrived.

Susan nodded and tossed her robe to him to help put it on. Before he could, however, Susan shot him a sexy look. "Aunty Amelia sent me a new skirt," she said, fanning it out between her arms. She then let the fabric go and spun around, flashing her pink panties to anyone that happened to be looking. "So what do you think?" the sexy redhead asked him. Behind her, sitting in the distance, Harry saw Zacharias Smith glaring at him. Harry smirked at the annoying boy.

Stepping up to Susan, he placed his hands on the backs of her thighs. He then slowly moved them up and squeezed her ass underneath her short skirt. "I'm tempted to fuck you right here in front of everyone," he told her. Harry had no doubt that the little rat-boy could see her gorgeous

ass-meat being manhandled by him. He then let her go, but not before moving his hand around to the front and groping her panty-covered pussy. Susan squealed and smacked his hand away. The girls began giggling as Hannah snatched the robe away from him and helped her friend put it on. Before they left, he looked back and saw Zacharias seething with jealousy. The sight warmed his heart.

At breakfast, he smiled at Hermione who sent back her own slightly embarrassed smile. Ron also sent him a hateful look. His former friend looked very grumpy if he did say so himself. 'Did everyone wake up on the wrong side of the bed this morning?' Harry asked himself. Neville didn't seem to care one way or another. He was too busy spooning porridge into his mouth while chatting with Katie Bell. Harry didn't find out what was wrong with Ron until he met up with Hermione after classes were over.

"Oh. I guess you noticed that," she said as she sorted out her new office.

"I tend to notice when people send me murderous glares," Harry joked as he unloaded what must have been thirty pounds of books from her bag. He set them on her bookshelf knowing that she would rearrange them to her liking later.

"I'd imagine so," she shot back, placing ink and quills into her desk drawer. "He doesn't like that I accepted the assistant position from you. He says that I'm fraternizing with the enemy," she snorted. Harry sighed and rolled his eyes. 'Same old Ron,' Harry thought.

"He was also quite peeved when he found out that I stayed with you last night," she admitted. Her cheeks burned red. She yelped when a pair of hands began gliding over her clothed body.

"Are you sore?" Harry asked her. Hermione nodded slightly.

"It's not as bad now, but this morning ..." She left it at that. She squealed when he stuffed his hand down the front of her panties. She gasped as he gently massaged her rapidly dampening slit. "Oh!" she squeaked. "That feels brilliant," she moaned as his middle finger rubbed the length of her slit. Hermione's cute mewls of pleasure were music to his ears.

He should have remembered Ron's jealousy toward any boy who showed the slightest romantic interest in Hermione. There was Krum and McLaggen. There were probably other boys that he didn't remember or even know about. Harry wasn't worried about that though. Hermione was now his, even though she didn't know it yet. There was no way he would let the girl whore herself out like a piece of meat. He didn't care about the other girls in school, but Hermione he did. He didn't even mind Susan and Hannah whoring themselves in the future. He liked them as friends for sure, but he had no romantic feelings for them. Harry didn't even really have romantic feelings for Hermione either. His aversion to her being a whore came from his sense of loyalty. Hermione was his best friend, and he would take care of and protect any version of her that he came across.

"Don't worry about Ron. He'll get over it soon enough," Harry promised.

"Mmmm," Hermione hummed in pleasure. "Yeah, I guess," she said, sounding like she didn't care at the moment.

"You know, Hermione," he said as he flicked her clit a few times which sent mini-orgasms throughout her body. "I have a ton of gold in the bank. I was thinking about opening a brothel or strip club or something after school. If things go well here, maybe you can manage it for me. You wouldn't have to whore or strip, and I'd pay you really well," Harry promised as he rubbed her clit.

"Oh!" she squeaked loudly. Harry wasn't sure if it was from happiness or pleasure. "That would be wonderful, Harry!" she choked out. By then, her legs were open in a downward V, and arousal was dripping down the insides of her thighs. "C-Can you do that vibrating finger thing again, please," she begged. Harry smirked as his fingers began vibrating. He lightly pinched her clit and rolled the little nub between his fingers. When he slid them inside of her and curled them, the students walking down the corridor just outside of her office heard the pleased scream of Hermione Granger violently cumming around his fingers.

Red Light District

"Alright, now which of you girls haven't had sex yet? Come on now ... Don't be shy. Hands up," Bella asked the class. She was standing near the bed and looking around the class. Slowly, a few hands were raised. Hermione looked slightly embarrassed but pleased that her hand remained down. Susan and Hannah's hands remained down as did all the fifth-year girls and above. Harry was slightly surprised to see Daphne's hand up. She was a true beauty, and he was sure that there was a never-ending line of boys trying to get her into bed. Her friend Tracey had her hand up as did Pansy Parkinson. Lavender's hand was down, which was no surprise. The Patil twins both had their hands up.

"Miss Parkinson ... on the bed," Bella called out. Pansy got up from her seat and walked to the front of the class. She tried her best to look confident, but Harry could tell that she was nervous. Her hands trembled slightly as she reached back and unhooked her bra. She let it drop to the floor and crawled onto the bed. Harry didn't need to be told what to do. Already naked and hard, he got on the bed and positioned himself down at Pansy's legs. The top of her head was facing the class, so she couldn't see their reactions. Harry, on the other hand, could see all the girls looking on with rapt attention. He could even see Angelina in the back. Her panties were pulled aside, and she was sneakily rubbing circles around her hard clit. Hermione was dutifully writing notes in her muggle-style notebook. It wasn't something she had to do, she just wanted to document everything for future reference. Harry looked down at Pansy who looked back with wide eyes. While not as cute as some of the girls in class, she was better looking than others.

Her black hair was chin-length, and she had big, brown eyes that brilliantly reflected the light. Her lips were soft and pink, and her nose was small and slightly upturned. Her skin was as pale

as every other pureblood in Slytherin and looked just as soft. Her breasts were small ... Maybe a large A-cup Harry thought. Her nipples were only a few shades darker than her skin and were quite puffy. Her belly was slim and toned, and her hips flared with soft, gentle curves. Her light purple panties were pulled down just a tad and gave him a glimpse of her perfectly smooth mound. Her legs weren't very long since she was a short girl, but they were incredibly sexy nonetheless. They were toned and beautifully shaped. Harry couldn't see a single blemish on her porcelain skin. On her feet were the little, puffy slippers that most of the girls wore during class. Harry easily popped them off and tossed them to the foot of the bed. As soon as his hands gripped the waistband of her panties, her legs lifted up, and he slid them up her thighs and off her small feet. Harry's eyes lowered to her now exposed pussy. Between her closed thighs were two plump, hairless lips that were pressed together tightly. The scent of her arousal hit him full in the face, and his cock throbbed wildly. Harry pressed the pad of his thumb between her lips and began sliding it up and down. When he made it vibrate, Pansy's eyes fluttered wildly before rolling into the back of her head. Her back arched, and she let out the most desperate moan that he had ever heard. A few girls giggled at Pansy's reaction, but Bella shut them up with a single look.

Pansy had never felt such pleasure before. Her bare feet were resting on his shoulders, and she had to fight the urge to wrap her legs around the back of his neck and pull his face directly onto her pussy. When his thumb drifted lower and tickled the rim of her asshole, Pansy bucked hard as the lights flashed in the backs of her eyes.

"Over the next couple of weeks, each of you girls is going to get your turn in bed with our cute, little fucktoy," Bella teased him. This time she didn't stop the girls from giggling madly. Harry sent her a halfhearted glare as Pansy spread her legs like a high-class whore. Harry's fingers entered her, and he curled them upward. Pansy was massaging her small tits while thrusting her hips up and down.

"After each of you has been properly good and fucked, I'll start teaching you how to *really* pleasure a man," Bella told them as she sat on her chair and crossed her leg. It was clear that she was waiting for him to put on a show. Harry got into position and rubbed his cock the length of her pussy. By then, Pansy wanted him badly. Her legs wrapped around his waist, and she pulled him in as soon as his head touched her opening. They both moaned in unison as he entered her for the first time. Harry felt her warm, wet tunnel expand as he penetrated her inch after inch. Once he was fully in, he used his vibrating thumb again to massage her clit while his hips started to move. Pansy cried out in pleasure as her walls tightened even further. She wasn't as tight as Hermione, but it was very close. Pansy was squirming, mewling, and clawing at the sheets as he thrust into her. Harry lifted his eyes up and looked around the classroom.

He saw Cho Chang squirming in her seat as though she wanted nothing better than to stuff her hand down the front of her panties. Hermione was wholly focused on taking notes as she scribbled away. Daphne's cheeks were pink, and she was rubbing her smooth thighs together. The scent of wet pussy hung heavy in the air. All he could hear was the sound of multiple girls breathing heavily while Pansy's wet pussy created a loud, wet squelching sound. As he caught

Daphne's eyes, she blushed madly and reached down. Pulling her panties aside, she flashed her perfect, pink pussy at him. This drove him mad with desire. He grabbed Pansy behind her knees and folded her body in half. His hips were like a jackhammer, and he was drilling his long, hard cock directly into her g-spot. Pansy screamed violently as pussy juice began squirting from her cumming pussy. Harry moaned loudly as he felt his end nearing.

"Finish on the whore's face, Harry," he heard Bella's instructions. He had no problems complying. As soon as his balls began tightening, Harry pulled out of her sloppy wet pussy and straddled her chest. Harry grabbed Pansy's hand and placed it on his cock. Bella nodded in appreciation and waited for Pansy to start jerking him off.

"Work his cock, whore!" Bella cried out, her anger flashing momentarily. Immediately, Pansy's hand began moving. After half a dozen strokes, Harry moaned and shot a thick string of cum across Pansy's face. Another thick load landed on her lips and chin, and even more streaked across her face and landed in her hair. Her hand didn't stop moving until his balls were empty. Getting up, Harry looked on in amusement. Nearly every inch of skin on her face was covered in cum. Her tongue snaked out and licked her lips clean. Bella looked pleased with Harry's actions.

"Alright ... Who's next?"