

Red Light District

Chapter 11

"Did you really have to talk Ginny into coming here tonight?" Hermione huffed with her hands on her hips. "Ron's already on the verge of busting a gut. This may very well push him over the edge," she told him. Harry just smiled stupidly at her, and she rolled her eyes.

"Ron needs to learn to relax. Perhaps if he got laid, then maybe he wouldn't be such a pain in the ass," Harry responded.

"Yes, but for him to get laid, he must have a willing partner. He's been very annoying lately, and I doubt there are many girls that would want to be around him for any period of time, much less offer their bodies to him," she honestly replied.

"True, but that's still *his* problem ... not yours and not mine."

Hermione huffed again and relented. She then smiled at him. "It was very nice of you to buy her that dress. She wouldn't shut up about how beautiful the dress is and how sexy she's going to look at the dance."

Harry smiled back at her. "It is a very sexy dress. By the way, I heard that you're taking Lavender to Hogsmeade tomorrow. Is there any chance that you're also buying a new dress?"

Hermione blushed fiercely and refused to answer. Harry had recently given her a large sack of Galleons to buy whatever she needed for the upcoming Ball. "I want my assistant to look her very best," he told her. Harry chuckled as she looked away, her face cherry red.

"When is Ginny coming over?" Hermione asked, changing the subject. There was a knock on the door.

"Now, I guess," Harry said, checking his watch. He told her to come over sometime after dinner, but he didn't expect her to show up almost as soon as they left the Great Hall. Hermione walked over to the door and opened it up. Sure enough, Ginny Weasley was standing there holding a dress bag. The two girls whispered for a moment before Hermione grabbed her stuff and left. When the door closed behind her, Ginny's face began to turn slightly pink.

"I'm here," she announced herself.

"So it would seem," Harry said, amused. "There's the bathroom right there." Harry pointed at the door. "You can put on your dress then come out and show me," Harry told her. Ginny blushed and nodded. Once she was in the bathroom, Harry poured a couple of glasses of wine. Harry made sure to always have several bottles of quality wine on hand. It was something told to him

by Bella. She said that it was a good way to get girls to relax. Ginny was in there for about five minutes until finally, the door opened.

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Ginny's heart was pounding when she stepped out of the bathroom. She hadn't told anyone that she was coming to see Harry that night. All of her girlfriends would have squealed and teased her relentlessly, while her brother would have probably gone mental. She definitely didn't want Neville to know that she was coming to see another boy, although, he would know about it eventually. The following year, she would be joining the Magical Sexuality class, and he would definitely know that she was having sex with another boy. Her dream was that he would declare his love for her and keep her from offering her body to another. Sadly, that's all it was, she thought ... a dream. Neville didn't spare her a second glance even on her best days. While she would continue to hope, she was content to move on and live her life. 'Maybe he'll change his mind when he sees me in this dress,' she thought as she stood in front of Harry Potter.

She saw his eyes roam down her body, and Ginny's face began to heat up again. Her dress, which was very dark green ... Sacramento Green is what the saleswoman had called it, covered little and displayed a lot. Her dress was basically a tube of stretchy material that clung to her body so tightly that Harry could see the exact shape of her form. Every curve of her body was fully on display. Truthfully, she felt like she was almost naked. The top of the dress barely covered her nipples, and the bottom was so short that her panties could be seen if she bent over slightly. She watched his eyes travel the length of her smooth legs all the way down to her matching high heels. Ginny trembled slightly, never having had a boy look at so much of her before. "Do you like it?" she asked before she could stop herself. Harry smiled at her.

She found him handsome, and from what the older girls in Gryffindor said, she knew that he had a really nice body. Ginny would go quiet and listen intently whenever Angelina Johnson and her friends gossiped about him in the Common Room. They talked about the size of his penis, which supposedly was very large, and giggled about the amount of orgasms they had during class. Their conversations embarrassed her to no end, but another part of her found them thrilling. In less than a year's time, she thought, she would be in the same class, crying out as he ravaged her body over and over. A shuddered gasp left Ginny's throat as Harry closed in on her. His hands gripped her slim waist, and he slowly spun her around. Her breath hitched as his hands lowered slightly, moving from her waist down and over her curved hips. Her dress was so short that his fingertips accidentally brushed against the soft skin of her upper thighs. The moment they did, her body erupted in goosebumps.

"I love it," he finally answered her. "You look very sexy," he told her, and her face burned. "You look like a woman," he whispered into her ear while caressing her thighs.

Any words that she might have responded with became caught in her throat. All she had ever wanted for the last few years was to be seen as a woman. She wanted to be treated as an adult by her parents. She wanted her brothers to stop treating her as their baby sister who needed to

be coddled, and she especially wanted to be seen as a sexual being by the Boy Who Lived. Now, it seemed that her dreams were so close that they could almost be touched. When he took his hands from her body, Ginny turned around. "Let's have a drink," he said.

Following him to the couch, she sat down and took the offered glass. When she took a sip, she must have pulled a face, because Harry laughed lightly.

"It's wine," he told her. Ginny blushed again, upset that she acted like a child in front of him after he had just called her a woman.

"I-I know. I was just caught off guard," she lied and was happy to see him drop the subject. Ginny steeled herself and took another drink. This was her first time having alcohol, and it wasn't as good as she thought it would be. It wasn't bad per se ... She just wasn't used to it. She took another drink and listened to Harry chit-chat with her. Before long, her glass was empty, and she was feeling quite light while her head was buzzing a bit. She didn't notice that she was giggling at his jokes much more than she had been earlier in the night. She also didn't notice that she was being quite a bit flirtier than normal. At some point, one of them scooted closer. Ginny couldn't remember which one had done it. What she did know was that his hand was massaging the inside of her thigh while his lips placed soft kisses on her neck and bare shoulder. Ginny giggled happily.

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Once Harry noticed that Ginny was tipsy after only one glass, he decided to hold off on any serious physical activities. After all, it wasn't like they had already done it before and this was just another night of fun for them. As far as he could tell, Ginny was still a virgin, and he didn't want to take advantage of the situation. Besides, there would be other nights. Still, he would work his magic and leave her coming back for more.

She was squirming against the couch cushions as he let his fingers crawl up the inside of her thigh. He could feel the heat emanating from between her legs. He could smell the scent of her arousal drifting over them as he kissed and nipped at her neck. She shuddered violently when he moved his lips to her shoulder. Her hand was squeezing his forearm as his hand gripped her thigh tightly. He couldn't tell if she wanted to push his hand away or pull it in and force his hand to her panty-covered crotch. From her shaky moans, Harry guessed that it was closer to the latter. Harry had to end this before he decided to say fuck it and strip her of her sexy, new dress. "It's getting late," he stated with his lips still tasting her sweet skin.

"Uh-huh," she breathlessly agreed.

"I'll walk you back to your Common Room," he told her. "But first ..."

Ginny turned his way, and he captured her lips in a deep, passionate kiss. Ginny moaned deeply into his mouth, then groaned when he broke the kiss too quickly for her liking. "Don't

worry,” he told her. “You can see me again later if you want. All you have to do is talk to Hermione and set up a meeting,” he explained, kissing her lips again.

“Okay,” she responded softly, her lips quivering as she desperately wanted another kiss. Harry gave her what she wanted and once again ended it too soon. He was sure that she would be contacting him for another meeting sooner rather than later.

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“OH!” a feminine moan cried out through the classroom. “Slow down, Harry! It feels too good!” Bella begged as she faced the class who was eagerly watching. The bed was once again front and center with Bella in the doggystyle position. She was facing the class as was Harry who was plowing into her asshole from behind. Harry answered her by giving her shapely ass a hard slap. The loud smack echoed off of the stone walls. He pushed all the way in, drawing a whorish moan of delight from his gorgeous “boss”. Bella clawed at the bedsheets as her body bucked. This was her third orgasm of the class.

Bella flicked her head and flipped her hair out of her sweaty face. “Now ... What was my mistake?” she asked, breathing heavily while Harry was still balls deep inside of her ass. Harry was toying with the soft skin of her ass while slowly thrusting back and forth.

Harry looked around the room and saw many faces with pink cheeks. By then, all the girls were used to being completely nude. They sat there straight-backed with their teenage tits proudly displayed. Some of the girls sat there breathing heavily while their hands sneakily moved underneath their desks. Harry knew that they were masturbating while watching him defile their professor. Bella’s back was nice and slick from the sweat, and he couldn’t help but lean down and kiss her shoulder. She tasted of salt, and her body was very warm to the touch. While down there, he fondled her tits and rolled her hard nipples between his fingers.

“You asked him to slow down,” Hannah called out instinctively then blushed as the rest of the class giggled. She liked it better when he was rough with her ass, so she assumed that every other girl would as well.

“You’re exactly right, Miss Abbott. If a client pays his hard-earned money for anal sex, he expects you to take it hard and fast ... unless, of course, he wants it nice and slow. While anal sex might not be everyone’s cup of tea, if you have a good partner, they can make the experience magical EEP!” Bella squealed as Harry pushed deep inside of her while reaching underneath and pinching her clit softly. The class burst into a giggle fit as Bella came on his cock again. Harry moaned as she tightened her ass around him. She could feel his hips begin to move faster again. “Not inside my ass, Harry,” Bella instructed. “I have a meeting after class, and I’d prefer it if my bowels weren’t full of your cum.” She studied the girls who were all watching intently. “Miss Davis. Up here, please,” she ordered.

Tracey Davis stood up, and her heart began beating fast. She moved quickly to the bed, not wanting to annoy the teacher. "Harry is going to cum on you. Show us what you've learned," Bella said to her.

The cute, dark-haired girl slowly dropped to her knees while Harry was still fucking Bella's ass. Tracey was nervous and wanted to get this right. Remembering their previous lessons, Tracey tilted her head up slightly. She placed her hands underneath her perky tits, cupping them. She lifted them up and presented them to Harry. Tracey then opened her mouth and stuck her tongue out.

Bella squealed as Harry's cock was pulled from her lubricated asshole. She then looked at Tracey and nodded, satisfied with the girl's position. "Very good. Let him choose whether to cum on your face, in your mouth, or on your tits."

Harry, meanwhile, stroked his long, thick cock and grunted as he began to release. A thick rope of cum slashed across her pretty face, some of it landing on her tongue. Harry grunted again and this time, his aim was a bit better. A fat glob of hot cum hit her directly in the mouth. Tracey gagged slightly when it hit the back of her throat. More cum erupted from the tip, painting her face and the tops of her tits. Cum slid down her breasts and dripped into her cleavage. When she was done, she stood up feeling proud. Covered in cum, she swallowed what was in her mouth while Harry tickled her wet pussy with his talented fingers.

"Excellent job, Miss Davis. Your mother would be proud. She was an upper-class whore at the High Roller if I remember correctly. Her specialty was giving blow jobs, correct?"

Tracey nodded her head as Harry waved his wand and vanished the mess on her face and tits. She smiled appreciatively at him before answering. "Yes, ma'am. She taught me a few things this summer, but there's only so much you can learn without an actual partner," she said, blushing slightly.

"That is true. A practice partner is crucial during your training. That's why I suggest that you talk to Miss Granger and arrange for some time with Mr. Potter here," Bella said, climbing off the bed and fluffing her hair. Tracey nodded and agreed that she would talk to Hermione sometime soon. She wanted to follow in her mother's footsteps and become the best cocksucker in Diagon Alley. Her mother told her stories about how rich men would come from all over the world just to experience one of her legendary blowjobs. Her ability to make men cum with her lips and tongue was the reason why she retired as one of the richest whores in the country.

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After classes had ended but before dinner started, Hermione was having a meeting with Harry in his room.

“Harry!” she squealed and arched her back. She was on her hands and knees looking through her notebook while Harry brutally fucked her from behind. “I can’t work like this!” she cried out as her pussy began massaging his thrusting shaft.

“A good assistant can work under any conditions,” Harry teased her as he angled his hips and rammed the head of his cock right against her g-spot. Hermione squealed again, and he felt her pussy tighten around him. The wet sounds of her pussy being fucked were getting louder, telling him that she was getting wetter by the second. Hermione huffed angrily, but it came out sounding more like a pleased moan. The notebook was bouncing around on the mattress while her body was being jerked back and forth. It was nearly impossible to read, she thought with some annoyance. Hermione decided to trust her memory rather than her eyes.

“Daphne is begging for another night with you. She needs to learn to not be so greedy,” Hermione stated. It was easy enough for her to say that when she had almost unrestricted access to his cock.

“The Gryffindor girls are planning to throw a party, and they want you there for a bit of ... entertainment,” Hermione said before a deep moan left her lips. Harry’s thumb began rubbing circles around her puckered hole. Angelina and Alicia said that she needed to convince him because she owed it to their House as a Gryffindor herself.

“When is this?” Harry moaned as her pussy walls were fluttering. Her tight, little cunt was already starting to milk his cock.

“Weekend,” she moaned. “Saturday night!” Hermione bucked as pussy juice began liberally dripping from her stuffed twat. The blanket underneath her crotch was completely soaked through, and his room reeked of sex. The inside of her thighs were glistening wet and quivering in delight.

“That sounds good,” Harry groaned, slapping Hermione’s ass cheek and making her cry out in pleased pain. “Anything else?” he asked as his hips moved faster. The sounds of her tight suction were getting louder. Harry leaned down and pressed her body flat against his bed. Her face was mashed into her notebook, crinkling her important schedule and notes. His hand slid between her belly and the mattress, and Harry eased it down until it was between her legs. He found her clit swollen with arousal, and it only took a few seconds of playing with it until she screamed in orgasmic bliss. Hermione was pinned to the bed, getting fucked like the little slut that she was. Her pussy was clamping down on him, fluttering around him, and attempting to milk the cum from his balls.

“G-Ginny was asking about you! And Cho Chang wants an appointment!” Hermione squealed as her body tried to thrash around but was unable to do so. Harry’s front was pressed against her naked back, and his cock was furiously thrusting into her cumming pussy. Finally, Harry grunted and filled her slutty pussy with his seed. When he pushed himself up and pulled out of

her, he wiped the cum still clinging to the tip of his cock against her asshole, making her jump in surprise.

"Cho would be good," Harry said, breathing heavily while wiping the sweat from his forehead. He got up and poured himself a glass of water which he downed in one go. He then filled it back up and handed it to his assistant. Hermione gratefully took it when she too sat up. Having a sexy Asian girl in bed definitely wouldn't be a bad thing. "And what was Ginny asking about?"

"She said that you offered her a job," Hermione answered, rubbing the cold glass against her sweaty forehead. Harry rolled his eyes.

"I said that I'd meet with her and her mother this summer and talk about it. What do you think about it? As my Business Manager, you'd be in charge of her," Harry asked her. Hermione blushed fiercely at being called a Business Manager.

"Well ... She's quite clever and headstrong. She doesn't let anyone push her around, especially her brother, Ron. She's pretty, and I'm sure she'll do well in training next year. She's a good friend whenever I stay at the Burrow. That's what Ron's home is called by the way. At school, we don't spend as much time together, but she's still a friend. I imagine that she'll be a good worker," she told him. Harry already knew all of this, of course. He just wanted Hermione to feel included in the decision-making. He nodded at her.

"I'll keep that in mind. We better take a shower. Dinner will be served soon," he reminded her and smacked her on the bare ass when she stood up and began walking toward the shower. Hermione squealed and clenched her butt cheeks. She looked back at him with a small glare, and Harry laughed and followed her into the shower for a bit more fun before dinner.