

Red Light District

Chapter 15

Ginny crawled onto the warm bed right below Hermione's waiting body. To steady herself, Ginny placed her hands on Hermione's knees and accidentally pushed her legs apart. Seeing a large wet spot on the crotch of her panties, she looked up and captured Hermione's gaze. Her cheeks were bright pink with embarrassment, but Ginny could see that that wasn't the only emotion written across her pretty face. She could see lust in Hermione's big, brown eyes. "S-Sorry," she stuttered softly, taking her hands off Hermione's knees. Half of her legs were covered with the black knee socks that so many girls wore this time of the year.

"It's okay," Hermione responded, equally embarrassed. A sudden loud crack of flesh being spanked followed by a stinging sensation on her rear made Ginny yelp and look behind her. Harry was standing there, his cock rock-hard while smiling sexily at her. She looked down and saw that he was slowly stroking his cock while staring at her naked pussy. Ginny turned her head in embarrassment but was also very pleased by his reaction to her body.

"Panties off," he ordered again. With shaking hands, Ginny reached out and tucked her fingers underneath the waistband of Hermione's panties. She gave a little tug and watched as they began sliding down her widening hips. The flawless skin of her lower belly was first exposed, quickly followed by the smooth, hairless skin of her mound. As they slid down a little further, the beginning of Hermione's slit and her taut lips were now on display. With one last tug, the panties were pulled halfway down her thighs where Hermione helped her take them off of her sock-covered feet. Hermione was rubbing her thighs together while trying to hide the awkward shyness that was plastered across her face. A strong hand suddenly cupped Ginny's naked sex from behind. She gasped and her body jumped. She didn't need to look back to know whose hand it was. Harry's finger slowly began stroking the length of her slit, and when he reached her opening, his finger even dipped in partway.

"Oh!" Ginny squeaked as she was penetrated by his single finger. She then felt his thumb slide up and rest directly on her puckered hole. "Harry ... Wha..." she choked out as her tight, little pussy was hugging his invading finger.

"Now spread her legs," she heard him say. His thumb pressed harder against her tightest hole, so much so that it was threatening to slip in. Ginny squeaked and placed her hands back on Hermione's knees. She pushed them apart and spread Hermione's legs open. The room already smelled like wet pussy, but from where she sat, she could easily smell the thick, heady scent of Hermione's arousal. Her tight lips were flushed pink and glistening with wetness. Only a hint of her inner lips could be seen breaking through her smooth, puffy outer lips. Harry pulled his finger out before slowly stuffing two of them back in. Ginny bit her lower lip and squeezed Hermione's knees. He pulled out then pushed back in again and again. Ginny could hear how wet she was. The wet, squelchy sound of her being stuffed was loud enough for all of them to hear, she knew. A part of her was completely humiliated by the way her body was acting, but the

other part of her loved the way it felt. That part of her was silently begging for more, and more was what she got. He began thrusting his fingers into her harder and faster, drawing cute, little mewls of pleasure from her soft, sweet lips.

“I think Hermione’s feeling a bit lonely ... Don’t you think?” Harry asked with a hint of amusement in his voice. Ginny wasn’t really paying attention to what he was saying. She was too caught up in her world of pleasure. Her body reacted on its own, and she nodded her head. “Then maybe you should lean down and give her pussy a kiss,” he told her as her body bucked and her pussy clutched his thrusting fingers. She definitely heard what he was saying that time.

Ginny’s heart began hammering in her chest. Girl-on-girl action was a major part of their world, Ginny knew, and she was being silly by being so nervous about it. ‘If I wanted to be treated as a woman, then I need to act like one,’ she silently told herself and steeled her nerves. Leaning down until her lips were nearly touching Hermione’s body, her shaking hands accidentally slipped just as Harry thrust his fingers into her, sending her facefirst into Hermione’s pussy. As her lips mashed into Hermione’s hard clit, Ginny could feel the heat radiating from between her legs. The scent of her wet pussy was also magnified from being so close. Hermione’s hand gripped the hair on the back of her head tightly, and she thrust her hips up and down, stimulating herself on Ginny’s lips. Tentatively, Ginny licked Hermione’s wet slit and heard the girl moan softly. She licked her again, and Hermione tightened her grip on the back of her head. By then, Hermione was smearing her juices all over poor Ginny’s face.

Doing her best to lick Hermione’s constantly moving pussy, she felt Harry remove his fingers from within her, and he replaced them with his lips. Harry spread her open and pressed his face against her two holes. She shuddered when the tip of his nose tickled her puckering asshole while his lips gently grazed against her damp pussy. He didn’t waste any time in taking what he wanted. His hands slid around the front of her thighs, trapping her body against his face. He then licked her clit, all the way up to her asshole. Ginny squealed against Hermione’s clit which had been shoved into the redhead’s mouth. Stars flashed in her eyes as Harry’s tongue fluttered around the rim of her backdoor. The act was so depraved and embarrassing that she wanted to cry out for him to stop, but the naughty sensation kept her from doing so. Having his tongue lapping at her hole was sending shivers up and down her spine. She must have moaned or something, because Harry began to tease her.

“You must really like that, don’t you, Ginny?” he teased, softly biting down on her cheek. Ginny gasped and clenched her cheeks together. He then began massaging her slit with the pad of his thumb, smearing her wetness all over her quivering pussy. When she didn’t answer, he continued.

“You’re so wet,” he told her, rubbing his thumb over her clit. Ginny’s body broke into goosebumps, and she moaned into Hermione’s pussy. Ginny’s warm tongue dipped into Hermione’s opening, earning praise from the bushy-haired bookworm.

“Ginny ... That feels good,” Hermione gasped as she kneaded her breasts and tugged at her hard, aching nipples.

Suddenly, Ginny felt the tip of Harry’s tongue harden as he poked her asshole. “Harry!” she squealed, clenching her cheeks together. Harry just laughed at her outburst.

“Don’t worry, Gin. Before the school year is done, I’ll turn you into a top-quality anal-whore,” he joked, tickling her hole with his finger. Ginny shuddered deeply as she slurped on wet pussy. Finding herself being lifted up, she squirmed until she was placed down on top of Hermione with her head set firmly between her legs. She was about to start licking her again when Harry settled in front of her. She saw his massive cock bouncing as he got into place. Then he took it in hand and began rubbing the length of Hermione’s wet cunt with his fat, domed head. Within seconds, the head was shiny and wet. He then placed it at her opening and easily pushed inside of her. Ginny watched carefully as Hermione’s lips widened enough to take his thick cock in without any trouble. It truly amazed her. Hermione’s pussy was so small and tight, and Harry’s cock looked like it belonged on a hippogriff. How was it possible that something so small could accommodate something so monstrous in size, she wondered.

Harry pushed all the way in, and Ginny was in shock that she was able to take his entire length. When he pulled back, she could see that his cock was smeared with white cream. The second time he pulled back, the smears were even thicker. Ginny looked up at him with her beautiful doe eyes, and he looked down at her, smiling. “She’s creaming,” he answered her unasked question. Ginny blushed furiously and looked back down at the penetration. The smell of sex was making her a bit lightheaded, or maybe it was because of the situation that she suddenly found herself in. Behind her, Hermione was moaning like a whore as Harry began jackhammering into her needy cunt. Ginny suddenly felt a wave of heat settle over her, and she became flushed with horniness. She wanted what Hermione was getting. Needing some relief, Ginny pushed her pussy down against Hermione’s face and started grinding. ‘I did it for her. She can do it for me,’ she told herself as she ground her clit against Hermione’s chin and lips. When she started licking her swollen clit, Ginny’s eyes fluttered wildly, and she let out a cute moan. As her mouth opened, Harry pulled out of Hermione and shoved his cock into her mouth. Ginny nearly gagged as the head hit the back of her throat. She pulled herself together and began sucking Hermione’s pussy cream from his shaft.

Red Light District

Harry smiled as he pulled his cock from Ginny’s mouth and shoved it back into Hermione’s waiting pussy. He fucked her for a few more minutes before pulling out again and getting another sloppy blowjob from the little redhead. As soon as he felt Hermione’s insides clamp down on him, it immediately triggered his own orgasm. Quickly pulling out, he placed his hand underneath Ginny’s chin and tilted her head up. He aimed his cock while furiously stroking it. “Close your eyes!” he told her as his orgasm neared. She closed them just in time to catch a faceful of cum. Rope after rope of sticky, white cum covered her pretty face, some landing in her

red hair while globs of it dripped down her cheeks and onto her lips. He watched her lick the cum from her lips and got an idea.

“Hermione? Come over here and help Ginny clean up.” Hermione spun around and pushed herself to her knees. “Use your tongue and clean her face,” he ordered, grabbing Ginny’s hips and turning her until her ass was facing him. Hermione leaned in and began licking the cum from her forehead, cheeks, and even her lips. Harry slapped Ginny’s pussy with his cock before penetrating her with a single, powerful thrust. Ginny cried out from being stretched, but other than that, he had entered her easily. She was more than wet enough to take him in without any problems. Harry could smell the strong scent of arousal wafting up from her upturned pussy. He gave her a few moments to get used to his size before he slowly started thrusting.

Her little pussy was already squeezing his cock as though she were about to burst. He could hear her heavy breathing as Hermione licked a glob of cum from the tip of her nose. Her pussy felt amazing, Harry thought as her tight, wet heat hugged him from every side. Taking it to the next level, Harry increased his tempo until his hips were clapping against her ass. Harry forced her knees wider apart, and he arched her back into the classic “whore’s position”. Her body was being jerked back and forth, and he reached out and gripped her by the shoulder to help keep her steady. With his other hand, he reached between her legs and began fondling her hard clit. Ginny’s eyes nearly bugged out as she let out a squeal of pleasure. Breathing heavily, she turned and looked at Hermione who was also looking at her with wide eyes. “Kiss each other,” Harry commanded as he fucked Ginny even harder. He could feel her velvety walls fluttering around his thrusting cock.

Slowly their lips met and it was Hermione who first opened her mouth to deepen the kiss. It wasn’t long after that Ginny let herself go and came hard while playing with Hermione’s tongue. Her already tight pussy squeezing him harder instantly set him off. There wasn’t a single thought from Harry about pulling out. Instead, he gripped her hips tightly and thrust all the way in until his cock hit her cervix. Ginny squeaked into Hermione’s mouth as a flood of hot cum coated her insides. Harry’s eyes nearly rolled into the back of his head as Ginny’s fluttering pussy milked the cum straight from his balls. Once done, Harry pulled out and rolled onto his back, breathing deeply.

“Clean me,” he said, relaxing. Without a word, Hermione jumped on his cock and began sucking Ginny’s girl cum from his shaft. Ginny’s mouth found his balls and after a few sucks on his sack, she gave them a nice tongue bath until they were sparkling clean.

Red Light District

Harry shivered as a blast of cold air hit him full in the face. He adjusted his scarf to cover his chin and mouth. Beside him, Bellatrix shivered as well.

“How did I let you talk me into coming with you?” she asked, hugging herself with her arms. It was Friday afternoon, and a cold front had blown through earlier in the day.

“My good looks and charm?” Harry asked as they walked down the cobbled street.

“Try again,” she said, keeping step with him.

“My unparalleled charisma?”

“Try again,” she repeated herself.

“The fact that I made you cum three times this morning?” Harry asked. Bella thought about it for a second.

“That’s probably closer to the truth,” she relented, hugging his arm for warmth. “Couldn’t you at least have waited until it was a bit warmer?” Bella hated the cold.

“It’s almost November, Bella. Warm days are long behind us,” he truthfully told her. Bella sighed.

“I’m already longing for Spring. My nipples are frozen!” she complained to him as they stepped into the red light district of Diagon Alley.

“Be grateful that you’re not a man. My balls have shriveled to the size of grapes,” Harry said, complaining right along with her.

“Madam LeBeux’s? What do they sell in that shop?” Harry asked his professor. They passed one of the few shops that didn’t have blinking neon lights out front. The name sign was written in an elegant, golden script.

“They do hair removal,” she told him as they kept on walking.

“The hair down there? For girls?”

“Pubic hair, underarm hair, legs, upper lips, the area between the eyes ... Basically any unwanted hair, but those are the normal spots. Anyone can go there, guys or girls,” she clarified.

“You’ve been?” Harry raised an eyebrow. She seemed to know a lot about the shop. Bella nodded.

“I’m a steady customer. I notice that you love caressing my smooth mound and legs. Wouldn’t you agree that they do good work?” she asked with a cheeky smile on her beautiful face. Harry nodded.

“Very good work. I’ll keep them in mind,” she said pointing down the street a bit further. “Right over there on the corner where the neon sign is out,” he said eagerly.

They walked the hundred or so feet until they came to an intersection of two large, cobbled streets. At the other three corners stood large buildings that held one of the best whorehouses in Diagon Alley (or so he was told), one of the largest strip clubs, and a casino. The building that he was standing in front of used to be a hotel, but it had recently shut down. Unfortunately, several other smaller hotels had sprung up in Diagon Alley over the years that weren't situated inside the red light district. It seemed that most people wanted to enjoy the fun and depravity of the RLD but didn't actually want to stay here. They came to visit with their families, stayed in more family-friendly areas, and then came to the RLD for their nighttime fun. This made the hotel less and less profitable over the years until they finally went into debt. The only choice they had was to renovate the hotel and turn it into some other business, but that would have cost a small fortune. With no other realistic choices, they decided to sell.

"This is it?" Bella asked him, looking up at the massive building. "You bought this?!" she asked in shock. Harry smiled proudly and nodded as he looked up at the building.

"I've been in contact with Gringotts. I told them to contact me as soon as a building or shop becomes available. They contacted me a few days ago as soon as this came to market," he confessed. Bella whistled appreciatively.

"When you told me of your plans for after graduation, I didn't think you would be looking for something so big. This building is *huge!* This is one of the best spots in all of the RLD," she told him, still looking up at the closed-down hotel.

She wasn't lying about the size. It was five levels tall and had over one hundred rooms for rent. It was one of the largest buildings in all of Diagon Alley. The outer facade was designed in a Romanesque style with white pillars. Harry would likely change that once renovations began.

"Yeah, that's what Gringotts told me when they offered to sell it," he told her. She raised an eyebrow at him.

"It must have cost an arm and a leg ... and knowing the Goblins, possibly a few other body parts." Harry chuckled.

"It was very expensive, but not as bad as I first feared," he said.

"Oh?" she asked.

"No one in their right mind will buy it and reopen it as a hotel. They'll be out of business within a year. Anyone willing to buy it will have to spend a fortune on renovations. Because of this, the Goblins couldn't sell it for what it was actually worth. No one would buy it. Knowing that I had the gold to buy it outright without having to take out a loan, they gave it to me at a steep discount if I promised to do the renovations through them," Harry explained to her.

“Have you decided what you want to do with it yet?” Bella asked him as he led them inside to examine the property.

“Not yet, but I have a few ideas.”

Red Light District

The following afternoon, all the students were led out onto the school grounds where they waited for the two delegations to arrive. The wind whipped violently, blasting them with cold, crisp air. Every student was bundled up in their bulky winter cloaks to keep from getting frostbitten. The students of the four Houses were all standing next to their brethren. Gryffindor was on the left with Ravenclaw next to them. They were followed by Hufflepuff with Slytherin at the end. Looking to the Gryffindor section, he could see Hermione jabbering away with Neville and Ginny. Ron was off to the side with a sour look on his face. Apparently, he hadn't yet forgiven Hermione for her imagined indiscretions. Hermione didn't seem to care one way or another. In fact, she didn't seem to notice that he was there, which only made the redheaded male angrier. At least the other three looked excited about the arriving schools.

Harry, of course, already knew who was coming and how they were arriving. Even so, he wouldn't ruin the excitement for everyone else.

“How do you suppose they will arrive ... Portkey?” Hannah asked, standing on her tiptoes to try and get a better look. Susan was snuggled up next to her while trying to keep warm.

“Nah. There are wards protecting the school,” Harry told them.

“Maybe he took them down for today,” Susan added.

“Maybe,” Harry simply stated as he pulled his cloak tighter. The wind was blowing fiercely, and several hats had been blown away. McGonagall had given up trying to make the students “smarten up”. It was a lost cause as girls' hair whipped about, smacking people in the face. Harry kept his eyes open, and when he finally saw the surface of the lake bubbling and churning, he informed the girls.

“The lake,” he told them, pointing. They turned to look, and soon after, the entire student body was excitedly watching as the Durmstrung ship rose from the lake's depths. The chatter turned even more excited as the students spotted the famous Quidditch player, Viktor Krum, walking next to his Headmaster.

“The sky! There's something in the sky!” a student shouted from the Ravenclaw crowd. Harry looked up and spotted the dark pinprick growing as the carriage got closer and closer. Within a few minutes, everyone could see that it was a powder blue carriage the size of a large house being pulled by magnificent palomino horses with wings. The girls of Hogwarts oohed and awed at the sight of the elephant-sized, flying horses. When they touched down, the massive carriage

groaned as the wheels tore big ruts into the soft, wet earth. Just as it stopped, the door opened and a set of stairs unfolded. The half-giant, Madame Maxime, stepped out followed by the Beauxbatons contingent. Harry's eyes scanned the crowd until he found Fleur's half-hidden face. Her mouth and nose were hidden by a thin, silk scarf, but he would recognize her big, blue eyes anywhere. Suddenly, the wind whipped her scarf from her face, and Harry was momentarily struck by her beauty. Her perfect, pink lips were quivering from the cold, and her cheeks were dusted pink. She was just as beautiful as he remembered. The last go around, Harry had more important things to worry about. Chatting up a pretty Veela wasn't exactly a priority, but seeing Fleur's flushed face, he decided to make the time this go around.

After Dumbledore welcomed the two schools, he led them into the castle and out of the bitter cold. Harry and the girls were eager to follow.