

## Red Light District

### Chapter 20

Harry was in the new darkroom that he converted from a large, walk-in closet that he never used in his private room on the seventh floor. His eyes were stinging a bit from the fumes of the magical developing solution that he was using to make his pictures move. From his former life, he knew that muggle cameras worked perfectly well in Hogwarts ... if they weren't electronic, of course. You could simply develop the pictures while using a special potion to make the images move. Harry could have just used a magical camera, but he found that the image quality was much better from a top-of-the-line muggle camera. The magical ones were also heavy and bulky while the muggle ones were much lighter.

He used metal tongs to lift the last picture from the solution, ignoring the red light that was beginning to give him a headache. He hung it from a wire that was stretched from one end of the darkroom to the other. The good news was that the magical solution dried very fast. By the time he hung up the last one, all the others had already dried. In the time it took him to pull down the two dozen pictures, the last one was dry. He plucked it from the line and added it to the stack. Wanting to get away from the fumes as fast as possible, he smacked the bottom of the stack against the surface of his desk to get the pictures all evenly lined up. He then left the room for some fresh air, quickly closing the door behind him. He reminded himself to set up some type of magical ventilation in the near future. That would make the whole process way more pleasant. As soon as the door closed, Fleur came scampering up to him. She was still wearing only a very tiny pair of white, g-string panties, and her perfect breasts were bouncing and jiggling merrily. Harry stared unapologetically at the state of her nakedness, and Fleur didn't seem to mind one bit. She was very open with her body ... at least with him.

"Can I see them now?" she asked impatiently, joining his side. Harry rolled his eyes with a smile and handed her the stack. She went back to the bed, Harry keeping his eyes trained on her shapely ass the whole way. On the bed, another set of her photos was spread out. Harry joined her and crawled onto the bed next to her. Fleur sighed.

"'Arry ... 'Ere is another with your finger over the lens," she said, holding a picture of her that was half blocked with his blurry, over-enlarged finger. Harry smiled sheepishly.

"Sorry. I haven't quite gotten used to being a photographer yet," he admitted. Three more from the last batch were also partially blocked by his fingers. She sighed again and graced him with a soft smile.

"Luckily for you, after the photos of me are done, I will be taking over for the other girls," she said, tossing the ruined photo aside and looking through the rest. Fleur loved taking photos during her free time. Her father had gifted her a camera for Christmas a few years back, and she used it extensively. From the photos that she had shown him, he could honestly admit that she was a lot more talented than he was.

“This is a good one!” Fleur chirped happily, holding an eight by ten up for him to see. It was a good one. Unfortunately, he couldn’t use it.

“We can’t use that one,” he told her. Her eyebrow raised in confusion.

“ ‘Ow come?” Fleur asked. Harry pointed to a certain area of the photo.

“Your hand isn’t completely covering your nipple. You can see some of it through your spread fingers,” he explained. This time it was Fleur who rolled her eyes.

“I am seventeen. My nipples do not ‘ave to remain fully covered,” she reminded him.

“That’s true, but then I couldn’t sell them to anyone under seventeen,” he said. Fleur cursed in French which made him laugh.

“Then ‘ow come this one is okay?” she asked, holding up a picture from a previous photoshoot. In the picture, Fleur was soaking wet while wearing a thin, white blouse while braless. You could clearly see her nipples through her wet shirt.

“Because technically, you are covered. You can just see through the shirt. It’s a loophole that my solicitor explained to me,” Harry told her.

“Interesting,” Fleur slowly said while thinking. “I will ‘ave to keep that in mind.”

Harry reached down and plucked another picture from the pile. Fleur was on his bed with her bottom resting on her heels. Her mouth was slightly open as if moaning. One arm was draped across her bountiful chest, though plenty was still being shown. Her cleavage was spectacular, and the bottom of her breasts hung down below her arm. Her free hand was gently stroking her thigh, and suddenly, she turned around and showed him her ass. Almost nothing was covered by the minuscule, white string. Harry could see the exact shape of her glorious pussy. The Fleur in the photo then looked over her shoulder at him and gave him a knowing smile while shaking her ass tantalizingly. He showed her the picture.

“This one’s very sexy,” he admitted. Fleur took it from him and looked it over. A smile on her face told him that she agreed with his assessment. “In fact, it’s so good that I think I’ll use it as a special, limited edition card.”

“Limited edition?” she turned to him.

“Yeah,” he replied before remembering that he hadn’t explained all the details to her. “The cards are going to have different levels of rarity. I was thinking of bronze, silver, gold, diamond, and limited edition level cards. That way people will have to buy more if they want to complete their collections. The higher the level, the fewer cards are produced, and the sexier they get. Who

knows ... It might even make them valuable as collector items. Some Quidditch cards are worth a lot of gold," he explained it all.

"That is a good idea, 'Arry," she said, placing the pictures aside and straddling his lap. She was suddenly very turned on by his drive to succeed. Her slim arms wrapped around the back of his neck. "And I am willing to model as much as you want ... as long as you are the one taking the pictures," she said cheekily, wanting to make sure that he knew that she was only interested in him. Before he could respond, she leaned in and kissed his lips softly. Harry's hands found her thin waist, and he wasted no time in sliding them up her sides. His thumbs brushed against the sides of her naked breasts. Fleur kissed him deeper, holding him in place with her surprisingly strong grip. Her lips and tongue tasted wonderful, Harry thought as he kissed her back with equal passion. Fleur then let go of his neck and reached down, gripping the bottom of his t-shirt. She pulled it up and over his head, Harry raising his arms and allowing her to take it off of him. Pressing against him while devouring his mouth, she intentionally brushed her hard nipples against his bare chest. Fleur broke the kiss and gasped as though she was having an orgasm. She chattered something in French that Harry couldn't understand. He didn't care though. He was too busy caressing her bare breasts. Her body was trembling as each of his fingers grazed the tip of her light pink nipples.

Fleur's eyes were fluttering uncontrollably. Just having him touch her bare skin was incredible enough, but to have him playing with the sensitive skin of her nipples was a pleasure that she hadn't been able to imagine. Mini orgasms were rocking her body and severely dampening her panties with her wetness. She couldn't stop herself from grabbing the back of his head by the hair and pulling his mouth to her nipple. Harry greedily took the little, pink nub into his mouth and added suction while his tongue flicked against the tip. Fleur squealed in bliss while pulling her nipple from his lips and angling her body so that she could stuff the other into his mouth. She was tired of teasing him with her sexiness. She was tired of playing hard to get. For him, she was now as easy as breathing. Fleur was more than willing to give herself to him. He could have her body any way he wanted, and she would gleefully give in to his every desire. She threaded her fingers through his hair as he kissed all around the edges of her areolas and sucked on the tender skin between her breasts. Squirming against his crotch, she suddenly realized that they were wearing way too many clothes for her liking.

Pulling away from him, she lay on her back and lifted her long, sexy legs in the air. Her thumbs hooked the waistband of her panties, and she slowly peeled them up her legs. Removing them from her feet, Fleur spread her legs wide, showing him how wet her pink slit was. Her hand slithered down her toned stomach, and she reached between her legs. Fleur moaned loudly as her fingers massaged the length of her slit. She then used two fingers to spread her lips open, sending an unmistakable message to him. Fleur watched as he removed the rest of his clothing. When he pulled down his pants, and his big cock flopped out, she gasped in delight.

"So big," she said in a hushed voice. The amazement was clear in her velvety voice. She rolled onto her front and crawled over to him as he stepped up to the bed. Her hand immediately wrapped around his erection. Holding it flat in her palm, she ran her fingers down his length,

studying every perfect inch of him. Her pussy was throbbing just being in contact with it. Her hand enclosed his shaft, and she slowly began stroking him. She reached up with her other hand and caressed his muscled stomach. Harry was looking down at her, and she locked eyes with him. He must have seen how desperate she was. He placed his hand on her cheek and slid it up until his fingertips were tickling her behind the ear. Fleur closed her eyes and savored the pleasant sensation. Her hand was quickly becoming tired, so she added her other hand. His cock was too much for even both of her hands to handle. Harry then moved his hand to her neck. He didn't squeeze it, even though she kind of wanted him to. Instead, he pushed her into a lying position with her legs dangling over the edge of the bed. Harry then grabbed her behind the knees and folded her body in half. With her legs spread open, her wet pussy and asshole were there for the taking. He could have chosen either, and Fleur would have loved it equally. She wasn't ready for it when he lowered his head and pressed his tongue against her asshole. Fleur's eyes widened, and she instantly came. Her lower half bucked, driving his tongue harder against her hole. He wiggled his tongue over her hole, sending shockwaves of pleasure through her body. The womanly scent of her wet pussy was intoxicating to him.

"Continue à le lécher! Ça fait tellement de bien!" Fleur cried out in a thick, French accent, telling him to keep licking her. She didn't need to tell him though. His tongue danced around the rim of her hole while his hands groped her tits. As much as she enjoyed being licked there, she wanted even more. She moved her ass down so that his mouth was even with her pussy. Harry rewarded her by dragging his tongue from the bottom of her slit, all the way up to her engorged clit. Fleur arched her back and cried out as the orgasm intensified. She began bouncing her lower half and rubbing her pussy against his tongue. Harry must have enjoyed the way she tasted, she thought, because he was greedily slurping up every last drop of juice leaking from her cumming pussy. His tongue slid inside of her, and Fleur could feel her pussy squeezing his tongue as though it were a cock. After having his fill of her Veela juices, Harry kissed her clit and straightened up. Fleur unfolded her body but kept her legs spread.

Harry stepped between her parted legs and rubbed the head of his cock along her damp slit. The heat that she was producing was amazing, Harry thought as the head became lubed up with her wetness. Harry looked at her who was looking back at him. She was breathing heavily, and her breasts were rising and falling with every labored breath. It really hit him how stunningly gorgeous the girl was. Her eyes looked big and innocent and were colored with the deepest blue imaginable. Her nose was small and perfect, and her lips were pink and full. There wasn't a blemish to be seen on her porcelain skin. Harry could truly understand why she got so much attention from the boys of his school. To them, she was a fantasy. She was an untouchable object just beyond their reach. He was overcome with a deep sense of satisfaction. The untouchable goddess was spread open, offering her body to him. Running his hands up the insides of her thighs and feeling her body tremble, Harry thrust forward and claimed Fleur Delacour for himself.

Her wet slit parted, letting him in. Every centimeter of her silky walls was pure heaven for him. Harry didn't know if it was all Veela or just her, but her pussy felt as though it was designed for him specifically. The moment he entered her, her walls began squeezing him so tightly that he

was having a hard time not cumming on the spot. The noises she was making only added to the pleasure. Her ragged breathing, her cute whimpers, and her gasps of pleasure were music to his ears. Of course, he had fantasized about the Fleur Delacour of his world just as every other male in her orbit had, but that was all she was ... a fantasy. Had he known what it was like to have her, Harry would have tried his damndest to win her over in his fourth year. However, that was water under the bridge. He had her now, and he intended to keep her for as long as possible.

When he finally bottomed out, he had a hard time pulling back. Her tight pussy didn't want to let him go. He pulled even harder all the while her walls were fluttering around him. He gripped the tops of her thighs tightly and thrust back in. He couldn't stop the loud moan from leaving his lips. The mixture of scents coming from her was incredible. He could smell the fruitiness of her shampoo and the lightly perfumed scent of her body. The strongest was her wet pussy. The smell of her arousal was sending him into a sexual frenzy. It wasn't long before he was pounding her pussy for all it was worth.

Fleur's eyes glazed over then rolled into the back of her head. She had never dreamed of such pleasure. No one that she had ever been with could compare to the boy thrusting between her legs. Under normal circumstances, she would control her tightness to try and get the most pleasure possible. There was, of course, the problem of premature ejaculation when it came to being with her physically. The ones that she had been with just couldn't handle the sensations that her body would bring, and they certainly couldn't handle her Allure. The more she was turned on, the more her Allure would fluctuate. At the moment, her Allure was flaring out of control, and if she had been able to think properly, she would have been amazed that Harry could even stay on his feet.

With every thrust of his perfect cock, a lightning storm of pleasure raced through her body, lighting her nerves on fire. When he angled his cock and began hitting a certain spot deep inside of her, something strange began to happen. Her body began tingling. It wasn't the tingle that intense pleasure would bring. It was something else ... something that she had never felt before. Her hands gripped the bedsheets as her pussy choked his cock with its tightness. Fleur suddenly became lightheaded, and her face grew hot. Her body quickly followed until she felt feverish. Then her orgasm suddenly went into overdrive.

Throwing her head back and arching her back, Fleur screamed in pleasure. Her scream changed its pitch and turned into the wild screech of a bird. Harry's eyes widened as her face morphed into something that he had only seen once before. Her open mouth elongated into a cruel beak. Her beautiful face became avian, and long, scaled wings burst from her back. Fleur's legs wrapped around his waist, and with incredible strength, she used her legs to fling him onto the bed. Harry's back barely hit the bed before she was on top of him. Her hands enclosed around his wrists, and she let out a screech so loud that it hurt his ears. Straddling his lap, she dropped down on him, taking his cock deep inside of her. Her long, wicked wings were flapping lazily as she bounced and pounded her hips against his groin. "Fleur!" Harry groaned, throwing his head back. Her pussy was even hotter than before. Even her juices felt as though

they had changed. Her pussy was so lubricated that he could easily slide in and out of her even though she remained absurdly tight. Fleur pushed down on him, driving him deep. Her hips rolled seductively, working his cock like a true professional. Her breasts were swaying side to side, and he couldn't even reach up to play with them. Her grip on his wrists was that tight. Harry moaned deeply as her walls contracted around him, milking his cock. Her screeches were getting louder and more predatory. Her hips were sliding back and forth, and he felt his balls swelling. Finally, he couldn't take it anymore. Harry cried out and spilled his cum. Fleur let out a bird-like caw as her body quivered in pleasure. Her lovely tits were jiggling and shaking, and her pussy was massaging his shaft. Her body began to buck as he continued to pump her full of cum.

She sat upon him, breathing deeply. Her body spasmed while her insides refused to stop milking him. After a few moments of inactivity, Fleur morphed back to her normal state. The long, beak retracted, and the bird-like appearance of her head changed back to human. Fleur's eyes were wide in shock over what had just happened. Tired, she collapsed forward into his arms. He ran his hands down her nude back and cupped her shapely ass. His cock was still rock-hard and buried in her. " 'Arry," he heard her whisper tiredly while he slowly thrust into her from below. Her lips then found his, and she kissed him deeper than she ever had before.

## **Red Light District**

"I gave all the girls who are on your list their contracts. They all promised to send them to be signed as quickly as possible," Hermione told him. They were both in his room, and Hermione was at his desk going through her notebook.

"What about you?" Harry asked her. He was looking in a mirror while trying to brush his messy hair.

"What about me?" she asked in confusion, not looking up from her calendar. She was jotting stuff down with her fancy, eagle feather quill.

"Have you sent your contract? I don't think I asked, but how do your parents feel about the way magical society works?" Harry wondered. This time, she did look up. She turned to the side in her chair and looked at him.

"You mean about all the sex and stuff?" she asked for clarification. Harry nodded.

"My dad doesn't know. Mum thought it would be better to keep it from him ... for obvious reasons," she admitted.

"And your mum?"

"She was unsure and weirded out by it all, but Professor McGonagall did a good job explaining it all to her. At first, she didn't want to send me to Hogwarts because of it, but Professor

McGonagall explained that it wouldn't change my future. Keeping me from the magical world would only make it worse ... So much so that I might even have to be taken from them due to the risk of breaking the Statute of Secrecy. I've talked to my mum about it a lot. She's come around since then, though she was very pleased when I told her about our arrangement and that I wouldn't have to work as a prostitute," Hermione blushed.

"I sent the contract to her, and I'm sure that she'll sign it," she said, turning back around to finish her work.

"Did you tell her how sexy the photos will be?" Harry asked in a teasing voice. Harry saw the sides of her cheeks turn very red.

"I just told her that there won't be any nudity ... which is technically true," she added. Hermione wasn't one to lie. "The fact that I'm doing it as a job for you will keep her from asking too many questions. I've been writing to her and telling her how well you're taking care of me."

Harry had to smile at that. He walked over and kissed the top of her head. Hermione turned and looked at him with a pretty smile on her face.

"I plan to keep taking care of you long into the future," he promised and tickled her side. Hermione squealed loudly and threw a crumpled-up piece of parchment at him. Harry just dodged it and laughed.