

Red Light District

Chapter 22

"This room is amazing!" Hermione chirped as she ran around the Room of Requirement. Harry had pictured a library in his mind as he walked across the secret stretch of wall on the seventh floor. Since he didn't want McGonagall to think he was taking pictures of the girls in the school library, he made sure to picture a library that looked completely different.

"Yeah ... It's pretty cool," Harry replied while fiddling with the camera. With the first task of the Triwizard Tournament coming up, Fleur was busy practicing and couldn't help out with Hermione's photoshoot. They had completed the first set the previous day, but Harry wanted something a bit more tailored to Hermione's personality for the Limited Edition set. "Unfortunately, the books aren't real," he said, bursting her bubble.

"They're not?" she asked, disappointed. Harry shook his head while flicking through the settings of the camera.

"Gamp's Law of Elemental Transfiguration, remember? Magic can't create knowledge from nothing," he reminded her. Hermione pulled a book from the shelf and flipped through it. All the pages were blank. She sighed and put the book back on the shelf before turning to him.

"That's not exactly how it's worded, but I understand what you mean," she told him. "It would've been cool, though," she muttered, looking at the hundreds of books longingly. Harry looked up and smiled at her.

"I suppose it would. You ready?" he asked. Hermione's cheeks turned pink from embarrassment.

"As ready as I'll ever be," she told him, which made him laugh.

"Hermione, we did a photoshoot yesterday, and you weren't that nervous."

"Yeah, I know ... but these are going to be way more risque," she reminded him while nervously picking invisible lint from her school robe.

"Don't worry. You're going to do great," he promised. Hermione took a deep breath and removed her robe. Underneath her black robe was nothing but a teeny tiny pair of Gryffindor-colored panties. Her breasts were very perky and sitting high on her chest. It was a damn shame they couldn't be included in the pictures; Harry thought to himself as he looked her over. Hermione sat down at the desk and removed her shoes and socks until only the panties remained. Her hair was done into a bun, giving her the sexy librarian look that Harry was going for. Hermione took another deep breath and looked at him.

“Alright ... I’m ready.”

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“I like this one,” Harry stated, holding up one of the photos for Hermione to see. Seeing the photo, she blushed madly and turned to him.

“Harry! You can see my anus!” she scolded him in a hushed but determined voice.

“No, you can’t,” he countered. “It’s covered by the string.”

He held the photo closer to his face to study it closer. Picture-Hermione had her naked chest pressed flat against the library floor while reading a copy of *Hogwarts: A History* (a real book that Harry made sure to pack) that was likewise lying on the ground. Her chin was resting on the top of her hands, and her ass was sticking up in the air with her knees spread wide apart. It looked as though she was about to get fucked doggystyle. With her knees being spread so wide, her cheeks had also spread, giving them a good look at her panty-covered pussy and asshole. Harry could see the sides of her puffy, hairless lips, but her slit was covered, which was the important thing.

“Look! Right there!” she declared, poking her finger at the area of slightly darker skin. The actual hole was covered by her thin G-string, but he could clearly see the rim. Harry snorted.

“I know where your asshole is, Hermione. I’ve been there a thousand times,” he joked. Hermione smacked his shoulder. “As you can see, the hole is covered ... Or at least you would be able to see it if you weren’t shaking your ass,” he said, angling the picture a bit.

Picture-Hermione was wiggling her bottom at him, causing her pillowy cheeks to clap. The Hermione in the picture looked over her shoulder at him and winked before licking the pad of her finger and turning the page.

“Oh, Goddess!” Hermione cried out and covered her face, completely mortified by what her picture self was doing. Harry laughed and put the picture aside.

“That one’s a keeper,” he said, looking through the others. “What about this one?” Harry asked her, holding up another. Hermione sighed and removed her hands from her face. She took the picture from him and studied it.

“It’s okay, I guess ... You can see an awful lot of my breasts, though,” she commented. Harry took the picture back and went over it again.

Hermione was sitting on top of the librarian’s desk with one leg crossed over the other. Like the rest of her body, her legs looked incredibly soft and smooth. She had one arm wrapped around

her chest, and her perky tits were spilling over the top. The fingers of her other hand were gently caressing the top of her thigh while she gave the camera a sultry look.

“The more, the merrier,” Harry smiled and placed it in the keep-pile. The next picture was very erotic. Hermione was on top of the desk again, but this time, she was flat on her back with her legs up in the air. Her slim ankles were crossed and angled to the side so that he could still see her beautiful face. One breast was hidden behind her legs, while the nipple of her exposed breast was covered by two of her fingers. Other than that, he could see her entire breast. Her perfectly smooth thighs were pressed tightly together, and the crotch of her panties was stretched tightly over her pussy. Harry could see the exact shape of her little cunt. He could see the puffiness of her lips, and the slight crevice in the material gave a hint of her womanly slit.

“This one will make all the boys cum in their trousers,” Harry teased, showing her the picture. Hermione looked at it for a moment before picture-Hermione bent her knees and showed off her cute little feet.

“Heavens to Betsy,” she gasped with wide eyes. Picture-Hermione giggled and blew her a kiss. Harry snatched it away and placed it in the keep-pile.

“So, what are you going to do with the gold you just earned?” Harry asked, trying to take her mind off of all the lewdness before her brain exploded.

“Umm ... I’m not sure. There’s a new book that does a deep dive into the advanced mechanics of Arithmancy. I also saw that the bookstore here in Hogsmeade got a few Golden Owl feather quills. They’re very fancy and probably too expensive, but I really, really want one. I also want to get some of the ink that you use. It’s way better than the cheap stuff that I’ve been using. Then there’s this beautiful bookbag that I saw. It’s dragonhide, so it’s obviously pricey, but I think it’s worth the money. Dragonhide tends to last much longer than normal leather, so in the long run ...” Hermione continued chirping away while Harry flipped through her photos and chose the ones he liked.

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The following day was a Hogsmeade weekend for all, and as Harry and Fleur walked side by side, he could see a lot of excited girls who were suddenly flush with cash. Most of the girls had been photographed already, and the hundred galleons that he had paid each of them were clearly burning a hole in their pockets. They were excitedly skipping from shop to shop while lugging bloated bags full of their purchases. The dress shop looked particularly full, which wasn’t surprising to him. With the Yule Ball a little more than a month away, a fancy new dress was probably first on their list of potential purchases.

Of course, the boys looked a bit sour since they had to rely on whatever allowances their parents had sent them. Their shopping bags were much smaller and, in many cases, non-existent. Harry chuckled happily as they glumly watched their crushes laugh and squeal

while showing each other exactly what they had bought. His attention was grabbed when Fleur threaded her fingers through his and held his hand while they walked. This was something she had recently begun doing. He wasn't about to complain, though. Who didn't like a gorgeous girl holding their hand?

"Where is 'Ermione?" Fleur asked him, walking so close that their sides were constantly bumping together. "I thought that she would be 'ere with us today." Harry shook his head.

"She'll meet us later. Right now, she's probably in the bookstore with her friend, Padma Patil. Those two really love their books," Harry explained. He could easily imagine the book-loving pair jabbering away as they pawed through the shop's newest selections. The thought of it made him feel warm inside, and he promised himself that he would provide Hermione with the best life possible. This thought reminded him that Voldemort was still out there and that no one was safe, including her. That needed to be taken care of, and he decided to make it even more of a priority than it already was. The person from his former life who wasn't giving him warm vibes was Ron.

Ron and Neville were walking down the lane in their direction. At Neville's other side was Lavender Brown, who had her arms wrapped around one of his. She was probably fishing for an invitation to the Yule Ball, Harry thought. As a School Champion, the limelight would be on Neville and, of course, his date. From the rumors he heard, there were more than a few girls hoping that the Boy Who Lived would ask them to the ball. On his other side was Ron, who looked miserable. He would occasionally look over at the busty blonde with an equal mixture of desire and contempt. Harry couldn't understand what was up with him. They were in a world full of gorgeous girls who were super horny all the time! It was paradise ... if you didn't count the Dark Lord, who wanted to kill them all. As they got closer, Neville looked at him and Fleur and nodded.

"Hey, Harry ... Fleur," he greeted them. Lavender smiled prettily at him, and her cheeks flushed pink. Though it may have been the chilly wind and not a spike in arousal that made her cheeks turn pink.

"Hi, Harry," she said, batting her eyes at him while completely ignoring Fleur. Harry doubted that Fleur cared even one bit over the snub.

"Hey, Neville," he greeted him back while Fleur simply nodded. Half of her lovely face was buried underneath a thick scarf that she had stolen from him. "Hi, Lav. I'm surprised Parvati's not with you. You two are usually joined at the hip," he commented. Harry couldn't count the number of threesomes he had had with the two best friends. Lavender deep blue eyes reflected what little sunshine that was breaking through the overcast sky. He had to admit, she was quite pretty.

“Parvati is on a date. They’re over at Madam Puddifoot’s if you want to stop by and say hi,” she informed him, pointing at the ugly shop. Harry looked over at the tacky, pink tea shop and shook his head.

“Maybe some other time,” he lied. He hoped to never step foot in that place again. It was ugly enough from the outside, and it reminded him of that toad, Umbridge.

“So what have you guys been doing?” he asked Neville while Ron shot him an annoyed look. Neville held up a brown paper shopping bag and jiggled it.

“We hit the sweet shop and Zonko’s,” Neville told him, showing off his wares. “I hear that Zonko’s is going to have a bit of competition soon. Ron’s brothers told us that you’ve gone into business together.”

“Yep! We signed the contracts this morning. They’re probably at the apothecary ordering ingredients right now.” Neville nodded.

“We just saw them. They were lugging an industrial-sized cauldron back to the school,” he snorted in amusement. “They looked pretty excited.”

“They’re brilliant at inventing stuff. We’re cooking up some big plans for their shop.” Fleur shivered from the cold and hugged Harry’s arm.

Ron’s face was already red with anger at being reminded that his traitor brothers had gone into business with the enemy, but now he was forced to stand there and watch as Potter traipsed around with a Veela. He would have punched the git if he wasn’t afraid of the consequences. His face was still tender from getting burned by Potter. Even so, he couldn’t help but stare at Fleur longingly. The way her blue eyes glistened in the light ... The way wisps of her silvery blonde hair danced in the breeze ... The smoothness of her flawless, porcelain skin ... Ron was mesmerized by her captivating beauty.

“By the way, where’s Hermione? We’ve been looking for her,” Neville asked, looking around the crowded village.

“Check the bookstore. She’s likely buried under a pile of books by now,” Harry joked.

Fleur’s sneer was hidden by the scarf that was wrapped over her mouth and nose. She really disliked the cold. The gangly redhead was staring at her again. She had often seen him staring at her during meal times. One time, his mouth was hanging open, and half-chewed food fell out and landed on his plate. He was so enraptured by her that he didn’t notice when he scooped it back up with his spoon and shoveled it into his mouth. It was all she could do to keep from vomiting into her Bouillabaisse. The boy would often follow her from a distance, and she could feel his eyes on her ass the whole time. She wanted to teach the insolent little boy some manners but thought better of it. She was a guest here, and she represented Beuxbatons as

their Champion. It would have been bad form to slap him upside the head. Still, the thought was tempting.

A glob of drool dripped out of the corner of his mouth and rolled down his chin, and Fleur watched on, completely repulsed. His eyes were beginning to glaze over, a telltale sign that he was being affected by her Allure. A smirk formed on her pretty face, hidden by the scarf. Closing her eyes, she focused her Allure directly at him and blasted him full force.

“Alright, thanks, Harry,” Neville said as he turned to leave. He noticed that Ron wasn’t moving. “Ron? ... Mate?” he called out. All four of them looked at Ron. Neville saw that he was staring at Fleur, and his body was trembling badly. ‘Was it from the cold?’ Neville asked himself. Then Ron’s hand came up slowly ... like a zombie. He was reaching for Fleur. Harry wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her back a step.

“Uhh,” Ron grunted as he lurched forward for a second. “Uhhhg!” he slurred and shuddered again. “Oh!” he cried out, grabbing his crotch. Both Lavender and Fleur cried out in revulsion as Ron’s eyes rolled around in his head while his body spasmed. He hunched over, massaging his groin through his trousers.

“Ron! What the hell are you doing?” Neville asked angrily at the sight of his friend touching himself in public.

“I think he soiled himself,” Harry commented as he pulled Fleur behind him. Fleur peeked over his shoulder, hiding the look of delight on her face as the nasty boy came in his trousers. Fleur cut off the Allure, and Ron’s face cleared slightly.

“More like creamed himself ... Gross!” Lavender added, looking at Ron like he was a pimple on Prom day. She, too, was hiding behind Neville while peeking around his shoulder.

“Uhhhhh,” Ron gasped with a shuddering breath before shaking his head and ridding himself of the last of her Allure’s effect. He looked up and saw everyone looking at him with disgust.

“What are you ...?” he began but stopped when he felt something warm and gooey rolling down the inside of his thigh. “Umm ... I uh ... I need to go!” he said in a panic. They watched him run off in the direction of the castle. Neville shook his head.

“I guess ... Sorry about that. I don’t know what his problem is,” he apologized, confused as to what had just happened.

“No worries, mate. Fleur tends to have that effect on men,” Harry joked while Fleur playfully smacked his arm. Neville snorted.

“I suppose ... Anyway, I’m going to go and try to find Hermione. I’ll see you later,” he told them. They said their farewells, and Harry watched him go before turning to Fleur.

“That wasn’t very nice,” he said with a knowing smile.

“What? I did not do anything,” Fleur countered, still hiding her smile.

“I’d know the feeling of your Allure from a mile away, let alone right next to me,” he told her, walking her to the Three Broomsticks with his hand still wrapped around her slim waist. Fleur gave up and told the truth.

“ ‘E ‘ad it coming. ‘E is always staring at me and being very creepy ... so I decided to teach ‘im a lesson,” she confessed in a haughty way, not being sorry at all. Harry chortled with laughter.

“Yes, I suppose he did deserve it. The next time he creeps you out, let me know, and I’ll handle it ... Alright?” Harry insisted. Fleur tilted her head and rested it on his shoulder. He felt her nod against him. Harry kissed the top of her head. “Good. Let’s go get some hot chocolate,” he suggested, which perked her right up.

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Later that night, Harry snuck out of the castle and apparated to Marvolo Gaunt’s shack. Having never been there personally, he had to use the memory that Dumbledore had shown him in the Pensieve. Appearing a fair distance away, Harry immediately began testing for any types of traps and alarms. After half an hour of diligent searching, he found nothing. This didn’t surprise him in the least. Voldemort was trying to keep the locket hidden, and adding a bunch of powerful wards to this dilapidated shack was like putting a bullseye on it. Going up to the door, he lightly pushed it, but it wouldn’t open. The wood had swelled from rain and moisture over the years and was jammed in the door frame. Putting his shoulder to it, it took three hard shoves using his body weight before the door burst open, nearly sending him sprawling to the ground. Before going any further, he tested for magic again. The only magic he found was in a small spot in the back corner of the room. The levels were low, telling him that it wasn’t any kind of Charm or magical trap. Creating light from the tip of his wand, Harry slowly walked over to the offending spot, ducking under several large cobwebs. Reaching the correct spot, Harry looked down at the floorboards. An image of Dumbledore’s black and withered hand came to mind, so Harry quickly pulled out the dragonhide gloves that he used for Herbology. Placing his wand between his teeth, Harry slipped the gloves on before taking his wand back in hand.

He pointed his wand at the floorboard and weakly summoned them. The old boards groaned as they bowed. Harry added a bit more power, and they suddenly cracked. Setting his wand on the ground, Harry used his hands to pry the broken boards apart. Grabbing his wand, he aimed the light into the break. The rotting boards had been covering a small hole hidden beneath. At the bottom of the hole was an emerald green, folded silk handkerchief, and sitting on top was a golden ring inset with a black stone. Harry knelt down and plucked the ring from its silk bed. Holding it up to the light, he could see a triangle, a circle, and a vertical line scratched into the surface of the stone. It was the symbol of the Deathly Hallows ...

Happy that he now had another Horcrux in his possession, Harry quickly flicked his wand at the broken floorboards and fixed them with a bit of magic. He pulled out an otherwise empty dragonhide money pouch and dropped the ring into it. Securely closing it, he stuffed it into his pocket and left the old shack.

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“You’re getting pretty good,” Hannah complimented his dancing skills as she sat on his bed and watched. Susan’s arms were over his shoulders, with her fingers threaded together behind his neck. Harry’s hands were resting on Susan’s wide hips. Susan was wearing a camisole that was at least a size too small, a pair of G-string panties, black, strappy heels, and nothing else. Hannah wasn’t wearing anything at all. She was sitting cross-legged on top of his bed, and when he looked over at her, he could see her hairless slit from between her open legs. Her hands were on her knees, and he was glad to see that she was doing nothing to hide her nakedness from him. Her nipples were hard and protruding from her pink areolas like they were just waiting to be sucked on. Turned on by her casual display of nudity, Harry’s hands moved from Susan’s hips, and he cupped her big bum. “Though, I’m not sure if it’s proper form to grope your date on the dance floor,” she added with a giggle.

“I wouldn’t mind,” Susan joked, which made Hannah giggle harder. Harry kissed the side of her neck, which made her eyes flutter. One of his hands crept between her cheeks, and his fingers rubbed her thong-covered asshole. Susan moaned into his ear, her warm, pleasant breath washing over him. When the song finally ended, their movements stopped, and Susan took the opportunity to pull him in for a kiss. Harry eagerly accepted her tongue into his mouth while his hands were busy exploring her thick ass. He was so into the kiss that he didn’t notice Hannah moving until she was tugging his trousers and boxers down. Harry broke the kiss and looked down. Hannah was on her knees with his hard cock in her hand. She looked up at him with innocent eyes while she sucked on his head like a lollipop.

“You haven’t fucked my ass in almost a week,” Hannah whined as she swirled her tongue around the tip of his cock. Susan’s arms crossed over her abdomen, and she grabbed the bottom of her shirt. The thin shirt rose up her belly until her big breasts spilled out of the bottom. She pulled the shirt over her head and tossed it away. Susan stood there with magnificently perky breasts that were capped with hard, swollen nipples. She grabbed his wrist and placed his hand on one of her lovely tits. Harry wasted no time in groping it.

“And you haven’t cummed on my tits since Tuesday,” she also complained while he pinched and pulled the crinkled tip of her nipple.

“Sorry, Ladies, but I’ve been a bit busy. I’ll try to keep a better schedule,” he promised while moaning. Hannah had begun properly sucking him off. Harry grabbed the hair on the back of her head and began thrusting into her mouth and fucking her throat. As Hannah gagged, Susan turned her back on him and walked to the bed. Before getting on, she slid her panties down her

thick, smooth thighs and kicked them off with her heeled foot. She fell back onto the bed and spread her legs wide. Her pink little pussy was soaking wet. He could smell the heady scent of her arousal from where he was.

“Be sure that you do,” she moaned, rubbing her throbbing, pink clit while watching Hannah getting her throat fucked.