

## Red Light District

### Chapter 26

Ronald Weasley wasn't having the best day. In fact, he had been having a pretty shitty year altogether. While he was angry that Neville had obviously cheated to get into the tournament and didn't tell him so that he could enter his name as well, it did make Ron feel a bit better when many of the students turned against him. Now, it seemed all of that was forgotten. Apparently, surviving a Hungarian Horntail attack with minor injuries was a good enough reason to anoint him the next Merlin. All of the previous animosity had been forgotten. As they walked down the main street of Hogsmeade, a lot of their fellow students stopped and told him that he had done a great job. Every kind word made Ron burn with jealousy. Still, he held back any negative words. As much as he didn't want to admit it, without Neville, he was just another nobody ... for now. He swore to himself that this would change the first chance he got.

As time edged closer to the Yule Ball, the clothing shops became packed with students. Many girls had already bought their dresses, but as always, most of the boys left their respective purchases until the last possible minute. Unfortunately, Ron didn't have to worry about that. His mother had given him a second-hand dress robe that looked more like an out-of-fashion dress from the nineteenth century. It was made from maroon velvet and had ratty, old frills and tassels hanging from the cuffs and hem. There was no way he could wear that thing. He'd be made fun of for the rest of time!

His twin brothers, Fred and George, had gleefully shown off their brand-new dress robes that had been purchased early that day. Apparently, Potter had allowed them to dip into the joke shop fund in order to get new robes. Ron fumed, but what could he do? Throwing a tantrum and shouting at the twins wouldn't get him anything but a harsh, retaliatory pranking. What he did do was immediately tell them to buy him some as well. It was only a handful of Galleons, after all. Potter would never know a thing about it. Ron became even more angry when they outright refused.

"We got a good thing going, and we're not about to screw it up," George had bluntly told him.

"Yeah, now piss off, mate," Fred added before going back to their conversation about which one of them looked more dashing in their robes.

If that wasn't bad enough, Ron had overheard Ginny talking in the Common Room about the new dress that Potter had bought her. This was simply too much. Everyone was getting free stuff from Potter except him.

"Hey, Neville!" a pretty sixth-year girl smiled as she passed. Neville returned her greeting, but Ron didn't hear. He was too busy seething. He had no gold, no girls, nothing. Though he never mentioned it to anyone, Ron was secretly disappointed that Neville didn't fail the First Task. He didn't want Neville to die, of course. If he did, Ron's free ride to popularity would be over. No, he

just wanted Neville to fail spectacularly. Sadly, that didn't happen, and Hermione wasn't even here to listen to him complain. She was too busy buying stuff for the upcoming Ball with Fleur Delacour. How they became friends was unknown to him, but he guessed it was because of Potter. Everything came back to Harry Fucking Potter.

"Let's go down the street a ways," Neville suddenly said. "I want to visit Tonks," he said. "Man ... She has great tits," he added with a dreamy look. That Tonks girl did have pretty awesome boobs, but Ron wasn't in the mood to comment on their greatness.

"Sure," he replied shortly.

Due to Hogsmeade's relatively small size, the walk didn't take much time. Sydfeid's Sex Shop beckoned them closer with advertisements plastered on the front windows featuring sexy, barely-clothed women. As they got closer, they heard a female moaning around the back of the shop. This stopped both boys short. It wasn't uncommon for dates to turn a bit spicy during the Hogsmeade visits, and couples could often be heard rutting behind the shops. It was standard practice for everyone to mind their own business and give the fun-loving pair some privacy. Ron, however, didn't care much for standard practices.

"I wonder who it is," Neville said with an amused smile, referring to the unknown girl getting plowed behind the shop.

"Dunno," Ron replied, scratching his head.

"Whoever she is, it sounds like she's taking a big one," he joked. The girl was moaning like a world-class whore.

"Let's go see," Ron suddenly said, turning to Neville with a creepy smile. Neville pulled a face and shook his head.

"No way," he declined. "Just leave them be."

"C'mon. It's probably just Lavender. That girl lets everyone have a piece," he told Neville. 'Everyone but me,' Ron sourly added in his mind. He tried to get a date with the bubbly blonde for this weekend, but she denied him. It didn't matter how many times he whined and bugged her about it; Lavender flat-out refused to go on a date with him. He suspected that it might have something to do with the time he jizzed in his trousers while ogling Fleur.

'Lavender is jealous because I have my sights on the sexy Veela ... Of course!' he realized. 'Girls can be so petty,' he told himself. 'Didn't she realize that there's enough of me to go around?'

He decided to ask her again soon after she had some time to calm down and remember what a great catch he was. 'I might even let her take me to the Ball if she plays her cards right,' Ron thought.

"Dude ... That's creepy," Neville told him, looking at him strangely. Ron just shrugged and brushed it off.

"Suit yourself, but I'm having a look," he told his stubborn friend. Neville could be so weird sometimes.

Ron slowly crept down the alley between the two shops while hugging the wall. He kept his footsteps as quiet as possible. When he reached the corner of the shop, he slowly peeked around it just enough to see what was going on. When he finally saw it, his mouth dropped open. His little sister, Ginny, was pinned against the brick wall while being held up by her ass. Her legs were spread wide, and her panties were hanging from one ankle. Her short skirt had fully ridden up, and Harry Potter was thrusting fiercely between her legs. Ron would never forget the look on Ginny's face. It was that of pure bliss. Her lips were parted, and labored breaths left her mouth along with the slutty moans that they had heard from the street. Her big, brown eyes were locked onto Potter's, and she was staring at him with complete adoration. Then there were the sounds.

He could hear how wet Ginny's pussy was from there. The wet schlicks of suction were easy to hear from so close, though her moans of pleasure were doing a good job of hiding them. Potter's hands gripped his sister's ass hard as he thrust in all the way. Ginny's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she squealed loudly. Her body began trembling, and she cried out before burying her face in Potter's shoulder. Her body bucked half a dozen times, and Ron knew that she had just orgasmed. Overcome with rage, Ron whipped out his wand and was about to curse the bastard when Potter suddenly turned his head and looked right at him. Ron froze in his tracks, and memories of the various encounters with Potter flashed through his mind. None of them ended well for him. The skin on his face was still tender after being burned. Madam Pomfrey said that the tenderness and sensitivity might be permanent. As Ginny continued to cum on his cock, Potter's annoyed expression turned into a smirk. The bastard smirked at him while moving his hips backward. Then, he slowly thrust forward, penetrating his sister to the hilt. Ginny squealed in pleasure and wrapped her legs tightly around his waist while her body shook.

Knowing there wasn't much he could do, Ron clenched his hands into fists and stomped away with his tail between his legs. Before he was out of earshot, he heard Potter ask, "Where do you want me to cum?"

"Inside!" Ginny cried out like a filthy whore. Ron swore he would get his revenge. He walked back to Neville and found that he hadn't waited for him. Huffing in annoyance, he went into the shop to find his wayward friend.

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Harry palmed Ginny's ass tightly and released inside of her. Her cute little gasps of delight turned him on even more. The way she squirmed around his cock made it feel even better as he pumped her full of his seed. When he was empty, he slipped out of her and set her down on her feet. Ginny leaned against the wall to catch her breath. "That ... was ... brilliant," she said between breaths.

"It sure was," Harry agreed, pulling up his trousers and buckling his belt. Ginny untangled her panties, stuck her other foot into the leg hole, and pulled them up, covering her bald mound. "C'mon ... Your friends are waiting on us," he said. Ginny walked so close to him that their sides were touching. She had a very happy expression on her pretty face, and she didn't complain when he rested his hand on her ass.

Sadly for them, all good things had to come to an end. As the sun lowered on the horizon, they had to return to the castle. Very few complained because of how cold it was outside. Like Ginny, many of the girls still wore very sexy and revealing outfits to Hogsmeade. When he asked her about it, Ginny told him that most female clothing had Warming Charms enchanted into them that automatically activated once it reached a certain temperature. The students of Durmstrang were already used to temperatures much colder than the ones in Scotland, but the French students certainly were not. They were from southern France, where it was much warmer. Fleur often complained about the shitty weather, which amused him to no end.

Toward the end of the trip, Ginny left with her friends to do some last-minute underwear shopping, leaving him alone. Harry was quickly able to spot Fleur's silvery blonde hair fluttering in the breeze, and he joined her and Hermione for the last hour of their visit.

Walking back to the castle, Harry was sandwiched in the middle of the two lovely girls. "So, your day of shopping was a success?" Harry asked as he carried two loaded shopping bags in each hand. ("Are you crazy, 'Arry?! You cannot shrink enchanted silk!" Fleur looked scandalized when he asked why they didn't shrink the shopping bags.)

"It was," Fleur smiled beautifully. "I convinced 'Ermione to buy some very sexy lingerie," she teased the bushy-haired bookworm. Harry looked at Hermione, who was blushing deeply.

"Is that so?" Harry asked in a sing-song voice. Hermione blushed even harder. "I hope you'll give me a fashion show soon," he joked. He really wanted to see what she had bought.

"Stop teasing me!" Hermione whined and smacked his arm, which made both him and Fleur laugh. By then, the wind was growing stronger, and the girls' hair was whipping against their faces. They were walking very closely to him to siphon off as much of his body heat as possible. The wind was so strong that they didn't hear the sound of pained yelping until Ron Weasley ran past them. "I SAID MAKE WAY, YOU LOUSY GITS!" Ron nasally howled while waving his hands over his head. All three stopped short.

“Did Ron just run by with a bat hanging halfway out of his nose?” Hermione asked, blinking in confusion.

“Did ‘e also ‘ave a swarm of bats circling ‘is ‘ead and attacking ‘im?” Fleur chortled. Harry snorted in amusement.

“Seems our dear Ronald Weasley has fallen victim to Ginny’s famous Bat-Bogey Hex,” he explained. All three looked at each other, and the girls burst into giggles. They then hooked their arms through Harry’s and walked back to the castle.

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The following day, Harry returned to Hogsmeade alone. His first stop was the Wizarding Wireless Network headquarters. The workers there couldn’t give him very many answers since they didn’t really understand how it worked either, but they did give him one good piece of information. The equipment needed to broadcast was available for purchase from the Ministry of Magic. With that information in hand, Harry visited his trusty solicitor.

“Mr. Latliss, a pleasure,” Harry greeted the old man as he walked into his office. Mr. Latliss stood up and shook his hand with a friendly smile on his face.

“Indeed it is. Now, what can I do for you today?” he asked, sitting back down behind his desk. Harry took his seat in front of the desk and crossed his legs.

“I’d like a set of equipment to broadcast on the Wizarding Wireless,” Harry cut to the chase. Mr. Latliss raised an eyebrow. He wasn’t expecting that.

“Getting the equipment is easy. The broadcasting license is a bit pricey, though,” he began, but Harry waved his hand.

“I don’t need the license. I just want the equipment,” Harry told him. Mr. Latliss just shrugged. This certainly wasn’t the strangest thing a client had ever asked of him.

“If that’s the case, I can have a new set of equipment in a month or so. They’re made on demand, you see,” he told Harry. Harry nodded in understanding.

“That’ll be fine. I’m not in any rush,” Harry said and was about to get up when Mr. Latliss pulled a folder from his desk and handed it to him.

“You’ll be happy to know that almost all of the pictures submitted to the Ministry were approved. Didn’t I say that greasing a few palms would speed up the process,” Mr. Latliss said with a pleased smile. “Only a few of the more ... risque ones were declined.”

Harry had submitted way more photos than he intended to use on the recommendation of his solicitor, so having a few denied wouldn't hurt him one bit. Mr. Latliss also recommended making a somewhat sizable donation to the Ministry to help speed things up. Harry had gone one step further and outright bribed the head of the Employment Restrictions Office. He was glad to see that it had worked. Many of the photos he submitted for review probably wouldn't have passed the inspection otherwise. Harry's photos had walked the line between R1 and R2 like a tightrope.

"That's brilliant!" Harry exclaimed happily. He thought it would take at least another month before he heard back from the Ministry. Now that he knew how fast he could expect approvals, he planned on adding more photos as quickly as possible.

"All you need to do is select whichever approved photos you want and send them to your printer," Lenny stated. Harry smiled happily.

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"So ... What do you think?" Hermione asked with a slight blush on her pretty face. She stood in front of Harry's bed wearing a cherry-red silk nightgown that didn't fully cover her crotch. Any time she moved, he caught a quick glimpse of her taut, hairless lips tucked between her soft thighs. Harry was on his back on the bed, already naked. His hand was firmly wrapped around his erection, and he was slowly stroking himself while visually feasting on Hermione's sexiness. Her neckline was low, showing off the tight valley between her perky tits. Hermione's nipples were already hard, and he could easily see the bumps in the sleek, shiny material. She had on only a modest amount of makeup, which was the way he preferred her. Hermione was naturally pretty, and she didn't need very much makeup to amplify her beauty. He noticed that her eyes were firmly planted on his cock as she watched him masturbate to her sexy body.

"I think you look dead sexy," he honestly stated. Hermione beamed happily while her cheeks pinkened further. "Turn around and show me the back," he said. Hermione didn't hesitate. She was reluctant to tear her eyes away from his perfect cock, but she relented, slowly spun around, and showed him what she was working with.

"Fleur picked this one out," Hermione quickly added. "She bought one as well."

"I look forward to seeing it on her," Harry said as his eyes moved up her shapely calves to the backs of her smooth thighs. Harry loved the healthy paleness of her skin. The bottom of her butt cheeks were just out of view. "Lift the back of it up."

Hermione looked over her shoulder at him while she grabbed the hem of her nightgown. Holding the hem with her fingertips, she eased it up her bottom until her naked ass was on display. Harry's hand began to move faster while he stared at her cute, heart-shaped bottom. "Come lie down with me," he told her. Hermione dropped the back of her nightgown and climbed onto the bed. She crawled over to him and stopped by his side.

Harry moved her body until both of them were on their sides. Hermione was directly in front of him with her ass pressed against his naked crotch. He hiked the bottom of her nightgown up until her entire lower half was uncovered. Thrusting his hips, he slid his cock between her cheeks and thighs and slowly began to fuck her thighs. Hermione's pussy was very wet and burning hot. He heard her gasp sexily and whimper as his length sawed back and forth against her pussy.

"Seeing you in this red nightie has given me an idea," Harry told her as she squeezed her thighs together tightly, intensifying the pleasure she was providing to him.

"What's your idea?" Hermione gasped as his shaft was dragged against her naked slit. Her pussy lips were spread open and practically slathering the top of his shaft with her juices.

"I was thinking of having a few select girls take some Christmas photos for some Limited Edition cards," Harry told her while laying soft kisses along her shoulder. The thin strap of her nightie had slid down her shoulder, leaving it bare. Hermione trembled from his slow, steady thrusting and kisses.

"For next Christmas?" she asked in confusion. Harry angled his thrusts and the head of his cock mashed into her hard, swollen clit. Hermione's body bucked, and she moaned in pleasure.

"Possibly this Christmas," he told her. "Everything's coming together much quicker and easier than I had anticipated. The first batch of photos have already been approved. The candymakers are already producing and enchanting the chocolates. The finished stock is being kept in magically-expanded Stasis boxes until I'm ready for them. The packaging company I hired is printing the small boxes as we speak. I sent the photos to the printer earlier today, and they'll begin production as soon as tomorrow," Harry explained.

"That fast?" Hermione asked as her hands gripped the bedsheets tightly. "Oh! That feels really good, Harry. Keep doing that," she said in a shuddering breath as the top of his cock rubbed against her clit.

Harry blindly reached behind him and grabbed his wand. When he moved it in front of her, Hermione already knew what he was going to do, and she dutifully opened her legs. Harry waved his wand, and a thick, oily lubricant squirted out of the tip and covered her pussy and his cock. Hermione reached between her legs and grabbed his cock. Her small hand stroked him over and over, rubbing the lubricant into his skin while he put the wand away. Hermione was about to close her legs and trap his cock between her thighs again, but Harry placed his hand on her leg and stopped her.

"Yeah, things have worked out well so far. If it keeps on working, I can have at least a decent supply on the market before Christmas," he told her while placing the head of his cock against her back hole. Hermione bit her lower lip cutely as his head brushed against her hole. Once in

position, Harry slowly thrust forward and slipped the head into her. Hermione whimpered cutely as her asshole was stretched around his massive penis. He had one arm around her belly and one hand between her legs. He massaged her pussy while easing himself into her from behind. "What do you say, Hermione? Will you be my sexy Mrs. Clause?" Harry teased her.

Hermione's eyes fluttered, and a pleased moan escaped her mouth. The sensation of him fucking her in the ass while his fingers toyed with her drenched pussy was almost too much to handle. Then, two of his fingers slid between her lips and penetrated her. Hermione squealed into the pillow. "If y-you want me t-to," Hermione stuttered as the first mini orgasm of the day hit her beautiful body. By then, Harry was thrusting at a steady pace, sending sparks of naughty pleasure up and down her spine.

Her nipples were as hard as rocks, and as the silky material of her nightie lightly brushed against them, Hermione wished there was another girl in bed with them that could suck her aching nipples while Harry claimed her ass and manhandled her throbbing pussy. That thought was quickly pushed from her mind when Harry began fucking her harder and faster.

"You're going too fast!" she choked out in a gasping voice. She didn't want to cum too quickly. Hermione liked it when he slowly worked the orgasms from her body. Unfortunately, her body didn't agree. Pussy juice flooded his hand, and her insides squeezed his fingers tightly. Her asshole was puckering around his manhood as he jackhammered in and out of her. The whole room smelled of sex, a scent that Hermione had grown to love. When Harry's thumb began rubbing her throbbing clit, her eyes went wide and she squealed through an intense analgasm.

Outside of his room, two girls were passing by as she came hard around his cock. They looked at each other before bursting into a giggle fit. Being familiar with Hermione's voice, they knew exactly who had just come. The girls went back to the Gryffindor Common Room to spread the juicy gossip among their female friends.