

## Red Light District

### Chapter 34

Bellatrix sprawled on the bed, offering her body while the sheets bunched at her hips. Her knees were tucked by her ears, and her head tipped off the end, her hair trailing to the floor in black ribbons. Above her, Harry loomed, his hands planted on either side of her shoulders. He leaned in and enveloped her lips in a deep, wet, and possessive kiss. She whined into his mouth and twisted a fist in his hair.

He drove himself into her, inch by inch. Her body arched, hungry to swallow him whole. Bellatrix's pussy was hairless, pink, and as wet as the inside of a mouth. Every inch of her dripping twat was shamelessly exposed. Every girl in the room could see the raw stretch of her cunt, and the shiny shaft of Harry's cock getting coated in Bella's cream with each slow, relentless thrust.

Cho Chang sat in the front row, hands folded in her lap. Her legs bounced, and her eyes flicked from Bella's contorted face to the obscene sight between her thighs.

Pansy had kicked off her shoes and curled her toes in anticipation. She traced circles on her inner thigh with chipped black nails. Her pussy was tingling badly, and she couldn't stop herself from reaching between her slightly spread legs. Pansy shuddered and moaned softly when her fingers brushed against her hard, needy clit.

Even Hermione, who always sat up straight and stared dead ahead, let her mouth hang open. The seat of her chair was damp from the soaked crotch of her panties.

Parvati and Padma leaned together at their desk, whispering as they watched. Padma reached out and held Parvati's head. Both of them trembled as they watched Harry ravage Bellatrix's quivering pussy.

Bella broke the kiss, gasping. Her eyes rolled back, then snapped to Harry's face. "Harder," she panted, her voice raw and guttural. He obeyed instantly. He set a punishing rhythm, and his hips slammed against the upturned curve of her ass, making the whole bed shudder. The perverse squelch of each thrust filled the stone classroom, making the girls squirm in their seats.

Every time Harry bottomed out, Bella's puckered asshole winked. Cream dribbled down her crack and dripped onto the bed. Her thighs, pale and muscled, shook with the effort to keep from snapping shut. Harry leaned lower, his lips at Bella's ear. "You're putting on quite the show," he whispered.

She smiled and then shuddered when Harry hit a very pleasurable spot deep within her. "Isn't that the point?" she asked through a shaky breath.

His cock pistoned in and out, veins bulging. The girls could see the slick slide of his shaft and the way Bella's cunt gaped around him. She made a strangled noise, and her hands flew to grip Harry's biceps. Her nails left red trails on his skin. She was shaking all over.

Hermione shifted in her seat, as if she was about to volunteer for something. Katie Bell had a hand down her panties now, not bothering to hide it. She rocked her hips in time with the fucking on display.

"Look at them," Bella rasped, her voice barely more than a groan. "They have no control." Her hands cupped Harry's ass, kneading the muscle.

Harry drove in deeper, grunting with each stroke. He kissed her again, biting down on her bottom lip until she squealed. Her whole body convulsed, sweat shining on her forehead. The noise in the room had changed. Girls were breathing heavy, fingers were rustling under panties, and the occasional moan echoed off the stone walls. Every girl was staring now, their mouths slack and their cheeks red.

Bella clawed at Harry's shoulder and bit down softly. She whimpered against his skin. "Slow down," she begged. He ignored her and kept fucking her faster and rougher. The bedframe knocked against the stone wall. Bella's toes curled, and her calves locked around Harry's back. He pushed her knees further apart, exposing everything.

He was getting close. Every muscle in his body tensed, his jaw clenched, and the veins strained in his neck. Bella whimpered, "Please ..." and Harry shoved in, bottoming out so hard that Bella's whole body arched off the bed. She cried out his name, her breath catching.

He unloaded inside her. The girls saw it all. They watched her pussy overflow, semen running out in thick, milky gushes. Bella's head thrashed, her arms flailing. Only when Harry stopped moving did she collapse, gasping for air. He pulled out with a wet pop. Bella stayed splayed, panting. She wiped her mouth and grinned.

"That's how you should handle your customers," Bella preached, wiping the sweat from her forehead. The girls nodded while some of them moaned.

Harry helped her upright. She scooted back and perched against the headboard, legs still spread, and her cunt leaking and raw. She pulled Harry between her legs, wrapping her arms around his bare chest. He let himself be cuddled. He could feel her rubbing her hard nipples against his sweaty back. Bella licked the sweat off his cheek and stroked his hair. "We're not done yet," she purred.

The girls leaned forward as one, hungry for the continued lesson. Bella snapped her fingers. "Miss Chang."

Cho's cheeks burned as every gaze in the room snapped to her. She stood, trembling a little, and made her way to the front. She was already mostly naked. Only the pink, lacy panties clung to her hips, barely covering anything. Bella gripped Harry's cock at the base and waggled it at Cho like a pointer. "Ready to demonstrate your oral technique?"

Cho nodded, her eyes glued to the glistening shaft, still wet with Bella's juices. She shimmed her panties down, exposing a smooth, bare mound. She stepped out of them and kicked them aside. Her breasts were perky, perfect, capped with hard brown nipples that stood at attention. She crawled onto the bed, keeping her head low, and scooted between Harry's spread thighs. Her hands found his thighs, and then she inched closer to his cock. She hesitated for a second.

Bella placed her fingers underneath Cho's chin and tilted her head up. "Don't be shy, Miss Chang. If you wish to be a top earner, you need to prove you're capable."

Cho bit her lip and bent forward. Her lips parted. She licked a bead of cum off the head, then lapped at the shaft, her tongue flat and eager. She closed her mouth around the tip and bobbed her head, making obscene slurping noises.

"That's it," Bella purred. "Be a good whore and clean my mess."

Cho made a muffled noise of submission. She sucked harder, working her lips all the way down until her nose mashed against Harry's skin. Her hair fanned around her face, glossy and black. The girls in the audience watched in silence, save for soft whimpers and the shuffling of hands under desks.

Bella played with Harry's stomach, letting her soft fingers glide along his hot skin. Her eyes never left Cho's bobbing head. "I want it sparkling clean," she said, her voice lazy with satisfaction.

Cho moaned, her throat vibrating around Harry's cock. She sucked greedily, using both hands to stroke what her mouth couldn't reach. Harry reclined in Bella's lap, his head lolled back, and his eyes fluttered. He raked his fingers through Cho's hair and held her steady as she bobbed up and down. Cho tried everything ... the twisting suck, the tongue swirl, the deep throat ... but Harry didn't cum. There wasn't even a twitch.

Bella rolled her eyes and tapped Cho on the forehead. "That's enough. Back to your seat."

Cho pulled off, coughing a little. Her lips were swollen and shiny. She wiped her mouth and slunk back to her desk, red-faced. Bella rummaged in the drawer of the bedside table and pulled out a fat bottle of lube. She popped the cap, squirted a thick line down Harry's cock, and worked it in with both hands. The whole class watched with rapt attention. Harry moaned, his hips twitching.

Bella smiled wickedly at the girls. “Miss Johnson,” Bella purred, “You’re up. Try not to disappoint me.”

Angelina stood, completely naked except for a ring of gold around her wrist. Her body was incredible. She had wide hips and perky breasts that were round and soft, and they were capped with rich brown nipples. Her abs flexed as she walked, hips swinging. A faint strip of dark hair ran between her legs. She made her way to the bed and mounted it in a single, fluid motion, like climbing a broomstick. She knelt next to Harry and glanced over her shoulder, waiting for instructions.

“Turn around,” Bella said, waving a lazy hand. “I want to see you fuck him with your ass. You do all the work.”

Angelina nodded, not breaking eye contact with Bella. She straddled Harry’s lap, back to him, and presented her ass. It was jutting and jiggy, and the cleft was deep and inviting. Bella took the bottle of lube and drizzled it over the curve of her ass. She massaged it into her crack, spreading Angelina’s cheeks and exposing the tight star of her asshole. Harry stared, mesmerized. He reached to steady Angelina’s hips.

Bella gripped Harry’s cock and lined it up. “Ready?” she asked. Angelina didn’t answer. She braced herself, bit her lip, and started to lower. Bella held the head of the cock against her tight, puckering hole. Angelina pressed back, her face twisting in concentration. The tip dimpled the surface, then popped in with a wet suction sound. Angelina gasped, her body tensing.

“Go on,” Bella commanded. “Show us what you’ve got.”

Angelina did not want to lose her composure or her dignity ... not in front of that bitch Pansy, not in front of their professor, and least of all not with Harry’s cock buried in her ass while the rest of the girls watched on. She breathed slow, shallow breaths, so that her chest barely moved. The first inch or two went in easily enough. She could hear the soft gasps and the jealous mewling of the others, and she could feel the heat of Harry’s hands braced around her hips, trembling a little, as if he could feel the tension through her skin.

She eased down, letting each new depth settle before daring another fraction. The head of Harry’s cock had already forced her open so wide she felt like she was about to split in two. She bit her lip, riding out the pleasant sting while being grateful for the obscene slipperiness of the lube soaking her insides. Every inch felt like a foot.

Bella hovered at her left side, one hand stroking Harry’s thigh while the other guided Angelina’s hips downwards. Bella held her steady as her body began to tremble. The most embarrassing thing was how much her body responded. Her pussy was soaked, her clit throbbed, and her nipples were so stiff she could’ve cut glass with them. It was humiliating, how much she wanted it.

She could feel the eyes of every girl on her. Cho had her legs spread, her gaze hungry and jealous. Both Padma and Parvati were biting their knuckles and breathing heavily. That cunt Pansy watched on with half-lidded eyes, her own hand buried between her thighs, working like a metronome. Hermione watched too. Her lips were tight, her hands clasped in her lap, and her forehead beaded with sweat.

When Angelina reached the base, she held herself there, refusing to breathe. Sweat trickled down her back and across the curve of her ass. She looked over her shoulder and saw Harry's face. His eyes were twinkling, his lips were pulled into a cheeky grin, and he had the kind of dumbstruck expression that made her want to either smack him or kiss him. Behind Harry, Bella gave her a lazy smile. "Bottomed out, did you?" she murmured, dragging her nails down Harry's inner thigh. Harry groaned, shivering.

Angelina's ass felt impossibly full, but there was a relief to it as well. Now that she was fully impaled, she could focus on the next task ... motion. She braced herself, hands flat on the mattress, and started to rock her hips. She rolled her hips in tiny circles, as if testing her range of motion. At first, it felt like nothing moved, as if her body was locked around Harry's cock. However, as time passed, the muscles loosened and she could move. She moved half an inch up, then a quarter down. She did this again and again, until she built a rhythm. Her breath became a ragged series of shallow, lustful pants.

She risked a glance at the girls. Hermione had widened her legs, and Angelina could see her wet panties clinging to the shape of her taut pussy lips. Cho's fingers moved with frantic speed over her clit, her cheeks flushed and her eyes wide in fascination. Pansy was leaking all over the seat of her chair. Her pussy was wet enough to glisten in the soft lights, but she pretended not to care. Parvati and Padma were both arching their backs and breathing hard, a finger or two buried inside themselves.

Angelina wanted to moan. She wanted to cry out in pleasure, but she knew Bellatrix would be none too pleased with her if she did. She didn't know how long she could hang on.

Bella's voice rang out from just above her ear. "Go on. Grind on it. Show him what that ass can do."

She started to move up and down. Harry grunted each time she bottomed out, his hands digging hard into her hips. She could feel the thickness of the cock inside her and the ridge of the head. It was a miracle she didn't cum on the spot.

Bella let go of Harry's thigh and reached between Angelina's legs. Two fingers pressed flat against her swollen, needy clit. She rubbed it with slow, lazy circles, rolling the hood back and forth while keeping the sensation at the front of Angelina's skull.

"Don't you dare cum," Bella said, loud enough for the class to hear. "Not until I say."

Angelina nodded, her jaw clenched as she fought to keep her hips moving. Sweat dripped off the tip of her nose. Her thighs trembled so hard her knees nearly buckled. Harry pumped up into her, keeping pace, but never taking control. He was lost in the sensation. She could see it in the way his head lolled and the way his eyes rolled.

The perverse sound of skin on skin echoed in the cavernous room, punctuated by gasps and squeals from the audience. The rhythm grew faster and more frantic. Bella's fingers sped up, rubbing Angelina's clit in tighter, faster circles. Harry's groans deepened, and Angelina could tell that he was close. Angelina could feel it, and she could feel her own orgasm building. The hot, tight coil in her belly was becoming impossible to hold back.

Angelina whimpered desperately, but did as she was ordered. She focused on the pleasant ache, the stretch of her skin, and the wonderful heat of Harry's cock. She kept grinding harder and faster. Everything narrowed to the wet slap of flesh and the unbearable need for release as her pussy dribbled all over his balls. Angelina whimpered again, but this time, she couldn't hold back. Her whimper turned into a loud, whorish moan as her back arched violently.

Angelina came so hard she saw white. Her pussy clenched empty air, her entire body bucked, and she collapsed forward, her ass still firmly gripping Harry's magnificent cock. Her orgasm shot out in a jet, splattering the sheets and Harry's thighs, and she lay there, gasping, shaking, and unable to move.

She heard Bella's mocking laugh and the jealous, awe-struck murmur from the class. Even Hermione had both hands between her legs, shuddering through a silent climax.

Angelina's mind floated for a long, empty, and blissful moment before she looked down between her legs. The mess was epic. Her thighs were sticky, her ass still twitching, and the sheets beneath her looked to have been soaked through.

Bella sighed, unimpressed. "That was truly a pathetic showing," she said. "Back to your seat, Miss Johnson."

Angelina peeled herself off his cock as her pussy continued to squirt. She didn't make eye contact with the class as she staggered back to her desk, still twitching. The room was silent except for heavy breathing and the sounds of fingers sliding along damp flesh. Bella looked at the clock. "We have time for one more," she said, her voice sharp.

Bella's voice snapped the silence. "Miss Granger. Show us how it's done."

Hermione stood and tugged her panties down, letting them slide to the floor. Her pussy was flushed and glistening, and her labia plump and ready. She kicked the garment aside and marched to the bed.

She climbed onto Harry's lap, facing him, then reached down to line up his cock. She gave Harry a pleading look. It was obvious she wanted to impress Bellatrix.

"Would you kindly make Mr. Potter cum?" Bella said, voice teasing but with an edge. "I want to see if anyone here can follow instructions."

Hermione flushed pink, then sank down onto Harry, taking him all the way in a single motion. Her wet pussy squelched loudly. "Yes, Professor," she said dutifully. Her walls clamped around his cock, instantly milking him.

Harry gasped, his head tipped back. Hermione grabbed the back of his neck, pulled his face to her tits, and shoved a nipple into his mouth.

"Suck," she begged. Harry greedily obeyed, his tongue swirling around the sensitive, crinkled flesh.

Hermione rolled her hips, slowly building a steady rhythm. Her breath was measured, and her eyes flicked to Bella, who watched with hungry approval.

The audience watched, too. Cho's hand was buried between her legs, moving frantically. Pansy had gone slack, fingers limp, and her mind dazed. Padma and Parvati had their arms around each other's waists, squeezing tight. Bella leaned in and pinched Hermione's other nipple, adding to the stimulation.

"Faster," Bella said. "He's close. Don't lose it."

Hermione increased her tempo, slamming down with sharp, precise bounces. She was a machine. Harry caressed her wide hips and flat belly while her healthy tits bounced in his face. Sweat glistened on her forehead and her thighs. Harry moaned, his hands gripping Hermione's ass. His cock throbbed inside her, ready to explode.

Hermione held his head to her chest, gasping as the orgasm built. She worked her muscles, squeezing and pulsing, milking him for all he was worth. At the last moment, she clenched down hard and let out a sharp, high-pitched squeak. Harry came, flooding her pussy. The girls watched wide-eyed as Hermione's white cream leaked down the shaft and onto his balls.

Hermione's face was filled with pure joy. She bounced a few more times, milking out the last drops. Then she let herself go, crying out as her own orgasm ripped through her. Her whole body shuddered, and she collapsed onto Harry's chest.

Bella clapped slowly. "Excellent job, Miss Granger. Extra credit for you."

Hermione beamed, pride radiating off her in waves. She didn't move from Harry's lap. Instead, she stroked his hair and let him nuzzle at her breast, like a reward for good behavior. Bella surveyed the room, satisfied. "Consider today's lesson complete. Any questions?"

Nobody spoke.

"Good." Bella grinned, reclining on the ruined bed, her legs splayed. "See you all next week."