

## Red Light District

### Chapter 39

The Great Hall buzzed with the normal end-of-dinner chatter as dishes and food disappeared from the tabletops. Above, the enchanted ceiling swirled with shifting gray clouds.

Harry slouched at the Hufflepuff table, staring at Susan's pink-cheeked face. His right hand was buried under Susan's tiny skirt. Susan sat on the bench beside him with her ass half off the wood. She had a wide smile plastered to her face as she talked to Hannah on her other side. No one in the Hall had a clue as to what was going on under the table.

Susan's legs were spread just enough to give him room. Her thighs were bare and as soft as silk, and they trembled every time his fingers worked under the elastic band of her panties. He stroked her pussy in a teasing manner, sometimes letting his finger brush over her swollen clit. She kept up a running conversation with Hannah about a new shade of nail varnish, about whether the Slytherins were cheating at Quidditch, about how Professor Flitwick's supposed wig had definitely slipped during Charms.

Hannah didn't bring any attention to how Susan's cheeks glowed red and her voice trembled every other word. Hannah swung her feet under the table, and her face brightened from the gossip. Every so often, she would catch Harry's eye and blush. She knew what Harry was doing to Susan, and she definitely wanted some of that for herself.

Harry had gotten good at hiding his naughtiness. He'd learned to keep his breathing slow, his face blank, and his other hand up on the table like nothing was going on under it. Every time Susan's thighs clenched, he pressed his palm firmer against her mound. Sometimes he'd slip his middle finger up inside her and feel how hot and wet she already was. It never got old.

At the High Table, Professors Dumbledore, McGonagall, and Sprout looked like they were plotting something. Sprout kept shaking her head and gesturing at a napkin. McGonagall pressed her lips so tight they almost vanished, and Dumbledore just beamed and popped a lemon drop in his mouth.

Harry saw several Slytherin blokes trading cards under the table. Harry had released new cards of Daphne and Tracey the day before, and the two girls were currently quite popular, especially in their own House. Down at the end of the table, Ginny Weasley was laughing with her friends, but Ron glowered into his goblet, shooting daggers at Harry from behind a curtain of sullen ginger hair.

Harry upped his game, hooked two fingers under the crotch of Susan's panties, and tugged them aside. The smell of her wet pussy began wafting out from under the table. He began rubbing Susan's clit with slow, deep circles. She bit her lip and shuddered hard, but she never lost the thread of her story.

“... and then Lavender said he’d got his tongue stuck to a flagpole, but I saw him with my own eyes at Honeydukes. He was buying a bag of those gross jelly beans,” Susan said, and the words spilled out in a higher pitch than usual. “I told her, but she swore she was telling the truth.”

Hannah giggled. “You can’t believe anything that comes out of Lavender’s mouth, you know.”

“Unless it’s a cock,” Susan blurted, then clapped a hand over her mouth. Both girls dissolved into giggles. Harry squeezed the inside of her thigh, and Susan pressed her knees together, clamping around his hand.

Hannah leaned in close and whispered, “When can I get some of that?”

Harry smirked. “The three of us will spend some time together tonight. Sound good?”

Hannah’s blush returned, and she stole a sideways glance at Harry’s hand beneath the table. She wriggled on the bench, wishing it were her turn. Then both girls looked at each other, blushed hard, and nodded.

Harry looked down and saw that Susan’s skirt had bunched all the way up to her hips. Her panties were a pale blue, trimmed with lace and stamped with tiny red hearts. He slipped his fingers deeper, massaging her soft, slick folds. Susan choked back a moan and grabbed Hannah’s arm for support. She kept giggling, trying desperately not to give the game away.

Then Dumbledore stood, and his chair scraped loudly across the stone. The room went dead silent in an instant. Susan whimpered as Harry rolled her clit between his fingers.

Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled as he gazed down the hall. He lifted his glass and clinked his spoon against the side to get everyone’s attention. When he finally spoke, his voice was smooth and full of mirth.

“I do so enjoy evenings when the entire castle is alive with chatter and excitement,” he said. “But tonight, I have a special announcement. Something I hope will delight you all, and perhaps even distract you from your usual mischief.”

Every eye in the room, and even the ghosts floating overhead, looked his way. Dumbledore took his time, swirling the wine in his goblet. “This weekend, Hogsmeade will host its annual carnival. There will be fireworks, music, games, and ... a number of treats you are unlikely to find in any common shop.”

The news hit like a tsunami. The Great Hall erupted in cheers. Every table was instantly yelling, pounding the wood, and hurling high-fives in the air. The Slytherins tried to remain calm and composed, but even they were grinning like idiots.

Susan's entire body jerked as she squealed. She then let go of Hannah and clapped her hands together. "Oh my goodness! " We have to go!" she shouted. Harry's fingers were still deep inside her, but Susan was so caught up in the excitement she didn't even notice.

Hannah practically climbed onto the bench in her rush. "I've been waiting for this all year!"

"The caramel popcorn balls are the best!" Susan said, her voice fevered with joy. "And you'll win me a stuffed dragon, and we'll go on all the rides!"

"Sure, Susan. Whatever you want," Harry chuckled, brushing her clit with a gentle flick.

Susan bounced up and down on the bench, then twisted to plant a loud, sloppy kiss on Harry's cheek. Her lips left a pink gloss print. "You're the best," she giggled. Her eyes were dark with lust and bright with excitement at the same time.

Hannah looped her arm around Susan's shoulders and giggled, then gave Harry a sly wink. "You have to take care of both of us."

"Gladly," Harry said. He curled his finger one more time, and Susan quivered. She then bit her lip while trying to hold back a moan. Her thighs pressed together, trapping his fingers in the silky vice of her pussy.

Around them, the Hall was chaotic. Everyone had abandoned all pretense of table manners. The younger ones were dancing around the aisles, and the older ones were immediately trying to find dates.

Dumbledore grinned and chuckled, and with a flick of his wand, he sent a shower of sparkling confetti tumbling over the Hall.

Harry let his hand rest on Susan's thigh, and his fingers were sticky and warm. He smiled at Susan, and she grinned right back. She leaned in and whispered, "Let's go back to my room." Hannah burst out giggling, then kissed Susan on the cheek. The three of them quickly packed up, ready to enjoy a very fun night.

## **Red Light District**

Harry's private quarters were warm from the crackling fire that was casting shadows on the stone walls. The bed was huge and covered with a quilted blue comforter. There was a burning candle on his desk, filling the room with a pleasant vanilla scent. The best part was the sexy woman in his bed. Harry liked it that way.

Fleur liked it, too. She lay naked on her back in the middle of the bed with her arms stretched above her head. Harry hovered above her with his knees braced on either side of her wide hips.

He kissed her neck, then her jaw, then the deep valley between her tits. Fleur shuddered under his touch and dragged her nails down his bare back.

He could never get enough of her body. Fleur's breasts were large and perfectly round, and the stiff, crinkled tips of her nipples jutted out from her pale areolas. Her waist was slim and toned, but her hips were full and fleshy. Her skin was flawless, pale, and hot, and it was softer and smoother than any silk. Harry was as hard as steel and throbbing, but he took his time, teasing her with slow, open-mouthed kisses that left wet trails across her skin.

Fleur writhed under his lips, and her gorgeous blue eyes fluttered. She bit her lip and moaned, "Arry ... you are such a tease."

He chuckled, then nibbled her earlobe. "I like to take my time."

"You like to drive me crazy, you mean," Fleur said in a sexy, breathy voice.

Harry ground his cock against the soft cleft of her pussy, not quite entering. He just let the slippery heat of her folds envelop him. Fleur arched her back and moaned. She wrapped her legs around his waist and tried to pull him in, but Harry resisted. He rocked his hips just enough to rub her clit with the swollen head of his cock.

"Please," Fleur whined, clawing his back. "I need it." He almost gave in, but a sharp rap on the door froze him mid-thrust.

"Fuck," Harry said under his breath.

Fleur giggled. "You must answer it," she said. "Or they will not leave."

The knock came again, and it sounded more urgent. Harry rolled off Fleur, grabbed a loose sheet from the pile, and wrapped it around his waist. Fleur stayed naked, not bothering to cover up, but she sat up and fluffed her hair, making sure every strand fell perfectly over her bare shoulders.

The door creaked open, and Hermione slipped in. Her face looked exhausted, and it was pink from the cold, drafty corridors. She wore an old, oversized jumper and a skirt whose hem barely covered her panties. Her hair was an angry, frizzy mess. She didn't even look at Harry at first. She shut the door behind her, locked it, then flopped face-down onto the bed next to Fleur.

Fleur peered down at her with concern. "You look very tired, 'Ermione. What is wrong?"

Hermione groaned into the mattress, then rolled over onto her side. Her eyes darted from Fleur's exposed nipples to Harry's barely-covered cock, but she just sighed and pushed her hair out of her face. "I've had the worst day," she said. "Every girl in the Tower has been hounding

me nonstop. With the carnival coming to Hogsmeade, every girl in Gryffindor wants to model for you to earn some quick extra gold,” Hermione huffed. “I just want a nap.”

Fleur’s expression softened. She stroked Hermione’s cheek with her warm fingers. “You work too ‘ard. Come, tell us.”

Hermione blinked at Fleur’s naked tits, then at Harry’s hard cock. “Are you ... were you ...?”

“About to fuck,” Fleur said, very blunt. “Our darling ‘Arry was doing such naughty things to me. I thought I would faint.”

Hermione’s mouth quirked, then she gave a weak laugh. “Sorry for interrupting. I just needed somewhere quiet.”

Harry leaned over and kissed Hermione’s forehead. “You’re never interrupting. Besides, Fleur can wait.” Hermione giggled as Fleur huffed.

“I cannot,” Fleur pouted, but she was grinning. “But maybe we can ‘elp ‘Ermione instead. Yes?”

Harry knelt by her feet and gently slipped off her shoes, then peeled away her socks. His fingers traced from her ankle up her shin, savoring the silky smoothness of her leg, and Hermione shivered. She watched him with wide, tired eyes, but the hint of a smile curled at her lips. When Harry drew his hands higher and squeezed her calf, she didn’t protest at all. In fact, she stretched her toes, offering more of her leg to his touch.

On the bed, Fleur made a sound between a whine and a purr. She propped her chin on her hand and gazed at them. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were glittering. “Mon dieu, you are both so adorable,” she teased. “Get comfortable, ‘Ermione.”

Hermione bit her lip cutely, reached down, gripped the hem of her plaid skirt, and tugged it down over her hips. The skirt pooled at her ankles, and Harry pulled it free. She was now in just her pale blue panties and the soft, oversized jumper that fell off one shoulder. The sight of her bare, slender legs made Harry’s cock twitch. He let his hands roam from her knee to her inner thigh, marveling at how her skin felt like velvet.

Fleur licked her lips, and her eyes were glued to their little show. “You see, ‘Arry, she is perfect.”

Harry looked up at Hermione. His face was inches from her thigh. “You really are,” he said with a smirk.

Hermione blushed so deeply it tinged her ears pink, but she smiled and hooked one thumb into the waistband of her panties. “Fine. If you’re both going to make a spectacle of me, I’m going to at least enjoy it,” she said, and she shimmied out of her last bit of clothing, leaving her completely exposed from the waist down. She balled up the panties and tossed them at Harry,

who caught them one-handed and grinned like a fox. Then, with a mischievous glint in her eye, Hermione pulled her jumper up and over her head. Beneath it, she wore nothing at all.

She sat there naked with her legs pressed modestly together. He drank in the sight of her. Her pale skin blushed prettily from her cheeks down to the gentle swell of her breasts. Her tits were firm and perfectly shaped, and her pink nipples stood stiff and proud from the cool air. Her belly was flat, and her hips flared out. Her puffy mound was totally bare, smooth, and hairless, and her pink slit was tight and already glistening with arousal. Harry was mesmerized by the way her clit peeked out as she shifted on the bed. Below, her legs were toned and graceful, with thighs just full enough to suggest hidden strength. He found himself wanting to explore every inch.

Hermione yawned cutely and got comfortable. "Can I just lie here for a minute?"

Fleur crawled over and spooned her from behind, and her big tits pressed into Hermione's back. She wrapped one leg around Hermione's hips and nuzzled her neck.

"Let me take care of you, mon amie," Fleur teased.

Harry slid onto the bed on the other side and kissed Hermione's forehead. Hermione closed her eyes and hummed in contentment, and for a minute, they just held her. Fleur's hand stroked her tummy and caressed her soft skin. She started to relax, and her breathing slowed.

"But you're both so warm," Hermione tiredly muttered.

Harry slid his hand down to the inside of her thigh. Hermione parted her legs, just a little. He let his fingers wander up, tracing along the crease of her leg, over the silky smoothness of her mound, then down to the soft lips of her pussy. She was already slick, despite her exhaustion.

Fleur reached over, cupped one of Hermione's tits, and rolled the hard nipple between finger and thumb. Hermione gasped, then arched into the touch. "Do you want us to stop so you can rest?" Fleur asked.

Hermione emphatically shook her head and bit her lip. "No, I ... I just want to feel good."

Harry and Fleur worked together in perfect harmony. Fleur pinched Hermione's nipples and gave them a gentle tug. She leaned over and laid featherlight kisses on her shoulder, making Hermione tremble. Harry stroked Hermione's clit with two fingers, then slipped one finger inside and curled it in a way that he knew she loved. Hermione's eyes fluttered open, then rolled back as the pleasure built.

She moaned loudly, and the sound was muffled by the pillows. Her thighs opened wider, inviting them to play more, and Harry slid a second finger in. Fleur squeezed her breast and kissed her cheek, then reached down and helped spread Hermione's legs even wider. Hermione's wet pussy was now fully exposed and ready to be stimulated.

Harry gave Fleur a look. Fleur nodded, then shimmied down the bed, planting little kisses along Hermione's stomach and hips. She licked a stripe up Hermione's pussy and lapped up the wetness. Fleur then sucked her clit between her lips. Hermione cried out, and her sexy body spasmed.

"Oh, god," she whispered while her lower half bucked.

Harry moved up and kissed Hermione, and his tongue slipped into her mouth. Fleur kept eating her pussy, using her tongue with slow, expert swirls. Her hands squeezed Hermione's thighs and spread her wide.

Hermione bucked her hips and ground her pussy into Fleur's face. Her hands clutched at Harry's bicep. She broke the kiss and gasped, "Fleur, don't stop ... OH!"

Fleur giggled, and the sound vibrated against Hermione's pussy. Hermione moaned and thrust her hips forward, brushing her swollen clit against Fleur's lips. She flicked her tongue rapidly over the clit, then plunged her tongue deep inside. Her nose nuzzled Hermione's hairless mound, and Fleur looked up at Harry with a smug, happy grin.

Harry slid his hand over Hermione's belly and up to her chest. He pinched her nipple, then rolled it gently. Hermione whimpered, and her eyes locked onto Harry's.

"Please," she said in a tight, needy voice. "Just ... oh god, just ..." Harry helped her out by taking one of her pink, crinkled nipples into his mouth. He sucked hard and swirled his tongue around the hard tip. Hermione squealed and arched her back, trying to stuff more of her tit into his mouth.

Fleur responded by sucking her clit even harder. Hermione's entire body arched, and her hips thrust wildly. She came suddenly, hard, and very loud, and her pussy clenched around Fleur's tongue.

Harry felt the shudder go through her, and he watched as her face twisted in pleasure. Fleur didn't stop, not even when Hermione tried to squirm away. She kept licking, though her licks were much softer now. Hermione collapsed back, spent and trembling. Harry stroked her hair lovingly and kissed her temple.

"Better?" Harry teasingly asked.

Hermione nodded, unable to speak. She curled into Harry's chest, still trembling from the orgasm that Fleur had so generously gifted. Fleur crawled back up, and her stunning face was slick with Hermione's wetness. She smiled and kissed Harry, sharing the taste.

Hermione reached over and pulled Fleur into a hug, squeezing her tight. Fleur laughed and wrapped both arms around her. The three of them pressed against each other, and all of their hands wandered. Then Fleur said, "Next time, you must take turns with me. It is only fair."

By now, Hermione was wide awake. She looked at Fleur. "Why wait?" she asked and looked at Harry. Harry shot her a knowing look, and both of them pinned a squealing Fleur to the bed. Fleur giggled happily while two sets of hands and lips explored every inch of her gorgeous body.