

Red Light District

Chapter 9

While Harry stared across the Great Hall, the girls were happily chirping and giggling by his side. Harry paid them no mind as he absentmindedly spooned some food into his mouth. Down at the Gryffindor table, Neville wasn't looking too good. In fact, he was lazily rubbing the scar on his forehead. Harry thought back to his fourth year. It was then that he remembered the visions of Voldemort and how he always woke up with his scar hurting. It hadn't been a good time for him. He guessed that Neville had been going through something similar.

Harry felt bad for him. He knew that the experiences and the accompanying headaches weren't pleasant in the least, especially when he witnessed the murder of the old muggle at the Riddle house. As he studied the boy, Harry had a very bad thought. What if Neville isn't up to the task? Just because Harry came out on top didn't automatically mean that Neville would. Harry had a great group of friends who were by his side the whole way. Sure, on occasion Ron could be a jealous git, but in the end, he always came back to do the right thing. Harry looked at Neville's side.

Ron was shoveling food into his mouth while he glared at Hermione. Hermione's cheeks were flushed pink as it appeared that several boys were flirting with her. It seemed that her new wardrobe which Susan and Hannah helped her pick out was doing its job. Hermione's blouse was much tighter and was unbuttoned quite a bit. He could see that she wasn't wearing a bra as her nipples were poking through the front of her white shirt. 'Susan must have taught her the spell to magically support her breasts,' Harry thought as he looked at his assistant. Though he couldn't currently see it, he knew that her skirt was way shorter than the ones she normally wore. Most of her soft, smooth thighs were now exposed as she bounced along the corridors between classes. Even her hair was sleeker and shinier, and the prettiness of her face was amplified by a dash of makeup here and there. It was easy to see why the Gryffindor boys were paying such close attention to her. Ron, however, looked just as jealous as he remembered during the Yule Ball when Viktor Krum was her date. *This* Ron didn't just look jealous, however. He looked jealous and enraged. Harry shook his head. He wasn't sure if Neville would be able to count on Ron to back him up. This wasn't the Ron that Harry remembered, and he had a suspicion as to why.

He had always done his best to include Ron, and he went out of his way to avoid flaunting his money or fame. Neville likely didn't do any of that. It wasn't his fault though. Neville didn't grow up the way Harry did. Neville still had a decent family to raise him. He had a grandmother and other relatives. Neville grew up fairly normal. Harry grew up practically friendless and alone. Once he finally had some friends, Harry was going to make certain that his friends remained, especially in his younger years.

There was another thing that Harry noticed. Neville was always dressed nicely. Way back then, Harry was always dressed in hand-me-down rags. Though he never mentioned it to anyone,

Harry knew that Ron secretly liked it. It meant that Ron wasn't the only one in secondhand clothes, and his were often in better shape than Harry's. It gave Ron a sense of satisfaction that at least there was one thing that he had that Harry didn't. With Neville, Ron didn't even have that. Another thing that Harry didn't take into account was the fact that gold was even more scarce here. People earned a lot less. Even the wealthy purebloods weren't nearly as rich as they were in his first life. The Weasleys were obviously struggling more in this terrible economy. Harry had checked. All the members of the Weasley family were the same. That meant that the only females were Mrs. Weasley and Ginny. Ginny was still in school and wasn't able to legally whore herself out yet. Harry didn't know much about Molly in this world, but he assumed that she wasn't earning anything for the family. All in all, the Weasleys were quite broke. It was probably many small things like that which made Ron more angry than Harry remembered.

All of this boiled down to one question. Does Harry trust that Neville will accomplish his destiny, just as he had done? Harry wouldn't bet his life on it. He wouldn't bet Hermione's life ... or Susan's ... or Hannah's ... or anyone else's. As he thought about this, his stomach began to twist and knot up. Was he really going to try and jump in like some lunatic obsessed with being the hero? Harry thought about it for a moment before he sighed in relief. He didn't really need to. He could just give Neville a bit of help ... a bit of secret help that is. There was no need to make a target of himself. It was much safer for him and everyone else if Harry helped out a bit from the shadows. But how could he go about helping? ... That was the question. He'd give it some thought later.

Harry's thoughts about the Yule Ball made him realize something. "Hey, girls?" Harry called out quietly to them. They looked at him.

"Yeah?" Hannah asked.

"Will you girls teach me how to dance properly?" he quietly asked. The girls looked at each other and burst into a giggle fit. "Shhh!" Harry tried to quiet them, embarrassed.

"Of course we will, Harry, but where is this coming from?" Susan asked, still giggling slightly.

"You have to keep this a secret ... promise?"

They nodded.

"There's going to be a Ball held here in school during Christmas, and I don't want to look like a flouncing idiot on the dance floor," he told them.

"A Ball?!" Hannah squealed. Harry shushed her again with a glare. "I mean, a Ball?" she squealed much quieter.

"Where did you hear that?" Susan asked, equally excited.

“Let’s just say that I know some important people and got some inside information,” he told them, sounding smug. They raised their eyebrows. “Let’s also say that I did some research, and I found out that there’s always a Yule Ball during every Triwizard Tournament. It’s tradition.” The girls snorted.

“Oh! I can’t wait!” Hannah said dreamily.

“We can practice in my room. It should be more than big enough to move around in,” Harry said. He wasn’t going to spend the Ball sitting around like a gormless fool like he did last time. Harry planned to have fun this time. Sadly, he never had the opportunity to learn how to properly dance before his bout with Dragon Pox. He wasn’t going to wait until it was too late. Dying young really gave you a proper perspective on life.

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Marietta Edgecombe gripped the sheets tightly as her head tilted back. She bit her lower lip as her eyes fluttered closed. She let out a cute, little whine as her pussy squeezed the long, thick cock that was steadily penetrating her. “Harry ...” she whispered in a soft, needy voice. Her young body quivered, causing her lovely, little tits to shake. Her hard, pink nipples were stiff and aching.

“How Marietta is reacting to Harry is perfect if he is looking for the ‘Girlfriend Experience’. However, I don’t believe she is playing the part ... are you, Marietta?” Bella teased. All the girls giggled. Marietta choked out a soft cry as the head of Harry’s cock hit her g-spot again. The class was surrounding the bed while their professor was on the bed kneeling next to her, completely nude.

“If he is, however, looking for a wild, passionate fuck, then this is definitely a fail,” Bella warned. “You need to pull yourself together, girl.”

“S-Sorry, Professor! It’s never felt this good with other boys!” Marietta squeaked as her body bucked. Harry felt her wet insides continuously squeezing his shaft. It felt bloody amazing if he did say so himself.

“Yes ... Our darling Harry does have a wonderful cock, doesn’t he?” she said, looking at Harry with a smirk. The girls began giggling again. “But that is no excuse. You must learn to deal with the pleasure and properly perform for your client.” All Marietta could do was squeak as she came again. Bella sighed.

“Mr. Potter ... Fuck her like a whore deserves to be fucked,” Bella commanded. Harry smiled wickedly.

“Of course, Professor!” he chirped.

Marietta's eyes widened to the size of dinner plates. "Oh! No, I can't ... HARRY!" she squealed like a pig as Harry pushed her knees wide open and began jackhammering into her already cumming pussy. Marietta looked around and saw all her classmates watching her cum over and over. Not only that, but her pussy was making the most embarrassing noises.

"Holey Moley! I've never seen a pussy that wet before!" one of the girls said which caused even more giggling. Marietta covered her face with her hands as her pussy clamped down on him again. She wouldn't be surprised if the squelching of her pussy could be heard all the way down the corridor. Her hands were suddenly wrenched from her face. Now she could see Professor Lestrangle glaring at her.

"A whore never covers her face in embarrassment! Have some pride in yourself," Bella told her, clearly annoyed.

"I ... can't ... I ..." she cried out before screaming with pleasure. Harry folded her body in half while pounding her squirting pussy. Her back was arched and her toes curled painfully. Marietta's vision was beginning to go black.

"At least she's a squirter. That'll be worth a Sickle or two," Bella scoffed. Harry groaned as her pussy massaged his thrusting shaft.

"I'm about to ..." he started but was cut off by Bella.

"Finish on her face. She doesn't deserve a creampie after such a poor performance," Bella ordered. Harry complied. He pulled out at just the last second before a large spurt of cum hit the pretty girl right in the face. A large glob landed in her reddish blonde hair while another landed in her wide-open gob. Harry didn't stop cumming until her face was completely coated in his seed.

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It was late at night, and Harry snuck out of the Room of Requirement holding Ravenclaw's Diadem. He assumed that Neville had destroyed the diary. The rumors about Quirrell's disappearance pretty much matched up with the rumors that the students told during his time as the Boy Who Lived. He guessed that Neville was also a Horcrux as well as Nagini. He also guessed that the ring was in the same spot, in Marvolo Gaunt's shack. He would have to check about the locket and cup. He wasn't sure if they were in Grimmauld Place and Bella's bank vault or not.

Harry wished that he could just go over to Riddle's house and ambush him. Unfortunately, there were likely alarms and traps all over the little village. That's why he put off going to retrieve the ring until later. There was also the fact that Harry was still quite young and was definitely not skilled enough to take on Voldemort in an even fight. Sure, Voldemort was likely still in his homunculus form and he could probably just step on him, but that didn't mean that he didn't have help. Harry didn't know who was helping him this time. Was it Wormtail again? All that

Harry could find was that Peter was supposedly dead, and Ron never had a rat named Scabbers. Then there was the prophecy to consider. Dumbledore always said that the prophecy didn't matter, but in the end, Harry fulfilled it. Magic was just weird sometimes, and it was best to be careful when messing around with things like prophecies.

There was another problem. Harry didn't have access to any Basilisk venom or the Sword of Gryffindor. He couldn't go down into Slytherin's Chamber of Secrets because he was no longer a Parselmouth. He had checked and found that he no longer had the ability, or rather, the Harry of this reality never had the skill to begin with. Harry wasn't dumb enough to use Fiendfyre to destroy the Diadem. He'd likely end up burning down the entire castle. Until he could figure it out, he'd keep the Diadem safe.

Harry walked into his room and quietly placed the Diadem at the bottom of his trunk. With that done, he stripped down and joined Susan and Hannah in bed.

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Ronald Weasley was rightly pissed at Hermione, though he had a sinking suspicion that she didn't even realize that he was angry. She was too busy doing her own thing. The year started off fine ... great even, considering that they went to the Quidditch World Cup Finals. However, once back in school, that's where things went wrong.

He had no idea that Hermione was going to be joining that whore training class. He would have never suspected it of her. Hermione was always very shy and timid, except when it came to their studies, then she could be a raging madwoman. He and Neville always joked that she was brilliant but scary. Ron had never seen Hermione act in any kind of sexual way, which was a bit strange now that he thought about it. Most girls did, though in different ways. Some flirted while others dressed in revealing clothes. Some dated a lot of different boys, and he even heard rumors that a few girls were secretly whoring themselves out right there in school! He really wished that he could find out who they were ... not that he had the gold to pay them, he thought sullenly. Hermione did none of this ... or rather, she didn't do any of this before going to that class. It wasn't even the class's fault, Ron realized. It was *his* fault ... Harry Potter.

Harry Potter was chosen as Professor Lestrangle's assistant, a position that every boy in school wanted. Ron reckoned that he might have been chosen if the professor was smart enough to actually let him try out. Instead, she took one look at him and dismissed him. He had never felt such a harsh sting of embarrassment. He had been warned by other boys that the professor of Magical Sexuality was always extremely picky when it came to tryouts. Very few boys were even allowed the chance to try out. Ron, of course, didn't listen. He puffed his chest out while thinking of all the girls that he'd get to fuck. Instead, he was sent back to his Common Room where Neville asked, "How'd it go?" Ron would never forget the amused look on Neville's face when he asked him that.

Ron blushed massively and told him that she was too busy to see him at the moment. Neville knew it was a lie. He just snickered and went back to reading his Quidditch Quarterly magazine while Hermione rolled her eyes and went back to reading her book. He was humiliated. Not only was he dismissed by the incredibly sexy Bellatrix Lestrange who every boy wanted to fuck, but he was now being openly mocked by his own friends.

If that wasn't bad enough, Harry fucking Potter was chosen as her assistant, and he immediately chose Hermione as *his* assistant. Why he chose her was a mystery to him. Hermione was okay-looking, but there were so many other girls that rated higher on the wank-ability scale as Seamus had called it. Even Potter's friend, Susan Bones, would have been a better choice. In truth, she would have been a great choice. Ron often thought about her big, bouncing tits when he wanked at night. Then there was Lavender with her own big tits, and Greengrass with her very pretty face. His point was that there were many girls that he could have chosen from. Why did he choose Hermione?

Ron snarled when he saw her come down dressed like a Slytherin slut for the first time. Practically every boy in the Common Room looked her way, and some even went up and talked to her. Hermione's skirt was so short that her ass could be seen whenever she bent over. When he saw that she was wearing a thong, he couldn't stop his cock from springing to life. Her hair was fixed nicely, and her cleavage was exposed. When Lavender and Parvati pulled her aside and asked about her sudden makeover, Hermione admitted that Potter was the one responsible. Not only that, but the git actually paid for an entire new wardrobe for her! She had a whole closet full of slutty outfits! His hand had curled into a fist as his heart thumped heavily in his chest.

He had sat there fuming, and Hermione didn't even look at him. She didn't ask what was wrong with him, and she barely even acknowledged his existence. The whole time he sat there glaring, he couldn't help but look at her smooth thighs and wonder what it would feel like to be between them. His rage burned brighter when he realized that Potter had already been between them. Ron overheard Lavender and Parvati gossiping. They giggled when talking about how hard Hermione orgasmed on his cock during class. Then there was the gossip about Potter's cock. When he heard how big it was, Ron's stomach dropped. The news came directly from Lavender's sweet lips. She had taken his cock personally, so this was no secondhand information. Parvati giggled and talked about how he battered the wall of her cervix. She proudly stated in a voice loud enough for him to hear how she came twelve times that night and how she wanted another threesome between him and Lavender. Ron's blood boiled. Potter already had the best girls in Hufflepuff, but now he wanted the best girls in Gryffindor as well? Now Ron had to sit there with his hard, four-inch penis straining in his trousers while thinking about Hermione being violated by his ... Ron tried not to think about the size of him.

Neville didn't seem to care about it. In fact, he had congratulated Hermione on her being chosen. Hermione beamed with happiness and hugged him tightly. When asked why he didn't try out to be the professor's assistant, he just shrugged and said that he had other things to worry about. This angered Ron. Neville had so much that he didn't even want such a prestigious

position. No doubt there were many girls that were offering themselves to the Boy Who Lived. Not a single one offered themselves to the Boy Who Lived's best mate though, Ron thought angrily. Suddenly, Hermione came down from her dorm dressed like a complete slut. Ron shot her a glare, but Hermione paid no attention to him. She was holding what looked like an overnight bag as she happily bounced for the Common Room exit. Ron watched her go, his anger seething. As if on autopilot, he got up and followed her out, not even responding when Neville asked him where he was going. He kept a respectable distance, following Hermione all the way up to the seventh floor. Ron peeked around the corner and watched her walk up to a door and give it a soft knock. Ron knew whose room it was. It was Potter's private room which was located right next to Hermione's private office. He had only been in her office once, but it was enough to make him quite jealous. The door opened, and a pair of hands reached through the open doorway and grabbed Hermione by her ass. Hermione squealed in delight as she was pulled into the room. The door slammed shut right after, leaving Ron standing there alone like a bumbling idiot.

His mind must have blanked, because he suddenly found himself standing right outside Potter's door. He placed his hand on the door handle, intent on giving it a turn. Instead, a violent shock of electricity popped loudly and sent a bolt of painful energy up his arm. He cried out as his arm went limp. Ron whimpered pathetically as he scampered away. The next day, he was so worked up that he had it out with Hermione on their way to Herbology. He accused her of being a traitor and said that Potter was only interested in her to get to Neville. When Hermione whipped out her wand, Ron was actually scared for a moment. He knew that she knew some pretty wicked spells, and he wasn't keen on being used as a guinea pig.

"How dare you?!" Hermione snarled. "Harry hasn't asked a single thing about Neville ... Not even once! And if he was just using me, why would he have offered me a management job after graduation? Huh? You haven't got an answer to that, do you?"

Ron sputtered. Potter was already trying to steal her away after school as well?

"Management? Managing what?" Ron asked angrily. It was probably another plot by Potter to make a fool of him ... and Neville too, of course.

"Never you mind! It's none of your business," Hermione sniffed, flipping her hair and walking away from him.

"It *is* my business! You're supposed to be *our* friend, not Potter's!" Ron called out at Hermione's back. "... Hermione?" he called out again. He then turned to Neville who was still at his side. "Can you believe her?"

Neville shook his head and sighed. He knew that Ron could be more than a little jealous sometimes, and he should have known that he would be jealous that Hermione was spending time with Harry Potter. Neville really didn't want to get involved in their arguments. He had enough of his own problems. Thinking it best to not answer, he simply grunted, which Ron took

as him taking his side. Neville knew that the problem was only going to get worse before it got any better.

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Harry was checking over his Transfiguration essay when there was a knock on the door. Putting the parchment down, Harry got up and opened the door. He was surprised to find Ron standing there with his arms crossed in front of his chest.

“Yes?” Harry asked, waiting for his former friend to answer. Ron’s face was red, and Harry could see that he was angry, though he was trying not to show it.

“Stay away from Hermione,” he finally said with a slow and steady voice. Harry raised an eyebrow.

“And if I don’t?” Harry wasn’t going to back down from Ron, and he definitely wasn’t going to stay away from Hermione. Ron answered by throwing a punch right at his face.

Harry’s body acted on its own. Before Ron’s fist could connect with his face, Harry’s hand caught Ron’s fist and stopped it dead in its tracks. What he didn’t know was that Harry’s body was flooded with Ambrosia, the nectar of the Gods. Ron looked at his fist in shock. Harry, however, twisted Ron’s arm behind his back and tugged upward on it. Ron screamed in pain. Now angry, Harry guided Ron’s body away from his door, and he slammed Ron’s front into the corridor wall. Ron grunted painfully from the violent collision.

“I’m not going to stay away from Hermione, and if I hear about you giving her a hard time, then I’m going to finish this fight ... understand?” Harry asked. Ron only thrashed around trying to break free. “I said, do you understand?” Harry asked again, lifting up on Ron’s bent arm again. Ron cried out in agony. It felt as though his arm was going to snap.

“YES!” Ron squealed.

“Say it.”

“I understand!” Ron blubbered as his eyes began watering. Harry twisted his body around and pushed him away. Ron stumbled to the ground but quickly got to his feet. He stood there for a second looking at Harry. Harry wondered if Ron was thinking about physically attacking him again, or possibly pulling his wand on him. Not in the mood for either, Harry menacingly stepped forward. Ron stumbled backward and turned tail. He was halfway down the corridor before Harry could take another step. Shaking his head, Harry went back into his room. He was definitely not the Ronald Weasley that he remembered.

Before Harry could even sit back down, another knock on the door came. Harry sighed. “What now?”

When he opened the door this time, the beautiful Daphne Greengrass was standing there looking as sexy as ever.