

Red Light District

Chapter 27

Harry was getting nowhere on his idea of creating a magical television, not that he expected to. A project like this would take a lot of time and research. On his desk was a pair of omnioculars that he was studying. The device was similar to a pair of muggle binoculars. The magical version, however, could replay small scenes captured by the lenses. This was the feature he was most interested in. How could the device record and replay, and could he replicate it? That was a question he wouldn't be able to answer any time soon. Harry checked his watch and cursed. Grabbing his bag, Harry quickly left his private room.

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"Sorry for the extra lesson today," Bellatrix apologized as she stood in front of the female class. "But as you know, the school will be holding the Yule Ball in less than a month. It occurred to me that not every girl knows how to dance properly, so I wanted to give you all the opportunity to learn. If you already know how to dance, take this opportunity to brush up on your skills. Harry has informed me that Misses Bones and Abbott have been teaching him over the last few months."

Susan and Hannah blushed in embarrassment at being named by the teacher.

"So here's hoping he'll be an adequate dancing partner," she added and looked at him. Harry rolled his eyes.

They had all met in a much bigger classroom than their normal one. As such, they had plenty of room to dance without banging into a wall or desk. Bella turned on some appropriate music and pulled Harry onto the makeshift dance floor. "Alright, Harry ... Let's see your moves," she said, and they began dancing.

Dancing with Bella was nice, Harry thought as they stepped in unison and spun when appropriate. Her dress was form-fitting and low-cut, so he had a difficult time not looking down at her expansive cleavage. When the song ended, Bella broke free and turned off the music.

"Acceptable," was her grade of his performance. "It could be better, though. You'll get plenty of practice during our ongoing lessons," Bella told him. She had dancing lessons planned for every other day until the ball. "Now ... Let's begin!" she called out.

Alicia Spinnet was the first to join him on the floor. She paired the other girls up so that they weren't just sitting there and wasting their time. The experienced girls were paired with the girls who needed the most help. The next song was slow and mournful-sounding, so Harry had Alicia practically pinned to his front. Her breasts were pressed tightly against his chest, and his hands rested on her flared hips. Alicia's pale cheeks were flushed pink as they slowly danced.

“You smell good,” Harry complimented her as he nuzzled her cheek with the tip of his nose. Her arms were wrapped around the back of his neck, and she tightened them further, pulling him even closer.

“It’s my new perfume,” she told him with a soft, pretty smile. “My mum sent it to me. She bought it in Paris,” she added.

“She has good taste,” Harry smiled back as they danced with the rhythm of the music. “I haven’t had any alone time with you lately,” Harry reminded her. “You should get into contact with Hermione.”

Alicia blushed massively but looked pleased nonetheless. “I suppose ... if you want me to ...” she said as Harry’s hands “accidentally” slipped down to her ass. He squeezed her cheeks, making Alicia squirm against his body. Harry tilted his head and kissed the side of her neck. He felt her shudder against him.

“More dancing, less groping,” Bella instructed, putting an end to their fun.

The next dance was with Padma. The music was a bit faster, so Harry was able to twirl her around, which made her giggle. “Have you found a date for the ball yet?” Harry asked her as he played with her soft curves. Padma always loved it when he stroked her hips. She nodded happily.

“Anthony Sigmund asked me and his best friend asked Parvati,” she told him. Harry looked at her in confusion.

“I’ve never heard of him,” he responded.

“He’s a sixth-year in Ravenclaw. I’m not surprised that you haven’t heard of him. He’s pretty shy and quiet most of the time,” she explained. Harry nodded in understanding.

“You’ll save me a dance ... won’t you?” he teased. Padma smiled cutely and nodded.

“Of course!”

“You don’t think Anthony will become enraged with jealousy?” Harry teased her further.

“Not if you behave like a gentleman,” Padma teased back. Harry’s hand slipped underneath the back of her sweater, and he gently stroked up and down her spine with his fingertips. Padma’s breath hitched, and she stumbled ever so slightly.

“Then I guess we’re going to have a big problem because I don’t think I’ll be able to keep my hands off of you,” Harry joked, and Padma blushed.

“Harry!” she whined as he began chuckling. He noticed that she didn’t say no.

The lesson continued until he had danced with most girls. The ones he didn’t get to that lesson would be first in line during their next lesson. The last girl he got to dance with was the lovely Daphne Greengrass. Sometimes, he caught himself staring at the girl. She was classically gorgeous, and if she were taller, Harry thought she might have decided to become a supermodel. Harry preferred her current height, though. A full head shorter than him, Daphne always fit so perfectly against his body when they enjoyed their bedroom activities. Her dark hair and pale skin were so dramatically contrasted that it made her beauty even more stunning. Even when they danced, their bodies fit together perfectly.

“Hey, Daph,” Harry smiled at the beautiful girl as she stepped up.

“Harry,” she smiled in response, and Harry slid his arms around her slender waist when the music started.

“I can’t imagine a girl of your upbringing would need dancing lessons,” he commented. Sure enough, Daphne was the best dancer he had had during the lesson. She glided around perfectly and never had a misstep. Her skill even made him feel like a better dancer.

“I’ve had lessons since I was very young,” she said as she played with the hair on the back of his head. His trousers immediately began to tent in the front. “It’s a must in my family.”

“Watch where you’re stepping, or you’ll crush her feet!” Bella’s voice rang out. Harry and Daphne turned in her direction and saw Bella instructing several girls who clearly weren’t as talented as Daphne. Daphne snorted in amusement.

“By the way, your photos got approved recently, so the first batch should be out in time for the Yule Ball,” Harry said, staring into her eyes. Daphne raised an eyebrow.

“I thought it would take longer,” she replied. Her fingers were now tickling the back of his neck. Daphne knew how to get his motor running. Harry shrugged.

“Good things tend to happen when you grease the right palms,” he simply stated. A knowing smile formed on her pretty face.

“That’s a very Slytherin way of thinking. Good for you,” she said with an approving tone. Harry moved his hands down her sides and over her hips.

“I have the gold. Why not use it to my advantage?” Harry couldn’t help but peek down the top of her dress. Her perky breasts were bouncing slightly with every step they took. He fought the urge to rip her dress off and take her right there on the dance floor. Bella probably would

disapprove if he had. Daphne nodded at his comment. "Speaking of gold ... Have you spent all the gold you made from the photoshoot?" Harry asked her.

"With the upcoming ball, I had more expenses than my allowance could handle. I had to write my father to ask for a bit more," she said, pulling a face. "No doubt he's going to lecture me on the topic of money management again."

Harry guessed that Daphne was a girl who loved to spend. She was always dressed nicely, and he rarely saw her wearing the same thing. In fact, excessive spending seemed to be a common trait among the girls of Hogwarts. Maybe he wasn't being fair to them, he thought. With the Yule Ball coming up, everyone was spending more than normal, even the boys.

"Would you like to earn a bit more gold?" Harry broached the subject. Daphne's expression quickly perked up.

"By doing what, exactly?" she asked him as they spun to the music.

"Another photoshoot. With the cards coming out near Christmas, I think having some holiday-themed cards in the first run is a good idea," he said quietly. Daphne smelled incredibly, and without any conscious effort, his face edged closer to hers, and he lightly kissed the side of her neck. Daphne giggled and squirmed in his grasp. Her breasts rubbed against him, and his cock throbbed painfully in his trousers. She moved her head slightly to give him more room. Harry eagerly took advantage, and before long, he was nipping and sucking on her delicate skin. Her hands gripped the hair on the back of his head, and Harry wasn't sure if they were still moving. Bella could still be heard in the background giving the other girls some helpful suggestions.

"I suppose I might," Daphne said before letting out a sexy gasp when he kissed under her chin. "The same amount as before?" she asked, and Harry knew she was talking about the amount she would be paid. He nodded while his hands cupped her shapely cheeks. His lips moved down to her throat, and he heard her moan.

"Alright ... You've convinced me," she said, and Harry kissed up her jaw until he reached her lips. Daphne's lips parted, and she invited him in. Harry hummed in delight as he kissed the gorgeous girl, but sadly, their fun was interrupted by the clearing of a throat. They looked at Bella standing there with her arms crossed and her eyebrow raised. "Sorry, Professor," Daphne apologized as her cheeks turned flaming red. Bella snorted and went back to the other students.

"You got me into trouble!" Daphne whined as they started dancing again.

"Yeah, but it was worth it," Harry stated with a goofy grin. Daphne huffed and fell back into rhythm.

“You’re incorrigible,” was all she could say. Harry chuckled and went back to exploring the curves of her lower body.

“Just so you know, I’m only asking a few girls to model for the Christmas cards, so please don’t spread it around. Otherwise, I’ll have dozens of girls asking to be on them as well. I don’t have time to take that many pictures. I need to get the photos approved quickly and sent to the printer,” Harry explained. Daphne agreed with his request.

“That makes sense. The girls in this school can be very competitive,” Daphne wisely said. ‘Just imagine how jealous they’ll be when they find out I was chosen and they weren’t,’ she mentally stated with a large amount of satisfaction. Though she didn’t want to admit it, she was just as competitive as the other girls. She tried her best to be a cut above all the other girls, and the fact that Harry had chosen her as one of only a few really stroked her ego.

“It’s not only competitiveness,” Harry said. “If they find out about another round of photoshoots, they’ll want the extra gold. I’m not sure if you’ve noticed it, but the girls in this school spend gold as fast as they get it. During the last Hogsmeade trip, there wasn’t a girl without a fully loaded shopping bag in her hand. Many had two bags. One girl was lugging around five!” Harry stated with incredulity. Daphne couldn’t help but giggle.

“It is a talent many girls possess, but you must understand that many of them have very little gold. You paid well for our pictures, and suddenly, having ample spending money was an opportunity too tempting to pass up. There’s no doubt in my mind that you’ll have a lot of them asking to model again. There’s really no other opportunity to earn gold as a student,” Daphne explained.

“I suppose you’re right about that. Anyway, meet me in my room after class tomorrow, and we’ll get the pictures done before dinner,” Harry told her, and Daphne agreed.

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Fleur was messing with the camera when someone knocked on the door. Harry got up from his desk and answered it. “Hey, Daphne,” Harry greeted her and invited her in.

“Hey,” she replied and looked around the room. The room looked mostly the same as the last time she had been there. The only difference was the area in front of the fireplace. There were tasteful Christmas decorations around the fireplace and three large stockings hanging from the mantel. A white, shaggy rug was on the floor in front of the fireplace. She guessed that this was where the pictures would be taken. Daphne then turned her attention to Fleur.

Every time she caught sight of the Veela, Daphne would get annoyed. It wasn’t fair that a girl could be that beautiful, Daphne thought. That sentiment was especially true that day. Fleur was wearing a red, silk babydoll that did nothing to hide her considerable assets. Just like the last time she had her photos taken, Fleur appeared to be the one who would take them. Daphne

jumped slightly when a hand touched her shoulder. She spun around and found Harry with a red bra and panty set in his hand. "Here you go," he said, handing them to her. "You're going to be solo at first, and then we'll take some of you and Fleur together. Is that okay?" he asked her. Daphne nodded and gave her consent.

"We're going to shoot it right here?" she asked, pointing at the rug.

"Yeah. I want to give it a festive look. Go ahead and change," he told her and returned to his desk.

Daphne sat on his bed and removed her shoes and socks. She then stood up, reached behind her back, and unbuttoned her skirt. It slid down her thighs, and she kicked it off her foot. Her blouse was then unbuttoned, and she shrugged it off her shoulders. With only her bra and panties on, she looked over at Harry. He was busy reading over a letter, which slightly disappointed her. Daphne wanted his eyes on her. Soon after, Daphne fully stripped down and put on the new set of underwear. Harry had an incredible knack for picking clothes that fit her body perfectly. The panties were quite small and lacy. If she had had any pubic hair, it would have been visible through the front of them. Looking at her breasts in the mirror, she saw that the new bra offered little protection as well. Her nipples were visible through the tightly-meshed lace fabric. The bra was also small and showed off the majority of her cleavage. "Let me check your makeup," Daphne heard from the side.

"Sure," she replied to Fleur. She and Fleur weren't particularly close since they barely had any contact with one another, but she found the French girl pleasant enough ... if, of course, you didn't count the jealousy over her stunning good looks. As Fleur added a small amount of blush to her cheeks, Harry joined them and whistled appreciatively.

"You girls look great!" he complimented them with a happy smile. Daphne smiled back as his eyes roamed down her breasts and over her smooth legs.

"Merci!" Fleur giggled and grabbed the large camera. "Are you ready to begin?" she asked him.

"Yep. Let me just get the lights," Harry replied. He then flicked his wand at the fireplace, and it burst into flames. He then lowered the lights in the room. Daphne had to admit the change in lighting gave the whole scene a much more intimate feel. Fleur then aimed the camera at the empty set and studied the scene.

"'Arry? Can you move the Christmas tree a little further away? I want to see only a small portion of it at the edge of the photos. Otherwise, it will pull the attention away from us," she said, turning the camera to the side to study it in portrait view. Harry nodded and levitated the tree and fake gifts underneath to the side until Fleur was satisfied. Then, they got down to business.

Harry happily watched as Fleur instructed Daphne on how to pose. His eyes were constantly switching between Daphne's perky breasts and the bottom of Fleur's butt cheeks which weren't

fully hidden by her short babydoll lingerie. Unfortunately, he was forced to look away when Fleur called out to him.

“What was that?” he asked, not hearing what she had just said.

“I said give me the Santa hat,” she repeated herself and held out her hand.

“Oh,” he lamely replied and grabbed the two Santa hats from the top of his desk. He handed one to her, and Fleur leaned in and gently placed it on Daphne’s head, taking care not to ruin her hair.

“Perfect!” Fleur chirped happily. “Now, Daphne, sit on the armchair and cross one leg over the other ... and lose the bra,” Fleur ordered. Like a good model, Daphne didn’t question her vision. She simply reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. It went slack on her chest, and she pulled it from her feminine shoulders. Harry watched eagerly as her breasts were exposed. Daphne was clearly worked up from all the intimate modeling. Her nipples were hard enough to cut glass, Harry reckoned. Daphne did as she was told, sat down on the thick, comfy armchair, and crossed her legs. “The other leg,” Fleur corrected her as she grabbed one of the fake, wrapped gifts from under the tree. She then placed it on Daphne’s lap. It was just large enough to cover her nipples from view, though plenty of cleavage was still visible. A few dozen pictures were taken before Daphne stood up and dropped her panties. Fleur then ordered her to lay on the rug on her side.

From Harry’s angle, he could see her damp slit pressed tightly together between her thighs. From Fleur’s, all the good parts of her were hidden from the camera’s view. Daphne, of course, looked amazing lying there naked while wearing only a Santa hat. Her arm was covering her breasts, and her thigh hid her smooth mound. Her bare hip would inform everyone that she wasn’t wearing a stitch of clothing. Daphne was a natural at modeling. Every expression she gave was sensual. “Alright ... You take over,” Fleur suddenly said, holding out the camera for him to take. Harry took the camera, and Fleur immediately grabbed the hem of her babydoll and lifted it over her head, revealing her completely nude body. Her big breasts spilled out the bottom and merrily jiggled around, tempting him with their sexiness. She smirked when she realized that he was unapologetically checking her out. She blew him a kiss and giggled before snatching the other Santa hat from his grasp. Putting it on her head, she got on the rug and sank to her knees.

Fleur crawled behind Daphne and wrapped her arms around her. One arm covered Daphne’s nude tits while the other snaked around her slim belly. “Keep your thighs closed,” Harry told Daphne for the sake of the photos, though in reality, he wanted her to do anything but. Fleur rested her chin on Daphne’s bare shoulder and shot him a sexy look. Harry took the next set of photos with a raging erection.

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“These photos are going to come out really good,” Harry said as he placed the camera on his desk. He felt Daphne come up behind him. Fleur had to go back to her school’s carriage to change before dinner started. Daphne rested her lips against his shoulder.

“You think so?” she asked as her arms slipped around his waist from behind. Harry turned around and found that she hadn’t put her clothes back on.

“How could they not be?” Harry teased. “I had two of the sexiest girls in school straddling each other.” Daphne smiled up at him and ran her fingers down his forearm. She liked it when he complimented her looks. She then reached lower and groped his groin. Daphne giggled when she felt how hard he was.

“I’m glad you liked it,” she smiled sexily at him while massaging his throbbing cock through his trousers.

“Daph ...” Harry groaned, and she grabbed his wrist and pulled his hand between her legs. His fingers found her wet folds, and he began playing with her clit. “We’ve only got ten minutes before dinner.”

Daphne gasped and shuddered as his fingers rubbed between her lips. Two of his fingers then entered her and curled in a way that felt really good to her. “We better hurry then,” she teased and pulled away from him. Daphne walked to the bed, swaying her hips the entire time. Her heart-shaped ass bounced from side to side while her cheeks jiggled wonderfully. As she crawled onto the bed, she put her Santa hat back on and looked over her shoulder. She then wiggled her ass and reached between her legs. Two of her fingers spread her lips apart, revealing her pink insides to him. Unable to refuse such a request, Harry quickly disrobed and joined her on the bed. He didn’t waste a second. Both of them moaned when his thick cock spread her lips and sank deep within her. Her walls were incredibly snug and warm, and he could feel them jerking his cock. Daphne was obviously already close to orgasm. “Fuck me fast and hard,” she ordered while pressing her chest against the bed.

Harry did just that. His hands gripped her hips roughly, and he began thrusting like a man possessed. Before she could blink, her cheeks were clapping against his hips as he furiously thrust into her. Daphne whimpered into the bed and gripped the sheets tightly as Harry shaped her pussy to better fit his impressive girth. When her pussy began making wet noises, Daphne couldn’t stop the blush from creeping to her cheeks. The sounds were extremely lewd, and she wondered if the other girls were just as embarrassed by them as she was. Professor Lestrangle told them that they shouldn’t be. She said that men liked the sound of a wet pussy being fucked. It made them feel more manly knowing the girl they were fucking was getting wet for them. With her future as a high-class whore practically set in stone, Daphne wondered if she would get wet for other men as she did with Harry. She never got as wet for the other boys she had been with. Her thoughts were momentarily cut short when Harry angled his thrusts and pounded against her g-spot. Daphne’s back arched violently, and she cried out as her pussy clamped down on

his pistoning cock. It only took a few more thrusts before her pussy began milking him of every drop of cum he had.