

Red Light District

Chapter 31

“Hurry up! I want to see them!” Harry heard from the other room. He rolled his eyes and gathered up the large stack of photos. When he left the darkroom, he found Padma patiently sitting on the bed with one leg crossed over the other. Harry took a quick second to appreciate the silky smoothness of her shapely legs. Parvati was on her feet, pacing back and forth and waiting for him to finish. “Finally!” Parvati said excitedly when she saw him.

“Patience is a virtue, my dear,” Harry told her as he walked to the bed. Parvati skipped over to him, causing her naked breast to bounce around.

“Parvati knows nothing about virtue,” Padma giggled and scooted a bit to her left to give him room to sit down.

“That’s the truth,” Harry joked and sat down next to her. Padma leaned in and pressed her naked breasts against his arm. Her hard nipples rubbed against his skin, and he was sure she was doing it on purpose ... not that he minded, of course.

“Enough teasing. Let me see them!” Parvati declared, sitting on his other side. Like Padma, she leaned in and pressed her breasts against his bicep. Her nipples were as hard as rocks as well. Both girls were still in their extremely skimpy underwear. The back of their panties was nothing more than a thin string hidden between their pillowy cheeks. The front was a tiny triangle that barely covered their swollen clits. They hadn’t bothered putting their clothes back on after the photoshoot. Unfortunately, Fleur couldn’t be here to help him take the photos. She was out training for the Second Task. She still had roughly two months, but she didn’t want to put it off. Harry fully supported her choice and planned on helping her as much as possible.

“Alright ... Hold your horses,” Harry said and then showed them the first picture. Parvati shook her head. Clearly, it wasn’t to her liking.

“I don’t like that one. My butt doesn’t look very good,” she told him. Harry flipped to the next photo. “That one’s a bit better, but my pose doesn’t look right.” Harry sighed. He had a feeling she might be a handful. “What?” she asked. “Look at my arm. It’s bent all funny!”

“What about this one?” Harry asked, showing them the picture. Parvati was wearing a tiny pair of black panties, and Padma was in an equally small pair of white ones. They were both topless and hugging while on their knees on the bed. Their breasts were pressed together, hiding their nipples from view. They were cheek to cheek and looking at the camera with sultry expressions on their lovely faces. Their long, thick hair cascaded down their nude backs, but he made sure it wasn’t covering their tight, round asses. The only pieces of clothing that could be seen were the thin strings sitting low on each of their hips.

"I like it!" Padma happily stated. She had crept behind Harry's back and was hugging him from behind. Her head was right next to his, with her chin resting on his shoulder. Harry could smell the sweet scent of her shampoo, and it made his cock strain in his trousers.

"Me too! I look hot!" Parvati declared as she studied the photo closer. Parvati and Padma in the picture smirked and then looked at Harry. Photo Parvati blew him a kiss while Photo Padma slowly dragged her pink tongue along her upper lip and shot him a look of pure lust. Harry winked back at the photo, and they giggled happily.

"You're such a flirt, Harry," Padma giggled and turned her head and kissed his cheek. She flicked her tongue against his skin and nuzzled his cheek with the tip of her cute nose. Harry smiled and reached behind him, squeezing her ass. Padma wiggled her bottom against his palm while Parvati caressed his thigh.

"I'm going to use this one as well," Harry said at the next picture. Parvati and Padma were side by side on the bed with their chests flat against the mattress, their knees spread apart, and their asses high in the air. Both of them were bouncing their hips, causing their thick cheeks to clap together.

"I'm sure the guys will like that one," Parvati happily giggled in agreement.

They spent the next half an hour going over every single picture until they had chosen the ones they liked. "I'll get these to the Ministry for approval once the rest of the photoshoots are finished," he told them.

"I can't wait," Parvati squealed. "So many guys have asked me out since the cards were released. I wonder how many will want to date me when they see these?" she asked with a dreamy expression.

"You know, there are more important things than dating," Padma reminded her, seemingly forgetting that she had her hands up Harry's shirt and was freely feeling up his muscles.

"Pffft," Parvati sputtered as though she couldn't believe what she had just heard. "Maybe to you, but I enjoy being desired," she readily admitted.

"So do I, but it's not the most important thing in the world," Padma countered while pulling Harry's t-shirt over his head. She tossed it away, leaned down, and kissed his shoulder. "I guess some of us just have better control of our hormones," she added while her hand groped the crotch of his jeans. Parvati snickered and stood up.

"Yeah, you clearly have excellent control," she sarcastically stated and unbuttoned Harry's jeans. She tugged them off and dropped to her knees right between his parted legs. Parvati smiled prettily at him and wrapped her hand around his thick length. Padma didn't even hear

her. She was too busy moving her lips over his neck and around his cheek. She found his lips and shoved her tongue down his throat as Parvati began tugging on his meat.

Harry moaned into Padma's mouth when he felt Parvati's lips touch his head. She wrapped her full, pink lips around it and sucked it like a lollipop. Meanwhile, Harry pushed Padma's panties down her hips, and she responded by pulling them the rest of the way off. She then grabbed Harry's hand and shoved it between her legs. Her pussy was wet and burning hot, and he teased her by lightly running his fingers down her slit. "Ohh!" Padma gasped. "That feels wonderful," she said through a shuddering breath.

His fingers glided across her slick folds, and Padma spread her legs wider, inviting him in. Down below, Parvati was giving him a blowjob-handjob combo while massaging his balls with her free hand.

"Mmm, you taste so good!" Parvati moaned and pressed her lips to the underside of his head. Her tongue wiggled around, tickling his cock and making it jump in her hand. She giggled hard when she felt it jerk against her palm. "You like that, huh?" she teased, looking up at him. Harry broke the kiss and looked down at her.

"You know I do," Harry moaned as her hand continued to work him. Parvati smiled proudly and began sucking on the head again. He felt her warm, wet tongue swirling all around it.

"Harrry," Padma called out to him in an aroused voice. He looked at her, and she dropped down with her back on the bed, her legs bent, and her knees to the ceiling, facing his side. Her knees opened wide, and he saw her light brown skin glistening with wetness. Her inner lips were just barely peaking out from between her hairless outer lips, and they were shiny with wetness. A line of arousal led from her opening, down to her puckered hole. Harry placed his hand on her knee and slowly edged it down her smooth inner thigh. Padma cutely bit her lower lip and squirmed in place. He could smell how aroused she was. The heady scent of her wet pussy was making his head swim. Harry loved how soft and delicate her skin was, and it goosebumped when his hand neared the junction of her legs. Parvati didn't seem to like the fact that he was paying more attention to Padma rather than her. She removed her hand from the base of his cock and set both of her hands on his spread thighs. She then pushed her head all the way down, taking him completely down her throat.

With his free hand, he reached between his legs and threaded his fingers through her thick, black hair. He made sure not to pull on her hair as he gently guided her head up and down. "You're getting really good at this," Harry complimented her with a moan. Parvati seemed to take this to heart. She started bobbing her head faster while keeping her full, damp lips wrapped firmly around him. "That's good," Harry shuddered when she remembered to use her tongue. She kept the flat of her tongue pressed against the underside of his shaft, which felt really good.

Padma wasn't one to lose out to anyone, especially Parvati. When his fingers brushed against her opening, she grabbed his wrist and slid her hips down until his finger penetrated her. He

instantly felt her silken walls tighten around it. Harry pulled his hand back and then slipped another finger inside. Two of his fingers were now being squeezed by her tight muscles. Her walls were incredibly slick and hot, and he couldn't wait to slip his cock inside. Padma was holding onto his forearm, keeping his hand in place as she rolled her hips and fucked herself on his fingers.

Harry watched as Padma rolled her hips and arched her back. Her lovely lips were slightly parted, and deep, ragged breaths left them. Her dainty hands slid up her smooth, toned belly and onto her incredibly perky tits. Her fingers tightened, and she roughly gripped her breasts, squeezing and kneading them. "Deeper, Harry," Padma begged as her beautiful brown eyes fluttered. Her dark nipples were fully hard, and the stiff, crinkled tips jutted out from her galleon-sided areolas. Each one of her thin fingers brushed against the hardened tips, and she finished it off by pinching and pulling them. Her nipples stretched away from her body, making Padma gasp and clench her pussy around his fingers. Harry did as she asked and pushed his hand harder against her naked crotch. His fingers dug deep, and he curled them in the exact right spot to hit her most pleasurable place. Padma squealed and bucked her hips when he started stimulating her g-spot. Juices were rolling down his palm and forearm, and every thrust of his fingers produced a wet squelching sound. Suddenly, Parvati pulled away from his cock, and when he looked down, she was breathing heavily and stroking his shaft.

Looking up at him with a lustful look in her eyes, Parvati stood up and straddled his lap. She leaned forward and softly kissed his lips as she lifted her bottom. He felt her hand grab his shaft and slide his head along the length of her soaking wet slit. When the head was right below her opening, she slowly sank down, and her insanely tight pussy stretched around his girth. Parvati whimpered as she was stretched to the limit, and then sighed when her ass came to rest on his thighs. "I can't get over how big you are," she shuddered and wrapped her arms around the back of his neck. "You're going to ruin my pussy for all other men."

Harry chucked and lightly dragged his fingernails up her spine, making her tremble with need. He could already feel her pussy pulsating around him. "If they can't fill you up properly, then they don't deserve to have this gorgeous body," he replied, moving his hand back down her spine and onto her bare ass. His fingers dipped into the crack of her ass, and he easily found her tight, puckered hole. Parvati moaned when he traced the rim of her hole, and her arousal-slickened walls clutched his shaft.

Her hips began slowly rolling back and forth, and Harry could feel every inch of her tight, wet walls sliding up and down his shaft. Parvati's eyes fluttered, and her cheeks were flushed. Leaning in, she rested her forehead against his and whimpered as the head of his cock repeatedly mashed into her g-spot. Beside him, Padma clawed at the bedsheets as her pussy sucked on his fingers. He could tell she was close to cumming. He slid his two fingers all the way in, curled them, and pressed his thumb against her hard, swollen clit. His thumb wiggled from side to side, flicking over her hard bead and sending her into a sexual frenzy. Padma squealed and bucked her hips while her inner walls fluttered hard around his fingers.

Parvati cried out and started bouncing harder. It wasn't long before she was hopping up and down and driving her pussy onto his cock. The clapping of her cheeks hitting his thighs nearly drowned out the wet sounds Padma's pussy was making. Parvati then impaled herself fully on him and rolled her hips in a circle, massaging his cock with her scalding depths. Her face was buried in his neck, and she tickled his skin with her wiggly tongue. However, that wasn't good enough for her. Her lips traveled up his neck and over his chin. When she reached his lips, she dragged her tongue along the length of them, silently telling him what she wanted. Harry answered by putting his lips to hers, and Parvati responded by opening her mouth. Her talented tongue flicked against his as their lips danced, and she moaned into his mouth when the tip of his fingers tickled her tightest hole. She squeaked into his mouth, and her pussy tightly clenched.

"Oh!" she gasped with a pleased moan. "I'm almost there!"

At that exact moment, Padma squealed loudly, and suddenly, both Harry and Parvati were drenched with a massive squirt of Padma's pussy juice. Harry continued playing with her clit as she spasmed and thrashed in pleasure. Padma's legs snapped shut when her pussy became too sensitive. Harry pulled his fingers from her and wrapped his arms around Parvati's slim waist. Rolling her over, he lay her down on her back and furiously thrust into her. Her pussy gripped him so tightly that he knew he couldn't hold on much longer. Thankfully, Parvati arched her back and cried out to the heavens as she experienced her own powerful orgasm.

Harry hooked his arms underneath the backs of her knees and folded her body in half. His hips smacked loudly into the backs of her thighs as he pounded her for all she was worth. Parvati choked out a high-pitched moan while her toes curled in pleasure. A large wet spot formed underneath her as her pussy gushed juice. When he couldn't hold on any longer, Harry pushed his hips forward and penetrated her to the hilt. His balls pulsated, and he unleashed a torrent of cum into her orgasming pussy. Slowly, he moved his hips back and forth, relishing in the sensation of her silky walls milking him dry. Cum overflowed from her quivering cunt and dribbled down over her asshole. Harry sighed in relief when she had finally drained him dry. He rolled off of her and flopped onto the bed next to her. Parvati was still spasming through her orgasm, and she rolled onto her side and cuddled up next to him. "That was brilliant," Harry huffed as he tried to catch his breath.

"You're telling me," Parvati agreed as she lay soft kisses along his chest and shoulder. Harry turned his head when Padma moved. He watched as she crawled between his legs and took his semi-erect cock into her mouth. Her lips wrapped tightly around it, and her tongue wiggled around the head. As soon as she started sucking, he was back to full mast. "She's such a slut," Parvati giggled and nuzzled up to him.

"It's what I like best about her," Harry joked, which made Parvati giggle even harder.

Red Light District

“Go to your room and wait for your father to arrive. I’m sure he wants to give you a piece of his mind,” Molly Weasley told her son. They had just come back from a hearing with the Hogwarts Board of Governors. Thankfully, she had successfully pleaded her son’s case, and he avoided any drastic consequences. Instead of an outright expulsion, he was suspended for two weeks and would remain on probation for a period of one year. All in all, Molly considered him very lucky. “Punching a professor,” she huffed in anger. “What were you thinking?!”

“That greasy git deserved it! You should hear the way he talks to me,” Ron argued his case. His arms were crossed over his chest in a defensive position, and he was shooting his mother a scowl. Molly wasn’t having any of it.

“That’s not an excuse!” she practically shouted. “You need to straighten up your act. Imagine what your life would be like if you were to get expelled from Hogwarts? No respectable business will hire you,” she spoke truthfully. Ron snorted derisively.

“Please,” he sarcastically began. “I’ll just work with Fred and George,” he told her. Molly’s face scrunched up in confusion.

“Fred and George?” she asked.

“Yeah ... Their joke shop,” Ron told her. He was sure Fred and George would make him the manager if he asked. He was sure he could do a better job than them. Ron had an excellent mind for business ... at least that was what he had been telling himself.

“They don’t have a joke shop,” she countered, and Ron shook his head.

“Not yet, but they went into business with that piece of shit, Harry Potter,” Ron practically snarled at the sound of Harry’s name.

“Watch your language!” Molly shot back with a glare. As for the twins, that was news to her. “Now, what’s this about going into business with Harry Potter?” she asked him. Ginny had sent her multiple letters about this Harry Potter guy. Apparently, he was in the process of opening a business in the Red Light District of Diagon Alley, and he wanted to sign Ginny to a contract. Ginny asked her if she would agree to meet with him over the summer to discuss it. Molly agreed, though she was unsure what would come of it. A lot of guys made silly promises that never ended up panning out. Just look at her husband. Arthur had promised her a lot of things if she agreed to quit working at Milkies so she could focus on having a family. Those promises came to nothing. The family was just as broke as before. Still, she would listen to this Harry Potter fellow and hear what he had to say.

“Fred and George signed a contract with him to open a joke shop after they graduate. Potter gave them a ton of gold to start inventing joke items. I’m sure I can make a bunch of money if I work there. Fred and George are already selling Potter’s Chocolate Frog cards, and they always sell out quickly. I’m sure I could sell them way better than they can, but they won’t give me any

to prove it. Can you tell them to give me some so I can start earning some gold, too?" Ron asked his mum.

Many thoughts began circulating through Molly's mind. If what Ron had just said was true, then Harry Potter might not just be talking out of his ass. He might have the gold to back up his words. 'This could potentially be really good for Ginny,' Molly thought as she rubbed her chin.

"Mum?" Ron called out to her when she hadn't spoken. Molly snapped out of her thought process and turned to her idiot son.

"Stop bothering your brothers and go to your room. I'll send your father up once he gets home," she authoritatively told him. Ron huffed and mumbled under his breath as he stomped his way up the stairs. Molly forgot all about him as soon as he was gone. She went straight to her room and grabbed a bottle of ink, a quill, and a piece of parchment from the drawer of the bedside table. She quickly wrote Harry Potter a letter, folded it, and sealed it with wax. She wanted to meet him as soon as possible.

Red Light District

The following day, Harry received Molly's letter during breakfast. She wanted to meet with him, and he certainly wasn't opposed to that. Ginny hadn't mentioned anything to him, so he guessed that she knew nothing about it. Being Sunday, Harry could easily go to Hogsmeade and sneak away for a while. With a plan in mind, Harry quickly finished up his breakfast and went straight to the magical village.

He first dropped by to see Tonks, and after teasing her for a bit, he went behind the shop and apparated to Ottery St. Catchpole. Arriving just past the Burrow's wards, Harry walked down the dirt path and up to the house. He knocked and waited. A few seconds later, the door opened, and Harry was more than a little surprised.

Molly Weasley was staring back at him, but this wasn't the Molly Weasley he had known. This Molly Weasley looked to be in her mid-thirties, though he knew she was older than that. She had a beautiful heart-shaped face and long red hair that gently curled over her shoulders. She had large, deep hazel eyes, a small button nose, and full red lips that were made to be wrapped around a cock. Her body was even better. Harry could fully understand why she had once worked at Milkies. Her breasts were bursting out of the top of her dress, and they were emphasized more by her slim waist and wide hips. Molly had the perfect hourglass figure. Her dress only reached mid-thigh, and he could see that her shapely legs were flawlessly smooth.

"May I help you?" she asked, clearly not knowing who he was.

"Good morning, Mrs. Weasley. I'm Harry Potter. You sent me a letter," he greeted her. Molly's eyes widened in surprise.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Harry, but shouldn't you be at Hogwarts right now?" she asked in confusion.

"I should be in Hogsmeade, but Bella allows me to leave since I have so much business to attend to," he told her.

"Bellatrix?" Molly raised an eyebrow before realizing something. "Don't tell me you're her new assistant?" she asked. Harry smiled and nodded.

"Oh, how wonderful!" Molly smiled. She had fond memories of her time in those classes, and she knew the assistant got many special privileges. "Oh, where are my manners? Please, come in!" she smiled prettily and moved aside to let him enter.

As soon as he entered the house, he heard, "What's HE doing here?!" Ron Weasley had made himself known, and he looked none too pleased.

"Hey, Ron!" Harry said in a friendly manner, smiling and waving. Harry knew it would only piss him off more, and at the same time, he was making a good impression on Molly.

"Bugger off, you ..."

"RONALD! Show some manners. Harry is a guest in this house," Molly scowled.

"But ..." Ron began, but Molly cut him off.

"If you can't be civil, then you can just wait in your room. Now, go!" she ordered, pointing at the stairs. Ron scowled back before returning to his room.

"I'm sorry about him," Molly sighed and shook her head. "I'm not sure what's gotten into him lately."

"It's okay. He's probably just having a bad week," Harry told her, and Molly smiled sweetly.

"I hope so. Anyway, I asked to meet you because I've heard you decided to go into business with the twins. Is this true?" she asked, and Harry nodded.

"We signed the contracts and everything," Harry said before going into greater detail. Molly listened carefully and quickly learned that her sons weren't being taken advantage of. In fact, they seemed to have gotten a pretty good deal.

"Thank you for not taking advantage of Fred and George. I had no idea they wanted to do this as a profession," she said, serving him some tea. As she leaned over to pour, he got a good look at her cock-hardening cleavage.

“They’re very talented, and I’m sure we’re going to make really good money,” Harry told her.

“And what’s this about Ginny? She wrote to me about you offering her a contract, and also something about modeling?” Molly asked him.

Harry then explained about his recent purchase of the building in Diagon Alley. “You’re the one who bought that huge hotel?” she asked in shock. She had seen the recent renovations and wondered who had bought it. She knew it must have cost an absolute fortune.

“Yes, and I have big plans for it after I finish Hogwarts. I was hoping Ginny would come to work for me, and as for the modeling, I don’t know if you’ve seen them, but I came out with a product called Chocolate Frogs.” Harry then explained the sweets and the included cards. He told her all about his models and even how Bella and Madam Rosmerta had modeled for him.

“One hundred galleons for a few photo sets?” Molly exclaimed, slightly shocked at the amount he was offering. It was no wonder that Ginny was so eager to do it.

“I pay well, considering I’m making so much gold from their pictures,” Harry truthfully told her. “I even brought an example,” he said, reaching into his pocket and showing her one of Fleur’s cards. Molly took it and looked it over before nodding.

“I suppose it should be up to Ginny. When the time comes, she can model for you if she chooses,” Molly agreed. “As for the contract, have one written up and send it to me. I’ll go over it, and then we can discuss it further,” she told him. Harry smiled and nodded.

“And what about you, Molly?” he asked. She had asked him to call her Molly.

“Me?” she asked in confusion, and Harry nodded.

“Ginny said you used to work at Milkies. Have you ever thought about going back to work?” he asked her.

Molly flushed red. Those days were long past, even though the thought did send a thrilling shiver down her spine. They didn’t call her the Squirt Queen of Milkies for nothing after all.

“Oh, no ... I couldn’t. I’m way too out of shape for that,” she shook her head.

“Are you kidding?” Harry asked, checking out her body. “You’re every man’s wet dream.”

Molly blushed deeply, and she certainly enjoyed the compliment. Arthur didn’t pay her body much attention these days. He was always in his shed, tinkering with Muggle objects. “Thank you, Harry, but I’m a married woman. It wouldn’t be right to go back to work.”

“I’m talking about modeling,” Harry corrected her assumption. “You could make some good money posing for me,” he said, throwing it out there. He could see that she liked the thought. Her nipples quickly grew hard and poked against the cups of her dress. Molly then began squirming in place as she thought about it some more.

“You don’t have to answer right now,” Harry told her. “If you decide to take me up on the offer, just write to me again. One hundred galleons is nothing to sneeze at,” he reminded her.

After a bit more chit chat, Harry left Molly to think over the idea. From the look on her face, he guessed that he would be receiving her letter in the near future. Harry smiled wickedly when he thought about Ron’s reaction. He couldn’t help but chuckle as he apparated back to Hogsmeade to begin his day of fun.