

Red Light District

Chapter 21

“How come you haven’t needed me in class recently?” Harry asked as he straddled the backs of Bella’s thighs. His long, hard cock was snugly resting between her thick cheeks while he rubbed oil into her back. Bella moaned loudly as he worked one of her aching muscles.

“We’ve been practicing dancing mostly ... You know ... working on the mechanics and such. I’ve also been teaching them about things you don’t need to be there for, like hygiene, pregnancy prevention, and so on.” Bella wiggled her hips and stimulated his cock. His hands moved up to her shoulders, and he dug into her muscles with his thumbs. “Why ... Do you miss us?” she looked over her shoulder with a smirk.

In response, Harry slapped her right ass cheek hard, making her fleshy rump ripple. Bella squealed loudly and glared at him. Harry chuckled as he caressed the reddening flesh of her ass. “You know I do,” he smiled at her. Bella huffed and pressed her face back into her pillow.

“You’ll be needed next week. I’ll let you know when to come in. The girls in class have been whining about not getting enough time with you. It’s becoming very annoying,” she confessed. Harry let his fingers glide up the length of her oily sides. His fingers tickled each rib, making her curvy body shudder.

“Hermione’s been keeping my schedule filled with different girls. Yesterday I spent an hour with Pansy and then two more hours with Alicia,” he informed his professor.

“Girls their age are insatiable,” Bella reminded him. “It’s never enough for them. I haven’t forgotten what it’s like to be their age. Just keep a steady schedule and don’t worry about their whines and complaints.”

“It’ll be good to get back in class. The girls have been driving Hermione mad with their requests and demands,” Harry laughed thinking about Hermione being in a near-constant huff over the last week. However, he repaid her hard work with many back-arching orgasms that seemed to leave her happy and sated. She was also making a decent amount of money from the bribes she was receiving.

“Enjoy your free time while you have it,” Bella wisely stated. “I’ve heard that you’ve been putting it to good use. The girls have been talking nonstop about modeling and such. I even had to hold a class on proper modeling techniques so that they would stop asking me for advice.”

Harry raised an eyebrow as his fingers toyed with the delicate skin on the sides of her busty tits. “I didn’t know you had modeling experience,” he said.

"I dabbled with modeling in my youth." He could hear the pride in her muffled voice. "I was even Kitten of the Month in the June 1984 issue of Sex Kittens magazine," Bella bragged. Harry whistled in appreciation. Bella laughed as she remembered back to that time in her life. "Cissy was so jealous. I had a lot of fun rubbing it in her face."

"You know, Bella ... I would love to put you on one of my cards ... one of the Limited Editions, of course," Harry brought up the subject after hearing she had experience and probably wouldn't be opposed to the idea. He had thought about it before but figured she wouldn't be interested. She was a very busy woman after all. She began moving, and Harry lifted his bottom to let her roll onto her back. Harry's eyes immediately lowered to her luscious breasts and hard, crinkled nipples. Bella didn't even attempt to hide them from his lascivious gaze. Harry moved until he was between her legs. Her smooth inner thighs were squeezing his hips while he began massaging her toned belly. He poured warm oil onto her stomach, and Harry watched the viscous, pleasant-smelling liquid roll down her curves and pool in her little belly button.

"Is that so?" she asked in a sing-song voice while Harry let his hands glide up her slick belly and onto her perky breasts. He flicked his fingers over the tips of her hard nipples. Bella gasped slightly as her back arched. Harry nodded his head in response to her question.

"Unless it's prohibited by the school. I don't know the rules you have to follow when you're a professor," he confessed. She shook her head, making her dark, loosely curled hair bounce.

"There's nothing in my teaching contract which forbids me from modeling," she told him. No doubt she had gone over the contract with a fine-toothed comb before signing. That's just the type of woman that she was.

"So are you interested?" Harry asked, pinching her hard nipples and tugging on them. Bella mewled sexily while her body squirmed. She was rubbing her wet pussy against the head of his hard cock. He rolled her nipples between her fingers, getting them nice and oily.

"I suppose I could be persuaded," she smirked, lifting her foot and placing it on his pec muscle. She slid her bare foot up and down, massaging his chest. The soles of her feet were incredibly soft and smooth, and his cock was straining as he kept himself from taking her right then and there. However, his resolution didn't last long. He knew that when she began teasing him with her body, she was ready and wanting to be fucked good and hard. Harry grabbed the backs of her knees and folded her body in half. With her feet now above her head, he looked down and looked at her pussy. It was glistening with arousal. Harry took his cock in hand and rubbed the tip up and down between her lips, coating the head with her wetness. Bella's labored breathing only made him hornier. Pressing the tip against her opening, he easily penetrated her to the hilt. Bella moaned loudly. It was music to his ears.

"I'll have Hermione bring you a contract tomorrow," he grunted as he began fucking her with wild abandon.

Red Light District

“That’s good, Susan ... Now hike your skirt up a little higher and show me your thighs,” Harry told her.

“Like this?” she asked, pulling her skirt up until it was barely covering the crotch of her white panties.

“Perfect,” Fleur stated as she held the camera up. Harry watched as Susan posed for Fleur, who was snapping a set of photos.

By that point, all of the girls had turned in their signed contracts, and Harry had them turned in to the Ministry for processing. Now that all that mess had been taken care of, he could proceed with his business plan. Susan was the first girl other than Fleur to have her pictures taken. Looking on, he could tell that Fleur really knew what she was doing behind a camera. Susan, of course, looked incredibly sexy posing in her generic schoolgirl outfit that looked similar to the ones worn by the female population of Hogwarts. This particular photoshoot was for her bronze and silver cards, which meant nothing too sexy. For the following day, Harry had some much sexier outfits in store for her. Unfortunately, it was a school day, and that meant that they didn’t have much time to operate. Thankfully, it was Friday, and they would have the entire weekend to photograph multiple girls. It would be a very busy weekend for Harry, Fleur, and Hermione.

Harry acted as a director, instructing Susan to pose as he liked. Fleur would do the same since she was the one looking through the viewfinder. She also had dual roles, acting as a makeup artist ... something that Harry knew nothing about. Hermione, being his assistant, was by his side.

Susan gave Fleur a smoldering look as her big breasts bulged out of the top of her halfway-unbuttoned, white blouse. The blouse was very tight across her chest, and the two little bumps in the fabric told everyone she wasn’t wearing a bra. Her shoes were off, and her black knee socks covered her legs below the knee. With her skirt hiked up, most of her thick, smooth thighs were on display, making Harry’s trousers feel a little tight in the groin area. Susan saw him staring at her thighs and threw him a seductive look.

“Attention over ‘ere,” Fleur called out when Susan looked away from the camera.

“Sorry,” the sexy redhead apologized before going back to posing.

“I can tell that they’re going to come out really well,” Hermione told him over the clicking of the camera.

“It sure seems that way,” Harry responded while watching Susan use her inner arms to press her breasts together. The amount of cleavage that was created was glorious to witness.

"I hope my pictures look good," Hermione added, sounding nervous. Harry turned to her and gave her all of his attention.

"Are you nervous?" he wondered. It sure sounded like she was. Hermione blushed slightly and nodded.

"I'm not nearly as pretty as Fleur, and my breasts aren't nearly as large as Susan's ..." she began but Harry cut her off. He reached out and placed his hand on her cheek. He tickled behind her ear in a way that he knew she loved. Hermione closed her eyes and shuddered from the sudden pleasure. Harry smiled at her body's reaction.

"You're very beautiful, Hermione, and you don't need super big boobs to look sexy, you know," he honestly told her. Hermione opened her eyes and blushed harder from his compliments.

"I know ... but still," was the only excuse she could come up with.

"You're just going to have to trust me. You're going to look very sexy on those cards. I have a few ideas about your photoshoot. You'll just have to wait and see," he added when she opened her mouth to ask about it.

"By the way ... I haven't spent much time around Fred and George Weasley. Are they still pulling a lot of pranks?" he asked her. Hermione snorted.

"Too many pranks if you ask me. They're always getting points taken from Gryffindor. They're both very nice people, but you should probably avoid them unless you want detention for a week," she said with a small smile on her pretty face. Harry slid his hand across her cheek and tickled her under the chin. Hermione happily squealed in pleasure and jumped away from his wandering fingers. All Harry could do was chuckle.

"Five-minute break," Fleur called out. Susan relaxed on the bed while Hermione got to work. She brought Fleur and Susan water bottles from Harry's small cooler while Fleur reloaded a fresh roll of film into the camera. Harry watched and smiled as everything was going to plan.

Red Light District

"Fred! George!" Harry called out as he found them walking alone down a deserted corridor. 'They were probably up to no good,' Harry amusedly thought as he briskly walked up to the two troublemakers.

"Harry Potter!" George Weasley called out. "The envy of every boy in the school," he added.

"Including us," Fred smiled and jabbed his thumb into his chest.

"I'm not going to lie. My life can be good from time to time," Harry joked.

“What can we do for you, oh magnificent one?” George asked.

“I’ve heard rumors that you two hooligans dream of opening a prank shop. Any truth to this?” Harry asked, already knowing the answer. In his past life, Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes was very successful, and Harry wanted in on the ground floor.

“Well ... That is the dream,” George said.

“But we’ve run into a bit of a problem,” Fred added.

“We’re dead broke,” George told him, reaching into his pockets and turning them inside out. They were completely empty except for a gum wrapper and a lot of lint.

“And I don’t think they’ll just give us a shop front based on our dashing and debonair looks alone,” Fred snorted with laughter at the state of his twin’s pockets.

“Are you guys in the market for a silent partner?” Harry asked them. They both raised an eyebrow.

“That’s something to think about ...” Fred stated, intrigued.

“If the terms are friendly enough, of course ...” George chimed in.

“In exchange for thirty-three percent of the business, I’ll provide the starting capital so you can get to work making new products. Once you leave school, I’ll cover the rent of a shop in Diagon Alley until the company can afford to pay the rent on its own,” Harry told them. The Weasley brothers looked at each other, silently communicating in a way only twins could do.

“That doesn’t sound too bad,” George said.

“We’d need to hear further details before we were willing to commit,” Fred added.

“Do you know where my office is?” Harry asked them. They both nodded.

“Meet me there tomorrow right after dinner, and we can talk about specific numbers,” Harry told them. After a few more questions and answers, they parted ways. Even though they were troublemakers, Fred and George were still brilliant when it came to inventing stuff. Harry remembered that they had invented a lot more than just pranking items. Their WonderWitch collection of makeup and skincare products was what had him truly interested. Of course, Harry wanted to help the twins. They had always been very supportive of him in his past life, and Harry wanted to repay their loyalty to him. But if he could help them while benefitting from it as well, that was a no-brainer. Hopefully, they would take him up on his offer, and they could all make a heap of gold in the process.

Red Light District

“Your tits are so jiggly,” Harry stated, groping one of Susan’s bouncing breasts. She was on her feet, bouncing on her toes and shaking her chest from side to side. Susan was topless, and the only thing protecting her modesty was a pair of sticky, hot pink hearts that were placed over her nipples. Covering her lower half was a pair of teeny tiny panties that Harry had special ordered. He had ordered dozens of pairs in various sizes. They were custom-made in the colors of the school’s four Houses. Susan’s panties were black with yellow trim, signifying that she belonged to Hufflepuff. He made sure to leave off any intellectual property that belonged to the school, such as the school’s crest. Thankfully, the school couldn’t claim to own any color schemes, so using the House colors was perfectly fine.

“Stop grabbing ‘er, or ‘er skin will turn red,” Fleur complained as she fooled around with the camera’s settings. Susan giggled as he gave her breast one last squeeze before letting go.

“Sorry,” Harry apologized, though it didn’t sound like he was.

It was Saturday morning, and they were shooting Susan’s Limited Edition cards. There was a lot of skin showing, and Harry thought she looked spectacular. Her panties were so small that they barely were able to cover her clit. The entirety of her smooth mound was on display, drawing his eyes to that area of her body. Fleur began snapping away again, and Susan did a good job posing sexily. She lifted her breasts in her hands and let them fall. They were so perky that they bounced and quickly snapped back into place. She truly had magical tits. Fleur said something, and Hermione angled the lights in a different way. It was best if Harry let Fleur handle that stuff since she knew what she was doing much more than him.

Susan climbed on the bed and spread her knees apart. She then stuck her ass in the air and looked back over her shoulder, biting her lower lip sexily. The crotch of her panties was unable to cover the sides of her puffy lips, though her slit was covered, which was the important part. Her asshole was barely covered by the thin string of her thong, and Harry could see the slightly darker skin of her rim that wasn’t hidden. When she started bouncing her ass up and down, her thick cheeks clapped together in a very sexy game of peek-a-boo with her asshole.

It was then that he knew the cards would be a major seller. Fleur’s photos alone would fetch him a small fortune. He also knew that many of the boys in school lusted after Susan. Harry needed to finish the photoshoots and ramp up production as quickly as possible.

Red Light District

After finishing up with Susan, Harry decided to take a break and visit Hogsmeade. Fleur and Hermione were continuing with their work, photographing several other girls. Since they were only doing the basic photos, Harry told them what he wanted and let them fill in the blanks. As he walked into the village, he spotted Rosmerta stepping out of the Three Broomsticks with,

funnily enough, a broomstick in her hand. She pointed her wand at it, and it magically began sweeping the front of the pub. Rosmerta went back inside. Harry walked up and looked through the window. There were only a couple of people inside, and neither were at the bar. Stepping inside, Harry went up to Rosmerta and shot her a smile. Rosmerta looked up and smiled back.

“Hey there, sexy!” she happily chirped. “Can’t seem to stay away from me, huh?” she joked.

“It certainly appears so,” Harry joked back, checking out the deep cleavage in her barmaid’s dress. “Can I get a bottle of butterbeer?” he asked. Rosmerta was another woman that the boys in school really liked. Not only that, but many of the boys who had graduated years ago liked her as well. As she leaned forward to grab a bottle from under the bar and gave him a clear view down the front of her dress, Harry could easily see why so many boys had a crush on the woman. Rosmerta popped the cap off and handed him the frosty cold bottle. Harry took a swig and shivered as the cold liquid traveled down his throat. “Not many customers today?” he asked her, looking around. An old woman was sitting near the front window sipping on a cup of tea while reading the latest issue of *The Daily Prophet*. Another middle-aged man was off in a corner eating a sandwich. Rosmerta shook her head.

“It’s not a Hogsmeade weekend, unfortunately. Besides that, everyone’s usually at work during this time of the day,” she confessed. Harry guessed she wasn’t earning very much profit from the pub alone. As nice as Hogsmeade was, it was still a small village out in the middle of nowhere, and the Hogsmeade weekends were few and far between. That coupled with the poor economy of the magical world, Harry wasn’t going out on a limb when thinking she could use a little extra gold.

“I’m starting a new business producing cards with sexy girls on them ...” Harry began explaining.

“I’ve heard,” she smiled. “Last weekend, most of the girls and boys coming in here were talking about it. I think you’ve got a real moneymaker on your hands, Mr. Potter,” she teased as she cleaned a glass mug with a rag.

“How would you feel about being on one?” Harry asked her with a small smile gracing his lips. Rosmerta tossed the rag back on the table.

“That depends on how much you’re willing to pay,” she countered.

“One hundred galleons upon completion of the photo shoot,” he stated bluntly. That was the same amount he paid all the other girls, though they each had to do multiple photoshoots to earn their coin. He was planning to include Rosmerta only on the limited edition cards ... the same as Bella. Rosmerta whistled in appreciation.

‘With a hundred galleons, I could go visit my family in Germany this summer,’ she thought to herself. “When can we start?” she eagerly asked. Harry chuckled at her response.

“How about ten tonight? I’ll sneak out of school and bring over the contract and gold. You can sign the contract, and we can do the shoot,” he told her.

“Sneaking out of school? You’re quite the naughty boy, aren’t you, Harry?” she smirked.

“I’ve done worse,” he smirked back which made her laugh.

“I’ll be waiting. Knock on the door at the back of the pub, and I’ll let you in. Just don’t get caught unless you’re wanting a month in detention,” she warned.

“I’ll be careful,” he promised.

Red Light District

“So what do you say ... Do we have a deal?” Harry asked the twins. The meeting had gone well, and while there was some back and forth when it came to the initial investment, Harry wagered that they would be willing to accept. He was happy to say that he wasn’t disappointed. Fred and George each stuck a hand out.

“Deal!” they said in unison. Harry reached out with both hands, crossed one over the other, and simultaneously shook both of their hands. They all had a laugh about that.

The deal with the Weasley twins was pretty straightforward. Upon signing the contract, Harry would hand over five hundred galleons in gold to them and create a bank account in the company’s name, Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes (which they had chosen years ago). He would transfer another twenty-five hundred galleons into that account. After their graduation, they would rent a shop in the family-friendly portion of Diagon Alley, and Harry would cover the rent for the first two years of operation. For all of that, Harry would get an even one-third share of the company.

He was somewhat surprised at how professional the twins had been. They even brought him some of the inventions they had already created to show how seriously they took this.

“I’ll have my solicitor write up a contract for us to sign. It will probably take a week or so for it to arrive. In the meantime, start coming up with some ideas,” Harry told them.

“We already have a notebook full of ideas,” Fred told him.

“We just didn’t have the funds to make them a reality,” George added.

“You two are obviously very talented when it comes to creating new products. Have you guys thought about stuff for girls? You know ... makeup ... pimple remover ... hair tonics ...?” Harry asked, trying to push them in the same direction as before. “That alone could make us a lot of

gold. Then there's the sex industry," Harry added. "There's so many things in that category that you two could make."

"We've thought about the stuff for girls, but we could barely afford to make the stuff we have. Now that we'll have funding, we can definitely create a line for young witches," George told him.

"How about calling the line of products, WonderWitch?" Harry tried to hide the small smirk threatening to form on his lips.

"WonderWitch, huh?" Fred said, rubbing his chin. "I like it! It's snappy!" George nodded in response.

"As for the sex stuff ... We've never given it any real thought. We couldn't sell it in a shop with stuff for kids, you know?" George told him. Harry nodded in understanding.

"That's true, but I'm opening up a business in the Red Light District soon, and we can definitely sell it there," he informed them.

Fred blinked a few times, realizing the potential. "That has merit. We'll see what we can come up with."

"There's no rush on the sex products. My business probably won't be up and running for at least a couple of years, but it's something to plan for."

"So everything is set? All we have to do is wait for the contracts and sign?" George asked eagerly. They were clearly ready to get this show on the road.

"Yep," Harry happily stated. "I'll send my solicitor a letter first thing in the morning. Hopefully, it won't take very long to write it up."

"This is brilliant!" Fred stood up, too energetic to remain seated any longer. "We figured that we would have to get jobs and save for the next ten years before we were able to afford a shop."

"Well, worry not my fine-feathered cohorts. I see fame and fortune in our futures," Harry promised.

"That's good to hear, but we don't have feathers ... Hmmgf!" George choked as Harry levitated a Canary Cream into his mouth. A second later, he changed into a large, redheaded canary. Fred laughed uproariously.