

Red Light District

Chapter 17

My dear Fleur,

After receiving your letter late last night, I became intrigued by your body's response to this young man. I, myself, have never experienced such a thing. I fire-called a friend who works in the Veela Archives in Bulgaria, and she has read of similar things happening in the past. From what she could gather, it happens when a Veela comes into physical contact with a non-Veela who was likewise blessed by our goddess Aphrodite. This Harry Potter must be an exceptional young man. As you know, the Goddess does not waste her blessings on any average boy.

I suggest getting to know him. Perhaps you can discover what makes him so special. I know you told me of how he was chosen to pleasure the women of Hogwarts and of his apparent skills in bed, but there must be more to it than that. I am eager to meet him and see if I experience the same sensations. Just as you suggested, I have kept all of this from your father. I believe it is the right call. As much as I care for him, Veela business is not for outsiders.

Continue to write to me and fill me in on anything you discover. My friend will keep looking through our written history, and I will send along any information that she uncovers. Study hard and practice for the tournament. I hope to see you soon.

With Love,

Apolline

Fleur read the letter that she had received the following morning and nodded. She was already planning to see Harry again ... so that advice was not needed. What surprised her was the fact that her mother believed that the Goddess blessed Harry. From what she knew, there were only a handful that received her blessings every century. If this was true, then it was big news. Fleur had never met someone who was blessed ... not counting other Veela, of course. So when he placed his hand on hers, she hadn't been ready for the pleasurable shock that raced up and down her spine. Now that she knew, she would handle it better in the future. However, being ready for it didn't change the intensity of the pleasure whenever his skin brushed against hers, and there had been quite a few brushes of the skin, most of which had been instigated by him. That wasn't shocking. Fleur was a sexual bombshell that all the boys wanted. She was often unwantedly touched and grabbed after. Those who did found that she was more than just a pretty face. Fleur giggled when she thought about Pierre. 'Poor Pierre,' she giggled even harder.

She had made the mistake of gracing him with a simple smile as he walked past her in the hallway last year. Then she felt the boy reach out and grip her around the elbow, forcing her to turn and face him. As she did, Fleur saw the blank, goofy look on his face that was a telltale sign that he was under the power of her Allure. He tried to pull her in with that same blank look on his

face while drool dripped out the corner of his mouth. This, of course, was a grave mistake. Fleur's wand was as quick as a flash, and soon after, his lower lip had been magically lengthened and pulled over his head until he was stumbling around blind. If that wasn't bad enough, he was punched right in the nose by the angry Veela. She heard his muffled yelp of pain as he stumbled off in search of help. Thankfully for him, her anger didn't last long. She reminded herself that Pierre was a simple boy with a simple mind. He couldn't help that his mind was clouded by her powerful Allure. Most boys and a great number of men would suffer the same fate were they in his place. As the boy rounded the corner, she burst out laughing at the silliness of it. By then, she was used to it, so all she could do was shake her head and carry on with her day.

When she was with Harry, however, his touches weren't grabby, nor were they unwanted. On a few occasions, she was the one to place her hand on his. Fleur smiled and laughed as they chatted while he showed her around the picturesque, little village. She couldn't lie to herself, she had had a fun time. Not only that, but she was eager to do it again. She was eager to touch him ... or for him to touch her. The sensation was incredible, Fleur reminisced. The entire time, she was on the verge of having an orgasm. Unfortunately, his touches were fleeting and did not give her enough time to climax. She wondered how it would feel if he touched other places ... more intimate places. Fleur's face began to heat up, and she quickly put her letter away. She had to get ready and train for the tournament. Headmaster Dumbledore was correct when he stated that even though there would be safety measures in place, the tournament was still very dangerous. She would need to be at her best if she hoped to win.

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"Your girls need to start stretching every day," Narcissa said as she studied Pansy Parkinson's upside-down body. She was holding herself upside-down on the stripper pole while she attempted to spread her legs into a full split. Her legs had other ideas and stopped when they reached the point of being a wide V. Narcissa placed her hands on Pansy's thighs and pushed her legs open a bit more. The girl yelped in pain and crashed to the padded floor in a crumpled heap.

"So it would seem," Bella stated as she looked at the red-faced Pansy pulling herself to her feet and going to sit back down. "I'll add it to the list."

"Good. I want every girl here to be able to do the full splits by the end of the year," Narcissa said with a stern look at the class. Like her sister, Narcissa wasn't a woman you wanted to screw around with. "Abbott ... you're up next," she called out. Hannah gulped while slowly making her way to the makeshift stage.

While the two sisters were having fun whipping the rest of the class into shape, Harry was having his own fun with two sisters in the "VIP lounge" which consisted of a U-shaped, padded booth seat with a small circular table right in front. They were chosen for the girls to practice with since you would find these private-room booths in practically every strip club in the country. The

table was pushed aside slightly to give Parvati and Padma a bit more room to operate. Harry was fully nude while the twins were each straddling one of his thighs. Padma moaned while grinding against his thigh with slow, long movements of her hips. She wore nothing but a white G-string and a matching pair of white high heels. Harry could see her big, brown eyes fluttering as she rubbed herself against him. Her back was arched, and her small breasts were nearly pushed into his face. Harry slid his hand up her side and groped her small breast. He let his thumb flick over her dark nipple, making her buck slightly. He could feel her smooth skin goosebump as he played with her little nipple. On his other thigh was her sister, Parvati.

Like her sister, Parvati was stripped down to her black G-string and black high heels. Unlike her sister, Parvati was riding his thigh harder and faster. She was moaning like a whore and pushing her body down as she ground against him. Harry could smell the scent of their arousal getting stronger. Parvati suddenly got off his leg and straddled his lap, forcing Padma to move. Anyone who knew the sisters knew that Parvati was the wilder one. As if to prove it, she grabbed Harry's hard cock, slipped the shaft through the leg hole of her G-string, and pressed her naked slit against him. Harry moaned as she massaged the underside of his shaft with her warm, damp lips. Padma then joined his side and turned his head. Her mouth opened slightly as she began to kiss him. Harry wrapped an arm around her slender waist and pulled her close. He greedily deepened the kiss and sucked on her hot tongue. Padma moaned into his mouth while Harry tugged her panties halfway down her thighs. His hand cupped her bald mound, and he slid his middle finger up and down her slit in a "come here" motion. Her hot juices coated his finger and within seconds, his palm was soaked with her wetness. Her shaky hand gripped his, and she pressed it hard against her pussy. Harry answered her by using two fingers to penetrate her pussy. Her walls tightened around him, and he could feel her insides trying to massage his fingers.

Parvati had a similar idea. Not content with some dry humping, she lifted her lower half, pulled her soaked panties to the side, and exposed herself. Holding his cock in her other hand, she pressed the head against her lips and slowly lowered herself down. Harry felt her taut lips part as the tip of his cock forced them to spread. As soon as his head was in, she dropped down unceremoniously and took his magnificent size in a single go. Her tight ass clapped as it smacked against the tops of his thighs. Her small hands rested on his broad shoulders, and she began bouncing. Her long, luxurious hair bounced haphazardly as she rode him with wild abandon. Her small, perky tits were clapping together adding to the fleshy sounds that her ass was making as it beat against his thighs. Her loud cries of passion must have garnered some attention because someone suddenly cleared their throat. Parvati, who was being properly fucked, and Padma, whose pussy was dripping all over his fingers both looked up and found Narcissa staring down at them with one eyebrow cocked.

"I believe that I instructed you both to give him a dual striptease. Instead, I find you bouncing on his cock like a whore with her first client of the day. And you, Miss Patil ..." she said, turning to Padma who squealed and came around his fingers. "You've left a puddle on the floor beneath you. You'd be lucky if your client didn't slip and break his neck. Go sit down ... the both of you," she said with a no-nonsense kind of voice. Padma squeaked and scampered off. Parvati

bounced her ass a couple more times until she came. She was still orgasming as she crawled off of him, his wet cock slipping from between her delicate folds. "I said GO!" Narcissa cried out, smacking Parvati on the bottom with her bare hand. A loud crack echoed throughout the room. Parvati cried out and grabbed her bottom before quickly returning to her seat. Pussy juice was dripping down her thighs as she went. Narcissa looked at Harry and shook her head.

"These little sluts just can't keep their hands off of it, can they, Harry?" she asked, sitting down next to him and grabbing his arousal-slickened cock. By then, Harry had had enough teasing. He grabbed Narcissa by the hips and flipped her over so that she was lying across the booth seat on her back. Similar to the rest of the girls in class, Narcissa was wearing only a pair of panties along with a matching set of high heels. Most girls wore that particular uniform in class, though a few occasionally went completely nude. "Harry!" she squealed. "I'm still teaching!"

Harry heard none of this. He yanked her panties down and lifted Narcissa's legs. Narcissa held her legs up in the air so that Harry could easily remove them from her feet. He tossed her damp panties aside and grabbed her ankles, keeping her legs pinned together and up in the air. His eyes drifted lower, and his cock throbbed when he saw her smooth, hairless lips pressed tightly together while being squished between her thighs. Narcissa had never been more fuckable, Harry thought as he got into position. He found her pussy to be burning hot as he rubbed his head between her folds. The little bits of her inner lips tickled the head of his cock as he rubbed himself against her. After a few seconds of this, Narcissa didn't care if she was supposed to be teaching. She tried to open her legs to give him more room to fuck her, but Harry kept her legs shut by squeezing her ankles together. When the head of his cock was against her opening, Harry thrust forward and moaned as he felt the warm silkiness of her walls caress him as he entered her. Narcissa moaned as loud as Parvati had when he had penetrated her fully. The tip of his cock was bumping into her cervix, making the guest professor squeak every time her body was jolted.

Holding her ankles together with one hand, Harry began slowly moving his hips and penetrating her with deep, powerful thrusts. Narcissa's beautiful eyes fluttered and rolled into the back of her head as she arched her back and thrust her gorgeous tits into the air. Her hands immediately moved up her body and cupped her large breasts. Harry watched her squeeze and massage her tits. When she began rolling her little pink nipple tips between her fingers, Harry changed his angle and upped the tempo. A pleased cry left her lips when he began attacking her g-spot. After only a few seconds of this, Harry could feel her insides growing tighter. The sounds of their fucking were becoming wetter, and the heady scent of her pussy was hovering around them.

"I brought you here to teach ... Not to act out your slutty fantasies," Bella's voice interrupted them. Harry looked up smiling as Bella stood there looking down at them. Her arms were crossed underneath her breasts, pushing them up and together and making them look spectacular. Harry thrust hard into Narcissa's g-spot, making the woman cry out and begin to cum around his cock. Bella sighed and uncrossed her arms. Her tits dropped down and jiggled around before going still. Already trapped in a sexual daze, Harry grabbed her as well and pulled her on top of her sister. Harry let go of Narcissa's legs, and they opened up and allowed

Bella between them. Harry was still fucking Narcissa's wet cunt even as she continued to cum all over him, but that didn't stop him from pulling Bella's panties down from behind and exposing her bald, shiny lips. Harry quickly pulled out of Narcissa and shoved his slick cock deep into Bella's upturned pussy. Placing his hand on her upper ass, he let his thumb hang down and gently play with her little, pink asshole while his fat cock stretched her open. Bella squealed with pleasure, and now the whole class was watching both of their professors being fucked one after the other.

Harry felt Bella tightening like she was about to cum, so he quickly pulled out and shoved his meat back in Narcissa. He made sure to angle his cock and hit her favorite spot. Instantly, she began to orgasm again. Harry's thumb continued to play with Bella's asshole. First, he traced the rim before tickling the hole itself. Her ass cheeks clenched together, making him chuckle. Harry then pushed the tip of his thumb until it began to slide in. Harry switched back to fucking Bella just as his thumb sank in to the first knuckle. Harry slowly slid his hand down her bare back, relishing the sensation of her soft, delicate skin on his fingertips. When his hand reached the back of her neck, he pushed her body down so that she was lying flat against her sister's naked front. Only her ass was in the air, and Harry was pounding it like a madman. Bella's cries of pleasure turned to screams of rapture as Harry sculpted her insides to be his perfect fit. Bella was driving her ass backward and fucking herself so hard against him that he was afraid that she might accidentally break his cock. Harry pulled his thumb from her and gave her wide ass a hard slap. The crack of flesh echoed loudly throughout the small classroom. Bella squealed in pain as the red handprint formed on her porcelain flesh. Harry knew that Bella loved a bit of pain with her pleasure. He gave her ass another hard slap, making her cum around his cock. Harry took the opportunity to shove his first finger all the way into her ass as she came.

At that point, Harry couldn't hold back any longer. "Which one of you ladies wants a fresh load in your mouth?" he asked and suddenly heard the scraping of chairs along the floor. He had been asking the professors, but it seemed that the students thought that he was talking to them. Pansy Parkinson had somehow fought her way to him and was first in line. She turned her big, pretty eyes on him and looked eager for his offering. Harry shrugged. It made no difference to him who got his reward. "On your knees. Look up and close your eyes. Keep your mouth open," he commanded. Pansy dropped down and closed her eyes. Her head tilted up while her mouth opened, revealing her wet, pink tongue.

Pulling out of Bella's sloppy pussy, he stood up and began stroking his cock while hovering over Pansy. As he ordered, Pansy kept her eyes closed and her mouth open. It only took a few strokes before he grunted and shot the first rope of hot cum into her mouth with half of it streaking across her cheek. His second shot was aimed better, and most of it went into her open mouth. The third shot, Harry intentionally let it paint nearly the entirety of her pretty face. Harry moaned as he continued to cum all over her face and hair. Once he was done, he shoved his cock into her mouth and let her clean him up while the teachers stood up and made themselves presentable. It wasn't long until Narcissa was teaching again. This was just another incident where class turned into a bit of an orgy. No one mentioned it during class. The girls usually saved that stuff for their girl talks after the school day was done.

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“Neville is handling it as well as can be expected,” Hermione said as she sat at the edge of her chair. On her desk, her notebook was wide open. It seemed that every day, more and more girls wanted a piece of Harry. Hermione could understand why. As the girls practiced with him in class to get better, they were making Harry better in the process. He was getting very good at coaxing multiple orgasms from their inexperienced bodies. The fact that she was getting more requests for “alone time” with Harry was both a blessing and a curse. It was bad because that meant that she wouldn’t get as much time with him as she would have liked. It was good because she had taken Harry’s advice and asked Professor Lestrangle about taking bribes. She gave the same answer as Harry. Everyone looked the other way as long as she didn’t go overboard. It was considered a perk for doing so much unpaid work. Even though she was allowed to do so, she didn’t take many bribes ... only a handful of Sickles here and a Galleon there. That money added to the gold that Harry gave her every month meant that she was doing pretty well for herself. Still, she would prefer to spend her nights screaming in pleasure rather than counting her coins.

“That’s good,” Harry’s muffled voice came from below. “It would be a shame if he went round the bend over a few annoying students.”

Hermione looked down at the mop of messy, black hair sticking up from between her legs. Her skirt was gone, and her panties had been tossed away. Harry had her legs spread wide while his tongue flicked her hard clit and worked her wet folds. He sucked hard on her clit and gave it a tug with his lips. Hermione moaned and threaded her fingers through his hair. He pulled on her clit before letting it snap back into place. Pussy juice was dripping down her slit and over her puckered hole. Hermione threw her head back and gasped. This was also a perk of her job. On occasion, Harry would reward her by stripping her down and licking her until she came on his tongue. “Is there anything else that I need to know?” he asked as he scooped her up from her chair and bridal carried her over to his bed. As soon as he laid her down, he placed his hands on her knees and spread her open as wide as possible.

Her legs were spread so wide that her pussy lips were also spreading open on their own. Her pink insides were glistening, and her asshole was shiny with her arousal. Harry pushed her legs up which caused her backside to lift. Harry then licked the pussy juice from her ass. Hermione’s body bucked from the small analgasm from having her hole licked. Harry then began laying soft kisses all over the backs of her thighs. Hermione shuddered deeply.

“F-Fleur Delacour has b-been asking about you again,” she stuttered as his lips drifted closer to her smoldering pussy. He laid a kiss right next to her swollen clit which made her body jolt.

“Oh?” he asked, using his thumbs to spread her pussy lips open. Hermione blushed deeply as he stared at her fully exposed pussy. Her body held no secrets. Not for him, anyway. “What was she asking about?”

“She asked when you normally have free time,” Hermione moaned as he kissed her smooth mound.

“Is that so?” Harry asked. It seemed that another outing with Fleur was on the horizon. Harry’s head dipped down, and he shoved his tongue into Hermione’s pussy. His finger slipped into Hermione’s asshole and in less than a minute, she was squirting into his mouth.