

## Red Light District

### Chapter 16

As much as Harry wanted to keep his eyes on the lovely Fleur Delacour, there was no way he could when so much delicious food appeared on the table. Mixed in with their normal feast cuisine was a hodgepodge of French, Bulgarian, and Russian dishes that Harry didn't try last time. This time around, Harry tried a little bit of everything and found that he liked some and not others. The bouillabaisse was quite nice though. The next time he looked up from his filled plate, he looked to the Ravenclaw table where the French delegation was seated. Fleur was gently spooning the soup into her mouth. It was easy to see that she had captured more attention than just his.

Boys from every table were stealing glances at the gorgeous blonde. Ron, of course, was the worst offender. He blatantly stared at her while shoveling food into his open gob. Hermione looked disgusted to even be near him, and Neville didn't look too much better. Ginny was craning her neck to try and get a better view of Viktor Krum. In fact, many of the boys who weren't staring at Fleur were trying to see what Viktor was doing. Just like last time, Malfoy was sitting near the Quidditch star, smugly pretending that they were having a conversation. On occasion, Ron would stop looking at Fleur and turn to the Slytherin table. Seeing Malfoy next to Krum had his jealousy nearing the breaking point. Ron's face was bright red as he seethed with anger and jealousy. Krum didn't notice any of this. He was too busy trying the various dishes to care.

When Harry turned his attention back to Fleur, an image of Bill Weasley flashed through his mind. He was her husband back in his world after all. Once again, Harry had to remind himself that this wasn't *his* world, and this wasn't the Fleur that he used to know. There was no telling if they were meant to be in this world. Chances were that they would never even meet. They initially met when the Weasleys came to visit him before the Third Task. That definitely wouldn't be happening this time. Harry decided to not worry about that. If they were meant to be, then they would find each other somehow. Harry wasn't going to play Cupid. He was going to take every opportunity that he didn't take last time. Thinking about the Third Task brought something else back to his attention ... the fake Moody. Harry spotted the man up front taking a swig from his flask while looking just as grizzled as ever. He had his real eye trained on Neville while his fake one spun around and around. If Harry did nothing, he would likely trick the cup into accepting Neville as the fourth champion. If he stopped him, then Voldemort might get desperate and do something that Harry had no knowledge of. At least this way, Harry would know when and where Voldemort would attack next. Harry had already decided that no matter how crappy it was, Neville would have to compete. He wouldn't do anything to stop Moody, but that didn't mean that he wouldn't help Neville.

After everyone had been watered and fed, the floating candles dimmed, and the box was brought out which contained the Goblet of Fire. Dumbledore sat the flaming goblet in front of all

the students and explained the rules. Harry looked over at the Weasley twins whose heads were together as they discussed ways to get around Dumbledore's age line.

"Remember this!" Dumbledore called out. "Do not enter your name unless you are willing to compete. The tasks will be challenging and dangerous, and you will not be permitted to back out if your name is chosen," he warned gravely. "Now ... Off to bed with you!" he exclaimed in a much more cheery voice.

Harry watched the Beauxbatons and Durmstrang students follow their Heads out of the Great Hall as the Hogwarts population made their way back to their Common Rooms.

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Fleur shivered as she made her way to the dreary castle early the next morning. Her shoes crunched on the frosted grass while her thin robes whipped in the wind. So far, she was not pleased with her experience in coming to a new school. Coming from southern France, she wasn't used to this level of cold, and Beauxbatons was pleasant year-round. Her thin robes weren't made for this type of weather, and the castle, while warmer than standing outside, was still drafty and cold. Even the food was dreadful, she thought. The English ate thick, hearty foods that dropped into your belly like a cannonball, and their attempts at French cuisine were borderline pathetic. 'At least the bouillabaisse was halfway decent,' she snootily thought as she pulled her robe tighter. She was dreading to find out what they were serving for breakfast.

When she entered the Great Hall with the rest of her fellow Beauxbatons students, each one walked up to the Goblet of Fire and tossed their folded pieces of paper in. After tossing hers in, Fleur went and sat down at the Ravenclaw table as she had done the previous night. She sat down next to a young girl who looked to be of Indian descent. The girl was pretty enough, Fleur supposed. She had a dusky, blemish-free complexion with long, thick hair that was as black as crow feathers. "H-Hi," greeted the girl, sounding intimidated. This brought a small smile to Fleur's lips. She found it amusing that so many people were intimidated by her just because of her looks. In her mind, those were the weak-willed people that would play no part in her life. How could they if they could barely speak to her?

"Bonjour," Fleur greeted her as she settled in. "I am Fleur Delacour. What is your name?" she asked in heavily accented English.

"Padma ... Padma Patil," Padma quickly answered.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Padma," Fleur said as cups, saucers, and kettles appeared in front of them.

"The pleasure's mine," Padma replied as Fleur's nose tickled, and she suddenly perked up. An enticing aroma made her inhale deeply.

"I did not expect them to serve coffee!" she said happily as she filled her cup with the steaming, black liquid. She added three sugar cubes and a little bit of milk before stirring it all together.

"They normally don't," Padma answered, doing the same. "Usually we just get tea ten minutes before breakfast arrives. They must be doing it for the visitors."

Fleur was barely listening. She was too busy warming herself with her favorite morning drink. Removing the cup from her lips, she sighed in contentment. She could feel the eyes of practically every boy in the room on her, but she didn't mind. By then, she was used to it, and in some ways, she even enjoyed it.

"So, Padma ... Is there any fun to be 'ad 'ere in the castle?" she asked her new acquaintance.

"Not really. Some play Quidditch, and there are school clubs to join. We do go into the nearby village sometimes, but that's only on predetermined weekends. Only Harry Potter and Hermione Granger can go every weekend," she said glumly. She very much wished that she could go every weekend.

" 'Arry Potter?" she asked, taking a sip of her coffee. Padma nodded.

"Harry is the assistant to the professor of our Magical Sexuality class. He's the boy who was chosen to help the girls learn. Hermione Granger is *his* assistant. They both get all kinds of cool perks like their own rooms and no curfew. I wish I had that stuff," Padma told her.

Fleur nodded in understanding. They had a similar class at their school. Fleur had never signed up for it. As someone with Veela blood, she wasn't nearly as affected by the Tempête de Luxure as other girls. It was said that the Veela were blessed by Aphrodite herself, and that was why they weren't as affected. That was why very few Veela were involved in sex work, and the ones that were were only in it for the money. Her moments of uncontrollable lust could be handled with a bit of sensible planning. At Beauxbatons, there were three boys who would help out in class. Though all of them were very handsome, she had heard rumors that they weren't exactly equipped to handle the workload, nor were they particularly skilled. It amused her to see them walking around the school with big heads as though they were kings among men. Each one had repeatedly propositioned her, thinking that she would give them a taste of her simply because they were poorly chosen by their idiot professor. Oh, how she would scoff at them. It took more than a handsome face to catch her interest.

She looked around the room, trying to find someone that fit the description. "Where is this 'Arry Potter?" Fleur asked, craning her neck. Padma looked around and didn't see him. Just then, Harry, Susan, and Hannah walked through the doors and headed straight for the Hufflepuff table. Padma pointed.

"Right there next to the redhead and blonde."

Fleur looked him over. He was handsome for sure, but something seemed off. He looked kind of young.

“What is ‘is age?” she asked.

“He’s a fourth year like me ... So fourteen I guess,” Padma answered her. This caused Fleur to raise one of her perfect eyebrows.

“ ‘E is a boy, and yet ‘e was chosen for the girls?” she asked, clearly confused. A fourteen-year-old boy shouldn’t be capable of handling so many girls. Fleur would be surprised if he could properly handle one girl.

“They say that he was the youngest chosen in a very long time. Professor Lestrangle must have seen the potential in him,” Padma said. Fleur looked him over as he sat down.

“ ‘E is tall at least.”

Padma nodded, sipping her own coffee. “He is. He’s also well built,” she said as her face began to heat up. Thinking about Harry always made her body flush with need. “His body is very muscular and cut,” she explained further. Fleur looked surprised and turned to Padma.

“You ‘ave been with ‘im?” she asked the Indian girl. Padma blushed deeply and gave a short nod. Fleur burst into giggles from the poor girl’s embarrassment.

“So ... ‘Ow was ‘e?” she asked, still amused by Padma’s behavior.

“Incredible,” Padma answered with stars in her eyes.

“You achieved orgasm?” Fleur asked, surprised that a young boy would be called anything close to incredible. Padma nodded emphatically.

“He makes all the girls orgasm ... multiple orgasms,” she added. “He even makes us squirt!” she said quietly, not wanting the boys near them to hear. The stuff that happened in class was for female ears only. “Every girl in class has been begging for some alone time with him. Hermione decides the schedule.”

Padma had spent the night with him twice, and she was hoping for another night soon.

“Professor Lestrangle is always bringing him to bed with her. He’s made her orgasm dozens of times in class,” she told her new friend. Padma kind of liked gossiping with other girls. She may have judged her sister a little too harshly about her gossiping habits. Fleur looked intrigued.

“Is that so?” she asked, studying Harry closer. The two girls sitting on each side of him were both pretty. The redhead had big, perky breasts that had surely captured his attention more than once. “And those girls?” she asked.

“Susan Bones and Hannah Abbott,” Padma answered. “Besides Professor Lestrangle and Hermione Granger, they’re the ones that get the most time alone with him due to them being in the same House. Ugg! It’s so unfair!” she huffed as breakfast appeared on the table. She scooped up some scrambled eggs while Fleur happily grabbed a steaming hot croissant and smeared it with strawberry jam.

‘Perhaps things will not be so bad here,’ she thought to herself as she bit down on the flaky pastry.

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“Neville Longbottom,” Dumbledore read from the slightly burnt piece of paper that had just burst from the flaming Goblet of Fire. Immediately, everyone watching began looking at Neville while conversing in hushed whispers.

Harry felt bad for him. He remembered very well what it felt like to have to walk that short distance with every eye on him. It wasn’t a pleasant experience. He walked up to where the faculty were seated and went through the doors and into the back room. As soon as the door shut behind him, noise exploded from the crowd as the students excitedly talked amongst themselves while the professors followed Neville into the room.

“I can’t believe it!” Susan said as she stared at the closed door. “How do you think he was able to enter himself into the tournament?” she asked. Like most people in the Great Hall, she thought he had cheated. Harry shook his head.

“He looked really surprised when his name was called. I reckon someone else put his name in as a prank or something,” he told the girls. They looked skeptical.

“How could they even do that?” Hannah asked. Harry shrugged his shoulders.

“I imagine there are a lot of ways. It probably wouldn’t be too difficult either.”

Harry could see that he wouldn’t win them over with just a weak explanation, not that he planned on pushing it further. They’d figure it out in their own time. It wasn’t long until the party was broken up, and the professors sent everyone back to their rooms.

The next morning, Harry didn’t see anyone wearing Neville Stinks badges or any such nonsense. It was then that he remembered that Malfoy had taken inspiration from Hermione’s S.P.E.W. badges. Those, of course, didn’t exist in this reality, and the blonde ferret wasn’t smart enough to think it up on his own. However, the fact that there were no badges didn’t stop the

dirty looks being directed his way. Even Ron seemed to be ignoring him. Hermione looked stressed as she tried to keep her friends from fighting. Truth be told, she looked way more worried for Neville than she did for Ron. She was barely giving the redhead a second glance. Thankfully for Neville, it was Friday, and he would have all weekend to let the school simmer down.

Before the students were done eating breakfast, Harry spotted Dumbledore getting up from the teacher's table. No doubt the Headmaster was a very busy man at the moment. Harry eyed the fake Moody who was still expertly playing the part. Harry really needed to step things up, he suddenly thought. If he allowed Voldemort to return to power, a lot of people would needlessly die, but there was only so much that Harry could do. Sure, he had quite a bit of power, but he didn't have the years of experience or knowledge to back it up. While confessing everything to Dumbledore might have been the smartest move, Harry didn't want to jeopardize his freedom. He didn't think that the old man would try and lock him up or anything like that, but he would surely keep a much closer eye on Harry. That was something that Harry would avoid at all costs. Harry knew that he could still involve Dumbledore while protecting his freedom. 'That's the safest road for me,' Harry thought as the girls giggled next to him.

Beyond that, Harry had been doing a bit of research to try and give Voldemort a welcome home that he would never forget. He was still working on his plans though, but one part had to be done relatively soon. 'This weekend,' Harry promised himself.

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As early as possible, Harry headed through the gate on his way to Hogsmeade. At least that was what everyone thought. As soon as he was out of sight, Harry apparated to just outside the graveyard near the village of Little Hangleton. He didn't think that there were any wards or traps in the graveyard, but he didn't want to just pop into it and find out the hard way. Instead, he took his time and tested to make sure. With the coast clear, Harry made his way in and quickly found what he was looking for ... the grave of Voldemort's father.

Wasting no time, he flicked his wand and dug up the grave. Upon opening the casket, Harry found a full skeleton's worth of bones. With another flick of his wand, the bones hovered out of the casket and flew directly into Harry's open bag. Once done, he closed the casket and re-buried it. Before leaving, he sprinkled the disturbed patch of ground with a powerful, magical fertilizer. Within seconds, grass began growing and almost completely covered up the spot. No one would notice unless they visited this exact spot within the next day or so. Harry doubted that Voldemort the homunculus would be visiting any time soon. With that done, he disappeared knowing that he would need to return in a couple of weeks to replace the bones.

With a soft pop, Harry appeared on the outskirts of Hogsmeade and immediately began making his way to the Three Broomsticks for a drink. The cold front had mostly passed them by, but it was still very chilly out so early in the morning. By the time he made it to the inn, he was

shivering slightly. When he walked in, Rosmerta tossed him a big smile and beckoned him forward. Harry sat down at the bar.

“What can I get you, Harry?” she asked, placing her hands on the table while displaying her big, luscious tits. The valley of cleavage that she was showing off was spectacular, Harry thought while not even pretending that he wasn’t checking out her chest.

“What are you offering?” he teased as his eyes dipped back to her cleavage.

“What you apparently want isn’t on the menu,” she teased him back with a small smile.

“How about a special order?” Harry began but was cut off by the clearing of a throat. Harry looked over his shoulder and found the beautiful face of Fleur Delacour staring back at him with an amused expression. “A cup of tea will be fine for now, Rosmerta,” he said, stepping aside so that she could place her order.

“And a cup of coffee,” she said, placing a couple of coins on the bar top. As soon as Rosmerta went to get their drinks, Harry introduced himself.

“Harry Potter,” he said with a smile. Fleur returned the smile and held out her hand.

“Fleur Delacour,” she responded in her sexy accent. Harry gently took her hand and kissed the top of it. He heard the slight gasp in her voice while her body trembled for a split second.

“I believe the whole school knows who you are. Congratulations on being selected as the Champion for your school. You must be quite the formidable witch to be chosen over everyone else,” Harry said as silently led her to a table in the front right corner of the inn. It was the best place to keep an eye on everything going on as he could see all the tables and the outside road. It didn’t matter much though since hardly anyone was in Hogsmeade at the moment. Harry wondered why Fleur was there.

“Merci, ‘Arry,” she smiled at the compliment. “I ‘ave worked ‘ard during my years at Beauxbatons. I ‘ope I am ready for the tournament.”

“I’m sure you will be,” he smiled back. Rosmerta showed up by their table and set down both of their cups.

“So what are you doing here in Hogsmeade? I thought that I was the only student crazy enough to come out here when it’s still so cold,” Harry asked, adding a bit of milk and honey to his tea.

“I asked Madame Maxime if I could visit the village today as a reward for being chosen,” Fleur confessed as she fixed her coffee up the way she liked it.

“Is it everything that you ever dreamed of?” Harry jokingly teased as he sipped on his piping hot drink. The hot, tasty liquid immediately warmed his chest and belly.

“I will admit, it ‘as a certain charm to it,” she said, brushing the silvery-blond hair from her eyes.

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Fleur had been looking through the window of her room in the massive carriage when she spotted Harry Potter making his way to the school gates. Remembering what Padma had said about him visiting the nearby village every weekend, Fleur quickly rose to her feet and got dressed. Once done up to her satisfaction, she talked to her Headmistress about visiting Hogsmeade. Just as she suspected, Olympe gave her permission without a second thought.

The village was pleasant enough, she thought as she walked the main street looking at the shops while keeping her eyes out for Harry. She could see all the normal establishments that one would expect ... inns, pubs, a bookstore, clothing shops, a sweet shop, a potion supply shop, and of course, a smattering of sex shops that provided for whatever kink a person happened to have. It was much the same at the little village near her own school. There was little doubt that her fellow Beauxbatons students would be dropping some gold at these establishments once they were allowed to visit. Fleur wouldn't mind taking a peek inside, but she had more important things to do at the moment.

After fifteen or so minutes of searching, she finally spotted the messy-haired, young man bouncing along the street heading straight for the Three Broomsticks. Fleur quickly followed, eager to get out of the cold and warm herself. After speaking with Padma, Fleur had asked around about him. The person that she learned the most from was his assistant, Hermione Granger. It was from her that she learned of his apparent wealth and his desire to start a new business. If Hermione was to be believed, he even recently purchased a large building in a very desirable location to start his new business. This information had piqued her interest even more than it already was.

Her family wasn't poor by any means, but they were far from wealthy. Her father and mother owned two medium-sized greenhouses where workers grew magical ingredients for potions. They also owned a small bakery in the north of France and a small shop where workers handcrafted custom cauldrons. Altogether, their businesses earned enough profits to keep them living in comfort. It was expected that Fleur would graduate and begin working in the family businesses. Fleur, however, always wanted to start her own business and grow it into a massive success. She had always been very competitive, especially with herself. She wanted to be successful, and she would tolerate nothing less. Unfortunately, starting a business was expensive, and her family did not have the funds to help her out. That meant that she had to either get a loan or earn the money herself. She had no interest in being a whore, though there were some less risqué things she could do in the sex industry to earn gold. She could also find a backer to help fund her future business. If Harry had more money than he knew what to do with, then he might just be the perfect guy.



Meeting him was easy. One look at her and she immediately had his attention. Fleur saw the irritated look on the busty barmaid's face when she interrupted their back-and-forth. Nonetheless, she wasn't here to make friends with a woman who was practically shaking her milk-filled udders in her customer's face. Harry introduced himself and kissed her hand. That was when it happened. She felt a bolt of magic race throughout her body. The sensation was so pleasurable that it made her gasp. Her skin goosebumped, and her pussy tingled. She didn't know why her body was acting this way. It never had before. All she could do was shake it off and pretend that everything was normal. Harry led her to a table where they began chatting until Miss Big-Tits brought their drinks. Fleur kept her eyes trained on him as if she was trying to discover his secrets. Just being near him made her body feel charged. Her pussy throbbed, and her nipples ached. Her skin tingled in a very pleasant way. She wanted to know why she was feeling like this.

"After we finish our drinks, may I show you around the village?" he asked her. Fleur threw him a lovely smile.

"You may," Fleur responded, eager to spend more time with him.