

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 23

Harry smiled down at Hermione who was on her bed, completely nude and lying on her back. Her head hung down over the edge of her mattress where she was taking him down her throat. Harry moaned as he slowly and steadily thrust into her open mouth. Her legs were spread wide, and her fingers were rubbing circles over her hard clit. Since the beautification, Hermione especially loved to be nude.

“Here it comes ... Don’t spill a drop,” Harry groaned as he thrust a bit harder. After a few more seconds, he sighed as he emptied his balls down Hermione’s throat. Like a pro, she was drinking it down until he pulled his cock from her mouth. Hermione was breathing heavily while he examined his still-hard cock. It was shiny with wetness and completely clean. By then, Hermione had sat up and was wiping her mouth. Harry laid on her bed and stretched out. Hermione took the opportunity to straddle his thigh and slowly move her hips back and forth. Her lovely eyes, which looked bigger since the ritual, fluttered in pleasure as she smeared her juices all over his leg. Her mouth was slightly open, and Harry could see her little, pink tongue poking out from between her perfect, white teeth. Her lips were a bit fuller since the ritual, and they were certainly a healthier shade of pink. He wasn’t going to lie, Hermione had turned into a little sex kitten.

“M-Master!” she gasped in pleasure as she rode his thigh. He could feel the intense heat of her pussy as she pressed it harder against his leg.

“Yes, Pet?” he asked with a smile, palming her B-cup tit his hand. He flicked his thumb over her hard, pink nipple a few times which made her arch her back and moan.

“I was thinking ...” she choked out as he felt his leg getting wetter. “I can use a compulsion on my mother ... you know ... like you did when you took me away for the ritual. I think that would be the easiest and quickest way,” she told him.

“That’s cheating. No mind or body-altering magic can be used against her. Inviting me to bed must be her choice,” Harry told her the rules.

“But that will make it way harder!” Hermione complained as her hips began to move faster.

“No doubt it will,” said Harry. “Just think of it as a test. When you pass, you’ll be greatly rewarded,” Harry smirked, flipping her over and spreading her legs wide. He rubbed his thick head up and down the length of her slit and smacked it a few times on her swollen clit. Hermione’s back bowed, and her toes curled as she came hard.

Later that day, after Harry had gone back to France, Hermione sat in her room thinking. How was she going to make her mother horny for Harry's cock? That was going to be difficult. The age difference was a major hurdle, as was the fact that her parents were still married. Why they were still married, she didn't know. They argued all the time, and even though they tried their best to hide it from her, Hermione could always tell when they were angry with one another. Hermione never complained. She enjoyed the tension between them, and as much as she liked when they argued, that was going to have to come to an end. Her mother couldn't be with Harry if her father was always hanging around. But how to end their marriage? Hermione tapped her chin as she thought deeply about the subject.

Her parents were both nice enough people, and they gave her the space that she wanted. Hermione didn't like to be babied after all. Even so, she preferred to be left to her own devices. Her father rarely if ever tried to spend time with her, which earned him some points with her. Her mother tried sometimes, but much less so than a normal mother would. In truth, she wouldn't care one bit if her parents got divorced. The only thing that she would truly miss was their arguing, but she could do without it. The only question was how to go about it. Hermione thought hard as she sat there in her silent room. Suddenly, her eyes widened, and a smile formed on her cute face. Harry said that she wasn't allowed to use magic on her mother. He said nothing about using it on her father. Hermione giggled as she started to make her plans.

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Hermione jolted from her bed when she heard the front door slam shut. She could hear her parents' voices, loud and angry. She smiled widely and quietly slipped through her room's door. She hid against the wall right next to the stairs so she wouldn't be seen but still be able to hear what was going on.

"I can't believe you did that!" her mother cried out. "And right there in broad daylight!"

"I'm sorry! I don't know what came over me," her father began. Hermione's smile grew.

Hermione had known for a couple of years that her father had a crush on the woman who lived two houses down. She was in her late twenties and was fairly good-looking. What had caught her father's attention was the fact that she was rocking double F tits, and all her sweaters were very tight. Hermione had seen him many times chatting her up and flirting when her mother wasn't around. All it took was for her to put a compulsion on her father and another on the busty bimbo down the street.

"The neighbors all saw you and her going at it like a couple of horny teenagers! Did you think that I wouldn't hear about it?" her mother's shrill voice rang out. Hermione's smile grew wider. She had hoped that she performed the spell correctly. It seemed that she had.

"Listen ... I ..."

“OH, SHUT THE FUCK UP, DAN!” her mother screamed. “I’m sick of pretending that everything’s okay. I’m sick of always being miserable, and I’m especially sick of *you* !”

“Now look here!” her father’s angry voice chimed in. Hermione giggled happily and went back into her room. She flopped onto her bed and happily listened to her parents swearing at each other. At some point, she even slid her hand down the front of her panties, and she began playing with herself to the sound of their hateful fighting. She hadn’t counted the number of times she came before her parents went to bed in separate rooms.

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Harry walked down a backstreet in Diagon Alley. He couldn’t remember ever being on this particular road. He didn’t recognize any of the shops other than Pelott’s Potioneering Supplies, which sold specialty equipment that the average person would never need. Harry had owl-ordered a few things from the shop. He checked the letter that he had received that morning again. “Cafe Mageia,” he read. Putting the letter away, he continued to walk. It was a couple more minutes of walking before he saw the small cafe. Harry wasted no time in going in.

The bell above the door rang as he walked in. As the door closed behind him, he saw no one at the counter. Looking around, he could see a dozen or so tables scattered around, none of them filled. That wasn’t shocking since it was well past lunchtime and before most of the shops in Diagon Alley closed. The cafe wasn’t anything too fancy, though it did look clean. He was about to call out when a woman just past her prime came in from the back and smiled at him. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Potter,” she told him.

“The pleasure’s mine,” Harry said almost automatically. She smiled again.

“She’s waiting for you in the private room. Down the hall, last door on the right,” the woman told him, pointing. Harry nodded and thanked her before slipping down the hall. When he reached the correct door, he opened it and walked inside.

Sitting in a chair with her legs crossed was none other than Narcissa Malfoy. Harry had received her letter by owl that morning. She asked him to meet up at this cafe, at this specific time. Harry quickly wrote back stating that he would. He really had no idea what she wanted, and even though he very much doubted that she was trying to set him up, he remained ready and vigilant.

The room was completely empty other than her. Her chair was turned so that she was facing the door. As soon as he entered, he caught her full beauty right in the face. As was Pureblood tradition, her skin was very light, like she hadn’t spent a moment in the sun in at least a year. Somehow, her skin still looked healthy. In fact, her legs looked very healthy, Harry thought. She was wearing a striking red dress that was scandalously short for a woman of her station. Had she been caught wearing that in a picture, there was little doubt that it would have been plastered all over the gossip magazines that the Pureblood housewives loved so much. Harry, however, didn’t mind at all. She looked fantastic in his opinion. The short hem was riding up her

thighs, exposing most of her gorgeous thighs. The neckline of her tiny dress was cut low enough to show off a deep valley of cleavage. The dress was held up by two very thin strings that left most of her shoulders bare. On her feet, she wore matching red high heels.

Her hair was long and luxurious and was styled in very loose curls that twisted down her back and over her shoulder. Unlike her two sisters, she was the only blonde in her family. Like her sisters, she shared the same stunning beauty that made men's cocks hard every time they passed by. Narcissa had gone all out with the makeup. It wasn't overdone as though she were going out to some fancy gala. Instead, her makeup was light and sparingly used to enhance her beauty. Her eyes, however, were smoky and sensual, and her lips were wet and pink. Harry knew that since she was going without her normal robes, she meant business. What business that was, he would have to find out. As the door shut behind him, Narcissa stood up, revealing that her dress ended halfway up her thighs. While it wasn't skin-tight, the dress did hug her body in some very nice ways. He could see that her stomach was slim, and her hips were wide. A small, sexy smile formed on her beautiful face.

"Thank you for coming, Mr. Potter," she told him, holding out her hand. "Narcissa Malfoy."

Harry took her hand in his and immediately hit her with a low dosage of his special magic. He felt her body jerk before she pulled herself together. Harry brought her hand up to his lips where he kissed her soft skin. He let his finger lightly tickle the palm of her hand while his magic was oh-so-lightly rubbing her clit. Before his very eyes, he saw her nipples harden and begin to show through the thin, silky material of her dress.

"Thank you for inviting me, Mrs. Malfoy ... and please, call me Harry," he smiled as he let go of her hand. He needed to play innocent for a bit.

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Narcissa didn't know what was going on with her. The moment she touched his skin, her pussy began to throb like never before. She didn't know what it was. It had been a while since she had last been in anyone's bed, but she didn't think that was it. Maybe just the thought of what she was attempting to do had her flushed and excited, she thought. Perhaps his magic was interacting with hers in a pleasurable way. She had heard about that happening before, though it had never happened to her. Whatever was happening, she enjoyed it immensely. Her pussy was quivering with excitement, and the crotch of her tiny panties was soaked through. She wondered if Harry could smell her aroused pussy in the small, unventilated room. As soon as he let go of her hand, that incredible feeling in her groin suddenly disappeared. The loss of it threw her for a loop. Still, she was able to carry on.

"Only if you call me Narcissa," she smiled sexily at him. She threaded her arm through his and led him to the back of the room where a large couch was located. The little cafe that they were in belonged to the cousin of a dear friend of hers. As such, whatever she wanted, she usually got. Getting this private meeting room set up was no problem at all. Narcissa didn't want to

invite Harry to her manor since Draco was still there, and she definitely didn't want to meet at the Leaky Cauldron or the Three Broomsticks. Those places were far too public, and they would definitely be seen together. It would be front-page material for every newspaper and magazine in town. She didn't want anyone thinking that she was trying to sink her claws into the boy, especially that nosey, old, coot, Dumbledore. She only wanted it known after she actually *DID* get her claws into him. This place was perfect for her plans. This time of day, it was practically deserted. As she sat Harry down, she made sure to sit as physically close to him as possible. She crossed her legs, showing off most of her smooth thigh. If she sat at the correct angle, he might even get a glimpse of her satin panties.

"Of course, Narcissa," he replied. She smiled wider and beamed at him.

"You must be wondering why I asked you here," she told him as he looked into her eyes. Harry nodded. "I'm happy to say that I'm a very big fan of your heroics, Harry," Narcissa told him, trying hard to make her cheeks blush.

"You are?" he asked her. His big eyes were wide with wonder, reflecting the soft light of the oil lamps that were flickering on the walls. Narcissa dipped her head once.

"Indeed I am. How can I not be? You're so selfless and brave," she told him, turning her body a bit more. Her tits were now almost pressed against his face. "I've been hoping to meet you for a long time."

"That's very nice of you to say, Mrs. ... I mean, Narcissa," Harry told her, clearly flummoxed by her forwardness. She had him right where she wanted him, Narcissa thought. Right on cue, the wine she ordered was brought in with two glasses. Her friend's cousin didn't stick around. She simply nodded and bowed out.

"It's the truth, my dear," she smiled and filled up both glasses. "Now please, have a drink with me."

Harry had a drink with her. Then another and another until the bottle was nearly empty. By the end, Narcissa was the one that was tipsy. She was giggling as they chatted about their lives. At one point, she took Harry's hand in hers and held it.

"I was thinking," Narcissa said. "Perhaps you'd like to have dinner with me tomorrow night ... just the two of us. We can get to know each other better and strengthen our newfound friendship. What do you say?" she asked and placed his hand on her thigh. Harry opened his mouth to respond, and Narcissa slid his hand even higher until his fingers were underneath the hiked-up hem of her tiny dress. She made it look like an accident, or at least she tried.

Harry knew exactly what was going on. With Lucius dead and her fortune mostly gone, Narcissa was likely having a hard time with her finances. The easiest way to fix her current problem was to find someone with more money than they could spend. It was obvious that she had chosen

him. Harry was the perfect candidate after all. He was supposedly young and vulnerable and had more gold than he knew what to do with. Too bad for her that Harry knew about the future, and while Narcissa wasn't the worst person alive, she wasn't one of the better ones either. She was, however, incredibly sexy. Not only that, but she could be very useful. Narcissa Malfoy was a textbook Pureblood Princess. She knew the ins and outs of pureblood society. She likely knew a lot of information and secrets that he didn't. If he could get her on his side, she would be a major boon to his future plans. Luckily for him, he had several ways to go about it. He would have to think about it for a bit. In the meantime, he was more than happy to let the MILF seduce him. Harry gave her thigh a soft squeeze and hit her with his magic once again. Like before, he gave her a low dose and used his magic to tweak her little clit. He felt her body buck slightly. "That's a great idea, Cissy!" he said, pretending to sound overly enthusiastic.

Harry saw her pretty face flush pink and her porcelain cheeks tint red. Her eyes fluttered, and her sweet lips parted slightly. A soft, almost inaudible gasp left her lips while her body shivered. She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. Her hand left the top of his, but she quickly crossed her legs, trapping his hand between her thighs. Her perky tits were rising and falling as she tried to steady her breathing. Then, she cleared her throat and opened her eyes.

"That's wonderful!" she said with a big, beautiful smile. Her eyes were sparkling, and Harry thought that she was very good at the whole seduction thing. Had he been a normal first-year, he would have been tongue-twisted a hundred times by now. Of course, he probably would have cummed in his trousers by then as well. He was grateful that he was no longer so young and pathetic. "I'm thinking we meet somewhere a bit more intimate. I'll send an owl with a Floo address. You do have access to a Floo, don't you?" she asked, her fingers now dancing across his arm.

"Yes, I do," Harry nodded. He used his magic to flick her clit, and she jumped slightly.

"Good. I need to run some errands, but I will definitely see you again tomorrow," she smiled sexily at him. Narcissa leaned in and kissed him on the corner of his mouth. Harry had a hard time not shoving his tongue into her mouth. Instead, he caressed the inside of her super smooth thigh with the tips of his fingers. Narcissa squirmed as she held the kiss longer than was appropriate. When she broke the kiss, she stood up. Harry did as well, and he escorted her to the door. He was already looking forward to the following day.

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Almost as soon as he stepped foot in Apolline's house, he heard a door open. " 'Arry? Is that you?" Fleur's voice echoed across the small house.

"Yeah, it's me. Where's your mum and sister?" Harry called back.

"Maman took Gabrielle to one of 'er little friend's birthday party," Fleur called out. "Come to my room!"

Harry went into her room and saw the young Veela standing there naked. His eyes lowered over her perfect breasts and down her slim, toned belly. His eyes feasted on her hairless mound and smooth, shapely legs. Fleur didn't bother shutting the door as she walked up and dropped to her knees. Her hands began fumbling with the button of his pants until she was able to open them up. She tugged his trousers down, causing his already hard cock to spring up and nearly slap her in the face. She caught his bouncing cock in her hand and began laying soft kisses up and down the shaft. As she did, she looked up at him with her big, doe eyes.

“ ‘Arry?” she said softly. Harry moaned as her tongue tickled the bottom of his throbbing head.

“Yes, Fleur?” he asked as she licked his sack.

“My friends are going on a trip. Christmas in ‘awaii,” she told him. Apolline and her friends had already planned to spend Christmas in the Swiss Alps. Gabrielle was going to spend the holiday with her grandmother.

“Sounds expensive,” Harry replied just as she leaned forward and took him down her throat. She pressed the flat of her tongue against his shaft as she pulled him from her mouth. Harry threaded his fingers through her luxurious hair. She looked at him while wiggling her tongue against the tip of his cock.

“I am worth it, no?” she asked with a cute expression on her face. She was gently rubbing the head of his cock against her lower lip as she looked at him.

“I suppose,” he teased. Fleur put the head back into her mouth and began sucking him off like there was no tomorrow. Harry's hand fisted her hair, and he groaned as he filled her mouth with cum. Not long after, he had her on the bed with her ass up in the air. She was spreading her cheeks apart and winking her asshole at him while he massaged her wet slit with cock. When he entered her, Fleur's toes curled as she threw her head back and screeched like the wild Veela that she was.