

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 20

Hermione flicked her wand and watched as the matchstick jumped slightly but didn't change. Her eyes narrowed in anger. "I told you it wasn't easy," she heard Harry's voice call out from across the room. She turned her head and shot him an equally angry look. Harry was laying on his bed going through some more fan mail. He finished reading a letter before balling it up and tossing it in the waste bin.

"Don't give me that look," he warned, standing up and walking over to her. "I told you that silent casting was hard for a seventh year, but you just had to ..."

"Alright! Enough about what I said ... just help me!" she whined.

"Picturing the magic in your head is only a small part of silent casting," Harry told her. Hermione was sitting in the chair with Harry towering over her from behind. He placed his hands on her shoulders. "Once you have enough experience casting magic with a wand, picturing it can usually be enough. However, it isn't enough for those with greater ambition," Harry told her.

This caught Hermione's attention instantly. Her ambition was sky high since scouring the library for books about history's greatest dark witches. There weren't many that could be called elite. Hermione was already dreaming about rising up the ranks of the Ministry using dubious means. Would it be possible for her to take over the country in such a way? She definitely wouldn't at her current skill level. She needed to be stronger ... WAY stronger. Hermione looked around the room that Harry had somehow procured. It was big, comfortable, and had everything needed to keep him from having to live in those dorms with the incompetent children always making noise. Harry was crafty. He somehow was always able to get what he wanted, and Hermione desperately wanted to know how he was doing it.

"What do you mean by that?" Hermione asked as Harry began massaging her shoulders. A soft gasp left her pink lips as he kneaded her sore muscles. Lugging that heavy, book-laden bag around all day was torture for her shoulders and back. Hermione's lips quivered as his fingertips gently brushed against the bare skin unhidden by her open, white blouse. She had been making sure to keep the top four buttons of her shirt undone any time they were alone. Noticing the uptick in sluts that were trying to steal his attention, Hermione needed to keep him near. How else would she learn to do incredible feats of magic without having to spend decades practicing? Showing off a little skin was a good way to keep his eyes on her, she thought as she squirmed and hiked up her skirt a bit.

His fingers tickled the upper part of her chest, and her skin broke into goosebumps. Hermione shuddered slightly, actually enjoying his touch. His skin was warm, which felt good in his chilly room.

"Those of us who are skilled in sensing and feeling magic find it easy to cast without speaking. I can feel my magic flowing throughout my entire body, Hermione. Why should I find it difficult to perform such trivial feats?" he asked her.

"Remember that my pathways have been expanded significantly, and they'll only grow as I get older and more experienced," he told her. Hermione's eyes widened, and she licked her suddenly dry lips.

"You mean it will get easier once I go through the ritual?" she asked him. Harry nodded.

"Once you get yours expanded, silent casting will be child's play. With enough practice, you may even someday be as skilled as I am now," Harry needled her with a smirk. Harry immediately knew that he had pissed her off.

Hermione's hackles raised, and she puffed up with indignation. "What do you mean someday?" she hissed, her eyes glowing with rage. This was the first time Harry had seen the true Hermione come out since arriving at school.

Hermione's mind was running a thousand miles a minute. 'That little shit has the nerve to think that I won't be able to catch up with him?' she thought to herself, her hand itching to swing her wand and curse him. She had already learned a few good ones after all.

"I mean that by the time you graduate, maybe you'll be as skilled as I am now. Of course, by then I'll be on a level never before seen in ..."

"Ocula Minuo!" Hermione shouted without thinking. The acid-green curse erupted from her vine-wood wand and flew at him faster than a blink of an eye. Her moment of euphoria was short-lived, however. Instead of grabbing his bleeding eyes and falling to the ground while writhing in pain, a Gryffindor-colored, metal shield appeared on his arm and intercepted the speeding curse. The green curse slammed into the shield, creating a deep gong-like sound as the spell exploded into a burst of sparks. Before she could even think about the repercussions of her momentary insanity, an invisible force wrenched her from her seat. She floated in the air, hovering above Harry's eyeline. She opened her mouth to speak but was suddenly cut short. Something was cutting off her oxygen supply. She looked at him, and her eyes widened. She saw something within him ... something frightening.

Instead of easing up, the pressure increased. Hermione tried to thrash around as her neck was being crushed, but his magic was too strong. It was so bad that she actually heard the bones in her neck pop as though she were visiting the chiropractor. At this point, she was beginning to panic. Her vision was getting cloudy, and her body reacted as though she were drowning.

"You see, Hermione ... every day I practice, even while I sit there listening to our teachers blather about things that I already know. Unbeknownst to everyone else, I continuously mold my

magic into something more ... something powerful. Right now, my magic could easily take your life," he told her. Saliva dripped from her open mouth as she silently begged him to stop.

"But it could also bring you to new heights of pleasure that you've never before experienced," she heard him say.

Hermione was suddenly flung across the room where she landed hard on his bed. Her body bounced high into the air as she loudly sucked in a desperately needed breath of air. Out of nowhere, she felt as though a hand was shoved down the front of her panties. She tried to squeal in shock, but she was still panting from a lack of oxygen. Harry's magic began flicking her clit, making it harder than it had ever been before. Her back arched violently when it felt as though his magic was sucking on her clit. She could feel his magic everywhere. She could feel it gently caressing the length of her damp slit. She could feel it rimming her asshole while tweaking her nipples. It felt as though a hundred hands were touching every pleasurable spot that her body possessed. Then, suddenly, it stopped, and she was magically pulled from the bed. Hovering in front of him, Harry continued talking while Hermione breathed in and out wildly. Arousal was dripping down her legs, making his room smell of her pussy.

"My magic reacts to my will. All it takes is a mere thought. Do you honestly think that you will ever be as powerful as I am?" he asked her. Hermione was trembling as she rapidly shook her head. Hermione cried out as the magic cut off, and she was dumped onto the floor at his feet.

"Then perhaps it's not the best idea to try and curse me," Harry said, and she could hear the amusement in his voice. Hermione knew that she was nothing in his eyes. Not anything close to a threat. It was humiliating and humbling. But it was also something else. She pathetically crawled to him and looked up.

"P-Please ... Forgive me," she begged, tilting her head down in a subservient position. Her body quivered with sexual energy. Hermione had never been so worked up. There had been many times when she tricked older men into doing things that she wanted. She would watch on with a cute smile on her pretty face as they danced and did her bidding like puppets on a string. This always made her tingle between the legs, but nothing had ever made her feel like this. Harry was powerful, and he was violent. She silently wondered why he tried to hide his violent, unrestrained passion. His reasons weren't important at the moment, however. She looked up and met his eyes. Her own were filled with obedience. Her shaky hands lifted, and she undid the buckle on his trousers. Strange thoughts filled her head as her fingers fumbled with the belt. All she could think about was the burning desire to be owned by him.

Harry watched as Hermione lowered his trousers. His soft cock flopped out, and he could feel her warm breath washing over him. While he enjoyed pushing her buttons, he didn't actually think that she would attack him. 'She must be more unhinged than I realized,' Harry thought. 'Her savage disposition must be buried just below the surface of her smooth, unmarked skin.'

When she attacked him, his own vicious personality burst free, and he showed her that he was not one to be fucked with. Had he not been so mature, he would have likely killed the girl and been done with it. While having her as his psychotic guard dog would be nice, she wasn't integral to his plans. Thankfully, his mind was much clearer than Hermione's, and he refrained from doing anything so drastic. Still, she would learn her place. As her shaky hand lifted his soft cock to her lips, Harry stood there, allowing her to apologize to him properly. Her little, pink tongue slipped past her lips and touched the head. She began swirling it around, and while it did feel good, he could tell that she had no experience with giving a blowjob.

Hermione's heart was pounding in her chest as she lavished his cock with attention. She couldn't really understand why she was reacting in such a way. Logically speaking, she knew that her personality was far from normal, and she knew that it may one day get her into serious trouble. That was why she adopted the shy, naive persona that the world saw, but deep down, she was still the vicious girl that kicked a young boy into a pond and happily watched him struggle to stay afloat before his panicked parents came to lend a hand. From her past experiences, someone saying such insulting things to her should have repulsed and infuriated her. Then she realized, it wasn't his words that were making her pussy wet. It was his actions ... his power. The raw power displayed against her was incredible to witness. As she swirled her tongue all over his floppy cock, her neck and throat still ached from almost being crushed. Instead of being horrified and traumatized by his violence toward her, she was actually quivering with excitement and need. Images flashed through her mind of Harry pinning her down and choking her while he brutally pounded her ... Hermione shook her head. This wasn't the time for fantasizing.

She thought back to the times when her parents would leave her alone in the house for a few hours, and she would sneak into her parents' room and watch her father's dirty movies. She remembered being transfixed by the sight of a naked woman bobbing her head on a hard penis. At the time, Hermione wondered why the woman would do that. She, of course, already knew about sex, but that act was beyond anything that she had learned about. She watched as the woman took him in her mouth and down her throat. She heard the man moan deeply as she pleased him. Now, Hermione understood why. She wanted to please Harry. She wanted to please him even more than that whore in the porno pleased her partner. Now all she had to do was think about what she had watched and copy that.

Placing her lips around the head, she slowly started bobbing back and forth. She couldn't keep her tongue out of the way, so she rested it against the bottom of his cock. Harry didn't seem to mind, she thought as his cock rapidly inflated in her mouth. Within seconds, he was rock hard, and Hermione was choking on it. Harry's hand found the back of her head, and Harry slowly began thrusting. Hermione squealed when the head of his cock went down her throat for the first time. She couldn't help but gag when he pulled back and thrust forward again, hitting the back of her throat. Hermione couldn't breathe, and her constant gagging was making her eyes water. When he suddenly pulled out, she gasped for air. Being so close to him, she could see his cock dripping with her saliva. His hand found her hair, and he bunched it up into a ponytail. His cock came forward again, and she dutifully opened her mouth, letting him back into her

throat. Hermione wasn't sure how long he had been fucking her mouth, but at some point, she stopped gagging and found it much easier to take him deep down her throat. It was then that she actually started to enjoy the act of pleasing him with her mouth. Her head even started moving back and forth, timed perfectly with the thrusting of his hips.

Harry noticed that she was keeping her hands together behind her back in a clear and obvious subservient position. He also noticed the sudden change in her personality toward him. It had happened faster than flicking a light switch. Her eyes were tilted up as he thrust into her mouth, and she was looking at him with complete and utter devotion. He decided to test the waters even further. Pulling his cock from her mouth, he gently rubbed the tip against her soft lips.

"Are you going to be a good, little girl from now on?" he asked her in a domineering voice. As he did, he rubbed the head of his cock around her mouth and over her chin. Hermione's body was slightly trembling as she sat there on her knees like a sub about to get collared for the first time.

"I will ... I promise!" she pleaded as she tried to get his cock back into her mouth without the use of her hands. Harry, meanwhile, began stroking his cock and let his sack dangle in front of her mouth. Hermione's lips immediately latched on, and she practically bathed his balls with her tongue. Her eyes were closed, and she was mewling and moaning while sucking on his sack. He could tell that she was truly enjoying herself. Hermione was actually pressing her face harder against his groin as she happily slurped on him. Harry's body shuddered, and he pulled back on her hair, causing her head to tilt back.

"Don't spit out a single drop," Harry warned and slipped the head past her lips. Harry groaned as he began to empty his balls into her mouth. He could hear her frantically swallowing after every spurt of cum. Once she had swallowed it all, she was looking up at him with adoration.

"Did I do good?" she asked, hoping to earn his praise.

"You did an excellent job," he told her. Hermione flushed red with pride and lovingly placed kisses all over his deflating cock. "Enough of that. Put my cock away and get back to work. I'm going to need you to be magically strong if you wish to remain at my side."

Hermione quickly fixed his trousers and went back to practicing magic. He noticed that she would randomly send looks of longing his way every so often, all of which he ignored.

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"So, Ms. Granger ... Do you have anything to report? Has Harry been acting strangely? Who has he been spending his time with?" Dumbledore asked as they met in the middle of the night. The corridor was empty, quiet, and some might say, spooky.

"Harry has been a model student. He rarely spends time with anyone other than me and Ron. I haven't seen him do anything strange," she told him. "Other than being good at magic, Harry seems completely normal," Hermione lied to him. Dumbledore nodded.

Meanwhile, Harry was listening with a satisfied smile on his face.

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Just as he suspected, Harry had been called into the Headmaster's office to meet with the old man. He received the note just after Defense class where he had spent nearly the entire time shooting spitballs at the back of Quirrell's turban. Harry could have sworn that he heard angry grumblings from behind the turban. The thought of Voldemort's ugly face complaining underneath that garlic-infused rag made him smile.

"Acid Pops," Harry stated, and the gargoyle stepped aside. He rode the spiral staircase all the way up until he came to the familiar oak door. He didn't even bother knocking, knowing that Dumbledore already knew that he was there.

"Enter," he heard Dumbledore say from behind the door. The door swung open on its own, revealing the Headmaster's office. It was the same as he remembered. Harry walked in.

"Ah, Harry," Dumbledore smiled, indicating with his hand that he should sit down across from him. Harry sat down. "I've been meaning to invite you to my office so that we could meet. Unfortunately, the schedule of a Headmaster is often overburdened, especially at the beginning of a new year."

"Well, it's a pleasure to meet you, Professor. I've heard great things about you," Harry lied easily. He was taking a leaf out of Dumbledore's book. He would act like an ally until the old man least expected it.

"The pleasure's mine," he smiled. "I must admit, you caused a bit of a stir when you disappeared several years ago. If you don't mind me asking, what happened?" he asked as though he actually cared.

"Even as a very small child, I always knew that something was different," Harry said. "I could make strange things happen. As I practiced, I got better at doing it. I had no idea it was magic though. The Dursleys didn't like it, especially Uncle Vernon," Harry shook his head sadly.

"They would yell and threaten me a lot. Sometimes I couldn't control my magic, and I was afraid that Uncle Vernon would make good on his threats. One day, I overheard my Aunt and Uncle talking about my "magic" and how unnatural it was. I took this as a bad sign, so I decided to leave. I ended up in France," Harry lied through his teeth.

"After more practice, I began to get good at feeling the presence of magic. I noticed that some places held a lot of magic, while most didn't. After a few months of searching, I discovered Place Cachee in Paris. It was the greatest day of my life. I stayed in Paris after that, using my magic to sneak into empty homes and shops. I would live there for a short while before moving on to a new place."

"That's quite the harrowing tale, but I'm glad to hear that you came out safe and sound," he said, pretending as though he hadn't been scouring the country looking for him. "And what of Mrs. Delacour? How did you meet her?" he wondered.

Harry shrugged. "I came across her just after her husband had left. We spent a lot of time together. I really wanted to become a French citizen, so she agreed to help me out."

"Yes. I have heard of your citizenship," he said, trying not to sound sour. Harry knew for a fact that Dumbledore had already tried everything legally possible to get his French citizenship overturned. In doing so, he rightly pissed off the French magical government. It seemed that no one else was willing to stick their necks out there for him, so the old man backed down.

"Do you intend to go back during the summer?" Again, Harry shrugged.

"I can travel back and forth easily, so it doesn't really matter where I stay. I'll most likely spend most of my time there unless I have a reason not to," Harry told him. He raised a bushy, white eyebrow.

"A reason not to?" he asked.

"Yeah, you know ... like if I were invited somewhere that I really wanted to go. I would still visit Apolline every few days or so, but I would remain here for the most part."

"Ahhh, I see," Dumbledore nodded, rubbing his bearded chin. "Well, Harry, I just wished to welcome you to school. Don't be afraid to call on me if you need anything."

Harry smiled. "I won't, Professor. Thanks for the warm welcome." Dumbledore smiled and nodded. With that, Harry left his office and made his way back to Gryffindor Tower to wait for dinner.

Harry was certain that he would be called upon again. Dumbledore was too nosey for his own good. Harry was also certain that an invitation to the Burrow would find its way to him before the school year ended. Possibly even for Christmas. As much as he detested the idea of spending time with the Weasleys, he had no choice. 'Keep your friends close and your enemies closer,' he thought to himself. Having access to the Burrow and keeping up appearances was important. He couldn't let anyone onto his plans until it was too late for them to do anything about it. For now, he'd play nice.