

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 46

Harry had spent another night with Narcissa, and he discovered that after half a bottle of wine, she got a bit chatty. Apparently, Draco was using the money he had paid on behalf of the Greengrass women on a new business opportunity. Harry didn't know what that opportunity was, but knowing Draco, it wasn't anything good.

From Narcissa, he learned where Draco was living, which made it very easy to spy on the little ferret. His rented room was only warded with the most basic protections, and he knew Draco didn't have the knowledge or skill to scan it for various spying spells. So for over a week, Harry watched him and listened to the conversations he was having through the Floo. Whenever he left his room, Harry broke in without any problems, read through his letters, and placed Tracking Charms on all his stuff. The only good thing he could say about the git was that he was smart enough not to keep his gold in his room.

Harry was on his back receiving a furious blowjob by Molly when he was mentally pinged. Harry took his hand from Molly's messy, auburn hair and placed it over his ear so he could hear what was being said over her glucking and gagging.

"Is everything set up for tonight?" he heard Malfoy speak. Another voice answered him, and Harry could tell they were communicating over the Floo. He didn't recognize the voice, but it was that of an adult male.

"Everything's ready. You got the gold?" the unknown man asked.

"I just returned from Gringotts. You better be right about this," Malfoy stated, trying to sound threatening. "I pulled every knut I own out of the bank. If this doesn't work out ..." Malfoy left the rest up in the air.

"You worry too much," the man said in a lighter tone. "We've worked everything out, and the price has been negotiated."

"Alright, Crabbe," Malfoy said, now sounding nervous. Harry instantly knew it was Crabbe senior he was talking to. "Where and when do we meet?"

"Tonight at 3 am. That's when the Aurors have their meal break, so it's the safest time for us. There's a hidden spot within walking distance from Hogsmeade. We'll meet just outside of town, opposite Hogwarts. Be there at ten til, and we'll go together. Bring the gold," Crabbe told him.

"I'll be there," Malfoy said nervously.

“See you then,” Crabbe replied, and Harry heard a flash of fire, telling him that the Floo call had ended. Harry heard Malfoy sigh, but he didn’t say anything more.

‘3 am tonight,’ Harry smirked to himself as Molly pulled off his cock with a loud gasp. He looked down just as she pinned his cock to his belly with the palm of her hand. Her head lowered, and she began lapping at his sack like it was a popsicle. She sucked one into her mouth and tugged on it.

“Careful now,” Harry groaned. She tugged on it a little too hard. Molly let it go and massaged it with her other palm.

“Sorry, darling,” she apologized and began laying wet kisses all over it. Her smooches were growing louder while her hand began pumping his shaft. Harry moaned and thrust his hips up. Molly shot him a sexy smile and started kissing up and down the length of his shaft. Her big lips started at the base and worked their way to the underside of the tip. Her tongue slithered out of her mouth and tickled the sensitive area. She then wiggled her tongue around the entire head before sucking on it like a tasty lollipop. Her wide ass was up in the air, and she shook it from side to side, providing him with a visual treat. He gleefully watched her cheeks jiggle and clap together, knowing he would soon take her from behind.

‘At least I have a good way to pass the time until tonight,’ Harry told himself as Molly took him back down her throat.

Unknown Prophecy

Harry arrived in Hogsmeade nearly an hour before they were set to meet. He remained invisible and hid among the shadows near the meeting spot. Nothing significant happened until twenty til three, when the Knight Bus exploded into existence. The bus stopped midway through Hogsmeade, and only two people exited. One of them was an older gentleman who had clearly had too much to drink. He was swaying and stumbling as he climbed down the steps. Next came Draco, dressed in a long, baggy black robe. As soon as he exited the bus, it drove away and disappeared with a loud bang. Draco nervously looked from side to side. Not seeing anyone, he pulled his hood up to cover his identity and walked the short journey to the meeting spot. Harry stayed in the shadows, remaining quiet. Draco stopped and waited.

A few minutes later, Harry spotted another dark figure walking down the street. It took a moment for Draco to spot him, and when he did, his body stiffened. Harry noticed that Draco’s hand went into the pocket of his robe, likely wrapping around his wand’s handle. His body relaxed when Crabbe made himself known.

“You arrived on time. Good,” he told Draco. “Come on. It’s this way,” Crabbe said, leading Draco further away from the village.

Harry followed, staying within earshot. They moved further down the path, past the cave where Sirius had hidden in Harry's past life. A small, less-traveled path cut to the right, and when they reached it, Crabbe led them in that direction. Harry stayed a respectable distance from them. They traveled down the path for a minute or so until they came to a small clearing surrounded by brush. The spot was very well hidden from the main path back to town.

"This is the spot. Now we wait," Crabbe told him, and so they waited. It wasn't long before three men joined them, walking down the same path. They passed within a couple of feet of Harry, never spotting him. Two of them were carrying a trunk, each holding one end. They joined Malfoy and Crabbe in the clearing and set the trunk on the ground.

"Gentlemen," one of the men greeted them. He had a sniveling, rat-like voice. "Beautiful night, innit?"

"Just lovely," Crabbe replied sarcastically. "But we're not here to gaze at the stars. You got the stuff?" he asked.

"Depends. You got the gold?"

Crabbe turned to Malfoy, and he reached inside his pocket and pulled out a small sack.

"That's an awfully small sack for such a large amount of gold," one of the other men stated, sounding very threatening. Harry could see that Malfoy was growing more nervous.

"It's a Gringotts money pouch. All one hundred and twenty thousand galleons are here," he assured them. This piqued Harry's interest. He had only paid one hundred thousand to end the contract. Malfoy must have sold some heirlooms, or perhaps he had some gold in his personal account.

"Now show us the goods," Crabbe told them. The leader of the small gang nodded at his cohorts, and they leaned down and opened up the trunk.

"All the Ministry controlled substances you could ever want," the scumbag said with pride. He looked down into the trunk. "Hag's hair ... freshly scalped, Veela's milk, basilisk fangs ... there's even a little bit of ...

With the three men looking down into the trunk and not paying attention, Harry took the opportunity to act. He silently moved right behind Crabbe and fired a curse at the men. He moved away as quickly as possible. As the curse passed them by, they straightened up with their wands in their hands.

"IT'S A SET-UP!" one of them shouted.

Malfoy shouted back, "No! It wasn't ..." but before he could finish, the curses were already flying.

Crabbe's wand slashed through the air, but that didn't stop a curse from hitting him right in the face. Harry didn't see what the curse did, but judging from the mist of blood that popped into the air, it obviously wasn't good. Before he dropped to the floor, his wand spat out a filthy green gas that covered the three men. Two of them screamed and grabbed their faces while the third howled in pain and grabbed his arm. As soon as the curses began flying, Malfoy screamed like a frightened girl and immediately retreated. Harry summoned the sack from his hand and fired a curse at him. The curse sailed over his head when Malfoy's foot got tripped up by an exposed root. He didn't look back, not caring that someone had stolen his ill-gotten gold. Harry didn't even have time to fire another curse at him. He was on his feet and halfway to Hogsmeade in the blink of an eye. Harry kept himself from chuckling. He didn't want to kill him. He wasn't done making his life miserable yet

Harry turned back to the chaos. It had only gotten worse in the few seconds he had looked away. The two men who were holding their faces were in terrible shape. The skin on their faces was halfway melted, and Harry was glad it was dark. Seeing this in the day rather than under the light of a nearly full moon would have been a truly disgusting sight. Their robes were smoking, which meant they had also been hit in the chest. The other man hadn't gotten it as badly, but his arm was completely ruined. The skin was sloughing off as he let out a miserable wail. Thankfully for him, he was healthy enough to apparate away, leaving his buddies to their fate. Harry wasn't sure if either of them would survive the night. They had both dropped to the ground after their strength had left them. Harry walked over to Crabbe, who was lying on his side. Harry pushed him with his boot and rolled him onto his back. Crabbe's face was a mess. It was so bloody and torn up that there was no way he could have survived. Harry looked closer and saw that his chest wasn't moving. He would have felt sorry for the man if he hadn't been a murderous Death Eater.

He shook his head and stuffed Malfoy's money bag into his expanded pocket. Harry then casually walked over to the trunk and kicked the lid shut. He picked it up and apparated straight to his secret potions lab. He set the trunk down and went through it. Those men were correct. It was full of ingredients that were either heavily restricted or outright banned. Harry smiled and closed the lid. He would make good use of them in the future. Harry pulled out the sack and emptied it onto the floor. The gold didn't stop flowing until there was a huge pile of coins. He certainly wasn't going to count them, but judging by the size of the pile, he guessed that Malfoy was telling the truth. Harry laughed merrily and waved his hand. All the gold coins hovered off the ground and flowed right back into the sack. He then stuffed it back into his pocket. "Pleasure doing business with you, Malfoy," Harry chuckled.

Wanting to see how Malfoy was doing, Harry apparated to his rented room. As he walked up, he saw that the light was on. Harry made himself invisible and looked through the window. He saw Malfoy pacing back and forth, so he activated his spying charms and listened.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK!” Malfoy let out a high-pitched scream, sounding panicked. He ran his fingers through his messy blonde hair and curled his hands into a fist. “FUCKING SHIT!” Malfoy screamed again, pulling at his hair. Harry used his telekinesis powers to squeeze his fists tightly and tug his arms back violently. Malfoy screamed again, but not in panic or anger. Two large clumps of blonde hair were in his hands. “YYYYEEEEEEOW!” the ferret yowled. Harry giggled in glee as Malfoy flung his clumps of hair across the room and smashed a bottle of butterbeer against the wall. Knowing that he had lost everything filled Harry’s heart with joy. Having caused him enough misery for the night, Harry left to get some well-deserved rest.

Unknown Prophecy

Summer was rapidly coming to an end, and Harry was enjoying his last few days of freedom, having as much fun as possible. He was visiting the Greengrass’s manor and relaxing by the pool. The sun was partially blocked by low clouds, but it was warm enough for everyone to splash around and have fun. He was laid back on a pool chair and watching Astoria swim. Daphne was on the chair next to his, lying face down with the side of her head resting on her folded arms. The two-piece bikini she wore left a lot of skin exposed, and Harry happily took in the sight. The back part of her bikini bottom was quite small and was wedged firmly between her round cheeks.

“Here you are, Harry,” Alannah suddenly said, and Harry turned and smiled at her. He took the cold glass of lemonade she was offering and took a sip as she sat down on the chair on his other side. Like Daphne, she lay face down. Their chairs were so close that Harry could reach out and touch them, which he eagerly did. Alannah offered a small smile as he pawed at her nearly naked behind. The only thing covering her ass was a thin string that was almost completely hidden between her pillowy cheeks. The string certainly didn’t stop him from finding her slit. Alannah closed her eyes and hummed in pleasure. She was in a good mood since Harry agreed to help pay for the girls’ supplies and clothes. September first was closing in, after all. Astoria looked at him and blushed deeply. She was wearing a bikini just like the other two. Harry smiled and waved with his free hand. She blushed even deeper and went back to enjoying the pool.

Five minutes later, he heard Alannah lightly snoring. She had fallen asleep. Harry pulled his hand from her just as Daphne rolled onto her back. He eyed her sexy body with less than pure thoughts. Reaching out, he placed his hand on her thigh and gave it a small shake. Daphne’s eyes opened, and she looked at him. Harry placed his finger to his lips in a shushing gesture. He then took Daphne’s hand and stood up. She got up and slipped her feet into her flip-flops before letting him lead her back to the house. He took her upstairs and asked, “Which one is yours?”

“That one,” Daphne answered, pointing to the door next to Alannah’s room. Harry opened the door like he owned the house and led her in. Shutting the door behind him, Harry looked around and found it typical of other girls’ rooms.

"Nice room," Harry complimented her. Daphne's cheeks had turned pink. She obviously knew what he wanted.

"Thanks," she said shyly as Harry moved behind her. He slid his hands down her slim sides and over her flared hips. Her bikini bottom was tied together at both hips, and all it took was a couple of small tugs before it dropped to the floor. Harry moved her hair out of the way and kissed her shoulder. Daphne gasped lightly and trembled when his hands crept around her belly. His lips moved up her shoulder and up the side of her neck. Daphne tilted her head to the side and let him go further. One of his hands drifted down her smooth belly and over her hairless mound while the other moved up her stomach and under the bottom of her bikini top. His hand cupped her perky breast, and he began softly kneading it. Down below, his fingers found her clit, and he toyed with the little bead until it swelled with arousal. Daphne let out an incredibly sexy moan that really turned him on. She then turned her head and kissed him sweetly on the lips. Harry removed his hand from her body and untied her top. He tugged it off, and it quickly joined the bottoms on the floor. Harry spun her body around and lifted her by her bottom. Daphne squeaked as her flip-flops dropped to the floor, and she wrapped her legs around his waist to keep from falling. Her arms encircled the back of his neck, and she looked at him with a lustful look.

"It's too bad Tracey isn't here. I love taking turns fucking your tight pussies," he lewdly told her. Daphne's cheeks flamed red in embarrassment. "But it's nice to spend some quality alone-time with you ... isn't it?" Harry teased as his finger played with her asshole.

"Yes," she shuddered. "V-Very nice," she stuttered as his finger massaged her hole. He crawled onto the bed and laid her down. Daphne's legs remained wrapped around him. Harry unwrapped her arms from his neck and pushed her arms over her head. Her breaths came out ragged, and he could see how excited she was. Leaning down, her lips parted as he came in for a kiss. He didn't need to deepen the kiss. She did that on her own as soon as their lips touched. Her tongue was suddenly in his mouth, and her legs spread wide apart as she offered herself to him. Her hips squirmed from side to side while trying to pleasure herself against his covered cock. He wasn't sure how long he spent kissing her, but it was long enough for her to rub her wetness all over the front of his swim shorts. While keeping his lips on hers, Harry pushed his shorts down and squirmed out of them. He kicked them away and pressed against her. This time, they had nothing between them.

He could feel her hot, damp lips against his shaft, smearing her juices along his length, and he was eager to get things started. It seemed that Daphne was of the same mind. He broke the kiss and moved down her chest. Pushing her breasts together, he took turns kissing each of her hard, pink nipples. The crinkled tips were incredibly stiff, and he could tell she loved having them played with. The perfume she was wearing smelled really good, especially when Daphne arched her back and rubbed her tits against his face. Harry was sucking on the inside of her breasts when he felt the head of his cock touch her slit. All it took was a quick thrust for him to be buried inside of her. Daphne let out a breathy moan and lifted her legs up. She draped them over his shoulders, and he looked at her with a smirk.

"It looks like someone wants it hard and fast," he teased her. Daphne nodded her head silently, clearly embarrassed, before looking away. Harry chuckled and sat up. With her ankles against his shoulders, Harry gripped the fronts of her thighs and began fucking her like there was no tomorrow.

He loved the look on Daphne's beautiful face as he pounded her sweet pussy. Her eyes fluttered wildly, and her lips were slightly parted as she squeaked in pleasure. Her cheeks were flushed pink, and her long, black hair was fanned out in every direction. Down below, her pussy was so tight that he was having a hard time keeping himself from immediately cumming. The feeling of her tight, wet walls squeezing him from every direction was indescribable. It was like her insides were made of the finest silk. She was so tight, and yet, her incredible wetness had his cock gliding between her taut lips. "How does that feel?" he asked her while running his hands up and down her legs. Her skin was silky smooth, and there wasn't even the slightest amount of stubble.

"Good," Daphne gasped and bit her lower lip. "Really good," she corrected herself. "Can you do it harder?" she hesitantly asked. Harry didn't need to be asked twice. He leaned forward, folding her body some. His hips slammed into the backs of her thighs, causing her perfect flesh to ripple under the force. Daphne cried out in pleasure, loving the rougher treatment.

Though he couldn't see it, his cock was coated in her juices as it pistoned between her slick folds. His long, deep thrusts filled her completely and continuously bumped against her g-spot. Harry could feel how much she loved it. Her walls were fluttering and contracting around him. "Like that!" Daphne squealed. "Keep going!" she begged.

Harry answered her call by grabbing her ankles and pushing them up until they were pinned by her ears. The new angle had her eyes rolling into the back of her head, and he could feel her pussy getting even tighter. Harry quickened his thrusts, knowing he couldn't hold that pace for long. Thankfully, it wasn't needed. Less than a minute later, Daphne's back arched violently, and she turned her head to the side while letting out a high-pitched squeal. Harry's cock slipped from her cumming pussy just as a torrent of juices squirted from her fluttering cunt. By then, Harry had nearly reached his peak. He shoved his cock between her thighs and snapped her legs tightly together. While her body bucked and spasmed, Harry fucked her wet thighs until he couldn't hold on any longer. A fat streak of cum spurted from the tip and slashed up her chest, some of it hitting her face. Another blast crossed the other, creating a white, gooey X across her body. Harry groaned from the pleasure as another shot ejected from the tip of his cock. He didn't see it hit her directly in the face, making her squeak in surprise. Once he was done, he pushed her knees apart and took a moment to catch his breath while his cock rested against her dripping pussy.

"That was pretty brilliant," Harry said, wiping the sweat from his forehead. Daphne was still trying to catch her breath. Harry teased her by rubbing her swollen clit with his thumb. Daphne

squeaked and scooted away, quickly closing her legs. It seems she was still a bit too sensitive. Harry chuckled and waved his hand at her, cleaning her body of the mess.

“Thanks, Harry,” she said, breathing heavily and staring at his still-hard cock. Daphne didn’t know what had come over her. All she could think about was having him back inside of her. Unfortunately, her poor pussy needed a quick break. Until then, she had every intention of keeping him ready to go. She flipped onto her stomach and crawled over to him. Harry watched as Daphne took him into her mouth. All thoughts of fun in the sun had been forgotten. There was more than enough fun to be had in here, he thought as Daphne began bobbing her head faster and faster. He fully intended to extend his fun when Alannah finally woke. Until then, he’d make Daphne squeal over and over.