

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 50

Pansy cried out from the pleasure of having her pussy furiously pounded by the brute named Harry Potter. Her feet were above her head, and her body was folded in half as Harry thrust into her. Her little toes were curled, and her pussy was gushing juices around him. Pansy had quickly discovered that Harry was remarkably talented at finding her g-spot. She had already orgasmed twice, and that wasn't even counting the time she came from having her ass fucked. Pansy might have given him a chance had she known he was so good in bed. Unfortunately for her, the boys she had experience with weren't up to snuff. They had always left her feeling disappointed and unfulfilled. However, her experience with Harry so far was ... well ...

"CUMMING!" Pansy squealed while her already tight pussy clamped down on his pistoning shaft. Her taut lips gripped his skin and desperately tried to keep him buried deep within her. Harry slid his hands from the back of her thighs, down over her shapely calves, and onto her thin ankles. He gripped her ankles tightly and fucked her harder than she had ever been fucked. Her pussy was squirting around him, leaving the bed underneath her ass soaked with her pussy juice. Pansy's skin was tingling all over, especially around her clit and nipples. It suddenly felt like something was sucking on her clit, and Pansy's eyes nearly bugged out of her skull. Her head tilted back as she was about to scream, but Harry's mouth stopped her. His lips met hers, and his tongue slipped into her mouth. Pansy's squeal of pleasure was muffled by him, though she wasn't sure if it would have been heard anyway. Her wet pussy was squelching so loudly that she could barely hear anything else.

Her eyes rolled into the back of her head while her sloppy wet pussy practically sucked him off. She wasn't sure how much longer he could go. All the other guys she had been with had barely lasted a few minutes, with only one lasting longer than ten. She and Harry had been going at it for over an hour, and he showed no signs of stopping anytime soon. Harry broke the kiss and leaned his forehead against hers. Pansy breathed heavily as she stared into his bright green eyes. She bit her lower lip, trying to keep from making any more embarrassing noises. "Your pussy feels amazing when you cum," Harry told her. Pansy's cheeks heated up, and she turned her head and cried out as she came again. She realized that she had just orgasmed from a little bit of dirty talk. 'That's so embarrassing!' she mentally chided herself as she bucked and spasmed, her pussy trying to milk his fat cock.

As she continued to cum, Harry leg go of one of her ankles and brushed the little hairs that were stuck to her sweaty forehead. That tender action only made the orgasm feel better. Her silky pussy fluttered around him, lovingly massaging his shaft. She was sure she looked a mess. Her hair was messy, and she was sure her face was red and sweaty. Thankfully, Harry didn't seem to mind. He continued thrusting into her and moaning while her tight walls scraped the girl cum from his slick cock. Harry's expert thrusting truly impressed her. Somehow, he was able to stimulate her clit while stretching her out. At the same time, his balls were beating against her freshly-fucked asshole, creating a wet smacking sound. Pansy couldn't ask for much more.

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"Shh ... Be quiet," Daphne shushed her friend Tracey. She didn't want to be spotted sneaking down the corridor. She grabbed Tracey's wrist and pulled her along. They turned the corner and briskly strode down the hall and away from the main corridor. Feeling that it was safe to talk again, Daphne stated, "I'm surprised Astoria didn't try to follow us again."

Tracey put her hand over her mouth and giggled. "She's determined."

"That she is," Daphne agreed as they took another turn. She let go of Tracey's wrist as they neared their destination. They arrived at the door and quietly turned the knob. As Daphne entered from the chilly hall, she felt a wave of warmth hit her. She could hear the fireplace crackling merrily, and she wrinkled her nose. She breathed in deeply and discovered the room reeked of sex. Tracey joined her side, and when they looked over at the bed, what they saw shocked them. Pansy Parkinson was on the bed, folded in half, and getting pounded like there was no tomorrow. Harry's hips were jackhammering forward, and she could see his big, wet balls slapping against Pansy's tight asshole. Pansy squealed loudly when Harry switched angles and began pounding a new spot inside of her.

Daphne turned and looked at Tracey. Tracey's eyes were wide and shocked as she watched the show they were putting on. Like her, Tracey couldn't believe what she was seeing. Harry's back was to them, so he couldn't see them standing there. Pansy, however, easily spotted them. The little bitch locked eyes with them, and a cheeky smirk stretched across her slutty face. She then turned her head back to Harry. Her arms encircled the back of his neck, and she spoke to him in a sultry voice.

"You can cum inside of me if you want, Harry," she moaned over the squelching of her pussy. "Please fill me up," she begged. Pansy then pulled his head down and kissed him passionately.

Daphne's face turned red in anger as she watched the whore have her way with him. She sniffed and grabbed Tracey's wrist again, pulling her from the room. She quietly closed the door behind them, ignoring Pansy's cries of pleasure. Neither of them spoke as they made their way back to the Slytherin Common Room. They ignored everyone they passed and went straight to their room. Only when the door closed behind them did they start talking.

"Fucking Pansy!" Daphne sniffed as she flopped back onto her bed. Tracey crawled onto the bed and sat cross-legged beside Daphne.

"How the hell did this even happen?" Tracey asked, confused. "I thought she hated Potter."

"It's obvious, isn't it?" a glaring Daphne said, looking at Tracey. "Pansy's turned her attention from Draco to Harry. It's been obvious that she's looking for a sponsor, and now that Malfoy is

down on his luck, she has to look elsewhere. Harry is the most obvious choice. He's rich and good-looking. It's a no-brainer," Daphne explained.

"But he's a Gryffindor! Pansy hates Gryffindors," Tracey said, not particularly liking Daphne's explanation.

"Not as much as she hates being poor, apparently," Daphne sniffed. Though she hated to admit it, she could understand where Pansy was coming from. It was Slytherin nature to do whatever it takes to ensure you come out ahead. "Besides, we don't really like Gryffindors either, but that didn't stop us from hooking up with him," she added. Tracey didn't have much to say about that.

"Do you think she knows about us?" Tracey asked, playing with the hem of her skirt.

"I wouldn't put it past her. You know how sneaky she is. She's always eavesdropping on people's private conversations. Pansy might have overheard us at some point," Daphne said, thinking about the situation they found themselves in.

"If she knows about us, then she'll definitely try to force us out," Tracey said nervously as Daphne glared at the ceiling.

"Definitely," Daphne agreed. "We're lucky that not only is Harry wealthy enough that it won't matter how many women he has on the side, but we also have a head start. Harry really seems to enjoy our time together." Tracey couldn't help but blush at that. Images of the three of them together flashed through her mind, and she could practically feel Harry's large cock stretching her pussy and pounding her g-spot. Tracey squirmed as her pussy grew moist. Unfortunately, Daphne noticed.

Daphne sniffed the air and smelled Tracey's arousal. "Tracey!" she gently chided her friend. Tracey blushed massively.

"Sorry! All this talk of Harry has got me a little hot and bothered," she embarrassingly admitted and pushed her skirt hard into her crotch.

"Now's not the time," Daphne huffed. "Getting back to it ... I don't think we'll have to worry about Harry abandoning us. Though, I'm sure that slut Pansy will try. Still, I think we should ensure our survival," she said, thinking like a true Slytherin.

Tracey knew exactly what she meant and smiled wickedly. She then hopped off the bed and went into her trunk. She pulled out what looked to be a magazine and jumped back onto the bed. "What's that?" Daphne asked, tilting her head to try and read the front cover. Tracey held it up for her to see. "Passionate and Provocative," Daphne read. The picture on the cover showed a large breasted woman in lingerie. The busty woman looked at Daphne and winked.

"It's a mail order catalog for buying sexy clothes," Tracey happily explained. I signed up for the catalog, and they sent this to me yesterday. I was thinking about buying a sexy pair of panties to wear for Harry. Maybe we can find something good in here to help us out," she suggested.

Interested, Daphne sat up on her knees. As they flipped through the first few pages, Daphne began to blush. The catalog was raunchy, but Tracey was right. With Pansy hot on their heels, they needed to step up their game.

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Pansy was flipped onto her belly, and Harry manhandled her into position. His strong hands gripped her flared hip and lifted her ass. He pushed her knees wide apart, spreading her open and exposing both holes to his viewing pleasure. She bit down on the blanket and squealed as her cumming pussy was stuffed to the hilt. The head of his cock rammed straight into her g-spot, making her squirt around him. Then that cheeky bastard pulled out of her pussy and pushed his head into her ass. Her asshole stretched around him, and the naughty pleasure sent her orgasm into overdrive.

As she continued to cum, Pansy couldn't help but smirk into the bed. Greengrass and Davis had walked into Harry's room and saw her getting absolutely fucked by Harry. 'They were probably coming here to spread their slutty legs and beg for money,' Pansy figured. It filled her with great satisfaction knowing they left empty-handed. Harry wouldn't need those whores any more. He had the best pussy in Slytherin at his beck and call now. Harry's hips began moving faster, and his big balls slapped hard into her dripping twat with a wet smacking sound. Down below, fat drops of arousal were dripping from her swollen clit and creating a puddle underneath her.

Pansy closed her eyes and whimpered as her asshole was molded to fit the exact shape of his cock. Her body rocked back and forth, and her hard, sensitive nipples rubbed against the soft blanket, sending bolts of pleasure straight into her pussy. Now that she had accomplished her first task, she needed to figure out how to accomplish the next. Getting Harry into bed was relatively easy. She was a pretty girl, and he was a horny guy. However, getting him to continuously hand over large sums of gold to her and her mother was going to be tricky. She knew she couldn't just outright ask him for it after one roll in the hay. Pansy decided it was best if she buttered him up for a while, giving him unfettered access to her wet pussy and ass. She would bet anything that once he'd gotten used to having her, he would do anything to keep her in his bed. Pansy decided to write home later that day and ask for advice, but she wasn't sure when that would be. It didn't seem like Harry would be finishing any time soon. To prove her point, he grunted and filled her ass with cum. Before he could even finish filling her ass, he pulled out and started fucking her pussy again. All Pansy could do was whimper and squeal as she joined him in another orgasm.

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When they walked by the library, Hermione suddenly perked up. She turned to him and asked, "Do you mind if I go in there for a while? I'm mostly done with my essay, but I'd like to add a little more to the end. I need to do a bit of research."

"Go ahead. I'll see you later tonight," Harry told her. Hermione smiled cutely and stood on her tiptoes. She kissed him sweetly on the lips, and he made sure to squeeze her ass before she left. After she disappeared into the library, Harry continued his journey through the castle. As it was nearing dinner time, the corridors were fairly empty. He only passed one group of girls who looked longingly as he walked by. Harry smiled and waved to them, making the seventh years blush in the process.

Harry wasn't going anywhere in particular. He was just exploring the castle and wasting time before dinner. He had just decided to head back to the Common Room when he heard something up ahead. Harry heard two voices. One sounded like an older student, and the other sounded younger. He couldn't hear what they were saying, but it sounded somewhat heated. Harry quietly closed in on the source of the noise. Looking around, he didn't see anyone, so he quickly cast a Disillusionment Charm on himself. Now invisible, Harry snuck in even closer.

"I want my gold, Flint ... and I want it by the end of the week." Harry knew that voice very well. It was Draco Malfoy. Harry peeked around the corner and saw him standing face to face with the much larger Marcus Flint.

"And if I don't have it?" Flint asked, not sounding intimidated in the least. In fact, he had an ugly smirk stretched across his troll-like face.

"You better ... or else," Malfoy threatened him again.

"And what if I just don't want to give it to you?" Flint asked, picking his nails like he didn't have a care in the world. Malfoy scowled, not really knowing how to respond. He didn't have to, because Flint decided to continue. "You see, Draco, now that dear old daddy Lucius is out of the picture, no one really cares about your pathetic threats. Even your mummy can't save you ... not that she would want to. I hear she's been bending over for some rich guy. That's a damn shame," Flint smirked. "I'd have happily given her a few knuts for a good fuck."

Malfoy's face turned bright red, and his hands were balled into fists and shaking badly. Flint saw this and chuckled. "Careful, Malfoy. If I didn't know better, I'd think you were about to hit me."

"I'd better have the gold in my hand by the end of Friday, or it may be the last bad choice you ever make." Malfoy left the threat there and walked away. Flint laughed loudly at his back. Harry watched Malfoy walk down the corridor and turn out of sight. Flint continued to chuckle and shake his head. Once Malfoy was gone, Flint began strolling down the corridor in the opposite direction.

"Narcissa, Narcissa ..." he said dreamily. "Maybe it's time I got into contact with the dumb cunt."

Harry kept himself from snorting. Narcissa wouldn't want to have anything to do with the ugly git. Still, Flint was a nasty piece of work, and he didn't wish Narcissa to be on his radar. Harry followed Flint from behind, keeping a close eye on him. When he reached a downward staircase, Flint took a step down, and Harry unleashed a soft, telekinetic blast from his invisible palm. The blast hit him directly in the upper back, pushing his top half forward.

"WOOoOOoOOAH!" his voice warbled as he flapped his arms, trying to regain balance. Sadly for him, that never happened. Marcus Flint tumbled down the flight of stairs, and his body twisted and turned, hitting most of the hard steps on his way down. After ragdolling down thirty feet of stairs, he finally hit the floor, rolled a few times, and cracked his head against the stone wall. Flint didn't move an inch. At least an arm and a leg were badly broken and bent at a grotesque angle. A small pool of blood began forming under the back of his head, but sadly, Harry couldn't stand there admiring his work. A nearby portrait shouted, "EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY!"

Harry wagered that the portrait had been put there to raise an alarm in case a student accidentally fell ... like poor Marcus. Harry quickly slipped away and put some distance between himself and the battered, accident-prone Marcus Flint.

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Harry looked up and smiled when Hermione entered his secret room holding an arm full of books. Harry got up from his desk and took the heavy books from her, placing them on his desktop. Hermione smiled gratefully. "Thanks, Harry."

"You're welcome. Did you have a productive time in the library?" he asked, checking his watch. They had half an hour before they needed to leave and head down to the Great Hall for dinner.

"I did," Hermione nodded and gave him a hug. Harry wrapped his arms around her slim waist and buried his face into the top of her head. He inhaled the fruity scent of her hair, and his cock immediately began getting hard. Hermione smiled into his chest when she felt it growing hard against her belly. She moved one of her hands down and cupped his crotch, fondling his inflating manhood. "But there was a commotion when I left. Several professors walked by, talking quietly. I didn't hear much, but I think they said something about a student injuring himself. I don't know what that was about," she said. Harry chuckled, and Hermione looked up at him questioningly.

"I believe it was Marcus Flint," Harry confessed with a cheeky smile on his handsome face.

"That stupid-looking Slytherin?" Hermione asked, and Harry nodded in confirmation. "How do you know it was he who was hurt?"

“Because I shoved him down the stairs,” Harry said, looking proud of what he had done. Flint was a garbage human being, and though he didn’t know it, his time on this world was rapidly coming to an end.

“You did?” Hermione perked up. She had always been a big fan of Harry doing naughty things. Harry nodded, and Hermione’s pupils dilated. She moved her other hand down and unbuttoned his trousers. She quickly tugged them down and released his hard cock to the room. “Tell me all about it,” she demanded as she dropped to her knees.

Harry told her all about their conversation and Malfoy’s threat before telling her how he used his magic to push Flint down the stairs. Hermione eagerly hung on every word.

She grabbed his ass and pulled him closer, taking him down her throat until her lips were wrapped around his thick base. She looked up at him, her big, brown eyes shining with excitement. Harry’s hand slipped around the back of her head, and he began fucking her mouth until she was gagging on his cock. Hermione’s hand moved underneath her skirt and down her panties. Her fingers slid back and forth across her wet slit, making her tremble with pleasure. Her pussy was so wet that her fingers were soaked within seconds. She flicked her fingers over her swelling bead, making her pussy drip into the crotch of her panties. Harry then leaned down and grabbed her under the arms. He lifted her up, and his shaft slipped from her mouth. Harry tossed her onto the bed and reached under her skirt, sliding her damp panties down her legs. As Harry undressed, she knew she would be getting it hard and fast if they planned on being on time for dinner. Personally, she hoped Harry was hungry for something else.