

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 51

Breakfast was as noisy as always, with plates clanking and students laughing. Harry ignored all the noise while enjoying his plate of eggs and bacon. On his right sat Hermione, who kept a straight face while he played with her thigh. Occasionally, she would peek at him while enjoying her own breakfast. Her legs were spread slightly, inviting him to explore further. He was very tempted to do so, but decided against it. He had a reputation to maintain after all. However, that didn't stop him from sliding his hand further up her inner thigh and caressing her incredibly soft and smooth skin. He could feel the moist heat radiating from her aroused pussy, and Hermione practically purred as he toyed with her sensitive skin. Unfortunately, his fun was interrupted when the morning mail arrived.

Dozens of owls flew in through the open windows and scattered throughout the Great Hall. Harry wasn't surprised to see several coming his way. He received dozens of pieces of fan mail each week, as well as some requests for paid sponsorships and promotions. Harry was currently in talks with Honeydukes to do a summer campaign. That morning, he received only four letters, which was less than half of what he usually got. Harry gave each owl a piece of crispy bacon before tearing into the letters. The first two were typical. They were just letters explaining how much the writers loved him and how they hoped to meet him someday. The third letter was a bit spicier. It was sent by a middle-aged witch who wasn't shy about her desires. The parchment smelled of perfume, and there was a picture included. Harry raised an eyebrow when examining the photo. The witch wore a silk robe, which was quickly shrugged off her shoulders. She stood there, doing a sexy little dance in her bra and panties. The witch in the picture then blew him a kiss and shook her bra-covered chest at him. "Not bad," Harry amusedly said. Hermione leaned in and looked at the picture.

"She needs to exercise more," was all she said, clearly not impressed by the woman. Harry chuckled and put the letter and picture back in the envelope. It would go into his collection of sexy photos sent by fans.

"Not all women can be as sexy as you, Love," Harry told her with a smile. Hermione smiled back, pleased by his compliment. He touched her thigh again and slid his hand all the way up until his fingers brushed against her panty-clad pussy. The crotch of her panties was burning hot and quite damp. Hermione let out a shuddering breath when his fingers tickled her pussy.

Harry opened the final letter and smirked. This one was from a woman who was categorically more physically attractive than Hermione. Even Hermione wouldn't be able to deny that.

Harry,

I must see you. Visit me as soon as possible.

Fleur

The letter was concise and to the point. Harry had been wondering when she would reach out. He hadn't seen Fleur since the summer, and he knew the gold he had given her must have been running low. There was no doubt in his mind that she was broke and wanted more.

The rest of the day was spent going to classes. Potions class was quickly becoming his favorite due to how loopy Snape had become since his injury. He had spent five minutes berating Malfoy for brewing his potion incorrectly before giving him the "correct" instructions. Malfoy, of course, followed those new instructions, which turned out to be very, very wrong. His cauldron exploded spectacularly, sending Malfoy tumbling head over heels. Snape then took off seven thousand points from Slytherin for his incompetence. Harry couldn't help but chuckle as the Slytherins sighed while seeming resigned to their fates. He almost felt bad for them. When the day concluded, Harry had a quick dinner and went back to his room. He opened up his trunk and entered the largest compartment.

Harry entered the correct Vanishing Cabinet and closed the door. When he immediately exited, he found himself in a completely different, expanded trunk. He climbed the short ladder and knocked on the underside of the trunk's lid. Harry waited a few seconds before the lid opened up. Looking down on him was a vision of beauty. Fleur Delacour radiated sexiness as her long, silvery blonde tresses hung down into the expanded space and tickled his face. " 'Arry! You made it," she said, sounding relieved.

"Hey, Fleur," Harry said as she stepped back to let him in. "Are you alone?" he asked.

"Oui," she affirmed, and Harry climbed out of the expanded trunk he had provided her. Once out, Harry closed the lid behind him. He looked around and saw that her room was different from the last time he had visited. That wasn't surprising since she likely had a different room at Beauxbatons this year. Her room was very clean and smelled faintly of perfume. The walls were decorated with various cutesy pictures, and her desk had some knick-knacks on it. A family photo sat on top of her dresser, featuring her, her mother, and her sister. Seeing Apolline's gorgeous face smiling at him reminded him that he needed to visit her soon. Fleur's hand grabbed his elbow, and her fingers lightly trailed down his skin until she gripped his wrist. Harry looked at her.

"So, what's up? Your letter sounded urgent," he asked. Fleur smiled sexily and sauntered up to him. She placed her hands on his chest and leaned in, lightly kissing both cheeks. She then lightly nipped at his chin with her perfect, straight teeth while she massaged his chest. "Uh-Oh. What do you want, and how much is it going to cost me?" he teased with a smirk. Fleur tutted and lightly smacked his chest.

"Can I not invite you 'ere for my own enjoyment?" she asked teasingly while reaching down and unbuttoning his trousers. She quickly got them open and stuffed her hand down into it.

"You certainly can," Harry said, laying kisses along her jaw and lightly pecking her soft, sweet lips. "I'm not opposed to spending some time with you."

"Good ... But now that you're 'ere, I would like to talk to you about something," she said, gripping his cock. She pressed the pad of her thumb against the underside of the head and began to slowly massage it. Fleur knew exactly how to tease him and get what she wanted.

"Oh?" Harry asked, kissing her again. Fleur's lips danced wonderfully against his. Both Fleur and Apolline were very good kissers, and Harry wondered if that was a Veela or Delacour thing. Fleur moaned and kissed him even deeper before pulling away.

"Yes, you see ..." she began and pushed his trousers midway down his thighs, freeing his shaft from its cotton prison. With a better grip, she started tugging on it and making sure it was nice and hard. Her delicate hands felt really good on his skin. "My friends and I will be visiting the local village this weekend, and sadly, I am out of gold," she said with a cute, pouty face. Her other hand joined the fray and started massaging his bloated, cum-filled sack.

"I will be 'umiliated if I show up with nothing to spend. You would not want that ... would you?" she seductively asked, gently squeezing his fat balls and pecking his lips.

"I guess it would be a shame to have you embarrassed in front of your friends," Harry stated and placed his hands on her flared hips. Fleur wore a fluffy, light pink bathrobe that matched the pink aesthetic of her room. Even through the thick fabric, he could feel the shape of her womanly curves. Fleur smiled beautifully and nodded.

"Oui!" she chirped, and her hand started moving faster. She was now full-on working his cock. "It would be embarrassing for you as well. Can you imagine the 'eadlines? 'Arry Potter's woman seen walking around in rags," she said, shuddering at the thought.

"Harry Potter's woman?" he amusedly asked as Fleur expertly worked his cock with her talented fingers. Fleur smiled sexily and nodded again.

"Of course, mon amour," she teased and leaned in. "We already act as a married couple. You are the provider, and I take care of all of your needs," she whispered huskily into his ear and began sucking on his earlobe. She didn't see him roll his eyes.

He knew full well Fleur didn't love him. At best, she tolerated his presence while spreading her sexy legs for gold. It was a relationship that suited them both well. Still, he would allow her to think she was getting one over on him. If it made her feel powerful and in control, that was all well and good. In reality, Fleur was his plaything, and he planned to use her over and over, deep into the future.

Harry chuckled at her statement and slid his hands into her robe. He ran his fingers down her sides and tickled her ribs. Fleur squirmed in his embrace. She may not like him, but there was

no doubt she loved the sex. To prove his point, Fleur moaned into his ear when he started playing with her flawless skin. "If we're acting as a married couple, then it's only fitting that we consummate the relationship, no?" he teased and slipped the robe off her shoulders. He broke free of her and stepped back to get a good look at her body. He raised an eyebrow at what he saw.

Fleur was obviously a very beautiful woman, and her body was second to none. However, her choice of underwear left a lot to be desired. Her beige bra was as boring as they came, and her panties covered way more than he found acceptable. They were also bland and boring, and Fleur seemed to know it. Her face turned bright red, and she looked like she desperately wanted to cover up to keep him from seeing the way she was dressed. "I did not expect you to come so soon, otherwise I would 'ave changed," she embarrassingly confessed and hid her bra with a forearm while covering the front of her panties with her hand.

As much as he enjoyed seeing her embarrassed, he felt that she had been punished enough. He stepped closer and reached around her back. He unclipped her ugly bra and pulled it off. He tossed it aside, freeing her perfect tits to the cool air of the room. He then picked her up and threw her over his shoulder. Fleur squealed in surprise, and Harry smacked her sexy bottom to settle her down. He carried her to the bed, pulling her boring panties down and off her feet. He tossed them on the ground where they belonged. Harry then ran his hand up the back of her thigh, and his fingers brushed against her pussy. Her taut, hairless lips were already slick with wetness. Lying her down on the bed on her back, Harry pushed her knees apart, and Fleur kept them spread. Her tight slit was puffy and pink from arousal, and her clit was swollen and ready to be sucked. Harry penetrated her with two fingers and curled them. His thumb pressed against her clit, and he began massaging it while her pussy sucked on his fingers. Fleur's gorgeous blue eyes fluttered, and she moaned loudly. Her back arched, and she palmed her tits and tugged on her pale, hard nipples.

"Get rid of all your boring underwear," Harry ordered while her pussy squeezed and contracted around his thrusting fingers. "I'll give you the gold to buy new, sexier ones ... understand," he stated with authority. He was surprised by how quickly and thoroughly she complied with his demands. Her head nodded, and she moaned loudly. Her pussy was so wet that drops of her arousal were sliding down his forearm.

"Yes, 'Arry," Fleur gasped and squealed. He flicked his thumb back and forth over her hard clit, making her body buck and spasm with pleasure. "I will do it," she assured him.

"Good," Harry said with satisfaction. He could feel her walls fluttering around his fingers. He pressed her clit hard with his thumb and moved it in a slow, circular pattern, making Fleur turn her head and cry out. "The next time I visit, you can give me a sexy little fashion show," he teased. Fleur squeaked loudly, and her thighs snapped shut, trapping his hand between her legs. Her pussy began milking his fingers while her body spasmed. Her lovely tits shook and bounced around, and her body squirmed uncontrollably. Harry pulled his hand from between her legs and found his fingers completely drenched with her juices.

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Fleur turned onto her side and squealed into her mattress as pleasure radiated through her body. It hadn't been that long since Harry had last visited her, but she had already forgotten how good it felt when he touched her. It annoyed her that he seemed to be the only one capable of bringing her any amount of pleasure. Even her own fingers did nothing for her. 'At least he has two good qualities,' she reminded herself as her body bucked and pussy quivered. 'He's rich, and he always makes me cum.'

As much as she initially disliked him, she had to admit that those were two excellent qualities in a man. Harry was able to keep her satisfied both monetarily and physically. She really couldn't ask for much more in a partner. As long as he could continue providing both, she saw no reason to look elsewhere for a lover. Suddenly, a pair of strong hands gripped her hips, flipped her onto her stomach, and lifted her ass into the air. Fleur looked over her shoulder and found Harry fully nude with his long, thick erection pointed straight at her upturned ass. Her body responded without her brain's input. Her knees widened, and her back arched. Her wet, cumming pussy was out in the open, ready to be fucked. When he started rubbing his thick, domed head against her tight slit, Fleur pressed her face against the bed and bit down on her blanket. Harry slid the head in, and her taut lips stretched around it. He leaned forward, running his hands down her nude sides, making her body tingle with pleasure. As he leaned in, his shaft slid further down her walls, and they responded by fluttering and massaging his skin. Harry moaned, and Fleur felt great satisfaction upon hearing it.

Harry was extremely wealthy ... Fleur knew that, and she wanted all that gold for herself. Of course, she knew she couldn't just take it from him. Harry was the hero of the magical world, and any slight against him would cause serious, long-lasting backlash for the perpetrator. Stealing it or scamming him would be the end of her, but there were other ways to get what she wanted. Fleur was quite good at using her beauty as a weapon. She had always been quite good at getting what she wanted from stupid men. Harry would be no different. Sure, it would take some time, but Fleur was more than patient. She was willing to play the long game and keep him addicted to her body. He wouldn't know until it was too late that she had taken him for everything. In the meantime, she would enjoy the pleasure he provides and play the role of the loyal girlfriend. Fleur couldn't help but smile wickedly into her pillow, but that smile quickly turned into a deep moan when Harry's cock slid further into her and hit her g-spot. Her blue eyes fluttered and rolled to the back of her head. Her pussy gripped him so tightly and didn't want to let go. It annoyed her that he could cause such reactions in her body. Her mind wanted one thing, and her body another. When she felt another orgasm rapidly approaching, Fleur decided to let her body take control ... but just this once.

She couldn't allow it to happen too often, though. She was a strong-willed woman with a plan, not a common whore. At least that's what she told herself as her body rocked forward, and Harry's wonderfully-sized shaft slid along her sensitive, silky walls. When only the head was still in, Fleur threw her ass back and fully enveloped his pole. A loud, meaty clap filled the room as

her wide ass collided with his lower belly. Fleur's body goosebumped from the pleasure, and she gripped the blankets tightly in her hands. Her breathing was ragged as her lower belly began to coil in anticipation of another orgasm. She rocked forward again and closed her eyes. The sensation of his shaft scraping her walls was blissful. She was so tight that she could feel the exact shape of his cock. Again, she threw her ass back, and a perverted squelching sound erupted from her dripping twat. Fleur was thankful that her face was buried in the blanket. She definitely didn't want him to see her blush so hard. Somehow, Harry seemed to know because he chuckled merrily at her expense.

His hand slid up her spine, and he gripped the back of her neck. His hips began thrusting and colliding with her fleshy ass, causing it to ripple from the contact. "Don't be embarrassed. Your pussy getting so wet for me is a compliment," he cheekily told her.

Fleur wanted to smack him, but she was too caught up in the pleasure of the moment to do anything about it. Besides, it wasn't like she could deny it. As Harry fucked her harder and faster, the wet sounds her pussy was making grew louder and more perverse. Not only that, but her small room was filled with the smell of her arousal. Harry moved his hands back down her body, and one of them slipped between her legs. His fingers quickly found her clit, which made Fleur cry out pathetically. His other hand squeezed her ass before he placed his thumb over her asshole. Around and around it moved, toying with her rim and teasing her hole. Her body bucked wildly, and she clawed at the blanket underneath her. Having both her holes and her clit simultaneously stimulated was too much to handle. Her pussy instantly began squirting around his cock, drenching the bed underneath.

Fleur threw her head back and cried out while her pussy tightened. It squeezed his shaft, attempting to get him to spill inside of it. Harry lightly pinched her swollen clit and rolled it between his fingers, bringing her orgasm to new heights. Her body bucked so wildly that his cock accidentally slipped from her cumming pussy. Fleur squealed and curled up on her side while her pussy continued to squirt. Lights flashed behind her eyes, and she couldn't stop her body from shaking. Harry wasn't done with her, though. He crawled up to her head and gently lifted it off the bed. Fleur angled her head and looked at him. His massive cock poked her in the cheek, and he moved it down her face until the wet head touched her lips. Harry pushed forward with his hips and slid his cock into her mouth. Fleur whimpered as his shaft slid further into her mouth and down her throat. She could taste herself on his skin. Harry's hand cupped the back of her head, and he started slowly fucking her throat.

Harry moaned when Fleur's lips created a tight seal around his shaft. Her tongue pressed against the underside, making it feel even better. He was already close from fucking her, and her warm, wet tongue sent him over the edge. Harry groaned as he erupted into her mouth. Fleur did her best to drink it all down, but at some point, she was forced to pull back. Harry, of course, wasn't finished yet, and a huge rope of cum slashed across her face and got into her hair. He grabbed his cock and stroked it, the tip pointed right at her face. Huge globs shot out of the tip and painted her face over and over. When his balls were finally empty, Harry moved back

and admired his work. Fleur's face was completely dripping with cum. He couldn't help but chuckle as she tried to wipe it from her face.

Fleur looked oddly sexy lying there covered in his seed. Her pussy was still slick and shiny with wetness, and just seeing it had him fully hard again in seconds. Harry climbed off the bed and grabbed her ankles. He pulled her body closer to the edge and held her legs together. He pushed her knees to her chest, putting her slick pussy just in the right spot. Harry easily slid back into her, making her gasp. He took it easy on her at first, moving his hips slowly and steadily. Her pussy felt incredible as it fluttered around him.

"I think someone deserves a bonus ... Don't you think?" Harry teased her while Fleur continued to wipe her face.

"Oui," Fleur agreed, breathing heavily. "I think I 'ave earned it," she told him. Harry chuckled and pulled out of her pussy. He placed the head against her asshole and slowly sank in. Fleur squealed as she stretched around him.

"Yes, you've definitely earned it," Harry chuckled as he pushed her knees apart and stared at her cumming pussy while slowly fucking her tightest hole. Fleur's eyes fluttered, and she mewled in pleasure. She had forgotten entirely about her devious plan, and all she could think about was the third orgasm that violently hit her. Her ass clamped down on him, and her pussy sprayed juices all over his chest. Her tight ass felt so damn good that Harry had to speed up his thrusts. He loved hearing Fleur lose control as she continuously came on his cock.

Harry shook his head and smirked at her. It always amazed him how quickly her attitude changed once she had his cock inside of her. He couldn't wait to see how their relationship developed over the coming years. One thing was certain ... Fleur Delacour would not be the one calling the shots.