

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 68

“Hermione!” Emma shrieked, and her whole body flinched at the sound of Hermione’s voice. Her face went flaming red, and she snatched her hands down in a frantic attempt to cover her pussy, but there wasn’t much left to hide. Harry had her pinned by the hips and was still pounding into her, and his cock split her open with each wet, powerful thrust. Emma’s fingers scrambled against her own mound, desperate for any bit of modesty, but Harry moved her hands aside with a laugh. He hooked her knees back over his arms, putting her on even better display than before.

Emma’s humiliation only made the scene hotter, and Hermione felt a ripple of secondhand embarrassment and arousal as she watched Harry fuck her harder. Her legs were spread as wide as they would go. Harry’s cock was impossibly hard, wet, and shiny as it pummeled into Emma’s glistening folds. Each time he pulled back, the shaft of his cock emerged streaked with creamy white, and with every thrust, it disappeared again past Emma’s puffy, parted lips. Emma’s pussy was swollen and flushed, and the inner lips stretched outward and clung to Harry’s shaft with every withdrawal. Strings of thick pussy juice connected them before snapping and flicking droplets onto the tangled sheets below.

Wet, obscene squelches and slurps filled the room, and each one was timed with the urgent motion of Harry’s hips. The scent was overpowering. It was a heady mixture of sweat, sex, and Emma’s sweet, musky arousal that seemed to grow thicker each second. It was so strong that Hermione could taste it at the back of her throat. She couldn’t help but stare, and neither could Harry. His eyes never left the spot where their bodies joined, like he wanted to memorize every detail of what he was doing to Emma.

When Emma came again, her whole body shuddered and she gave up even the pretense of covering herself. Her hands knotted in the sheets, and she screamed out Harry’s name. A fresh wave of white cream smeared Harry’s cock and leaked down her ass and pooled around her puckering asshole. Her pussy clenched and spasmed so hard that Harry had to grit his teeth and hold still for a moment, fighting the urge to cum himself. Even after her orgasm faded, Emma kept moaning, twitching, and bucking her hips up to meet Harry’s every thrust, greedy for more.

Hermione couldn’t resist anymore. She crawled onto the bed and settled next to Harry so she could watch up close. She peered down between Emma’s spread legs. The sight was obscene and wonderful. Emma’s pussy looked like it had been hammered into submission. Her poor lips were swollen and pulled wide by Harry’s cock. They were glistening with juice and shiny streaks of her cream that stretched from her clit all the way down to her asshole. With every thrust, the mess got worse. Slick, white cream dripped around the base of his cock and down his balls, smearing over Emma’s skin in milky lines.

Hermione leaned in, curious and maybe just a bit jealous. She had been on the receiving end before, but seeing it from this angle made her heart race. She inhaled deeply, letting the pungent aroma of raw sex fill her nose, and then reached out to gently touch the line where Harry's cock met Emma's sopping folds. Her finger came away sticky and coated in Emma's cream.

"God, look at you," Hermione said, sounding almost in awe. "You're completely ruined. You're creaming all over him." She held up her slick finger for Emma to see, then licked it clean without breaking eye contact.

Harry looked over at Hermione, grinned, and then slammed into Emma even harder, making the woman yelp and clutch at his forearms. The loud, wet impact sent a fresh squirt of creamy wetness out around his cock, and Hermione laughed as a few drops splattered onto her own hand.

"She can't stop cumming," Hermione commented, and Harry chuckled.

Harry looked over his shoulder at Hermione, and with a commanding voice, he told her, "Take your clothes off for me." There was no question in his tone, and not even a trace of hesitation. It was just the certainty of a man who expected to be obeyed. The words hit Hermione in the chest like a spell, and she instantly complied. She slowly peeled off her tank top, leaving her bare-chested. Her round, perky breasts jutted proudly from her chest, and they swayed and jiggled as she moved around. Her nipples were hard and pink, and she flushed with the thrill of being watched, but she didn't hesitate as she shimmied out of her shorts and panties in one smooth tug. Her body was smooth and curvy, with no trace of hair below her belly button. She loved the way he stared at her, like every inch of her was a prize waiting to be won. Even Emma, who was pinned and helpless beneath Harry, gawked at her in open-mouthed awe.

Harry beckoned her closer with a single curl of his finger, and Hermione crawled closer. The bed was a mess now. The sheets were soaked, tangled, and dotted with little puddles of Emma's spent arousal, but Hermione didn't care. She was used to wading through the aftermath of Harry's appetite. She slid up alongside him, then leaned down over Emma until the tip of her breast dragged across the older woman's cheek.

"On top," Harry said. "Straddle her."

Hermione obeyed, swinging a thigh over Emma's torso and settling herself on top. Her knees bracketed either side of Emma's smooth, flat stomach. Her pussy hovered just an inch from Emma's skin, and she dripped fat drops of arousal onto her belly. Hermione's hands caught Emma's wrists, pinning them to the mattress, and she grinned down at her with a look of smug, giddy delight. She rocked her hips backward until their hard, swollen clits rubbed, and Emma's breath hitched.

Hermione's perfectly shaped tits pressed down against Emma's larger, softer pair, and the two women gasped at the sensation of their hard nipples rubbing together. They locked eyes. Hermione's expression was passionate and wild, while Emma's face was bright red with shock and shame. For a moment, the room was silent except for the wet, obscene slapping of Harry's cock as he continued to fuck Emma beneath them.

But Harry wasn't satisfied with just two women writhing in front of him. He slid his cock free from Emma's ravaged pussy, and the shaft came out glistening and streaked with white cream. Emma whimpered at the sudden emptiness, but Hermione didn't give her time to mourn it. Hermione reached down, spread the lips of her own cunt, and guided Harry to the entrance. Harry didn't hesitate for even a millisecond. He lined himself up and pushed in with a single, brutal thrust, bottoming out inside her.

Hermione's entire body bucked at the intrusion, and there was a jolt of pleasure that raced down her spine and made her toes curl against the mattress. She threw her head back and cried out, "Oh, fuck!" It was a raw kind of noise she'd never allow herself to make in public, but she was miles beyond caring now. Her cunt clenched greedily around Harry's cock, squeezing every inch of him, and milking him for all he was worth. She could feel every twitch of his cock as her silky walls fluttered around him, and it just made her want more.

Harry's hands gripped her hips, and he started pounding her with a fury that matched the animalistic need in his eyes. Each thrust forced Hermione's pussy down onto Emma's smooth mound, smearing the older woman's skin with slick, glistening arousal. Hermione was half-crazed with pleasure as Harry's cock stretched her wide and filled her up. The sensation of Emma's tits sliding against her own made it even better. She could taste the salty sweat on her upper lip, and she could smell the heady, musky aroma of sex as the two women writhed together.

"You two are insatiable," Harry teased as Hermione pussy squelched and sucked on his thrusting shaft. Down below, all Emma could do was clutch the ruined sheets and blush fiercely as Harry's hands gripped Hermione's ass, using it as leverage for even deeper, harder thrusts.

Harry leaned in and kissed Hermione's bare back, making her shudder. It didn't take long after that. Hermione's body was primed from watching before, and now, with Harry's cock pistoning inside her and Emma's nipples rubbing against hers, she was hurtling toward her own climax at breakneck speed. Her thighs trembled, her breath escaped in ragged gasps, and her whole body quivered as the orgasm drew closer and closer.

Emma, meanwhile, was caught in a hell of her own making. The humiliation of being used as a plaything warred with the raw pleasure of being fucked by Harry's magnificent cock. She whimpered and bucked her hips, desperate to feel his perfect rod again. Her hands clawed at the mattress, and her body arched off the bed in a last, futile effort to tempt Harry's cock back into her waiting folds. But she was trapped, pinned beneath the weight of Hermione and Harry's combined need, and there was nowhere for her to go.

Hermione came hard. The orgasm ripped through her, causing her vision to blur and her whole body to convulse. She squeezed Harry's cock so tight he had to clamp his jaw shut to keep from cumming with her, and her thighs squeezed Emma's hips, trapping the woman under a flood of hot, gushing arousal. Hermione cried out in a shaky voice, and she bucked so hard that she smeared her juices all over Emma's toned belly. Harry pulled out of her, and Hermione collapsed down onto Emma, pressing her into the mattress with her full weight. Harry smiled as he looked down at the two women huffing and puffing from overexertion.

Emma squirmed, and her nipples brushed against Hermione's. The contact was unexpected, and a sharp bolt of pleasure shot through her. She tried to twist away to hide her shame, but she couldn't fight the way her body responded to Hermione's soft, hot skin pressed flush to hers. Hermione's tits were round and impossibly perky, and each time they made contact with Emma's own larger breasts, the friction made her breath hitch. The heat of their bodies was incredible, and their sweat slicked the space between them, making every movement easier and more obscene.

Emma's cheeks burned with embarrassment, but the feeling was quickly washed away by something hungrier. The ache between her legs was insistent now. It was a throbbing that refused to be ignored, and her need to be filled by Harry again eclipsed any notion of modesty. She squirmed beneath Hermione while trying to tilt her hips, desperate for the reentry of Harry's cock into her stretched cunt. She could feel him kneeling between their spread legs, and his cock rested against her thigh.

She opened her mouth, ready to beg for it, but before she could utter a single word, Harry took matters into his own hands. He reached between their bodies and guided the slick head of his cock against her bare, engorged folds. Emma tensed, bracing for the familiar sting of penetration, but Harry didn't enter her. Instead, he pressed the length of his shaft against her sopping slit and rocked his hips forward, gliding the velvet skin of his cock up and down her mound. The thick shaft dragged over her clit, and Emma's entire body arched off the mattress. A helpless, ragged moan ripped from her throat.

She was so focused on the feeling that she didn't notice Hermione's reaction until she heard another, higher-pitched moan echo her own. Emma's eyes snapped open, and she saw that Harry, instead of thrusting into either of them, had sandwiched his cock between both women's mounds. Hermione's cunt was as bald and slippery as her own, and the head of Harry's cock mashed their clits with every thrust. The sight of Hermione's pretty pink petals and Emma's swollen lips pressed together, joined by his thick, glistening shaft, was obscene. Each thrust made their slippery, swollen clits rub against each other, and Harry's cock glistened with a film of both their arousals.

Emma watched as Hermione bit her lower lip and gasped. Her whole face was flushed with pleasure. Hermione tried to maintain some kind of control, but the sensation of Harry's cock grinding against her clit was too much. Her body trembled, her hips bucked involuntarily, and

she rode the ridge of Harry's shaft with desperate jerks of her hips. Emma had to admit it. The sight of her losing her composure was deeply satisfying. She wanted to taunt Hermione and reflect the humiliation she felt, but all she could do was moan and rut her hips along with her.

Harry's hands were everywhere. He squeezed Hermione's ass and spread her cheeks wide to expose both women's wet, needy pussies. He grabbed at Emma's thigh and pushed it further down so his cock could grind even harder between them. The pressure built with every thrust, and Emma's clit was swollen and hypersensitive. Each pass of Harry's cock made her feel like her entire body was going to explode. Hermione's whimpers grew louder, and she pressed her chest harder into Emma's.

With every wet, lewd thrust, the friction between Emma and Hermione's clits drove them both wild. Their bodies moved in perfect tandem, chasing after the cock that was never quite inside but always right there, teasing them mercilessly. Emma felt her embarrassment dissolve into raw, aching need, and she ground her pelvis up to meet the next thrust, hungry for every ounce of pleasure.

"Harry," she moaned. "I need you inside me ... please ..."

But Harry only laughed and forced another slow, deliberate thrust between them, mashing their clits together until Emma's vision sparked. The humiliation of being used and reduced to a slippery, desperate mess, rutting against another woman's cunt should have driven her mad with shame. Instead, it just made her wetter. She bucked her hips harder, and Harry's cock slid even deeper into the fleshy gap, smearing their juices together.

Hermione's body shook with need, and her eyes fluttered shut as she gasped, "Keep going ... I'm almost there." Her voice was ragged, and she rocked herself down onto Emma's mound, grinding their clits together with enough force to make Emma's toes curl.

Harry's cock was sandwiched so tightly between them that every thrust threatened to push Emma over the edge. She could hear the wet, obscene slurp of wet skin rubbing together, and she could feel the way both of their pussies clung to the shaft, each desperate to swallow it whole. Emma's shame was now a distant memory. All that remained was the fire in her core and the desperate need for another release.

Emma was balancing on a razor's edge, and she could feel the orgasm coming. She knew Hermione was close too. The way her whole body trembled gave it away. Harry seemed to sense it as well, because he leaned in and playfully nipped Hermione's shoulder and then Emma's neck in turn, marking them both as his.

The pressure was too much. Emma's body locked up, and she screamed as the orgasm ripped through her. Her pussy spasmed around nothing, and her clit pressed tight against Hermione's. She felt the hot spray of her arousal gush out, wetting Harry's cock and Hermione's mound. At the same time, Hermione let out a strangled gasp and shuddered with her own release.

Harry abruptly stopped grinding and pulled his cock from between their glistening, flushed mounds. Emma barely had a moment to process the loss before he jerked her hips upward and impaled her with a single, greedy thrust. He slid in until the head of his cock battered her deepest wall. The shock made her nails rake trails down Hermione's back and left her gasping as her orgasm flared. Harry didn't bother to tease or pace himself. Instead, he fucked her hard and fast, using her body like she was nothing but a sheath for his release.

Emma felt the first spurt of cum hit her insides with almost a physical force. Hot jets filled her cunt as Harry moaned loudly and dug his fingers into the soft flesh of her hips. He held her there, crushed against Hermione's slick body, and pumped her full of his load. Each convulsion of his cock wrung a fresh whimper from her throat. It was obscene, humiliating, and impossibly gratifying all at once.

Unfortunately, he didn't linger. Before his climax faded, Harry pulled out and left Emma whimpering and whining. She barely had time to catch her breath before she heard Hermione moan again. Hermione was throwing her ass back against Harry's cock, greedy for her own share of his cum. He gave it to her and groaned in pleasure as he filled Hermione just as thoroughly as he'd done to Emma.

Harry swapped between them, fucking them back and forth. Each time he entered her, Emma was shocked by the satisfaction of feeling his seed ooze out and then be replaced by more. By the time he finished, Emma's thighs were slick with a cocktail of their combined juices, and she lay there shuddering and unable to speak or move.

Harry finally rolled Hermione off of Emma and dropped onto the bed between them with his arms outstretched. Hermione immediately curled into his side, clutching him with a possessiveness that made Emma bristle. She watched as Hermione burrowed her face into the crook of Harry's shoulder with her fingers splayed over his racing heart. The intimacy of it stung more than she expected.

But Harry reached out his other arm, wrapped it around Emma's shoulders, and tugged her into him. Their bodies fit together perfectly, Emma discovered. He kissed Hermione deeply, then turned and pressed his lips against Emma's. Emma closed her eyes and deepened the kiss, and she moaned when Harry sucked on her tongue.

Hermione nuzzled Harry's chest, but her eyes stayed locked to Emma's. Emma saw the challenge in that stare, but there was also recognition, and maybe respect. Her jealousy faded, replaced by a warmth that spread through her tired body.

She dropped her head onto Harry's shoulder and let herself relax, feeling the weight of his arm around her. His still-hard cock pressed against Hermione's thigh, and Emma realized with a start that Hermione had her hand wrapped around the shaft and was stroking it lazily. Not to be outdone, Emma reached over and joined her. Her hand curled around the base while Hermione

stroked the upper portion. She realized that his cock was more than big enough for the both of them.

Harry groaned, and his hands found each of their asses. He kneaded their flesh as the two women touched him. Emma wasn't sure how long this had gone on. It had been a long day, and she was worn out from being pounded by Harry's cock. At some point, her tiredness caught up with her, and she fell asleep in Harry's arms.

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Emma woke slowly, and her muscles slightly ached from her nighttime activities. She blinked away her tiredness and shifted her head on the pillow, spotting the scene unfolding not a foot away.

Harry was wide awake and lying on his back, and she could see his ridged abs in the dawn light. Hermione was draped over his side, and her long, loose curls trailed messily past her shoulders and onto his chest. She was planting a line of wet, possessive kisses down his chest. When she reached his stomach, Hermione paused and let her hand drift down to Harry's cock, which was already fully hard and resting heavily against his thigh. She curled her fingers around it and stroked it with confidence.

Emma flushed, feeling a surge of shame and arousal mingling in her chest. Her own thighs were sticky, and her body still ached from Harry's roughness last night. She was suddenly self-conscious about the way she'd lost control. Across from her, neither Harry nor Hermione seemed even slightly abashed. Hermione caught Emma's gaze and smiled, letting her hand slip up and down the shaft of Harry's cock in a slow, teasing motion. She looked so unselfconscious in her nudity and in her desire. Emma knew she was supposed to feel mortified, and maybe even jealous, but instead she felt incredibly aroused. The sight of Hermione's hand on Harry's cock made Emma's own nipples harden, and her breath caught in her throat.

When Hermione was nearly at the tip, she pulled her hand away and sat up on the edge of the bed, stretching both arms above her head. She arched her back, exposing her perky breasts and the pale line of her stomach. Her bushy hair tumbled down around her face, and she looked every bit like a goddess in the morning sun. Hermione glanced over at Emma and flashed a knowing grin. "I'm going to shower," she stated.

She slid off the mattress with feline grace, and her bare feet padded softly on the hardwood as she made her way to the master bathroom. She didn't even bother to look for a bathrobe or towel, and Emma found herself admiring and envying Hermione's lack of modesty.

Harry watched Hermione go with a half-smile pulling at his lips as he admired the bare curve of her ass. He turned to Emma. "Are you coming?" he asked.

Emma hesitated, caught between the urge to hide under the covers and the desire to follow him. She gathered the sheet around her chest, but Harry only laughed softly, got to his feet, and stretched. He walked to the bathroom without a hint of embarrassment, still naked and hard, and he paused in the doorway to look back at her.

Emma felt her face burn. She pulled the sheet tighter around her and tried to summon enough courage to follow, but her body wasn't cooperating. She could still feel the ghost of Harry's hands on her hips, the soreness between her legs, and the sticky mess that had dried on her skin overnight. It was humiliating and exciting at once.

In the bathroom, Hermione had already turned on the shower, and steam was beginning to fill the room. Emma could hear the water pounding against the tile, and she could make out Hermione's silhouette through the frosted glass. Harry stepped inside, but not before casting one last look at Emma.

"Come on," he said. His voice was playful and yet, somehow commanding.

Emma gave up on modesty. She dropped the sheet and padded across the floor, feeling the cool air on her skin and the goosebumps rising on her arms. She paused in the doorway, not sure if she was supposed to just walk in and join them. For a moment, she watched as Harry and Hermione shared the shower. Harry was so tall that his head nearly brushed the top of the shower, and Hermione had to stand on tiptoe to reach his lips. Their bodies were pressed together as Harry eagerly soaped up Hermione's ass and pussy.

She hesitated for one last second, took a deep breath, and then opened the door and stepped into the shower.