

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 67

Harry made his way through the familiar neighborhood streets and up the tidy path to the Granger house. He paused at the door, straightened his shirt, and knocked. There were a few seconds of muffled footsteps, and then the door swung open to reveal Emma Granger in all her sexy, cock-hardening glory.

Harry blinked in disbelief for a moment. He'd almost forgotten how well her beauty ritual had gone. Her hair was a cascade of loose chestnut curls that framed her beautiful face, brightened her lovely eyes, and made her look wildly out of place on the neat, brick-lined stoop. She looked like she belonged on the cover of a fashion magazine rather than this quaint, English neighborhood.

She wore a crisp, white blouse that was unbuttoned far enough to offer a generous glimpse of her perky, gravity-defying cleavage, and the faintest hint of a lacy bra peeking out from beneath. The blouse hugged her slim torso and accentuated her slender waist. The shirt was tucked into a jet-black pencil skirt that did nothing to hide the round curve of her hips and ass. The skirt was cut scandalously high, leaving most of her smooth, creamy legs exposed. On her feet were black leather pumps that added just enough height to make her seem statuesque.

Her face glowed with warmth and a hint of mischief as she saw him. Her lips curled into a wide, welcoming smile that crinkled the corners of her eyes. "Harry! It's so good to see you, dear. You're right on time, just as always." She held the door wide open, making it clear she was inviting him inside.

He stepped across the threshold and inhaled the lingering scent of Emma's perfume. Emma closed the door behind him and lingered there while still holding the knob. She watched him with an amused tilt of her head. Harry could practically feel her gaze take in every inch of him, and he was doing the same to her. The attention made him excited, and he suddenly realized that he was already half-hard.

"You look wonderful, Mrs. Granger," he said, and he meant it. She was gorgeous. The compliment made her cheeks flush, and she tucked a stray curl behind her ear in a gesture that was both shy and seductive.

"Oh, Harry, you always were such a charmer," she said in a soft, playful tone. "But I've told you, call me Emma. We're all adults here, aren't we?"

She gave him a knowing look, and Harry realized instantly that she was flirting with him. He grinned with delight. He guessed that she had been waiting months to see him again. "Of course, Emma," he said, and she laughed. The pleasant sound brightened the quiet foyer.

Emma led him down the hall, and as she sashayed ahead, Harry couldn't help but stare at the hypnotic sway of her hips or the way her bare calves flexed with each step. She walked like a woman who knew exactly how sexy she was and what effect she had on him. They paused at the living room, where Emma offered him tea, but Harry shook his head. He barely heard the question. He was too distracted by the way she leaned forward as she poured herself a cup of tea, putting her cleavage on display and making it clear that she had done so deliberately.

She sipped her tea with her pinky curled, and regarded him over the rim of the cup. "Hermione is out visiting her father for the next hour or so," she explained, making it very clear that they were alone. "I hope you don't mind waiting with me."

"Not at all," Harry replied with a cheeky smile.

They chatted for a few minutes about normal mundane things. Emma asked about Harry's time at Hogwarts, about his plans for the summer, and about his friends. Her questions were polite, but there was an undercurrent of something more intimate lurking in her tone and her body language. She leaned in closer each time she laughed, and her touches lingered a little longer than they needed to.

Suddenly she reached out and brushed a bit of lint from his sleeve, and she left her hand resting on his arm just a little too long. Harry met her eyes, and for a moment the air between them suddenly seemed charged. Neither of them said anything about it.

Then, as if daring herself, Emma slid her hand from his arm to his chest. She pressed her palm flat against his heart, feeling it beat. She bit her lip sexily. "I'm so excited that you're back, Harry," she said, not quite letting herself admit the rest of what she was thinking.

Harry's hand went to her waist, and she didn't flinch away. Instead, she arched toward him, pressing her curves into his body. His lips found her neck, and her skin was soft and warm. She shuddered as he kissed the sensitive spot just below her jaw. Without even thinking, his other hand slid down and cupped her ass, and he squeezed it gently as if to test the resilience of her toned flesh.

Emma gasped, but the sound was more delighted than scandalized. She pressed herself even closer, so that Harry could feel the heat of her pussy against his thigh through the thin layer of skirt. He slid his hand further up her back, tugging at her blouse, and she let out a soft, pleading moan.

He ran his hands over her hips and explored the curves with confidence, and as he did, he noticed something a bit naughty. There was no outline of panties beneath the fabric. He slid his hand up under the hem of her skirt, and his fingers found only smooth, bare skin. His eyebrows shot up in surprise and amusement.

"Really, Emma?" Harry teased in a wolfish kind of way. "No panties? That's a bit cheeky, isn't it?"

Emma flushed, but she didn't deny it. In fact, she wiggled her hips, just to show him how exposed she really was. "I find them uncomfortable in the summer," she said. Her voice was trembling with anticipation. "And sometimes it's fun to be a little ... naughty."

Harry chuckled, pressed her back against the nearest wall, and kissed her hungrily while his hands worked to tug up her skirt. Emma's breath came in short, desperate gasps, and her fingers tangled in his hair as she kissed him back, hungry for more.

He lifted her effortlessly and pinned her against the wall, and she wrapped her legs around his waist. Their bodies fit together perfectly, and Emma rubbed her slick pussy against the bulge in his jeans, leaving a wet stain on the denim. He reached between her legs, found her clit, and toyed with it until she whimpered.

"You're already so wet," Harry groaned. "Were you already dripping when I showed up?"

She only nodded, and she threw her head back as he teased her further. She clung to his shoulders as if she might fall, and Harry delighted in the power he had over her. He wanted to take her right there, but he also wanted to savor the moment and make her beg for it.

He slid his hand under her shirt, cupped her breast, and pinched her nipple through the thin, lacy bra. She moaned louder and then squealed when his fingers grazed her tightly puckered asshole. "Take me upstairs," Emma demanded in a very breathy voice. Harry didn't need to be told twice.

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Harry staggered down the upstairs hallway with Emma practically fused to him. Her arms were hooked desperately around his neck, and her legs were clamped tight around his hips, as if she were terrified he'd vanish if she let go for even a moment. She was all over him. Her hands roamed hungrily beneath the back of his shirt, scratching lightly at his skin, and her mouth was locked on his neck as she sucked and nibbled at the sensitive spot just below his ear. He didn't mind that every step made her grind against the aching bulge straining his jeans, or that she was leaving lipstick kisses all over his jaw. The air was thick with her perfume and the unmistakable musky smell of her arousal.

He made it to the master bedroom and threw the door open with a kick, barely slowing down. Emma gasped, as if crossing that threshold of her bedroom was just one step closer to her fulfilling her fantasy. The bedroom was neat and tidy, and the sheets on the bed were crisp and tucked in. The sight of the bed made her even more excited.

He didn't hesitate. He spun and deposited Emma in the middle of the bed, where she bounced once and sprawled back in a pose that was both sexy and inviting. Her skirt rode up high on her thighs, showing off the creamy skin and the pink, glistening lips between her legs. She reached

for him, but he stepped back. They stood there breathing hard, and then Emma grinned and shimmied on her back. Her hair fanned across the pillow.

Harry stripped in record time. He pulled his shirt over his head and threw it somewhere over his shoulder. He then struggled with the fly of his jeans as his cock throbbed uncomfortably against the rough denim. Emma didn't look away for even a second. She sat up on her elbows and watched his every move. Her eyes were unblinking and lustful. She looked like a lioness about to pounce.

Her hands went to her own shirt, and she unbuttoned it in quick flicks of her fingers. Each one revealed more of the pale, perfect skin and the deep V of her cleavage. She pulled the shirt off and tossed it aside before reaching behind her back and unclipping her lacy white bra. She tossed her bra away and cupped her bare breasts, as if presenting them for his inspection. She then let them drop, and they jiggled and bounced around sexily. They were full and round, and they were crowned with pale pink, stiff nipples that seemed to beg for attention.

She lay back, ran a hand down her stomach, and let her skirt ride up even higher. Again, Harry saw that there was nothing underneath it but her bare pussy, and the sight made his cock twitch with a fresh jolt of lust. He finally managed to get his jeans undone, and he shucked them in an awkward dance. They were quickly followed by his boxers. His long, thick cock sprang free, and it was already glistening at the tip. He could feel Emma's eyes on it as she drank in every detail, and the way she licked her lips made it clear that she loved the sight.

Emma pulled off her skirt, planted her feet flat on the bed, and then splayed her knees wide open. Harry couldn't help but stare at the glistening pussy lips that were puffy with arousal. They seemed even pinker against the pale skin of her inner thighs. Emma leaned back on her hands, arched her back, and let her breasts jut forward. She looked up at him through thick lashes. Her expression was shameless and eager.

"I'm waiting," she said in a teasing, sing-song voice.

He moved closer, and his own desire made it hard to think or breathe. He wanted to take her immediately and bury himself inside her until they both screamed. But she seemed to want to draw this out and savor it. She reached down between her legs and ran a finger along her slit. She gathered the wetness on her fingertip, then brought the finger to her lips and sucked it clean while holding his gaze.

Harry felt dizzy with need. He climbed onto the bed, crawling up between her spread legs, and she wrapped them around him again, locking her ankles behind his lower back. Their bodies pressed together, and Emma whimpered as his cock pressed against her thigh. He reached up and cupped her naked breasts. Harry kneaded the soft flesh and pinched her nipples, making her gasp and shudder.

She grabbed his hand, guided it down to her pussy, and mashed his palm against her clit. "Touch me, please," she begged with a trembling voice.

He rubbed her in slow, firm circles while she rocked her hips and moaned. Her hands went to his hair, which she clutched as if trying to anchor herself in reality. She was close to the edge already, and her whole body spasmed and quivered. Harry took a savage pleasure in making her come apart so quickly.

She ground herself against his hand, and her cries of pleasure grew louder. After a minute of frantic rubbing, Harry slipped two fingers inside her. Emma squealed, clamped down hard on his fingers, and came with a hoarse scream. Her arms and legs spasmed around him, and she writhed like a woman possessed. Even after her orgasm faded, she kept rocking her hips, desperate for more.

"God, I've missed this," Emma panted, and she lifted her head to kiss him on the lips. Her whole body seemed to melt into him, and she grabbed his cock and guided it to her entrance. She began rubbing the head against her slick, sensitive folds, which made Harry moan into her mouth.

Harry nearly lost control right then, but he managed to hold back. He teased her with the head of his cock, sliding it along her pussy, but not quite pushing inside. Emma shuddered, whined, and bucked her hips, trying to force him in.

"Please, Harry," she begged, and all pretense of control was gone.

He grinned and thrust forward, sinking into her all at once. Harry groaned at the tight, slippery sensation of her silky walls sliding along his shaft. She arched her back, let out a deep moan, and clawed at his back as he filled her. She was unbelievably tight and hot, and the feeling nearly made Harry see stars.

He started to fuck her slowly, but he quickly moved faster and harder as Emma urged him on with moans and shameless pleas. Her fingers raked his chest and arms, and when she came again, her whole body clenched around him, squeezing his cock so tightly he almost came with her.

He kept fucking her through her orgasm, and he didn't stop until she was a babbling, messy heap of pleasure beneath him. Only then did he let himself go and emptied inside her with a final, deep thrust. Emma giggled wildly when she felt his cum fill her waiting cunt. She had been waiting for months, and now her day was finally here. But she wasn't just satisfied with two measly orgasms. No, she wanted more, and by god, she was going to get them.

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Hermione was already in a sour mood when her father dropped her off, and she felt even more irritated as soon as she stepped into the house and realized it was empty. Harry was supposed to be at her house by now. She set her bag down and glanced around, but there was no sign of him. There was, however, something else. There was a heavy, unmistakable scent that lingered in the air. She closed her eyes and inhaled, and it hit her like a slap in the face. It was the overwhelming smell of sex ... specifically wet pussy, and it practically radiated from upstairs.

Hermione closed her eyes, muttered a curse under her breath, and then let out a sigh that was mostly annoyance but also just a little bit jealousy. "Really? She couldn't have waited until I was done with him?" she said, not even bothering to keep her voice down.

She walked up the stairs, getting more and more worked up as every step made her feel the throb between her own legs. She had been waiting for some alone time with Harry, and now it seemed that the entire world was conspiring against her. She could hear everything now. She could hear the creaking of the headboard, the slapping of wet flesh, and the high-pitched, breathy keening that Emma always made when she was getting fucked just right. Hermione rolled her eyes and quickened her pace. She wasn't embarrassed or shy, but there was something about this particular scenario that made her blood rush and her skin flush with heat. She wanted to see it, sabotage it, or maybe even be a part of it. She wasn't sure just yet.

She stopped outside Emma's bedroom door and took a deep, slow breath. Just beyond that thin wood, Harry was fucking her senseless. The thought should have mortified her, but instead, it sent a burst of pleasure straight to her clit. Hermione smirked and pushed open the door.

The sight that greeted her was lurid enough to stop her in her tracks. Harry had Emma folded nearly in half. Her ankles were hooked behind his shoulders, and he was slamming his cock downward into her with brutal, relentless force. Emma's face was slack with pleasure, and her mouth hung open in a silent scream. Her eyes were rolled back in her head, and her body was spasming uncontrollably. Her hands clutched at the bedsheets as if she were afraid she'd be thrown off the mattress by the sheer force of his thrusts.

The room itself was a disaster. The sheets were tangled, pillows were on the floor, and a bottle of lube sat precariously close to the edge of the nightstand. It looked like they'd been at it for hours. The stench of sex was so thick that Hermione felt her knees buckle and her pussy clench involuntarily. She watched as Harry's cock plowed in and out of Emma's gaping, wet hole. The shaft was gleaming with pussy juice and streaked with white cream, and every thrust made it messier. Emma's pussy lips had been stretched open by the pounding, and they clung to Harry's cock like a second skin, refusing to let go. Every time he pulled back, her inner lips followed and stretched away from her body. Harry then slammed back in, making the whole thing disappear into the soft blur of her pink flesh.

Hermione kept watching, unable to look away. Emma's toes curled in pleasure, and every muscle in her legs and ass tensed with each stroke. Wet squelches and little gasps filled the air, and Emma's pussy juice was leaking out so much it ran down her crack and dripped onto the

bedspread. Some of it even ran down to her puckered asshole, pooling there and making it shiny and wet. It was obscene, but Hermione didn't care. She liked it.

Harry's face was focused, like he was channeling all his energy into making Emma lose her mind. He braced one hand on her thigh for leverage, and the other was on her breast, squeezing and pinching the nipple until Emma shrieked.

Hermione continued to linger in the doorway, fixed in place by the spectacle unfolding on the bed. She heard Emma's moan twist and break into a desperate, high-pitched gurgle that seemed to vibrate the very air. The sound of their sex grew even louder and wetter as Harry's hips slapped furiously against Emma's ass, and Hermione realized that the woman was about to climax again. Emma's entire body bucked, and her back nearly levitated from the sheets. She let out a scream that made Hermione's ears hurt. Her calves locked down around Harry's neck, and the muscles in her thighs spasmed with such violence that Hermione thought for a split second that Emma might snap Harry's head clean off his body. Even Harry, who had looked so focused and dominant just moments before, seemed amused by the ferocity of it.

Hermione felt her breath catch as she watched. There was something intoxicating about the way Emma lost control and surrendered to the pleasure with absolute abandon. Hermione had always prided herself on self-mastery and keeping her desires contained, but watching Emma come apart so completely made her jealous in ways she had never anticipated. She clenched her own thighs together, feeling the ache of arousal building inside her, and she wondered how it would feel to be the one on that bed, completely at Harry's mercy.

Suddenly, Emma's orgasm hit her like a freight train, and her body began to convulse wildly. The sheets beneath her were instantly soaked, and Hermione's eyes widened as she realized Emma wasn't just cumming ... she was squirting hard and spraying pussy juice in thick, arcing jets. The first wave splashed against Harry's stomach, but the next shot clean over him, splattering the headboard, the mattress, and even the wall behind the bed. The sound it made was obscene, like someone dumping water onto the floorboards. Harry kept fucking her through it with his lips curled into a savage grin. Every mighty thrust sent another spurt of glistening fluid into the air.

Hermione was so transfixed by the sight that she forgot entirely about her own proximity to the bed. She inched closer, drawn in by its eroticism, and she was rewarded with a sudden, direct hit. A stray jet of Emma's orgasm splattered across Hermione's face. She gasped in shock, wiped at her cheek, and stared down at her trembling hand. The scent and taste of Emma's arousal filled her senses.

Emma came again and again, each time with less coherence and more urgency, until her voice gave out and her legs finally collapsed, limp and quivering, onto the mattress. Harry leaned over her, planted a kiss on her trembling lips, and then looked up. He finally noticed Hermione standing in the doorway. Her face was slick with Emma's release.

Hermione could feel her heartbeat pounding in her throat, and she could feel the feverish heat rising up between her thighs. She met Harry's gaze, and he grinned at her. His smile was lazy, satisfied, and completely unashamed. Hermione wanted to huff and demand he take her in the same way, but the best she could manage was to flick Emma's orgasm off her fingers and onto the ruined carpet. Harry chuckled and slowly thrust into Emma again. Emma let out something that sounded like a mixture of a moan and a squeal. She sounded desperate, like she was on the verge of another orgasm so soon after the other. Hermione cleared her throat.

"Don't let me interrupt," Hermione said loudly, and only then did Emma realize that she was in the room. Harry didn't stop fucking her, but a naughty smile crept onto his lips. Emma's eyes went wide with shock and humiliation. All Hermione could do was smirk.