

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 19

Harry watched the owls flutter into the Great Hall one early Saturday morning. Sadly, Hedwig wasn't with them. He had decided early on to not buy the beautiful snowy owl. She was very recognizable and would likely end up a target by Dumbledore, the Ministry, the Death Eaters, or any number of people hoping to find out where he was staying. Wherever she was, he hoped that she was happy and healthy. That morning, about a dozen owls flew in and lined up around him. All of them hooted and held their legs out. Harry began removing the letters attached and asked Hermione to help him to make things go faster. Once done, he offered them each a slice of hot, crispy bacon, which all of them were eager to accept. Harry flipped through the stack of letters and smiled. It was more fan mail.

Recently, he had removed the restrictions against him receiving mail. He would turn it on and off whenever it was needed. Beside him, Hermione sniffed. "Perfume," she noted. "I really hope that another harlot hasn't sent you her knickers."

"That last pair could've been used for a parachute," Harry shook his head. The woman who had sent them was a bit hefty, to say the least. She was also fifty-nine years old ... and married ... with grandchildren that were attending Durmstrang.

"You think some girls will send any more sexy photos?" Ron asked eagerly from his other side. Harry shrugged. He knew that Ron was incredibly jealous of the constant flow of fan mail. Harry was surprised that he had been able to keep his mouth shut about it. He had made the mistake of opening a few letters in front of Ron. When the young, horny redhead saw the moving picture of one of Zacharias Smith's nineteen-year-old cousins, his eyes nearly bugged out. Harry had to admit, the busty blonde was quite sexy. She was wearing a very, very short dress with a plunging neckline. She sensually danced around and wiggled her body. With every movement, her body was threatening to burst out of her tight dress. He already had that picture framed and placed on his bedside table. That wasn't the only picture that he had received. He had received some that were far more scandalous, though he kept those in a private picture album secured away in his magical trunk. He even received one dick pic. Harry chuckled and sent it to Malfoy anonymously.

Harry didn't like the way Dumbledore eyed him whenever he received a pile of mail. There was no doubt in his mind that he would receive a visit from the old man sooner rather than later. He'd just have to wait.

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"Dobby?" Harry called out. Only a second later, a pop echoed throughout the empty corridor. Dobby's eyes were wide and filled with wonder.

"The great Harry Potter knows Dobby?" the little elf asked in excitement.

"Of course, I do," Harry smiled. "Are you working here at Hogwarts?"

Dobby nodded his head so fast that his long ears flopped around. "Yes, Mister Harry Potter sir! Though Dobby is still a free elf! Dobby is getting paid for his work here," he said proudly.

"That's wonderful, Dobby," Harry said. "I was hoping that you could do me a favor."

"Anything for the great and powerful Harry Potter!" Dobby squeaked in excitement. Dobby had heard all about the stories of Harry's greatness.

"This room right here," Harry said, pointing to the door. "I was hoping that you could clean it out and turn it into a proper bedroom for me."

Harry chose this room specifically. It was far enough away from the parts of the castle that were regularly used that there was very little chance of him being discovered. He already planned on adding more than a few privacy features to make sure he wasn't disturbed. The real reason why he chose this room was because it actually used to be a living quarters before being converted into a classroom. It was against the outer wall so it had a large window overlooking the lake, and it had a large fireplace that didn't look as if it had been used in decades. The room was everything that he could want in a private getaway.

"Harry Potter doesn't yet have a bedroom?" Dobby asked in confusion.

"I do, but I have to share it with other boys. I need a second bedroom for the times that I want privacy," Harry told him truthfully. Dobby nodded his head in understanding. The little elf stood up straight.

"Dobby will get to work right away!" he exclaimed. "Dobby will tell Harry Potter when he's finished." With that, Dobby popped away.

Harry was glad that Dobby was doing okay. He was sure that his friendship with Dobby would continue to pay dividends in the future.

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Angelina gasped as Harry quickly tugged on her arm and pulled her into an empty classroom. Her heart was beating fast, and her breath was quickening. While there were still a few hours until curfew, the corridors were already dark and foreboding-looking. "Harry ... Why did you ...?" she began to ask, but Harry shushed her. A couple of seconds later, she heard Peeves singing a song while floating down the corridor that they had just been in. Not long after, the annoying poltergeist's voice trailed off into the distance. Harry opened the door and grabbed her hand.

"It's better if Peeves doesn't know where we're going," Harry smiled at her. Angelina giggled in a slightly frantic tone. Just being with Harry already seemed like some type of small adventure. It was amazing that practically his entire short life had been like this, only much more grandiose. As for what he said, Angelina couldn't agree more. Last year, Peeves dropped a giant glob of peanut butter in her hair and happily wailed for Filch when she was spotted out after curfew one night. She had received detention for the entire weekend. She promised that she would get even with that bastard someday if it was the last thing she would do. In the meantime, she agreed with Harry. It was smarter if they avoided him for now.

Angelina felt her cheeks heat up as Harry didn't release her hand. In fact, he tightened his grip in a way that she found possessive ... as though, for tonight, she belonged to him. Angelina didn't mind at all. In fact, she couldn't wait to brag to her friends about it. Down the dark and chilly corridor, she was led. She had a general idea of where they were in the castle, but she had never been so far off the beaten path. Harry then tugged on her arm and directed her left down another corridor. At the end of this corridor was a dead end with a door on the right. Harry had held Angelina's hand so that her brain wouldn't suddenly become fuzzy due to the Aversion Wards. He planned on changing the wards to be more subtle, but this was the best he could do in such a short amount of time. They would work well for tonight though. He opened the door and pulled her in.

Her eyes went wide when she was pulled into the warm room. The room was dark with only the large, crackling fire producing any light. Still, the fire was large and produced enough light that Angelina could see everything that the room had to offer. There was a desk off to the side that appeared to be unused. There was a loveseat situated close to the fire that Angelina would love to sit in and relax on those cold winter nights at Hogwarts. In the far corner, there was a large, comfortable-looking bed. As soon as she entered the room, she found a door to the right. "What's in here?" she asked him.

"A private bathroom and shower," he told her. Dobby had found that the bathroom had been hidden with magic.

"This room is brilliant, Harry!" Angelina said joyously. She walked over to the bed and jumped onto it. She rested on her knees and bounced a few times, testing the comfort level. "How did you find it?" she wondered. She knew that the castle hid many secrets. The Weasley twins had found some strange shortcuts after all.

"I had a friend help me," Harry smirked to himself as he walked over to a cabinet and opened it up. Harry pulled out a bottle of firewhiskey and carried it over to the bed. "Anyway ... The room's mine now. Consider it my own personal clubhouse," he told her. Angelina eyed the bottle in his hand. She gasped and took it from him, reading the label closer.

"How did you get this?!" she asked, looking up at him. Again, Harry smirked.

"There are very few things that I can't get my hands on," he said, taking the bottle and pulling the cork. Harry tilted the bottle back and drank from it deeply. He smacked his lips as he held the bottle out for her. "Smooth," he hissed out a puff of smoke. Angelina copied him by drinking deeply from it. However, she couldn't hold back the cough, and a brilliant burst of fire erupted from her mouth. She shook her head and yelped.

"That's way stronger than the stuff the other kids sneak into the school," she admitted, handing him the bottle back. Harry drank from it and handed it back.

"They usually water it down so that it'll last longer," Harry explained. "Besides, it doesn't take much to get a student drunk." As if proving his point, Angelina already seemed buzzed after taking a few drinks from it. Harry chuckled and put the cork back in. He didn't want her drunk after all. He only wanted her to have a good time tonight. As he set the bottle on the side table, he heard her giggle.

"You said you can get your hands on anything right? Well, you haven't gotten your hands on me," she teased. Harry turned and looked at her. She was lying on the bed with her dark hair fanned out. Harry's eyes traveled over her lovely form. Her knees were up, and her heels were touching the backs of her thighs. Her plaid skirt was bunched up, showing him the majority of her smooth thighs. Covering her calves were black knee-socks, and on her feet were the typical Mary Janes that the female population wore. Her chest was covered by a white blouse that wasn't buttoned up all of the way. Harry kicked off his shoes and joined her.

"Is that right?" he asked, smiling at her. His green eyes were sparkling with the dull light of the fire. "That seems to be a mistake on my part," he told her, grabbing her ankle and pulling her shoe off. He tossed it away. "A mistake I intend to immediately correct," he added as he tossed her other shoe away.

Angelina's head was swimming. After a few drinks of whiskey, she found herself feeling very relaxed and confident. Normally, she would be a nervous wreck if a boy was fiddling with the lower half of her body. At the moment, however, she was quite eager for things to progress. She couldn't stop herself from squirming as Harry lifted her leg and slowly removed her knee-sock. Once he pulled it from her bare foot, he let his fingers glide up and down her leg. His hands caressed her calf before moving down and tickling her ankle. Angelina bit her lower lip and shuddered. Her arousal mixed with the effects of the strong alcohol had her feeling incredible. When his fingers began gently playing with the skin on the back of her knee, Angelina had her first mini orgasm of the night. Crying out softly, she accidentally pulled her foot from his grasp. Her hips bucked slightly as she felt the crotch of her panties dampen. By then, Harry was peeling off her other sock. This time he let his lips do the exploring. "Please ... Harry ..." she choked out a desperate whisper as he peppered her inner thigh with kisses. She knew that he could smell her wet pussy, but she didn't care. She was deep in her own sexual daze.

She let out a loud moan when his tongue tickled the skin just below the leg hole of her panties. Her fingers threaded through his messy black hair as his lips found her panty-covered clit.

Feeling the front of her panties being pulled down slightly, she looked down and saw him examining her bald mound. He looked up at her and smiled. "No hair?" he teased. Angelina blushed and shook her head. She normally didn't go through the trouble, but since Harry began showing an interest in her, she made sure to keep her body fresh and smooth at all times. He softly kissed her mound which made Angelina's eyes flutter. His lips then began traveling up her lower belly until his tongue dipped into her belly button. The sensation was wonderful, she thought as his hands joined in and gently caressed her sides. Sadly, he removed his lips not long after and sat up, still positioned between her parted legs.

Angelina was laying there breathing heavily. Her eyes were wide as she waited for the next part of his exploration. She saw him focus for a second, and suddenly, her blouse ripped right open. Buttons flew off in every direction as her bra and bare belly were suddenly exposed. Angelina squeaked as she was startled by the action. "H-Harry? How did you ...?"

Her words were cut off by her bra ripping between the two cups. The cups snapped open, flying in opposite directions, and her beautiful breasts spilled out. Harry's eyes were on them before they stopped jiggling around. They were a little more than a handful and were quite perky. They were the same light brown color as the rest of her lovely skin. Her nipples were about the size of a silver Sickle, and they were capped by hard, crinkled tips that Harry couldn't wait to suck on. Angelina was still in shock even as Harry's hands began groping and fondling her bare tits.

"How did you do that?" she shuttered and trembled as he rolled her hard nipples between his fingers. Her back was already arching in pleasure, and Harry noticed that her womanly scent was getting stronger. The smell of her wet pussy had his cock straining in his trousers.

"I've been practicing my magic," Harry smiled as he gave her hard nipples a tug. "How well do you think I'm doing?" Harry teased her. Angelina was about to answer when she felt something wiggling around in her panties, though Harry's hands were still playing with her tits. She was momentarily startled before feeling as though his pure magic was gently stroking her wet slit. Her legs suddenly opened wide without any input from her hazy brain. She felt his magic spread until her puckered hole was being massaged. "I can't ..." she cried out when suddenly, she felt her clit vibrating. Angelina let out a high-pitched squeal as she violently came. The crotch of her panties became soaked in her juices. While she bucked and thrashed around, she didn't notice that Harry was removing his clothes. It wasn't until he stood up wearing only his boxers that Angelina noticed him. She watched attentively as he pulled them down. His long, perfect cock sprang up, hard and ready for fun. Without any hesitation, Angelina rolled over until she was on her hands and knees. She crawled over to him and took his cock into her mouth.

Harry immediately felt her moaning around his cock as his magic continued to simultaneously play with her clit, slit, and asshole. The longer he went, the better he was becoming with his wandless magic. By that point, it seemed more like telekinesis than actual magic. Sometimes all he had to do was think about doing something and his magic just made it happen. It was incredible, Harry thought, and he couldn't wait to get even stronger. In the meantime, he would practice at every opportunity that he got. Angelina sure seemed to enjoy his practice session.

She tried her best to suck him off, but her skill level and experience didn't match up with her desires. 'Still ... Getting a bad blowjob is better than not getting one at all,' Harry thought as her head only slightly bobbed. She was only taking him a couple of inches into her mouth. Harry reached down and lightly tickled her scalp with his fingernails, making the girl shudder. Her knees were wide apart, and her little, pink panties were bunched up and riding into her butt crack. He could see the shape of her plump pussy lips as her drenched panties clung to her form. Her ass was shaking back and forth, and her hands clawed at the bedsheets as she tried to fight off another rapidly approaching orgasm. "Press your tongue against the bottom of my cock, and when only the head is in, wiggle your tongue against the tip," Harry told her. Angelina immediately added his suggestions into her cocksucking repertoire. Harry moaned as she started getting better.

"When taking me back in, hold the flat of your tongue against the bottom. Always using your tongue makes it so much better," Harry explained. Slowly, Harry started moving his hips. He kept his thrusts shallow since the girl was still a rookie. As nice as it was to be her sexual guinea pig, Harry was eager for more. When he pulled his cock from her lips, Angie groaned and latched onto his dangling sack. Harry stroked his cock while looking down at her. The girl was licking and slurping on his balls while her ass was beginning to twerk.

"You feeling good, Angie?" Harry bantered while she took his directions to heart. He felt her warm, wet tongue lapping at his cum-filled sack.

"It f-feels too good, Harry!" Angelina cried out as she let go of his balls. Her ass was trembling so much that Harry could see the meaty flesh of her wide hips jiggling.

"Turn around and let me see," Harry ordered. Angelina spun around and presented her panty-clad ass to him. The crotch of her panties was completely soaked. They were molded to the shape of her taut pussy. Harry could even see through the soaked material and gaze at her tight slit. Angelina squealed and arched her back, sticking her ass up in the air. A fat drop of arousal dripped down the inside of her thigh and rolled down until finally dripping onto the bed. Harry grabbed the waistband and slowly peeled them down her thighs. He was fascinated by the way the wet material practically stuck to the skin of her pussy. As he was lowering them, she was forced to roll over onto her side so that he could slip them off of her feet.

Angelina was practically out of her mind with pleasure. The vibrations against her swollen and throbbing clit felt better than any toy that she had ever used. As she lay on her side trembling, she heard Harry say, "You have such a sexy, little body."

She was very pleased that he liked the way she looked. She was about to roll over onto her back and spread her legs for him when she suddenly felt his long, fat cock slide between the arches of her small feet. Before she could comprehend the situation, she also felt his magic penetrate her asshole. Her eyes flew open and bugged out. "HARRY!" she squealed as sudden and intense pleasure washed over her body. Goosebumps erupted all over her soft and smooth skin. She choked out a moan as Harry fucked her feet with his cock and fucked her virgin ass

with his magic. Angie wasn't going to lie, the magic in her ass felt fantastic. It felt as though she was being fucked without the pain of being stretched. Her back was arching fiercely, and her hands came up and slid over her perky tits. She was a bit embarrassed by the strange noises escaping her mouth as her body was treated as a plaything. Crying out as another big orgasm hit her, she started kneading her breasts and rubbing her aching nipples. Angelina loved it all. She loved being used by Harry as though she was his whore. She loved the way his magic felt against her clit and ass. She loved the sensation of his thick cock against the incredibly soft soles of her feet, and she especially loved when he rolled her onto her back and deeply penetrated her pussy.

The wet squelch of being penetrated for the first time by him was incredibly embarrassing for her. When he pulled back, she saw that his entire cock was dripping with her juices. Harry pressed the fat head against her engorged clit and wiggled his cock back and forth. The pleasure made her cry out as her eyes rolled into the back of her head. His cock slipped back between her wet folds, and she felt him stretching her insides the deeper he went. Her legs wrapped around his waist, and she trembled and spasmed while being double penetrated by him. Suddenly, his lips touched hers, and Angie happily kissed him back. She was more than happy to let him explore her mouth with his tongue while one of his hands fondled her soft tit. His fingertips were softly playing with her nipple, sending spikes of pleasure straight into her pussy. His hips were practically a blur as he furiously fucked her. Her body was being slammed so hard that she was forced to unwrap her legs from his waist. Holding them wide open for him, she screamed and squealed as every pleasurable spot imaginable was repeatedly battered by the thick head of his perfect cock. The walls of her pussy were as tight as humanly possible as she clutched the shaft of his cock.

When his cock touched her G-spot, that was the straw that broke the camel's back. Angelina broke the kiss and screamed so loud that it hurt Harry's ears. He was suddenly thankful that he placed a very strong silencing matrix across the doors and walls. Her bottom half was bucking wildly as if she were trying to toss him off. He lashed out with his magic and pinned her to the bed. Her eyes went wide, and her mouth hung open as Harry jackhammered into her squirting pussy. He suddenly felt his balls churn and released her from his magical grip. Rolling them over, she was now on top of him while Harry hugged her slim waist tightly. Angelina chittered and mewled sexily as Harry continued to thrust into her, pumping her full of his seed.

At some point, Angelina lost consciousness. The pleasure was simply overwhelming. She wasn't sure how long it had been, but at some point, she woke up with her body feeling very sensitive. Harry was behind her, spooning her young, soft body. Looking down, she saw his erection sticking out from between her closed thighs. Her little pussy lips were spread apart to make room for the thick beast that hung between Harry's legs. Finding it funny because it appeared that she had a thick cock of her own, she began to giggle uncontrollably. Unbeknownst to her, her magic was highly stimulated because of the great sex that had just occurred. She didn't care about the reasons though, she only cared that she felt incredible. However, she was very sleepy and worn out. Harry's hand was tickling her belly before sliding up and resting on her breast. Angie moaned and wiggled around to get more comfortable. Harry

groaned and thrust his hips. Angelina felt his cock slide across the length of her sensitive slit before hitting her clit. She cried out and smacked his hip. "I'm too sensitive!" she gasped. Harry chuckled and pulled a blanket over them. Angelina closed her eyes and smiled as Harry continued to caress her lovely body while she drifted off to sleep.

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Angelina woke up with a yawn. She suddenly felt a warm pair of lips kissing the side of her neck. She stretched and mewled cutely. As she arched her back, Harry slid his hand over her breasts, feeling her nipples grow hard. Angie moaned and rubbed her shapely bottom against the hard cock that was pressed against it.

She realized that she felt amazing. Her body was buzzing with energy, and she swore that she could feel a maelstrom of magic swirling inside of her, waiting to get out. She couldn't wait to start the day! But first ...

"Harry?" she said cutely, looking over her shoulder while biting her lower lip. She was rubbing her ass against him even harder now. It was clear what she wanted. When his cock spread her lips apart and entered her, Angelina moaned while experiencing morning sex for the first time in her life.