

## Unknown Prophecy

### Chapter 69

Fleur's bedroom was drenched in the soft light of early morning, and the air was warm and heavy with the scent of sex. The silk sheets beneath Fleur and Harry were bunched up and spotted with evidence of last night's marathon fuck-session. The subtle light caught Fleur's pale skin and made it practically radiate. Harry lay flat on his back with his arms relaxed, and his eyes closed in bliss, while Fleur was sprawled atop him with her body turned in the classic sixty-nine position. She was sucking him off so voraciously that he had to bite his lip to muffle the groan, and she had her hand wrapped tight around the base of his cock to steady it. Her long, silvery hair hung down like a curtain, shrouding his waist as she worked.

Fleur's cunt was directly above his mouth, dripping on his face as he licked her. He started slowly at first, letting his tongue glide along the swollen lips. He moaned at the taste of the honeyed slickness that was so uniquely hers. With every pass of his tongue, Fleur's hips shuddered and dipped lower, making her mound squish against his nose, and her clit grind into his lower lip. Wetness clung to every inch of Fleur's inner thighs, and the thick slathering of juices dripped audibly onto Harry's chin. The more she bucked, the more her juices ran, and before long, the entire lower half of his face was slick. Every inhale was filled with her musky, intoxicating scent.

She was insatiable. Harry knew from experience that Fleur could cum six times in a night if he kept at it, and she was already halfway there. Her moans vibrated around his cock, sending jolts of pleasure through his groin, and she only paused to gulp down air before diving back in. She ran her tongue along the vein on the underside, then sucked the head so hard that Harry's heels dug into the mattress. He retaliated by clamping his lips around her clit and flicking it rapidly with his tongue. Fleur made a strangled "mmph" sound as her entire body twitched. She let go of his cock just long enough to gasp, " 'Arry ... You must 'urry ... I am almost there!" She then went right back to devouring his cock.

Her voice was choked with orgasmic bliss, and Harry loved the way she lost her perfect French composure in the throes of pleasure. Every few seconds, Fleur would whimper or squeal, and the noises grew louder and more desperate as she neared another climax. Harry felt her thighs clamp hard around his head, and she dug her fingernails into his thighs, using his body as leverage to fuck her cunt against his mouth. He was relentlessly sucking and licking, swirling his tongue around her clit, then slipping his tongue inside her and lapping up her arousal. Fleur was wet enough to drown him. The sheets underneath his head were soaked. He wondered absentmindedly if Veela women produced more pussy juice than the average woman, or if Fleur was just a freak. Either way, he wasn't about to complain.

Fleur whimpered, "I'm going to ... oh ... 'Arry!" Then her entire body locked up. Her back arched, her ass pressed hard into his face, and her pussy contracted around his tongue as she came. Harry kept his mouth there, drinking her down, and he felt fresh wetness gush onto his

tongue. Fleur's body shook through her fourth orgasm of the morning, and she gasped for air as her head hung limply between Harry's spread thighs. She kept Harry's cock in her mouth, though, and as soon as she caught her breath, she doubled down by bobbing her head and pumping him with her hand. Her cheeks hollowed as she sucked, her tongue tracing maddening circles around the tip. It took Harry by surprise when he felt himself about to cum, but Fleur must have sensed it too, because she moaned, "Oui, c'est ça ... cum for me." She then sucked faster and didn't slow down.

Harry lost it. There was a deep rumble in his chest as he clamped his hands around Fleur's ass and squeezed. Fleur swallowed the first hot jet with a practiced gulp. Her lips were tight around the shaft, and she kept going, milking every last drop with her mouth and hand. She licked him clean, then let his cock rest across her cheek while she panted and gasped for breath. Her entire upper body trembled from the pleasure and exertion.

Eventually, Fleur rolled off of him, and Harry watched as she slumped onto her back and laughed breathlessly. Her chest heaved, drawing his eyes to her round, perky tits. Her pale nipples were incredibly stiff and crinkled, and it was difficult not to lean over and take them into his mouth. Her pale, silky skin was flushed with exertion, and she looked over at him with a glassy-eyed smile. "You 'ave ruined me for other men, I swear it," she said, and ran a hand through her tangled hair.

Harry chuckled and patted her bare thigh. "That's the plan." He stretched, then reached over and gave her a gentle slap on the ass. "But I do have to go, Fleur. I promised Apolline I'd help her with breakfast."

Fleur whined and grabbed at his cock, which had barely softened. She rolled onto her side, wrapped her lips around the tip, and sucked hard enough to make him gasp. "Stay for one more," she said as her accent thickened.

Harry chuckled, even as his hips involuntarily arched toward her mouth. "You're impossible."

Fleur just giggled, then bobbed her head, working him back to full hardness in seconds. She alternated between deep, throat-stretching plunges and soft, teasing licks with her warm tongue. She seemed to know exactly how to keep him on edge without making him cum, and Harry found himself panting and digging his nails into the sheets.

He looked down and watched her. Fleur looked so perfectly beautiful and completely at ease. Her swollen pussy was still oozing onto the sheets, and the view was almost as good as the sensation of her mouth. Her hair was a mess, her lips were swollen, and her cheeks flushed. She looked up at him with an expression of pure lust. Harry wanted to take his time and savor the feeling of her lips wrapped around him, but Fleur was making it impossible.

"You're going to make me cum again," he warned.

She popped her mouth off his cock with a soft noise and grinned up at him. "That is the point, non?" Then she dove back down and swallowed him. Her throat muscles squeezed around the head as she massaged his shaft with both hands. Harry's breath grew ragged, and he could feel his balls swelling. They were on the verge of exploding.

He reached down and threaded his fingers into her golden hair, holding her gently as he thrust upward. Fleur let him guide her, and she moaned around his length, sending pleasant vibrations along the shaft. He couldn't hold back anymore. "Bloody hell, Fleur ... I'm going to ..." he started, but she was already expecting it. She wrapped her lips tighter and swallowed every spurt as he came. Her throat bobbed as she drank it down, and she didn't let go until she was sure he was completely empty.

Harry let out a long, shaky breath and collapsed back onto the pillows. Fleur crawled up beside him, nuzzled her face into his neck, and ran her hand up and down his abs. She pressed a soft kiss to his jaw and let out a satisfied sigh. For a while, neither of them spoke. They just lay there, basking in the post-coital glow and the morning sun that filtered through the curtains.

Finally, Harry broke the silence. "If I don't get going, Apolline is going to come in here and see us like this. You know how she is when she gets impatient."

Fleur giggled. "She already knows. She sees everything."

Harry rolled his eyes, then sat up and swung his legs off the bed. His muscles ached, but in the good way, and he cast a last look at Fleur sprawled naked across the ruined sheets. Her eyes were half-closed, her legs were still spread, and her entire body glistened. There was a big smile on her gorgeous face, and she looked like the happiest woman in the world.

He pulled on a pair of boxers and padded to the en suite bathroom. He brushed his teeth and washed his face before heading out the bedroom door. The hallway was quiet, and as he made his way downstairs, he caught the smell of fresh coffee and something sweet baking. In the kitchen, Apolline was already at work. She was humming softly to herself as she kneaded dough with strong, practiced hands, and she wore only a silk robe that clung to her curves.

Apolline looked like she belonged on the cover of a Muggle fashion magazine. Her long, silvery-blond hair was swept up into a loose bun, but a few wisps escaped the tie and hung around her cheekbones and framed her beautiful face. The silk robe she wore, if it could even be called that, was a deep, midnight blue that contrasted perfectly with her flawless, porcelain skin. The fabric shimmered in the morning light and clung to every curve, outlining her generous bust and accentuating the narrowness of her waist. Harry imagined the garment had been chosen precisely because of its effect on men. The thin silk hugged her so tightly that the shape of her nipples was barely hidden by the cloth, and the belt was cinched just enough to keep the robe closed, but not enough to hide the tempting line of her cleavage.

The robe's hem barely reached the tops of her thighs, and every time she leaned over the counter or reached for a bowl, the back would ride up enough to reveal a teasing portion of her bare bum. Her cheeks were round and perfectly shaped, and Harry adored the way they jiggled with her movements. Her legs were long and pale, and her skin was creamy and unblemished. Her legs tapered down to petite bare feet with perfectly manicured toes. She was putting his money to good use, he discovered. Harry caught himself staring at her calves as she balanced on her tiptoes to reach a bag of flour from a high shelf, and he had to suppress the urge to wolf-whistle. Even the way she moved was sensual. Her hips swayed naturally, and every gesture had a practiced elegance to it. She didn't walk so much as glide, and even in the simplest movements, she exuded a calm, confident sensuality that made Harry's heart beat faster.

The kitchen was warm and filled with the rich, buttery aroma of baking pastries, but Apolline's scent cut through everything else. The effect of it was immediate. Harry's body responded before his mind had a chance to catch up. He tried to be subtle as he watched her, but Apolline seemed completely unbothered by the way his eyes followed her movements. If anything, she seemed to enjoy it. She kneaded the dough on the counter while her body bent and undulated in a way that made Harry's boxers feel suddenly too tight.

She hummed a low, contented melody as she worked. The song was unfamiliar but pleasant, and every so often she'd pause, tilt her head, and tuck a stray lock of hair behind her ear with a graceful flick of her finger. Her blue eyes would occasionally dart over to Harry as if checking to make sure he was still watching. Once, when she caught him openly staring at the bottom of her exposed cheeks, a sly smile crept onto her lips, and she lingered a little too long in that pose, letting him have his fill before moving on.

Apolline's beauty was different from Fleur's. Where Fleur was taut and perky, Apolline was plush and ripe. The fullness of her breasts was barely contained by the robe, and the way the silk emphasized her curves left nothing to the imagination. When she leaned forward over her mixing bowl, the robe gapped just enough that Harry was treated to the deep, tantalizing valley of her cleavage, and he had to force himself to look away before his cock burst right through the front of his boxers.

But it was impossible to ignore her completely. Every detail about her was designed to draw the eye and keep it there. Her lips were full and pink, and she'd unconsciously nibble on her lower lip whenever she was thinking, which only made them look more inviting. Her skin glimmered in the morning sun, and the contrast between her creamy thighs and the dark silk was enough to drive a man mad.

Harry stood in the doorway for several seconds, mesmerized by the sight, and he only snapped out of his trance when Apolline turned to face him more directly. She rested her wide bottom against the edge of the counter as she regarded him with an amused, knowing expression.

Her blue eyes twinkled in his direction. "Bonjour, 'Arry," she said. Her voice was gentle and warm. "I trust you slept well?"

Harry grinned, leaning against the table. "I did, thank you. Fleur knows how to wear a man out."

Apolline smiled knowingly. "She 'as always been a feisty one. But I 'ope you saved some of your ravenous appetite for breakfast."

Harry's stomach growled at the scent of pastries and cinnamon. "I sure did."

Apolline laughed, then gestured for him to sit. She poured him a cup of coffee and set it on the table. Harry couldn't help but notice the way her robe slipped open and exposed the edges of her pale areolas. She didn't even bother fixing her robe.

Apolline then went to the oven, opened the door, and bent over, and the action made her silk robe bunch up around her waist, baring her pale, perfectly rounded bum. Harry nearly choked on his coffee. Her thighs quivered as she braced herself, and her cheeks parted slightly, displaying the delicate fold of her smooth, hairless pussy. She either didn't notice or didn't care that the robe left nothing to the imagination. Her focus remained entirely on the golden, crescent-shaped pastries she was extracting from the oven. The aroma of fresh croissants filled the room, but Harry's appetite had shifted decisively away from food.

She set the baking tray on the stovetop and pursed her lips, blowing a gentle stream of air across the croissants to cool them. The faintest smile teased the corners of her lips. She reached for a pair of tongs and gently transferred the croissants onto three plates. Her robe was now barely covering her hips, and with every movement, the soft flesh of her ass swayed hypnotically.

She carried the plates to the table, and as she leaned forward to set them down, the neckline of her robe fell open, displaying the soft inner curve of her full breasts. Her skin was almost luminous in the early sunlight, and Harry's gaze traced the narrow shadow between her bosom. Apolline's blue eyes were heavy-lidded and bright with amusement. She licked a flake of pastry from her fingertip as she observed his struggle to maintain composure.

"Bon appétit, 'Arry," she said in a teasing voice.

Harry's mouth was dry. He stood up slowly and reached out to Apolline. He grabbed her by the belt of her robe and drew her toward him, and Apolline didn't resist. She let herself be pulled into his arms. Her lips brushed his jaw, then lingered at his earlobe, and she let out a soft, throaty laugh.

"It seems you are 'ungry for more than my cooking," she naughtily teased.

Harry grinned and slid a hand to her ass, feeling the impossible softness of her skin. The robe offered no resistance, and with a slight tug, it parted and slipped down her shoulders, pooling at her elbows. She was naked beneath, and her body pressed against his. Her bare breasts squashed invitingly against his chest, and he felt her hard nipples grazing against his skin. Harry's cock strained against the thin fabric of his boxers.

Apolline shuddered as she nipped his neck and pushed her hips against him. Her hands found the waistband of his boxers and toyed teasingly with the elastic, but did not pull them down yet. Harry could smell the sweet, musky scent of her arousal overpowering the rich scent of pastries. He really wanted to take his time and enjoy every inch of her body, but the hunger in him wouldn't wait.

He bent his head and captured her lips in a hot, open-mouthed kiss. Apolline kissed back fiercely, and her tongue darted into his mouth. She moaned around his tongue as her fingers slipped under the waistband to caress his length. Harry broke the kiss and sucked her neck, and she gasped loudly.

Without another word, he lifted her off the ground as if she weighed nothing. Apolline laughed and wrapped her legs around his waist. He carried her to the table, as the croissants had been forgotten, and he set her down on the cool wood. She stayed upright for a moment with her arms braced behind her and her bare breasts thrust forward, but Harry didn't give her the chance to regain control. He eased her onto her hands and knees, then flipped the skirt of her robe entirely over her back, exposing her ass and pussy in the sunlight.

Apolline giggled, arched her back, and shook her hips to make the view even more tantalizing. "I knew you would not be able to wait when you saw me in my new robe," she teased breathlessly.

Harry growled in response, then peeled his boxers off, letting his cock spring free. He gripped her hips and dragged the head of his length along the smooth, wet lips of her cunt. He teased her folds and smeared her slickness across himself. Apolline whimpered and pushed back against him, desperate to have her pussy stuffed.

"Impatient, are we?" Harry taunted as he leaned over her. He let his cock graze her entrance, but he never quite entered.

Apolline looked back at him with wide, hungry eyes. "Only because you make it so difficult to be'ave," she gasped as the head teased her puckering asshole. "Take what you want, mon amour."

Harry didn't hesitate. His cock was so hard it ached, and with a single, hungry thrust, he drove himself all the way into Apolline's slick, yielding pussy. She cried out in startled delight and dropped her head onto her arms, bracing herself as Harry began to fuck her slowly. Each thrust made her body rock forward, and her pale breasts sway hypnotically beneath her, and the obscene squelch of her soaked cunt filled the kitchen.

“Mon dieu,” Apolline whimpered. “You are so ... big, ‘Arry. It feels so good.” Her hips bucked involuntarily, and she pushed back into him, desperate for every inch. Harry gripped her waist with strong hands and pounded her mercilessly, and the head of his cock slammed into the soft, spongy wall of her pussy until she clenched around him and whined with need.

Her arousal quickly coated his shaft, and every time he drove in, it left a fresh, creamy ring around the base. The robe was bunched uselessly at her elbows, and her naked body practically glowed in the morning sun. Harry couldn’t get enough of the way her pussy felt. It was soft, hot, and impossibly tight. He picked up the pace and pounded her wet pussy even harder.

“Oui, oui ... don’t stop, mon cheri!” she begged, writhing on the table. Her hands clutched the edge, and her hair spilled in a silvery veil over her face. She was beyond dignity and pride. She had turned into a creature of flesh and pleasure. Harry wished he could spend forever between her legs.

But Harry’s hunger was insatiable. He let his right hand slip from her waist and glide down between her thighs, and his fingers rubbed circles around her clit. Apolline shuddered at the touch, and her knees trembled. She started to moan uncontrollably. Her body was already so sensitive that every graze of his fingers made her pussy contract and spasm around him. She was close, and Harry knew just how to send her over.

He slowed just enough to let her catch her breath, then pulled out. His shaft glistened from base to tip. Apolline whined in protest, but before she could complain, Harry pressed the slick head of his cock to her puckered, twitching asshole. She sucked in a sharp breath and braced herself, but she didn’t try to move away. Instead, she arched her back, angled her hips, and presented herself to him with a wantonness that made Harry’s vision blur.

“Is this what you want?” Harry teased, gathering her hair in his fist and tugging gently.

“Yes, mon amour. Please, take me,” she said with a trembling voice. He pushed forward, and her asshole widened to accept him. She gasped as the head popped through the tight ring, then she groaned when Harry kept going, filling her inch by inch. Her hands clutched the table tightly as her body was stretched. The pressure was so intense that Harry nearly lost control, but he forced himself to go slow.

“Holy shit,” Harry moaned, bending over her back and kissing her between the shoulder blades. “You feel incredible.”

Apolline’s cries of pleasure grew louder as she clutched the edge of the table for dear life. Every time Harry bottomed out, her whole body shuddered. She was so tight and warm that Harry could hardly breathe. He started to roll her clit again with practiced skill, and the effect was

immediate. Apolline's thighs clamped around his hand, and she began to babble in French and let out desperate moans.

Her pussy was dripping on the table, glistening on her lips, and running in little rivulets down her thighs. Harry worked her clit in tight circles, and she went wild, bucking her hips and slamming back onto his cock like she was trying to tear herself in two.

"Oui, oui, oui!" Apolline cried out with her face pressed to the wood. She shook uncontrollably, and he could feel the tension in her muscles building to a breaking point.

Harry was getting closer, too, and the need to cum was making his body tremble. He set a brutal, punishing pace, slamming into Apolline's ass while his fingers tormented her clit. The sound of skin slapping echoed through the kitchen, and the smell of their sex was so heavy that it nearly choked him. Apolline was wailing in pleasure now, not caring who might hear or come in.

"Are you going to cum for me?" Harry grunted while squeezing her hip with his free hand.

She couldn't answer. She was too lost in the pleasure, but Harry knew the signs. He pinched her clit and gently tugged on it while rolling it between his fingers, and Apolline let out a scream that seemed to shake the dishes in the cabinets. Her pussy went crazy. It convulsed and squirted a clear, hot gush of pussy juice all over Harry's hand and the table. She screamed again, and her orgasm tore through her in fluttering waves. Her asshole clamped down so hard that Harry's vision exploded with stars.

He slammed into her two more times, then let go, filling her ass with thick ribbons of cum. The release was so intense he nearly blacked out. Apolline whimpered at the sensation of being filled, and she shuddered when he finally let go of her swollen clit.

There was nothing but heavy breathing when Harry pulled out. Apolline went slack against the table, and Harry saw her pussy still contracting. Thick white cum oozed from her hole, trickled down her thigh, and pooled onto the floor.

Then, Harry leaned down and kissed the curve of her back, then her shoulder, then finally her lips as he helped her upright. Apolline melted into him, and her arms looped around his neck. She broke the kiss and smiled with deep satisfaction. Harry lifted her up and carried her to the counter, where he sat her down. Apolline spread her legs, hoping he would take her pussy again. She was about to kiss him again when the kitchen door banged open, and Fleur swept in, looking like she had just woken up.

She wore a thin, oversized t-shirt and nothing else. Her long legs were bare, and her hair was messy. Fleur didn't notice anything amiss at first. She was too focused on the tray of croissants left on the table. She plucked one up, eyed it curiously, then took a massive bite, not noticing that the table was drenched with Apolline's pussy squirt.



She chewed for half a second, then spat the pastry out onto her plate with a loud, indignant “YUCK!” The sound made Apolline giggle, and Harry snort. Fleur looked at them, and her eyes narrowed suspiciously. “Why is the croissant so wet? Did you spill water on it or something?” she asked, finally noticing the wet table top.

Harry and Apolline broke into uncontrollable laughter, making Fleur huff and flip her messy hair. It had certainly been a morning to remember.