

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 21

The Christmas holiday was inching ever closer. It was now late November, and the first years at Hogwarts were no longer acclimating themselves to life at a magical castle. Now they had to acclimate themselves to living in a cold, drafty, magical castle.

Harry smirked as he walked the corridors between classes. Students were bundled up in their heavy, winter robes. Their cheeks were pink and frozen, and they were sniffing their noses. The wind howled outside, and those that were unlucky enough to have to go to Herbology could see the Whomping Willows swaying back and forth, its massive trunk creaking while its smaller branches whipped against each other, creating a wooden clacking sound that was nearly drowned out by the fierce gale.

If you had looked to the Black Lake, no sign of the Giant Squid could be seen. A thin layer of ice was beginning to form on the surface, and the beast was smart enough to stay deep where the water was a bit warmer. The normal cawing of crows from the Forbidden Forest was oddly absent as they had flown South in search of warmer feeding grounds.

The arctic storm battered the old school, causing unsecured shutters to bang loudly against their window frames, sometimes breaking apart or even shattering the windows that they were supposed to protect. Those inside curled their bodies inward, creating a smaller profile as they quickly traversed the frigid corridors. Misty smoke billowed from their mouths as their warm breaths hit the frozen air. Some students didn't have mittens or gloves, and those that didn't were easily spotted as they huffed hot puffs of air from their mouths into their cupped palms. Harry Potter, however, was happily walking down the corridor wearing his normal, everyday robe. His warm breath couldn't be seen as he exhaled, and he certainly wasn't hunched over in an attempt to avoid the cold drafts of air. In fact, he didn't seem to be affected by the cold at all. Beside him, a bushy-haired girl shivered while looking up at him with pure hatred in her eyes.

Harry looked at Hermione and laughed. "I still don't know why you won't make me warm," she complained.

"You'll be warm when you can make yourself warm," he told her. Hermione sighed and pulled her thick robe tighter.

"I've tried! It barely works," she said. She had tried it wandless like Harry had done before whipping out her wand and trying it again. It worked ... for about ten seconds, then the spell collapsed leaving her cold and shivering.

"Keep practicing," he told her bluntly. "I won't have an apprentice that can't do the basics," Harry whispered to her. Hermione shuddered when she heard those words.

Over the last couple of months, Hermione had shown her devotion to him time and time again. He eventually allowed her to become his apprentice. Once they had done the ritual, she found herself magically bound to him for the duration of her apprenticeship. Hermione often thought about how close they were magically bound. The thought turned her on more than she would like to admit. Ever since the day he nearly choked her to death, Hermione couldn't help but wallow in his presence. It was almost as if her filthy soul was crying out to be near him. He was everything she wanted to be, and he was the key to getting everything that she ever wanted. Deep down, she now knew that she would never overcome him. He was simply too powerful. Even trying would end in disaster for her. So she did the next best thing. She gave herself to him, mind, body, and soul ... and Harry greedily accepted all three.

Since then, he had stepped up her training. Most of the easier stuff she picked up quickly. The harder stuff took a bit more time, just like the special Warming Charm that Harry used. It wasn't the same one that people used to heat up their tea. Harry's charm created a very thin layer of swirling, heated air that clung to his body. He had tried it on her so that she would know what it felt like. She had to admit, it worked really well, and with winter coming so soon, she wanted to master it as soon as possible. Sadly, even the proper wand-waving spell was difficult to pull off. Still, she was very motivated. For one, she didn't want to be cold this winter, and two, she didn't want to disappoint her Master. Just thinking about calling him Master made her stomach do flips. Even shivering, she felt her pussy heat up and moisten. Hermione wanted to tell everyone. She wanted everyone to know that it was she who was chosen ... That she alone was good enough for him. Unfortunately, Harry had ordered her to keep it quiet. He didn't want anyone to know that he took her on as an apprentice. Apparently, he had big plans for the future, and he didn't want anyone looking too closely. Hermione immediately promised though she couldn't have betrayed him even if she wanted. She was under multiple restrictions due to Harry's careful planning.

Right after doing the ritual, Hermione confessed that she had a deal with Dumbledore. Normally, she wouldn't confess such a thing, but she was afraid of the magical consequences if she didn't come clean. Harry, of course, already knew. He knew when they had met, and he knew exactly what was said between them. How? The hell if she knew. Harry was just like that. He seemed to know everything. As punishment, she was stripped naked and put over his lap. Hermione could remember screaming in pain as the leather belt created fat welts of swollen flesh every time it struck her bare bottom. She didn't know how long it had lasted, but when it was done, she had wet streaks down her cheeks and wet streaks down the insides of her thighs. Her pussy had never been wetter. When she got on her knees and sucked him off, she instantly came when he shot his load into her mouth.

All she could think about was going back to his room, pulling his trousers off, and sucking him off until her mouth was rewarded with a thick, creamy load. Harry knew how to tease her. How many times had she lay on his bed, completely nude? Her legs would part, exposing her wet womanhood. She was there for the taking. Her body was being offered, but Harry continued to resist. How many times had she teased him by running her finger up and down her naked slit until his room stank of her whorish desires? Still, he resisted.

At times, she was incredibly frustrated. Though they had done a lot ... Actually, they had done practically everything, but what they hadn't done was the one thing that Hermione wanted most of all. Often she dreamed of her new Master. She dreamed of him throwing her down and choking her again as he penetrated her over and over. There were times when she thought that she could actually feel the texture of his shaft as it pistoned in and out of her wet depths. Much to her annoyance, they were only dreams. Harry had never penetrated her with his cock. His fingers and tongue? Many times, but Hermione wanted more.

She watched him take many sixth and seventh-year girls back to his room. All of them had left with their hair a mess and cum dripping out from their abused pussies, so it wasn't like Harry was against having sex. She wondered why he wasn't doing that with her. Hermione figured that maybe she was too young. Maybe he liked older girls. They did, after all, have bigger boobs, wider hips, and so on. Like most girls her age, Hermione was still on the small side. Even though magical girls and boys entered puberty much earlier than their non-magical counterparts, they didn't really begin blossoming until sometime during their second year. As such, her boobs were small and perky, and she had gentle curves instead of the hourglass figures that some of the older girls had. There were, of course, exceptions. Susan Bones, for instance, had large B-cups that were well on their way to becoming C's. Her waist was thinning, and her hips were expanding. Hermione noticed several boys staring in her direction. When she noticed the redheaded slut making eyes at Harry, Hermione instantly wanted to throw acid in the bitch's face. It wasn't that Hermione cared about who Harry fucked, but if he was going to fuck a girl in their year, it was going to be her.

She decided to continue with what she had been doing. Teasing him until he finally gave in and fucked her senseless. In the meantime, she would enjoy the things that they did do together.

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Harry had been keeping an eye on the room in the third-floor corridor where the entrance to the underground chambers was located. Like before, Fluffy the Cerberus was keeping guard of the trapdoor. Unlike before, Snape wasn't there to keep Quirrell away. Therefore, Harry kept his map on him almost all of the time.

Since the school year began, Harry made sure to befriend the half-giant, Hagrid. Harry knew that there was no way that Hagrid would have willingly betrayed him before. There wasn't an evil bone in the man's body. When asked about three-headed dogs, Hagrid had confirmed that he had bought one from a "Greek chappie" at the Leaky Cauldron. After that, Harry had done a quick check and found that the dog was indeed guarding the trapdoor.

It was late at night, and the corridors were freezing. For some reason, the ghosts of the castle were particularly lively that night. Quirrell was seen pacing back and forth in front of the room, his little, black dot moving from side to side. During the Halloween Feast, Harry had been waiting for the crazy Defense Against the Dark Arts professor to come bursting in and yelling,

“Troll in the dungeon!”, though he never had. Harry guessed that since Snape wasn’t in any shape to watch Quirrell, the man wasn’t as desperate as he had been before. The feast ended without incident.

Completely invisible, Harry silently crept down the stairs and into the third-floor corridor. As he did, Peeves flew by blowing raspberries. It didn’t take long before he saw his professor standing in front of the door tapping his chin. Harry could barely hear the raspy, high-pitched voice of Voldemort being muffled by the thickly-wrapped turban. Harry pressed his back to the wall and waited. It was ten minutes later that Quirrell waved his wand and unlocked the door. As the door opened, Harry heard the low rumble of three massive dog heads growling. By then, Harry couldn’t hear what Voldemort was telling Quirrell, but he could tell that Quirrell was hesitant. Slowly, Quirrell took a few steps until he was partway into the room. He momentarily stopped there, as if he was making a plan. As he took another step, Harry waved his hand and hit Quirrell with a Tripping Jinx. He cried out in a funny-sounding, warbling voice as his foot was caught up. His body tipped forward into the room and out of view with a hard, meaty smack.

The sound of growling quickly turned into snarling. Then the barking came. That was followed by the pained scream of Quirrell as Fluffy latched onto something. Harry watched in amusement as Quirrell stumbled out of the room, holding a badly bleeding arm.

“You incompetent fool!” he heard Voldemort hiss.

“What’s going on over there?!” Harry heard Filch yell as the unpleasant caretaker stomped up the stairs.

“Run, you worthless imbecile! I cannot be discovered!” the voice said from Quirrell’s turban. As he ran down the corridor, Harry hit him with the same Jinx again. Quirrell stumbled to the side and crashed right into a suit of armor. Harry would be surprised if the metallic bang wasn’t heard clear across the school as the armor hit the ground and the pieces scattered.

“RULE BREAKERS!” Filch shouted with glee as he skidded around the corner. By then, Quirrell was turning the corner in the distance while Voldemort insulted him with every step. Filch took off in the same direction, following the sounds of Voldemort’s voice. When Filch disappeared around the corner, Harry chuckled happily and went back to his room. He was certain that Quirrell was done for the night.

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It was only a couple of days later when Harry saw that Quirrell was at it again, only this time he wasn’t outside Fluffy’s room. He was making his way across the grounds, heading toward the Forbidden Forest. Harry knew that there was only one reason why. The bastard was going out to sip on a bit of unicorn blood.

Harry moved the blanket off of his body and found Hermione asleep with her head resting on his thigh. Her face was nuzzling his soft cock, and he could feel her warm breath as she slowly and steadily exhaled. He found it amazing how quick she was to devote herself to him. 'Even psychos get lonely,' Harry figured. Every night she slept in the same position, with her face pressed against his groin. On the nights when he didn't have "company" sleeping over, Hermione would suck him off, guzzle down his cum, and quickly drift off to sleep. Harry, of course, didn't complain about her behavior. In fact, he encouraged it by scratching her head and calling her "Pet". Hermione practically purred when he called her that. In return, she began calling him "Master". He made sure that she only called him that in private. He didn't want Dumbledore to take a closer look at their strange relationship.

Harry got up, which made Hermione groan in her sleep. Harry flung the blanket back over her head and got dressed. Grabbing the broom that he had smuggled in from his trunk, Harry opened the window and flew out. He stopped, closed the window back up, and magically marked the window so that he was able to easily find it upon his return. With that done, he put on the speed and flew toward the Forbidden Forest. The worst of the storm had already passed, but the air was definitely colder than it had been before. He wouldn't be surprised if the chill didn't go away until late spring. His magic flared, and he felt warm again. Harry stayed high and out of sight while he checked the map again. The dot was just entering the forest. Putting his map away, Harry shot forward in the direction of Quirrell. Once he was close enough, Harry activated his Mage Sight. Quirrell's light-blue form burst into color. Harry spotted a swirling vortex of magic on the back of his head. His turban couldn't hide Voldemort from Harry's powerful eyes. Grotesque and gangrenous in color, Harry fought the urge to send a Killing Curse his way. Harry wanted the events in school to play out as close to the last time as possible, otherwise, his memories of the future events were worthless.

With his Mage Sight going full blast, Harry was able to easily follow him, even flying above the forest canopy. At some point, Quirrell began flying without the use of a broom, but Harry easily kept pace with him.

'I really need to take the time to practice that,' Harry told himself. From Voldemort's memories, Harry already knew HOW to fly without a broom, but he lacked the practice. Flying without a broom was incredibly dangerous. Voldemort wasn't the first to figure it out. Not by a long shot. However, many had been seriously injured or even killed while attempting it. Only a raging lunatic would try. He decided to practice the coming summer.

It took a while before Quirrell was able to find a unicorn, and catching it wasn't easy. Unicorns were fast and nimble. Harry dipped low, breaking through the thin branches of the upper canopy. Positioning himself behind Quirrell, he waited until the perfect opportunity to strike. As Quirrell lunged, Harry conjured a fireball in his hand and tossed it at Voldemort's host body. The fireball arched through the air and hit the back of his turban. A small explosion later and his turban was a blazing inferno.

“YEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRGGG!” Quirrell’s voice cracked through the quiet forest as he ran in circles. Voldemort’s voice joined in, hurling insults and directions. During this time, the unicorn easily got away. Finally, Quirrell waved his wand and snuffed the fire out. His turban was a charred, smoking mess. He let out a pathetic crying laugh as he placed his hands on his knees to catch his breath. Just then ... THUNK!

“AAAAAAAARRRRRRGH!” he yelled again as a wooden arrow became lodged in his left buttock. His back arched violently, and he reached back, grabbing hold of the arrow’s shaft.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here!” Voldemort cried out in panic as another arrow narrowly missed the back of Quirrell’s head. Soon after, the sound of Quirrell’s fluttering robe was the only thing that could be heard. Once he was gone, the normal sounds of the forest returned.

Not eager to be seen by the Centaurs, Harry began making his way back to the school. With his Mage Sight still on, Harry wondered at the vivid colors that were on display in the forest. Eager for a closer look, Harry flew at ground level. Harry wasn't afraid of being ambushed by anything magical. He would be able to see Centaurs and Acromantulas coming from a mile away. As he lazily flew his broom, he noticed that one bush was covered in strings that were glowing silvery blue. Taking a closer look, Harry saw that they were unicorn hairs that had been snagged by the bush as the unicorns ran by. The ground right next to the bush had a trail trampled into the dirt. He figured that this was a unicorn trail.

Harry whistled in appreciation. The prices of whole unicorn hairs fluctuated anywhere from seven to eleven Galleons each. During the summer, they were selling for eight Galleons each, and the bush he was standing in front of had at least a hundred. Not only that but there were several bushes in the distance that had hairs on them as well. He damn sure wasn't going to leave them there to rot. Having a stash of them for his potions and rituals wouldn't be a bad thing. Harry cracked his fingers and got to work.

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Quietly slipping through the window, Harry was met with Hermione's look of intrigue. "Where did you go, Master?" she asked him, getting out of bed and not caring that her nude body was on display. The fire was low, and the room was getting chilly. He could see her soft, smooth skin erupt in goosebumps. Her little nipples became hard as rocks in the cold air, and she started rubbing her arms to keep warm. Harry waved his hand at the fireplace, and the flames grew large and bright, throwing heat into the room.

“A bit of late-night foraging,” Harry told her the half-truth. He held up his conjured sack and shook it. She eyed the bag and caught it when he tossed it to her. “Some ingredients can only be harvested at night, or on certain days, or ...”

“During certain phases of the moon,” Hermione finished for him. Harry smiled and nodded. Hermione opened the sack and emptied it out on the table.

“That’s a lot of unicorn hairs,” she commented as she pulled out the bundle. “There’s got to be hundreds in here!”

“Yeah. They should last me a while,” Harry told her as he pulled off his shirt.

“What’s this?” she asked, holding up a plant with green, fan-shaped leaves.

“Lady’s Mantle,” Harry said. “Not particularly rare, but it is pricey. They grow very slowly, and it takes several years for them to reach an acceptable level of maturity before they can be picked. This one’s at least six or seven years old. It should produce some good potions,” he said, not telling her that he already had a plan for the small plant.

Hermione spent the next several minutes going over the different ingredients that he had found in the forest. By the time she was done, Harry was already naked and ready for bed. As he lay down, Hermione crawled between his legs and wrapped her lips around his cock. He threaded his fingers through the busy hair on the back of her head while she began sucking his cock. ‘She’s gotten good,’ Harry thought as he yawned. It didn’t take long before he released into her mouth. His little minion happily gobbled down his spunk and fell asleep with his soft cock tickling her lips.