

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 25

“OH! ... Cissy! ... That feels reeeally good!” Narcissa heard her young target moan as she laid flat on her belly with her head between his spread legs. Slowly she moved her head up and down, taking him to the hilt. When his lovely cock was inside her throat, she would place her tongue against the underside of his shaft and add some suction. Lifting her head up, her plump, pink lips would pull the skin of his cock, sending incredible pleasure racing up his spine. Narcissa let his cock pop free of her lips, but before it could flop to the side, her skillful hand quickly caught it. Holding him by the base, Narcissa giggled while peppering the shaft with kisses. His hips bucked when she tickled the bottom of his head with the tip of her tongue.

“Are you enjoying yourself, my sweetling?” Narcissa asked in an amused but teasing voice. She dipped her head slightly lower and sucked on the skin of his sack. Her hands caressed his thighs, loving how his hairless skin felt. She found it a bit odd that he didn’t have hair on any part of his body other than his head, but she didn’t put too much thought into it. Whatever the reason, it was a blessing, she thought. If there was one thing she hated, it was getting pubic hair stuck between her straight, pearly-white teeth. Such things were below her station in life. With Harry, that wasn’t an issue. Her hand moved up and down his long shaft, letting her fingers glide all the way up to the head before coming back down. Meanwhile, she had begun tongue-bathing his balls with determined licks. She could feel his soft body shudder, and she inwardly smirked. The boy would never stand a chance with a woman like her. It wouldn’t be long before *his* gold filled *her* coffers.

She was quite glad that doing sexual things with him wasn’t exactly a chore. She shuddered at the idea of doing these same things with an old, wrinkled Pureblood. Her fingers danced over his young, soft skin, and she got a sexual thrill as she felt him goosebump. Narcissa was the definition of a Femme Fatale, a beautiful, older woman using her sexuality to bring ruin to a naive, young man. Narcissa’s nipples hardened even further at the thought. The whole idea of using Harry for pleasure while taking his gold made her feel younger. It made her feel alive for once in a very long time. Letting go of his sack, she placed kisses all around his cock, tasting his salty, sweet-smelling skin. His rigid pole of man meat was pressed right up against her face, and she was forced to move it to the side with her hand. Holding back a giggle, she thought about her former husband. ‘He would have been half-limp already,’ she recollected snidely. It felt good to be with a young man again, Narcissa thought as she nuzzled his shaft with her cheek. She missed the days of being in bed with a boy whose cock refused to deflate in her presence. Narcissa loved having that power over men.

Just as she was thinking this, that familiar sensation that she loved so much started up again. Every time she was in his presence, his magic would react with hers, filling her with the most mind-numbing pleasure imaginable. She first felt it on her chest, tweaking her hard nipples. It was almost like two pairs of fingers expertly pinching, pulling, and rolling her hard, little nubs. The only thing that she disliked about it was the fact that she couldn’t control her body, and as if

to prove it, her body began squirming uncontrollably. Her already wet pussy became so drenched that fat drops of her arousal dripped from her engorged clit. Narcissa collapsed against his lower belly, trapping his cock between his stomach and her face. As her nipples were being played with, an invisible finger began tickling the rim of her virgin asshole. She could still use the word virgin when it came to describing her ass, technically at least. Memories flashed through her mind of their last encounter, and how a cock made of Harry's pure magic penetrated her tightest hole and claimed her last virginity. Just remembering it made her pussy tingle with pleasure.

As the finger caressed the rim and tickled the hole itself, a pair of lips touched her swollen clit, and a tongue made of magic flicked the hard, little bead. Narcissa squealed against Harry's cock. His fingers were threaded through her blonde hair, and his short nails were gently scratching at her scalp, which only added to the pleasure. She wasn't ready for her clit to be taken in and sucked on hard. Narcissa's back arched, and she cried out, cumming violently. With shaking arms, she pushed herself up and crawled along his body until she was straddling his waist. Wanting to tease him again, she began rubbing her soaking wet pussy all over his hard cock. It wasn't long before it was slick with her juices. The invisible lips sucked harder as the fingers rolled her nipples, and if that wasn't bad enough, the finger playing with her back door decided at that moment to penetrate her fully. Narcissa couldn't stop her body from collapsing forward. Splayed across his chest, she squealed into his neck when Harry grabbed her thighs and spread them apart. Being rolled over, she now found herself on her back with Harry settled between her open thighs. Her normally pale pussy was pink with desire and need. The heavy scent of her arousal hung in the air, sending him clear signs that her body was ready to be bred. His heavy cock rested along her hot and wet slit. Her chest was heaving as she breathed in and out heavily. A gasp left her lips as he laid kisses along her bare shoulder and over her slender neck. The fire was crackling in the room, and her body was coated in a thin layer of perspiration. Harry seemed to love the way she tasted. He moaned as his lips traveled along her jaw and up to her lips. When his lips touched hers, Narcissa gasped as he pushed forward expertly with his hips, claiming her body for the first time.

Her eyes closed as he kissed her deeply. She could feel inch after inch of his wonderful cock stretching her silky tunnel when suddenly, he hit some unknown spot within her. Narcissa bucked wildly, and her thighs clamped down on his body, only being stopped by Harry's hips. She squeezed his body tightly as her pussy snapped shut around his invading cock. Her mouth opened, and she squealed against his lips, her eyes wide with shock and awe. She imagined that if there was an opposite to the curse *Crucio*, this was what it would feel like. Every nerve in her supple body sang with pleasure. Every muscle tightened as she came harder than ever before. Her pussy had a mind of its own. It was squeezing Harry's cock like it never wanted to let go. She could feel her insides rolling and fluttering around him, massaging his shaft as if to tempt a creamy load of his cum from his bloated balls, all the while his hips were bouncing up and down, taking her deeper. Lights flashed behind her eyes as she came again with every thrust. Noises were coming from her open mouth, but she almost couldn't recognize the voice. No man had ever caused such noises to escape her lovely lips. As he pounded her g-spot, Narcissa couldn't figure out what to do. At one point she was trying to push him away as the

pleasure was too intense. At other times she wrapped her legs around his slim waist and pulled him closer, wanting him inside of her fully. After she had come dozens of times, she finally felt him reach his end.

“It’s coming, Cissy!” she heard him cry out in an innocent voice. With what little strength she had left in her orgasming body, she rolled him over and pressed down on him with all of her weight. She felt the tip of his cock plunge deeply until her cervix was touched. Narcissa bucked wildly when she felt him release inside of her. As soon as his cum touched her insides, one last tremendous orgasm rocked her body, causing it to shake uncontrollably. At some point, she collapsed into his arms. He tried to roll her over, but she whined pathetically, wanting him to remain inside of her body. Within seconds, she was fast asleep with his hard cock still buried deep within.

When he heard her start snoring, a wicked smile formed on his face. He had been slowly honing his skills without a wand, and it was paying off. A few more orgasms like that and Narcissa would forget all about whatever plan she had for him. She squirmed in his arms, and he was forced to hold back a moan as her insides continued to try and milk him. He closed his eyes to get some rest as she shuddered and squeaked through a sleeping orgasm.

Unknown Prophecy

Emma Granger looked at her husband with disgust. She sipped her tea at the kitchen table while he sat on the sofa in the family room. One leg was crossed over the other while he snapped the newspaper open. Like always, he flipped to the business section first. Everything he did and every little movement he made was like fingernails on a chalkboard to her. At that moment, she couldn’t remember why she had married the man in the first place. All she wanted was for him to leave so she wouldn’t have to look at his annoying face anymore. Knowing that he wasn’t going anywhere for the next hour, she wrinkled her nose in his direction and went back to her tea.

Dan Granger turned away from his paper and looked at his wife. Just the sight of her face made him want to roll up the paper and womp her over the head with it. How could he have ever loved this woman? Yes, she was physically attractive, but there was much more to a relationship than just physical appearance. Besides, he was a very successful dentist with plenty of money. There were many good-looking ladies out there who would date him for that reason alone. He didn’t need Emma anymore. At this point, she was simply a ball and chain dragging him down to the deepest depths of despair. He didn’t need her, and he didn’t want her. He heard her slurp on her cup of tea, and it sent a chill down his spine. Everything about her was annoying. He turned away, not wanting to look at her for another second.

Neither of them noticed a small medallion that was Cursed to elevate emotional tension within a short radius. The kitchen and family room just happened to be covered by that radius. Upstairs, a devious, brown-haired girl plotted new ways to get her mother and father divorced while thinking of her loving Master. Unfortunately, Hermione didn’t think that she would get it done

before Christmas break ended. Sadly, she would have to remove the Cursed medallion when she left. She didn't want her parents to kill each other after all. That would ruin all her plans.

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"Are you absolutely certain?" a middle-aged man decked out in black wizard robes asked a younger, gruff-looking man as a piece of parchment was handed to him. The man nodded, causing his dirty, unwashed hair to bounce around.

"Aye. I'm certain," he reiterated. Harry had once again taken his aging potion to talk to this ragged-looking gentleman. His clothes were shabby and torn, he was unshaven, and his boots looked to be on their last legs. Werewolves usually had it bad, but this one was doubly so.

"You understand what will happen if this is a scam? The people I answer to won't be pleased," Harry added. Again, the man nodded.

"Aye," he simply stated. Harry reached into his robe and pulled out a large sack of gold. He tossed it to the man who snatched it out of the air with ease. Opening the mouth of the bag, his eyes sparkled anew. Harry guessed that he had never seen that much gold in his entire life.

"Then our business is done. Enjoy," Harry told the man. The werewolf didn't bother answering. He was eager to spend his ill-gotten gains. Harry watched him go until he turned the corner and disappeared from view. Harry looked at the parchment and found the same address that he had been verbally told only moments earlier. "This is going to be a journey," Harry stated, still looking at the paper.

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It was very early the following morning, and the sun had barely begun to shine in a small village near Schleswig, Germany. High above, he circled around the village on his broom under a powerful Disillusionment Charm. Finding a nice empty field that was blocked by trees in most directions, he landed and placed his broom in his enchanted bag. Leaving the charm on himself, he escaped the field and began making his way down the road. The village wasn't large, having only one main road and several branch lanes on both sides. As such, it only took Harry twenty minutes to find the correct street. He walked down it until he found the correct address. Harry activated his Mage Sight and took another look. Sure enough, there was a Ward around the property boundary, which was strange considering that this was an all-muggle village. Harry studied the ward closer and found it to be laughably simple. The creator likely had only the barest amount of knowledge when it came to Ward creation. This one was a simple Alarm Ward that would inform the creator when someone crossed the property line. It wouldn't even tell them if it was a muggle or magical. To top it off, the Ward looked weak and frayed, like the creator was using a wand that was a poor match. Within seconds, Harry reformed the boundary until the Ward only covered the front-left corner of the property. With that done, Harry quietly entered the property.

Centered in the middle of the property was a brick house with short walls and a large, slanted roof that made the home look like a giant wedge. Across the front was a framework of dark brown, wooden boards that gave the house a Scandinavian look. First, he pulled his Veela hair wand out and worked a bit of magic on the front door, making sure that the back door was the only way out. Harry slowly made his way around the side of the house. He tried to peer in through the windows but found them all covered by thick curtains. Undeterred, he walked around the back. As soon as he took the corner, he immediately was hit in the face with the sickly-sweet scent of death. The scent wasn't strong, but it was strong enough to capture his attention. Most of the back garden was flat except for a pile in the back corner that was covered in snow. Harry's feet crunched through the inch or so of fresh snow as he walked over to what looked like a snow pile. Once he reached it, however, there was no doubt that this wasn't just snow. The scent was stronger there. Harry wiped some of the snow off and found what appeared to be a dead body.

Harry grabbed the side of the body and pulled, finding it stiff from rigor mortis and slightly frozen from being in the snow. It rolled and dropped to the ground, revealing the mangled body of an old man. His face and chest had been savaged with what looked like bite and claw marks. The front of his nightshirt was covered in dried blood. His body had been stacked on top of another. His wife, Harry guessed. The back of her own nightgown was stained with his blood. Harry rolled her over and to his surprise, there was another man underneath her. Three victims, Harry thought, shaking his head. He examined them all. All three had been savaged by a werewolf. The old woman was in a similar state to the old man. There was a younger man, probably in his late forties who had similar wounds but also had defensive wounds on his arms and hands. 'He tried to fight back,' Harry thought. When the muggle authorities finally found them, they would probably suggest a wild animal. 'Was there any wild animal in Germany that was capable of this kind of brutality,' Harry wondered. There certainly was, he thought as he looked toward the house. He brushed himself off and walked toward the back door.

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Something thumped hard against the back door, causing Fenrir Greyback to sit up in bed. His head snapped from side to side, using his enhanced werewolf senses to listen closely. He didn't hear anything. He blinked his eyes a few times, trying to work out the sleepiness. He had only been asleep for a couple of hours and was still very tired after a long night of heavy drinking. Standing up, he stepped out of his room and found his two pack mates sleepily walking up to him.

"Sound wake you up?" Fenrir asked, and they both sleepily nodded. "Go out back. Check it out," he growled as he went back into his room. His magical alarm hadn't gone off, so he wasn't too worried. He flopped back onto the large, comfortable bed that had once been owned by a nice, elderly couple. He and his friends had a lot of fun drunkenly tearing them open. It was a shame that he would have to leave this house in a couple more days. Sadly, he couldn't stay in the same place for too long. He had looming death sentences in at least a dozen countries, and he

was eager to avoid that if possible. He closed his eyes and had nearly fallen back asleep when he shot up like a spring. He heard a scream from out back. Rushing through the bedroom door, he met only one of his mates. "Was that Dolphus?" he asked. His other friend, Ernouf nodded. "What the fuck just happened?"

"Don't know," Ernouf said, clearly unnerved. "He went out back and shut the door behind him to keep the heat in. Then he screamed."

"Go check on him," Fenrir snapped.

"Why don't we both ..."

"I SAID GO!" Fenrir growled angrily, slapping him over the head. Ernouf flinched as he was struck. He rubbed his head but remained silent as he slowly crept toward the closed back door. Right before his hand touched the handle, they felt something that made their skin tingle. Ernouf looked back at his leader.

"Anti-Apparition ... Anti-Portkey," Fenrir hissed. "Fuck! Go check but leave the door open." Ern nodded and slowly opened the door. He took the quickest peek possible before pulling his head back through. He didn't see anything. He leaned out a bit further and found nothing.

"Don't see nobody!" he called out in a harsh whisper. "We can make a run for it!" he cried out and disappeared through the door. Fenrir heard a hollow thunk, and only a second later, Ern's head rolled back through the door and stopped at Fenrir's dirty feet. For the briefest of moments, Ern's head was staring straight up at him with a look of terror etched on his ugly face before his head tilted to the side. He could see that his neck had been severed cleanly, likely by a spell.

"Son of a bitch!" he hissed, kicking the head away and running back to his room where he grabbed his wand and bag. Not bothering with anything else, he went straight for the front door. He could run very fast, he thought. If he could just burst through the front door and run as fast as possible, he should be able to make it past the Anti-Apparition Ward. He readied himself and grabbed the nob. Agony shot up his arm as he pulled his hand away. He choked out a cry of pain as he held his hand up. The skin on his palm was sizzling like a steak that had just been tossed onto a red-hot skillet. He dropped his bag and pulled his hand to his chest protectively. He could still hear his flesh cooking even after he had let the nob go. "Those fucking cocksuckers!" he barked in rage.

What other choices did he have? Fenrir jogged up to a window and pulled the curtain aside. Maybe he could jump through and ...

The curtain suddenly came to life and wrapped around his neck. His eye bulged as the fabric tightened. His wand clattered to the floor as his hands tore at the material. He jerked his body violently, ripping the curtains from the wall. His long, yellow nails tore at the fabric, while his

disgusting tongue lolled from his mouth. Spots were beginning to form in his vision, and Fenrir's body surged with adrenaline, fearing what would happen if he passed out. With the greatest of efforts, he ripped the curtain from his neck. The fried skin on his palm ripped to the side, exposing bone, but at that moment, he didn't even feel it. "YOU'LL HAVE TO TRY HARDER THAN THAT, COCKSUCKERS!" he roared.

Just then, something grabbed the back of his boxer shorts and pulled. The material lodged itself between his butt cheeks so firmly and savagely, that his entire body was yanked upward, causing his head to slam into the ceiling with a sickening crunch. Stars flashed behind his eyes as his body was slammed to the ground. His head bounced off the hardwood floor. Quickly pushing himself up, a lamp crashed into the side of his head, knocking him back down as it shattered and littered the floor with razor-sharp shards of ceramic. His body was then lifted and slammed back onto the floor. Fenrir felt the shards cut deeply into the flesh of his back. He screamed in pain. "STOP! JUST ... STOP!" he begged as a wooden chair shattered over his head. Blood was dripping down his face as his head swam in and out of consciousness. Before it was over, he saw the face of a young boy looking down at him. He thought about taking a swipe at the little brat, but before he could, there was a flash of light and everything went black.

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Harry sniffed at the sight of the ragged werewolf. The fucker was in a bad way. His head was split open, and his hand would probably have to be amputated if he went to a muggle hospital. He should do the magical world a favor by slitting his throat and calling it a day, but Harry had other uses for the vicious creature. Pouring some Draught of Living Death into his open mouth, Harry then flicked his wand, causing him to drink it down. With that done, Harry quickly took down the Wards and Curse on the door that he had placed. He was certain that the German version of the DMLE would be here in seconds now that the Wards were gone. Harry tossed a Portkey onto Greyback's body and watched him disappear. Hearing the telltale cracks of Apparition outside, Harry activated his own Portkey and left the muggle house for good.

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Walking down the cobbled, main street of Diagon Alley was certainly an adventure, Harry thought as he waved at another child who squealed and pointed when she saw him. Harry didn't regularly go there to get his daily ego boost. He went there to keep the people talking. He went there to keep his name in the papers. Obviously, he couldn't do Boy Who Lived type stuff when he was locked away at Hogwarts. So, Harry had to produce headlines in other, more creative ways.

Angelina Johnson was jabbering away in his ear as she possessively hugged his arm to her chest. She was laughing and pointing to one of the many shops that she wanted to visit. To Harry, he was just casually hanging out with a friend from school, but to the papers, he was on a date with a potential love interest. 'Any way to keep them talking,' Harry mentally snorted as Angelina pressed her perky breasts against his arm.

