

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 49

Pansy Parkinson had spent nearly a week studying Harry Potter's movements around the castle. Much to her irritation, she never got a chance to catch him alone, but that didn't stop her from continuing to track him. She knew her chance would come sooner or later. She discovered that he spent a lot of time in an unused classroom located far down a seldom-used corridor, so that's where she waited.

Knowing he was in this classroom, Pansy impatiently waited around the corner, listening and occasionally peeking around it. It was a Saturday morning, so thankfully most people were still in bed or the Common Rooms. It was another half an hour before she heard the doorknob turn. She peeked around the corner and saw the door open before quickly pulling back. Pansy listened carefully, and when she heard the door shut, she sat down on the cold stone floor and cried out.

"Ow! Ow! Owwww!" she cried out in fake pain, clutching her ankle. She rocked back and forth on the ground, making whimpering noises while listening to see if he took the bait. Potter, being the oh-so-righteous savior of the wizarding world, came to her aid in an instant. He slipped around the corner and stopped before her downed body.

"Pansy? Are you okay?" he asked, kneeling down.

"No!" Pansy winced, holding her ankle. "I twisted my ankle! It hurts really badly," she told him while staring into his eyes, trying to look injured and desperate. Harry scooted closer and pulled her hand away from her ankle. He pressed on it in a few places with his thumb. Pansy made sure to wince appropriately.

"Can you wiggle your foot?" he asked. Pansy bit her lower lip and moved her foot slightly.

"Oww!" she hissed, pretending the slight movement caused her great pain. "I don't think I can walk," she told him while he continued to examine her apparent injury.

"Do you want me to take you to the Hospital Wing?" Harry asked her. Pansy immediately shook her head.

"I think I'll be fine if I can find somewhere to rest for a bit," Pansy told him, hinting that he should take her into the classroom. That was exactly what her plan called for, and frankly, she wanted to know why he was always in there.

"Alright ... Hold on," he said, putting one arm around her back and sliding the other underneath her thighs. He lifted her off the ground with surprising ease. Pansy tried not to smirk as he carried her around the corner and into the classroom. She made sure to rest her head against

his chest and lovingly nuzzle it. Pansy had made sure to wear a short skirt, so plenty of skin could be seen. Harry's hand was firmly on her bare thigh, and Pansy was glad she had used a liberal amount of Madam Sneekeazy's Hair Removal Cream on her entire body, so her skin was silky smooth. Harry kicked the door closed, and Pansy got her first look at the inside of the classroom.

It didn't look like a classroom at all. It appeared to have been converted into a bedroom, which he was obviously using as his own. There was a large fireplace with red-hot embers along the bottom, and a massive bed that appeared to have been slept in. Pansy wasn't pleased to see a pair of pink panties on the floor. 'Probably Greengrass's,' she internally sneered. Harry carried her over to the bed and sat her down on the edge.

"Can you please take my shoes off?" Pansy asked him. "I think my ankle might be swelling, and I don't want to get dirt on the bed," she explained.

"Sure," Harry smiled kindly at her. Pansy's cheeks heated up. As a Slytherin, she didn't pay much attention to Potter since he was a Gryffindor, and thus, her mortal enemy, but she had to admit that he was pretty handsome and well put together. Not only that, but he smelled really good too. Harry knelt down in front of her, and Pansy couldn't lie; it filled her with satisfaction knowing the Golden Boy was kneeling in front of her. He gently removed her shoes and set them down. He then lifted up her "injured" ankle and lightly squeezed it in certain places. Pansy strategically kept her other leg wide, which caused her already short skirt to ride up, exposing the crotch of the sexy lace panties she had chosen that morning. She was quite pleased when Harry glanced at her crotch before continuing with his work.

"You can take my sock off to see it better," Pansy suggested. Pansy had written to her mother about her plan, and surprisingly, she was all for it. In fact, her words suggested that she was excited about the idea. She even gave her tons of advice and instructions to follow. It was her mother who had come up with the fake injury plan. However, it was Pansy's idea to get him to take her shoes and socks off. She wanted to put the idea into his mind that it was okay for him to undress her. Harry slowly and carefully peeled the sock down until it finally popped off, revealing her small, bare foot. She made sure her nails were freshly painted, and she wiggled her toes at him in a playful manner.

One of Harry's hands gripped her smooth calf muscle while the other held her foot by the sole. Harry examined her ankle closely, not seeing any damage. "It doesn't look too bad. I don't see any swelling," he told her. Harry's fingers gently caressed her calf, which Pansy found pleasant. If she was being honest with herself, it felt very good. The gentle caresses made her body tingle in all the right places.

Unknown Prophecy

Harry wondered what Pansy was up to. He didn't believe for a second that she had injured herself right outside his door. For as long as he had been using this room, Pansy had never ventured anywhere close to it. She was definitely up to something.

"That's good," Pansy replied. "I'd hate to have to walk around with a swollen ankle. Thanks for helping me, Harry," she said, sounding genuine. This was definitely a red flag. Pansy had never been nice to him, and she was quite rude during their interaction on the Hogwarts Express. One thing was clear, though ... Pansy was being very forward when showing off her body. Her legs opened a little more, giving him a better view of her panty-covered pussy. The crotch of her panties was small, and he could see the edges of her smooth lips slightly hanging out of the sides. "Is it okay if I stay here for a while? My ankle's still throbbing," she asked him, not even trying to pull her leg from his hands.

"Of course. I'd never deny a damsel in distress," he smirked, knowing Pansy would probably hate being called a damsel in distress ... especially by him. Much to his surprise, Pansy smiled prettily and nodded. She lightly pulled her leg from his grasp. Harry kept his hand on her calf, and his fingers caressed her smooth skin all the way down her leg as she pulled away. Pansy then flipped onto her hands and knees and crawled up the bed. Her short skirt did nothing to hide the bottom of her ass. It was very obvious she was wearing a thong. The bottom of her exposed cheeks bounced as she crawled to the upper part of the bed. She then rolled over and dropped down, lying on his pillow. Pansy kept her eyes on him as she removed her other sock. She tossed it aside and patted the spot next to her.

"Join me. I'm not going to bite," she teased. On the outside, she was trying to portray a confident woman, but inside, she was quite nervous. Pansy then bent her knees and pulled her legs in so the heels of her feet touched her bottom. Once again, she showed off her panties. Harry suddenly came to a realization. Pansy was in the same boat as Daphne. Both were now fatherless, and their families were in financial distress. The Greengrass women fixed their problem by bringing Harry into the fold. Harry didn't know exactly how bad it was for Pansy and her mother, but from what he learned from Pansy's father, there wasn't an overwhelming amount of gold in their bank account. Most of it was hidden in various stashes, all of which had been pilfered by Harry. He had a pretty good idea that Pansy knew the gold would run out sooner rather than later, and when it did, she would be in a really bad spot. The Parkinsons weren't a well-loved family in magical Britain, so it wasn't like there would be people lined up around the block who were willing to help when the last of their gold was spent. It seemed that Pansy was being the prototypical Slytherin and hedging her bets.

Harry wasn't opposed to the idea. Pansy was cute enough, and Harry was trying to collect a group of loyal followers. Harry smiled at her. He would play her game and let her think she was getting one over on him. Unfortunately for her, she had no idea who she was dealing with. He kicked off his shoes and joined her on the bed. He scooted up and lay down right next to her. Pansy then shivered and rubbed, which he could tell was fake. She wasn't the greatest actress after all. "Are you cold?" he asked her.

"A little," she said in a cute voice while smiling.

"Do you need me to warm you up?" Harry teased.

"If you're offering," Pansy teased back and scooted closer to him. Harry stretched his arm across both pillows, and Pansy rested her head on his arm and curled up against him. Her skirt was pulled up so high that he could see her hip. Pansy didn't pull it down either. She seemed more than happy to show off her smooth skin.

"You're still shivering," Harry said, even though she wasn't. "You better get closer," he told her, and gripped the back of her thigh. Harry pulled her in until half her body was draped over his. Startled, she squeaked as her body pressed firmly against his. Her skirt was now hiked all the way up and over her ass.

Unknown Prophecy

Pansy's face felt very warm as Harry pulled her against him. She expected Potter to succumb to her seduction eventually, but never expected that he would be the one to take the bull by the horns. He placed his hand on the back of her thigh and slowly ran it up and down her skin, from the back of her knee, all the way up to her ass. Pansy buried her face in his chest to hide the fact that she was blushing. She knew she shouldn't have been so embarrassed by that fact, but she was. "How's your ankle feeling?" he asked as his fingers played with the bottom of her cheeks.

"Better," she simply stated, but her voice came out muffled. She was afraid that if she said more than that, she might accidentally moan. This wasn't going as planned. She wanted to be the one to seduce him. She wanted to take it slow so she could get used to being with him, but he was blowing that plan out of the water. Now she was kicking herself for never giving him the time of day. If she had spent more time around him, she probably wouldn't be feeling so embarrassed and nervous at that moment. His fingers moved a little higher, and she could feel his fingertips grazing the skin of her crack. Pansy trembled and gripped his shirt tightly. Harry responded by wrapping his arm around her back and holding her close.

"Are you getting warmer?" he asked, and she could hear the teasing in his voice. Pansy took a deep breath to help steel her nerves. She shouldn't be feeling so nervous, she told herself. It wasn't like she hadn't been with a man before. Before realizing it, a loud gasp left her lips when his fingers moved over her covered slit. He added pressure and pressed hard against them while dragging his fingers up and down. She could feel herself tingling and growing wetter by the second.

"It's getting better," she spoke against his chest. Her hands were trembling as she gripped the front of his shirt.

"You're certainly warm down here," he suddenly teased her as he played with the area between her legs. Pansy blushed hard. There was no doubt her pussy was hot. Harry then took things further by dragging a finger through the leg hole and under the crotch of her panties. The pad of his finger slid across her slit, smearing her juices all over her pussy. Pansy whimpered as she felt her delicate skin give way to his rough finger. Her slippery lips pulled apart slightly and teased him with the wet, silky flesh between. "And wet," he added teasingly.

Harry pulled his fingers from her panties, and Pansy thought that maybe the teasing was over for now. When Harry gripped the waistband of her panties and softly tugged them partway down her hip, she knew she was wrong. "Do you want to get a little more comfortable?" he asked, playing with her panties. Pansy's heart was hammering in her chest. This was obviously what she wanted, but now that the next part of her plan was so close to happening, she found herself nervous. Still, her nerves wouldn't stop her from continuing.

"That sounds wonderful," she huskily told him with bright pink cheeks. Harry sat up, and Pansy's top half flopped back on the bed. Her skirt was riding high and showing off the front of her lace panties, and Harry slid his palms up the sides of her thighs and caressed her flared hips before gripping the waistband. He tugged them down, first exposing her perfectly smooth mound and then her taut, hairless lips. The smell of her wet pussy flooded the room, and Pansy was overcome with a wave of embarrassment. She couldn't believe Harry Potter was staring at her naked pussy. Instinctively, she pressed her thighs together, but that didn't stop Harry from lifting her legs and sliding her panties up until he plucked them from her feet. Pansy slowly lowered her legs, hiding her bare slit from view. Taking a deep breath, Pansy gathered every ounce of courage she possessed and sat up. With shaky hands, she reached for his shirt and tugged it up his stomach. Harry's arms raised, giving her permission to remove it. She tugged it over his head, revealing his bare chest and abdomen. Pansy's face burned as she stared at his semi-nude form. She found his body pleasing to the eye, and she nervously reached out and touched him after tossing his shirt over the side of the bed. Her fingers grazed his skin, and she looked up at him. She could see his eyes clouded with lust, and it filled her with a little more confidence. Her hands nervously touched his sides, and she slowly explored his body. She noticed the front of his trousers twitch, and when she looked down, she found it tented. Harry noticed her staring at his crotch. When she discovered he was watching her stare, Pansy blushed, but thankfully, he didn't tease her about it.

Instead, he grabbed her by the hips and pulled her closer. Pansy gasped lightly as she smacked into his chest. Her hands rested on his bare shoulders, and she couldn't help but stare at his full lips. As they inched closer to her, Pansy's heart felt like it was about to give out. When his lips touched hers, Pansy's mind went blank. Their first kiss was soft and romantic, but for some strange reason, Harry seemed to bring out the slut in her. Pansy's lips parted, inviting him to explore her mouth further. Harry didn't need to be told twice. His lips parted as well, and Pansy's tongue met his inside her mouth.

"Mmmm," Pansy moaned as Harry's tongue tickled the underside of hers. The naughty sensation made her pussy throb with need. Harry's hands left her hips and moved around back.

He expertly unbuttoned her skirt and slowly pulled down the zipper. She felt her skirt go slack right before it tumbled down her thighs. Harry's hands cupped her bare ass and lifted her. Pansy's cheeks were accidentally spread open, and a wave of cool air rushed over her asshole and searing pussy. Her skirt slid down her legs and off her feet, leaving her naked from the waist down. She squirmed uncontrollably in his arms, which had the consequence of causing one of his fingers to press hard against her yet-to-be-touched asshole. The naughty sensation caused her lower half to buck, and she accidentally sank down on his finger. Pansy squealed loudly as his finger penetrated her puckered hole. She wasn't sure how deep it had gone, but it was deep enough to cause her to pant with wide, shocked eyes. "H-Harry! Your finger ..." she squealed and gasped loudly when he slowly slid it out. She wasn't ready for it when his finger slowly sank back in. Pansy's back arched, and she clenched her cheeks.

"You've got such a tight, sexy ass," Harry said, as he kissed along her jawline. Pansy was trembling badly in his arms as Harry fingered her ass. His lips felt really good as he moved down to her neck, and the sensation of his finger up there was definitely strange, but Pansy couldn't lie to herself ... it felt good too. His finger started moving a little faster, and somehow, it was making her pussy feel good as well. Pansy shuddered and trembled as his finger slid in deeper. Her tight hole squeezed his finger with every thrust, and Pansy closed her eyes and tried to relax. Her cheeks stopped clenching, and she let herself just enjoy the pleasure. Her cute squeaks and whimpers of pleasure filled the room, and before long, Harry lay her back on the bed. This time, she couldn't close her legs to hide herself. Harry kept one hand on her knee, silently instructing her to keep her legs spread.

Pansy looked down and saw the insides of her thighs glistening with wetness. She hadn't realized she was so wet. His hand caressed her smooth lower belly before moving to her mound. He cupped her naked pussy and dragged his thumb along the length of her slit while his finger pistoned in and out of her ass. Harry then used his thumb to spread one of her lips, exposing her light pink insides. Harry unapologetically stared at her body. "You have a cute pussy," he told her, which embarrassed her to no end. All she could reply with was a shaky, "Thank you," which made him laugh.

Her body squirmed, and she roughly gripped the blankets underneath her. When his thumb grazed her clit, the pleasure really started. Pansy gasped as his thumb circled her hard nub, but when it began vibrating, she let out a high-pitched squeal. Her eyes fluttered and then rolled into the back of her head. The scent of her wet pussy grew even stronger. Harry pulled his finger from her ass, and for a moment, Pansy thought about complaining. She actually wanted it back in. At first, it felt strange, but once she had gotten used to it, she enjoyed the naughty pleasure. Harry's finger dipped into her pussy, and her tight insides squeezed it. Instead of fingering her, Harry pulled it out and moved back to her ass. She then realized what he was doing. He was using her wet pussy to lube-up his finger so he could continue fingering her ass. Pansy covered her face with her hands. She had never felt so humiliated and yet, turned on. She kept her legs wide open, giving him full access to her ass and pussy. She felt the tip of his finger touch her hole, and this time, he was able to penetrate her quickly and easily. His finger sank deep into her ass, and her body instinctively squeezed it. Harry chuckled while stroking her swollen clit.

“You love having your ass played with, don’t you?” he teased her. Pansy trembled from the renewed pleasure. Surely, he could feel her ass squeezing his finger as he penetrated her down to the knuckle.

“Shut up!” she whined shakily, which only made him laugh harder. It wasn’t long before Pansy was seeing stars. His vibrating thumb rubbing her clit was rapidly bringing her closer to orgasm. When he pinched her little bead, that was all it took. Pansy’s back arched violently, and she cried out. Pansy was in shock when she saw short spurts of girl cum squirt from her cumming pussy. They rainbowed through the air and splashed against Harry’s bare chest. Harry pulled his finger from her ass and stood up, leaving Pansy to cum in peace. Since her eyes were rolling into the back of her head, Pansy didn’t see him stripping down. When her eyes opened properly, she saw him getting onto the bed, his long, thick cock as hard as a rock.

He pulled her into a sitting position and began unbuttoning her blouse. It only took a few seconds for his experienced hands to get her shirt off. He tossed it away and reached around her back, unclipping her bra. Like her shirt, her bra went flying, leaving them both completely nude. Pansy’s pussy was still extremely sensitive, and she was shuddering when Harry began playing with her naked tits. She had to admit, Harry was quite good at teasing her breasts. Most guys would just squeeze and paw at them without any regard for her pleasure. Harry was firm but still gentle. He teased her hard nipples in ways that made her pussy tingle. He then gently pushed her flat on her back and hooked his arms underneath the back of her knees. His body pushed forward until he was hovering over her, face to face. Her knees were on each side of her folded body, and she could feel the fat head of his cock teasing her opening. The tip was pressed right against the middle of her lips, slightly forcing them apart. It was like her slick lips were giving his head an open-mouthed kiss. Harry’s eyes raked up her body and focused on her bare breasts. Pansy arched her back slightly, showing them off. If she was being honest, she thought her breasts were her best feature. They weren’t huge by any means, but big enough to draw attention. Her nipples were light pink and perfectly sized, and the crinkled tips jutted out far enough to be properly sucked on.

His eyes moved up to her face, and he stared into her eyes. Pansy couldn’t help but blush from his sudden attention. She tried to look away, but Harry leaned in and kissed her deeply. Pansy eagerly reciprocated, opening her mouth to let him in. As she moaned into his mouth, Harry slid his hips forward, finally claiming her body as his own.