

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 22

"Alright ... Hold still," Harry said, as he twisted his Veela hair wand through the air in very precise and intricate patterns. Hermione kept quiet as he did, not wanting to screw things up when she was so close to having the Trace removed. It didn't take long before a slight chill hit her body. Harry then pointed the tip of his wand at a plain, silver ring that was held between the fingers of his opposite hand. She then heard a tinkling sound, as though a crystal glass had tipped over on a hard surface. When he was done, he waved his wand at her again and nodded, proud of his work. Checking the ring, he smiled. "Finished," he said.

"It's done?" she asked in surprise. "That was fast."

"I'm a fast worker," he told her, taking her hand and slipping the silver ring onto her finger. Hermione held her hand up and looked at the ring. There was nothing spectacular about it. It looked like a men's wedding ring, only silver.

"I transferred the Trace from your body to that ring," he explained. "You need to wear it at the beginning of every year when you enter the platform and get on the train. Every student that's not seventeen is checked. Traces do accidentally break on occasion, so it'll be re-added to those that don't have it. If you have that ring on you, it won't be added again."

"But how am I supposed to do magic if I have this in my house?" she asked, confused. Harry handed her a small, metal box with Runes etched all across the outside.

"You can either hide it very far away from your house, which is what I'll be doing ... Harry held up his hand, and she saw that he had an identical-looking ring on his finger.

"... or you can keep it inside that box. I made that box myself. Magic can't penetrate it as long as the lid is shut. When you get home, just put the ring inside, keep it closed, and hide it somewhere safe."

"Thank you, Master!" she said happily, placing the box in her bag.

Unknown Prophecy

"I really wish that you could stay with us," Ron said as he easily crunched on a small sack of Pepper Imps. Harry looked on in fascination. Pepper Imps were a hard candy that caused the eater to breathe fire and blow smoke from their ears. Instead of sucking on them, as one was supposed to do, Ron popped them into his mouth and bit down, creating a loud crunch. Harry wondered if that sound was from the candy or his teeth breaking. As he spoke, no flames came from his mouth. There was, however, a bit of smoke coming from his ears and nose.

"Yeah ... Maybe next year," Harry said as he turned away from the spectacle. Hermione rolled her eyes at the redhead and went back to reading her book.

"I asked my mum, but she said that my brother, Charlie, is paying for us to come visit him in Romania. That oughta be fun." As he spoke, bits of the white candy shot from his mouth and landed on the seat across from them. "He works with dragons, you know."

"Really?" Harry asked, feigning interest. Ron nodded.

"Who knows," he suddenly smiled with a smug expression. "Maybe this time I'll go one on one with a dragon."

"You definitely should," Harry got excited. "That would be brilliant! I can just imagine the newspaper headlines from around the world ... RONALD WEASLEY: MASTER OF DRAGONS," Harry said. "It has a nice ring to it."

Ron's eyes were dazed as he stared off into space. His cheek was puffy from holding a mouthful of Pepper Imps in the right side of his mouth, like some redheaded chipmunk. "It does have a nice ring to it," he finally said.

Harry continued to egg him on until they finally pulled into King's Cross Station. After de-training, they escorted Ron to his family. Harry noticed that Ginny was staring at him with wide, devoted eyes. Molly had on her normal, motherly expression that Harry knew was a lie. The bitch was just as cold-blooded as Dumbledore. Probably even more so ... Harry mentally added. Harry was going to have fun fucking up their lives. That would have to wait though. He couldn't act too fast. He had to be patient and slow. Ruining Ronald Weasley was just Act I of a very long show.

As Molly fussed over her children, Harry smiled at Ginny who blushed in return. "You must be Ginny," he quietly told her. Ginny's face turned bright red as she nodded. "It's nice to meet you," he said, taking her hand and kissing the back of it.

Ginny shuddered and gasped. She was forced to snap her legs together to keep the naughty sensation from embarrassing her. Her face suddenly felt hot ... a little too hot if she was being honest. Her hand was still in his, and she desperately hoped that he would never let it go. Just the opposite in fact. If she had her way, he would take that hand and touch her anywhere and everywhere. He could touch her anywhere that he desired. If he wanted her to touch HIM, all he needed to do was ask. Even less than that, she thought. He could simply take her hand and place it wherever he wanted to be touched. There was no way that she would deny him. She would never deny him anything, she thought as he finally let her hand go. By then, her mother was now fussing over him.

Off to the side, Hermione snorted as the redheaded skank blushed like a horny, little bitch getting licked for the first time. She immediately knew that this Ginny Weasley girl was a nobody. She was nothing compared to Hermione Granger. She would be at Harry's side while

the best Ginny Weasley could hope for was to be a cum-dump that was used and tossed away. No doubt that Ginny would accept and probably love that. She would come back crawling, begging for his cock to fill her loose asshole with another load of his perfect seed. No, Ginny Weasley was no threat to Hermione Granger. In fact, Hermione actually felt sorry for the little bitch. Maybe she would convince Harry to take her on as a sex toy. That would only happen AFTER Harry finally fucked her properly. Hermione would see to that. Visions of Ginny sucking on his fat cock while she viciously whipped her ass from behind filled Hermione's demented mind. Yes, she could have lots of fun with the youngest Weasley. She then turned her sights to Molly Weasley. She was hugging Harry and pulling his face into her big tits. 'Am I imagining it, or is that cow rubbing her cleavage against his face?' Hermione asked herself as she looked closer. It was very subtle, but there was no doubt. She is! Hermione actually found it terribly funny, though she kept herself from laughing.

Despite her amusement, Hermione actually wondered why the woman would do such a thing. As far as she knew, Mrs. Weasley was happily married. 'Maybe her marriage isn't all that happy,' Hermione told herself, thinking of her parents' marriage. 'Or maybe she's just a big fan.'

From an objective point of view, Hermione thought that Molly wasn't terrible to look at. She had some meat on her bones for sure, but she didn't look old or tired like so many women did after having a bunch of children. Her robe, which was probably a size too small, hugged her body a little more than normal. Hermione could see that she had an hourglass figure with wide hips and big tits. From what she could tell, Molly also had a nice, fat ass. She wouldn't be surprised if the woman got hit on frequently. Hermione could also tell that she likely only had five to ten years left of being a "sexy, older woman". After that, she would just be another woman past her prime. Hermione shook her head. Had she not had so many children, she may have had twenty to twenty-five years left. Magical women did, after all, age slower and more gracefully than non-magical women, but there was only so much that magic could do for you when you put your body under such stress. That was probably why so many pureblood women only had one or two. They were trying to remain sexy for longer, Hermione thought.

"Now you be a good boy! We'll have you over this summer for sure!" Molly's voice rang out as Harry walked over to Hermione. She guessed that Mrs. Weasley didn't give two licks about her. She didn't even introduce herself! Hermione instantly didn't like the woman, and she swore that she would get even for that blatant disrespect. However, she put that to the back of her mind once Harry was at her side. Hermione wrapped her arms around his bicep and directed him toward the exit where she knew her mother would be waiting.

"That woman's a cunt," Hermione said quietly. Harry laughed.

"If you only knew," he joked.

"You know ... You put delusions of grandeur into Ron's head. He might accidentally kill himself in Romania," she told him. Again, Harry chuckled.

"If only we were so lucky." This time it was Hermione that laughed. She actually hoped that the boy would end up being eaten by a dragon during winter break, but she wasn't holding her breath. 'He's like a bad penny ... He always turns up,' Hermione thought as she saw her mother's smiling face.

"Hermione!" her mother said happily. Hermione smiled back and let her mother hug her. She really didn't like the touchy-feely mother-daughter crap, but she kept her opinion to herself.

"Mum ... This is Harry Potter," she said. "Harry, this is my mother, Emma Granger," Hermione said, introducing them.

Harry had, of course, seen Mrs. Granger before. She looked like Hermione, only older. Her hair was long and brown, just like Hermione's. Unlike Hermione's however, Emma's was styled nicely in soft, loose curls. She had big, brown eyes, a cute, little nose, and plump, pink lips. She was dressed smartly in a white blouse that was tucked into a waist-high, dark gray pencil skirt. Her feet were covered by shiny, black high heels. Over her shoulder was the strap of what looked to be an expensive handbag. Being dentists, Hermione's parents could afford the better things in life. When she smiled at him, he could see a row of perfectly straight, gleaming white teeth. Just as the last time he had seen her, his cock hardened from her lovely scent. "It's nice to meet you, Harry. I'm glad Hermione has made some friends at school."

Harry smiled back. "The pleasure's mine, Mrs. Granger, and yes, Hermione is a great friend."

Harry hugged Hermione and whispered in her ear. "I'll arrive at midnight."

After their goodbyes were said, the two girls left, and Harry slipped through the archway and back into the regular train station. Harry walked toward the exit and suddenly stopped. Kneeling down to pretend to tie his shoe, he looked behind him before activating his Mage Sight. 'Gotcha,' he smugly told himself. There was an invisible person following him around, and the foul stench of the person told him everything he needed to know. Dumbledore had put Mundungus Fletcher on him. Dumbledore probably wanted to know who was picking him up, and who he interacted with on the train station. Harry shook his head. He'd let the old man think that he's really getting one over on him, otherwise, he might just use someone a little more competent and pleasant-smelling the next time. Getting up, Harry began walking faster and slipped through a thick crowd of people where he knew Mundungus couldn't follow. Harry then bent low and doubled around before slipping into the public restroom. Once out of sight, Harry disappeared leaving Fletcher none the wiser.

Unknown Prophecy

Hermione was sitting on her bed, impatiently tapping her fingers on her jean-clad thighs. For the hundredth time in the last ten minutes, she looked at the digital clock resting on the nightstand beside her bed. The red numbers remained at 11:57. She glared in annoyance, and as if sensing her anger, the number changed to 11:58. Tapping on her window made her jump in

fright. She was so focused on the clock that she failed to keep track of her surroundings. Quickly turning her head toward the window, she saw Harry's face surrounded by darkness. Bolting from the bed, she quietly opened the window. "You're early," she said quietly. Her parents were asleep, and she didn't want to wake them up.

"I know. Is your ring in the box?" Harry asked. Hermione nodded. "Have you tried magic yet?"

Hermione couldn't help but blush. She didn't know why she was suddenly so embarrassed. It wasn't news to him that she desperately wanted to be able to use magic outside of school. Every student did. "Yeah," she said.

"Did you get a letter from the Ministry?"

"No, no letter. No warning. No nothing," she assured him. Harry nodded.

"Good. Seems I did everything properly. Remember ... nothing big or flashy," he reminded her. Hermione rolled her eyes.

"Yes, you've told me." He didn't want her accidentally burning down or blowing up half the neighborhood. The Ministry would definitely find out about that.

Harry climbed through the window, and Hermione stood back to give him room. Once inside, he pulled down the window behind him. Pulling a flat circle of fired clay with Runes on it from his pocket, Harry tapped his wand against it and tossed it on Hermione's bed.

"That clay coin contains a powerful Compulsion Charm. It should keep your parents very confused for the next few days. They probably won't even think about you. It'll activate in five minutes. We need to be gone by then because it'll probably affect me too. When I bring you home, destroy it, alright?" Harry looked directly at her. Hermione nodded seriously.

"I will," she promised.

"Okay, take my hand, and we'll go."

Hermione didn't need to be told twice. She had been waiting for this moment for weeks. As quick as a flash, she took his hand in hers and held onto it tightly. Hermione suddenly felt as though her body was being compressed from all sides. The compression was so severe that the breath was being squeezed from her very lungs. Just when she was beginning to panic, the compression stopped, and Hermione nearly fell over. Harry steadied her by grabbing her upper arm. Hermione was gasping for breath. "That ... was ... terrible!" she huffed with every exhale. Harry chuckled, finding the whole thing amusing.

"You get used to it. Of course, it isn't so bad when you're the one Apparating," he told her as he went to check on his cauldron. Hermione trusted that he was telling the truth, and as much as

she disliked the sensation, Apparition was much too useful not to learn. In fact, she wanted to learn how as quickly as possible.

"You'll teach me ... right?" she asked. She saw him nod as he hunched over a large cauldron. Walking over to him, she looked in. "What's this?"

"Part of your bath," he said with a bit of humor. "Your bathtub is right there," he told her, jerking his thumb. She followed it and saw a copper cauldron sitting in the middle of what looked to be a ritual circle. Hermione's heart began beating faster. She watched as Harry dumped the first cauldron into the second. As he continued to work, he said, "Hand me your wand and then strip naked."

Without even thinking twice, she pulled her wand from her pocket and handed it to him. As she undressed, she looked around. It appeared that she was in some kind of potions lab that had seen better days. Still, it was loaded with awesome-looking stuff that she desperately wanted to play around with. Hopefully, Harry would let her later. Completely naked, she folded her clothes and placed them on a nearby bed. She guessed that that was where they would be sleeping. She was thankful that the bed was in much better shape than the crusty, old room.

"Into the cauldron. Mind the circle," Harry told her. Hermione tip-toed through the circle and stopped short. She squeaked when Harry grabbed her by the waist and lifted her up. Hermione was lowered into the bubbling cauldron until everything below her breasts was submerged. Harry then left the circle. She watched as he pulled his wand out.

"When I tell you to, dunk your entire body into the liquid," he ordered.

"Will it hurt?" she asked, feeling slightly nervous.

"It won't hurt me a bit," Harry smirked. Hermione wanted to slap that look right off of his handsome face. Instead, she glared at him. She watched as he activated the Runes and called out the incantation. "NOW!" he called out. Hermione took a deep breath and dunked her head.

Unknown Prophecy

A few hours later, Hermione woke up with a groan. Her body ached all over. She tried to sit up but fell back onto the bed. "You'll be sore all day," Harry's voice suddenly rang out from across the room. She turned her head and saw him preparing some ingredients. He stood up and grabbed a tray. Walking over to her, he sat down on the bed and placed the tray on her lap. There was a glass of orange juice and a bowl of cut fruit. As soon as she smelled the fruit, her stomach growled loudly. She couldn't help but blush in embarrassment.

"Don't worry about the pain. You'll be sleeping most of the day anyway," he told her. Hermione nodded and began eating. Just as he had stated, Hermione almost immediately fell back to

sleep after eating. She woke up a few more times during the day and ate each time she did. The following morning, she woke up and felt much better.

Getting out of bed, she stumbled momentarily. She blinked her eyes. Was she taller? She didn't realize that she had asked that out loud until Harry answered her.

"A couple of inches."

Hermione looked down at her bare feet. She felt tall even though she was still of average height for a girl her age. Before she had been slightly short. Still, she wasn't going to complain. "My magic?" she asked in a raspy voice. Harry pointed to a glass of water on the side table. Hermione grabbed and greedily drank from it. Harry handed her back her wand.

"Try Lumos," he said. Hermione said the incantation and quickly dropped her wand with a squeal. A bright ball of light erupted from the tip. The light was so bright that she actually felt a tiny bit of heat radiating from it. Her wand clattered to the ground and rolled to a stop a few feet away. "Seems like a success," Harry laughed. Hermione squealed happily and jumped into his arms. He peppered his face with kisses.

"Oh thank you, Master!" she squealed, kissing him everywhere while not-so-subtly grinding her naked pussy against his body.

"There is one more thing that I want to do," Harry interrupted her. Hermione stopped kissing him but continued to rub herself against him.

"Anything, Master," she said sensually, pressing herself harder against him.

"I was hoping you would say that," Harry smiled, and faster than she could react, she was hit by a stunner. Hermione's body gave out, but Harry caught her. He took her back to the bed and got to work.

Unknown Prophecy

Hermione's eyes fluttered open, and she groaned. Again, her body ached, though not as badly as when she took her potion bath. "Harry ...," she called out. "What the hell happened?" she asked, confused.

"Sorry for knocking you out, but I wanted to modify your body a bit," he told her. She looked around for him and finally saw him coming up to her.

"Without my permission?" she asked, her hackles beginning to rise. Harry, however, raised an eyebrow.

"As your Master, I don't need any permission. Do you remember your vows?"

Hermione suddenly felt silly. Old habits died hard, after all. Her face began to heat up and she nodded.

“Good ... and the next time you take that tone with me, I’ll take a belt to your bare ass. Understand?” he asked in a threatening manner. Hermione felt her eyes sting in shame.

“Yes, sir,” she said softly, lowering her head submissively.

“Stand up,” he ordered. Hermione was instantly on her feet. This time, she felt different. Her body felt strange. “Turn around,” he said. She did. As she turned, she came face to face with a full-length mirror. She suddenly saw herself with Harry standing right behind her. She looked like herself, only different. Her face ... was prettier. Her hair wasn’t a wild bush of tangles. Her eyes sparkled as though they were embedded with jewel dust. Her teeth were whiter and straighter than before. Her nose was still small, but it now had an undeniable cuteness to it. Her skin was still pale, but it now had a healthy sheen, and there was a slight, natural pinkness to her cheeks like she was already wearing makeup. Even her eyebrows were perfectly shaped.

“You almost made me regret all the work I put in on you,” he said as he placed one hand on her hip and the other on her belly. He slowly slid his hand up until it pushed between the middle of her tits. His words felt like a punch in the gut to her. His hand crept even higher until it was wrapped around her thin neck. “That would have been such a shame. Look how good you turned out,” he whispered to her. He used his hand to turn her head slightly. Her jaw seemed slightly more angular.

“W-What did you do, Master?” she asked.

“I created a permanent beautification potion and ritual just for you. As my little pet, I want you to look your best,” he told her as his hand moved back down, and he cupped her tit. She felt his thumb flicking back and forth over her hard nipple. Hermione saw the size of her tits in the mirror and gasped.

“My breasts!”

Instead of A’s, they were now large B’s. Not only that, but her hips were wider as well. He turned her to the side and showed off her ass. It jutted out a little more than normal. Harry slapped it hard enough that a loud crack echoed through the chamber. Hermione yelled loudly, but she couldn’t help but look on in fascination as the meat of her ass jiggled. She had a jiggy ass! Hermione was ecstatic! She knew that being sexy opened up so many more doors. “Your skin is also softer and smoother,” he told her. His other hand snaked between her legs, and his fingers tickled her perfectly smooth mound. As he did, a fat bead of arousal dripped down her leg. “You’ll never have to shave again.”

Harry ran his hands up her sides, and he lifted her arms into the air. They moved back down, and his fingertips caressed her incredibly sensitive underarms. Hermione shuddered badly. By then, drops of pussy juice were dripping down onto the floor. His fingers played with her breasts, and her nipples ached and longed to be in his mouth.

"I can't wait to see what you'll look like in a few years," Harry teased her. Hermione moaned like a whore. Unable to control herself, she crawled back on the bed and arched her back. Her now shapely ass lifted into the air like a cat in heat. Harry could see her perfect pussy glistening with wetness. She wiggled her ass tantalizingly.

"Please fuck me, Master ... Please," she quietly begged as she reached underneath her. He watched as she used two fingers to spread her lips. Harry positioned himself behind her and tickled her clit with one finger. Hermione was mewling and rubbing herself against his finger.

"You need to earn my cock, Pet," Harry teased her by pinching her clit. Hermione squealed and shuddered. Harry then lashed out with his magic and telepathically began to massage her asshole. Hermione was dripping like a two Galleon whore.

"How, Master?" she asked, rubbing his crotch with her foot.

"Help me seduce your mother, and you'll earn my cock," he told her. He then molded his magic and penetrated her asshole with it. He saw her ass puckered before screaming in pure pleasure. She violently came while squirting juices all over him.

"I WILL, MASTER! I PROMISE!" she screeched as he violated her asshole over and over with his magic.