

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 24

"I'm going to work."

"I don't give a damn where you go. You can go to hell for all I care, Dan."

"Just because you're a bitter, old hag doesn't mean you must be rude."

The sound of a coffee mug shattering against the wall was quickly followed by a terrified yelp and the sound of the door slamming shut. Then, before all the commotion ended, Emma Granger let out an angered screech. Hermione was in her room listening with a devious smile etched across her beautiful face. Everything was going to plan.

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Narcissa was on a mission as she sat in front of her vanity mirror and meticulously did her makeup. 'Not too heavy, but not too light either,' she told herself as she ran some lipstick over her plump lips. She didn't want to overdo it in case Harry preferred a more natural look. However, she didn't want to underdo it and not look her absolute best. The middle ground was her best choice, she thought as she smiled at her own reflection. She had to admit, her tits looked great. In a tiny, black dress, her breasts were pressed together snugly which created a cock-hardening spectacle of cleavage. The tops of her breasts were spilling out so much that she was having a hard time keeping the tops of her light pink areolas from showing. The paleness of her porcelain skin really popped in contrast with the darkness of her dress. It was almost a mirror of her true intention toward the boy. On the outside, she was putting on a show of love, devotion, and pure seduction mixed with honeyed words. On the inside, however, her intentions were as dark as the stretchy material that composed her alluring dress.

There was nothing to be done about it though. Narcissa had problems, and she had always been a problem solver. She took her time to think things through and came up with the easiest solution. In this case, the easiest solution was to secretly align with the boy until she had drained him dry ... of his money that is. It wasn't arrogance that made her completely confident that she would accomplish her goal. Looking at her reflection, Narcissa shook her chest a bit and watched her tits jiggle. She giggled like a schoolgirl. What schoolboy could deny her anything? What boy could turn away her seductive advances? Harry Potter stood no chance. Narcissa stood up and walked over to the ornate, Goblin-made, full-length mirror and did a spin. Her long, blonde hair fanned out. Her legs looked fantastic in her five-inch stiletto heels. Her ass fit tightly in her dress, showing off her womanly curves. Her hips were wide and inviting, and there was no doubt in her mind that Harry would be aching to touch her sweet body. She would allow it ... for a price. Of course, he wouldn't know of his debt until the astronomical amount was already taken from him. Narcissa giggled again as she slowly ran her hands down her sides and over her hips. The boy wouldn't know what hit him.

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Harry drank deeply from his glass of wine as Narcissa leaned into him so much that she was practically lying on top of him. Dinner was done, and they retired to the large and comfortable couch in the lounge. As they had planned, the pair had met up in a small, cozy cottage that the Malfoy family owned. It was an agreeable place that was situated pleasantly. Being by the coast, the air was salty and filled with the smells of the ocean. When outside, one could hear the waves pounding against the rocks. Inside, the only scent was Narcissa's lovely perfume, and the only sound was her tinkling laughter as she told him a story of her in her youth.

"I was so preoccupied that I forgot to put on my panties," Narcissa giggled and took a sip of her drink. Harry suspected that she was acting a bit drunker than she really was. Even so, Harry knew that she must have a pretty good buzz going. With Harry's ritual-enhanced body, he was able to handle alcohol much better than the average person. Still, he was a bit buzzed as well. "And that Hogsmeade day happened to be very windy," she giggled again, with her thigh resting on his lap. Harry's hand was gently caressing her soft skin.

Harry giggled as well, playing the part of the drunk, little boy with no experience with a full-grown woman like her. "Then what happened?" Harry asked, pretending to be transfixed by her story. In truth, he didn't need to pretend very hard. Her stories were quite sexy, whether they were true or not.

"Well ... I accidentally dropped my bag of galleons, and when I bent over to pick them up, a violent gust of wind blew my robe up and exposed my bare backside to half of the third-year Slytherin boys. More than half jizzed in their trousers at the mere sight of my naked derriere," she claimed and both giggled. Harry's hand instinctively moved higher up her thigh until his fingertips were grazing the bottom of her fleshy cheeks. Narcissa didn't seem to mind. In fact, she continued to encourage his gentle exploration. Her hand would occasionally "accidentally" brush against his groin.

"I wish I was there to see that," Harry exclaimed before pretending to be horribly embarrassed by what he said. "W-What I meant was ..." Narcissa cut him off.

"Such a naughty little boy," she giggled, moving her leg even more onto his lap until her knee was pressed firmly against his erection. "I'm old enough to be your mum, and here you are, lusting after my backside. For shame," she tsked tsked him with happy laughter. Harry opened his mouth but was cut off when she pressed her finger to his lips.

"On the other hand ... You are a hero to us all ... and especially to me," she smiled naughtily as she leaned in and brushed her soft lips against his cheek. Her leg was moving so that her knee continued to stimulate his erection. Her hand was gently pawing at his shirt-covered chest while Harry feigned a minor bout of hyperventilation. "If you don't deserve it then who does?" she asked. "Perhaps a little show of appreciation wouldn't hurt," she smirked and pushed off of him.

Standing up, she did a little twirl just as she had done in the mirror earlier in the day. Like before, her long, beautiful hair fanned out as her back was presented to him. Narcissa produced her wand from somewhere and gave it a wave. A low, enticing beat began to play on the wireless ... one good for dancing. Narcissa ran her fingers through her long, luscious locks of golden hair and lifted her heavy tresses up, exposing her shoulders and upper back. Harry's eyes raked down her sexy body and onto her hips which were swaying seductively. His cock strained in his pants. It didn't matter if you were young or old, Narcissa Malfoy was a very sexy woman, and her body demanded a response. Then she placed her hands on her knees, looked back at him with a sexy smirk, and dropped down into a squat with her ass thrown out. Like magic, the hem of her incredibly tight and short dress was sucked upward and over her hips. Her thick cheeks exploded out and practically clapped together. Harry could see the string of her tiny, white thong disappear between her two pillowy cheeks. Narcissa bounced and wiggled her sweet ass, keeping Harry's eyes glued to it. "What do you think, Harry? Is it as good as you imagined?" she teased and stood back up.

"Even better," Harry honestly replied as Narcissa spun back around and didn't bother lowering the hem of her dress. Harry could now see the front of her lacy, white panties along with her lower belly. Her panties rode low over her hips, and the top of her hairless mound could be seen. One of her nipples had popped free of her dress and again, she did nothing to hide it. Her black high heels had already been taken off earlier, so she walked over to him and stepped up onto the couch with her bare feet. Harry looked up as she towered over him. Narcissa turned around so that her back was facing him. She dropped down and straddled his lap in a reverse cowgirl position.

"Would you like a closer look?" Harry heard her ask. His hands were already exploring her hips.

"Yes," Harry gasped as she ground her crotch against the tent in his trousers. Narcissa then leaned forward and stuck her ass up in the air. With her ass right in front of his face, Harry saw how the crotch of her white panties could barely contain her puffy pussy lips. They were so tight that they were virtually molded to the shape of her womanhood. Then, the scent of her pussy hit him right in the face. Harry began to squirm which only egged the blonde MILF on. After fucking Apolline and Fleur so often, Harry should not have been getting so worked up over Narcissa Malfoy. However, the thought of violating Draco's mother was enough to nearly set him off. It was just another little piece of revenge, one that happened to be quite pleasurable. There was also the fact that Narcissa was a very seductive woman who was quite good at getting what she desired. At that moment, she was pulling out all the stops.

Her ass bounced, and he could hear the soft clap of her cheeks smacking together. The scent of pussy was pouring off of her. Harry was transfixed by the sight of her pale cheeks opening up and revealing not only her panty-clad pussy but also her tight asshole which wasn't even properly covered by the thin, white string. Less than a second later, her cheeks closed back up with a smacking sound before opening up once again. It was maddening. Harry wanted nothing more than to pin the old whore down and fuck her like she'd never been fucked before. He had

to bide his time and wait. She needed to think that she was still in control. His resolve was tested even further when her face pressed against the crotch of his trousers.

"Are you enjoying being so close to me, Harry my love?" she asked him while wiggling her ass right in his face.

"Y-Yes ... A lot," Harry pretended to stutter slightly while enjoying the show she was putting on.

"And my scent? Do you like the smell of a woman?" she asked him with a hint of humor in her velvety voice.

"Yes! Very much," Harry gasped before Narcissa pressed her ass right against his face. Over and over she ground her panty-covered pussy against his mouth and nose. Harry felt her undoing his trousers. Before long, she had pulled his fully-hard cock out and began stroking it.

"My goodness, Harry!" Narcissa gasped. "You're only a boy but have the cock of a man! I can only wonder how big you'll be once you've fully grown," she complimented him. He could feel her warm breath against his erection. Harry moaned from her expert ministrations.

"Does this feel good, my darling?" she asked him, her hand slowly working his cock up and down with slow, deliberate strokes. It felt really good, but Harry needed her to think that it was driving him wild.

"YES!" Harry cried out and bucked his hips a little. "Really, really good!" he shuddered as she placed kisses all around his large, domed head.

"Would you like to taste me now?" Narcissa asked him just before her tongue began wiggling against the tip of his head.

"Please!" he cried out, hiding his inner smirk. The woman didn't know what he had in store for her. Narcissa grabbed the crotch of her panties and pulled them aside, revealing her pussy to him for the first time. Her lips were perfectly smooth, and Harry could see her inner lips just poking out from between her plump outer ones. Narcissa's tongue gave way to her lips, and she lowered her head and took half of his cock into her mouth. Harry moaned until she pressed her pussy against his mouth.

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Narcissa smiled around the boy's cock. He was already putty in her hands. There was no doubt in her mind that all she needed to do was suck on him for a minute or so before he blew his load. After that, he would belong to her. That's why when he grabbed her hips and buried his face in her pussy, she was never expecting a bolt of pure pleasure to race up her spine. Her back arched, and she squealed around his cock. His tongue felt divine as it slid up and down between her lips, massaging her soft inner labia. Somehow, she was feeling pleasure in every

inch of her body. Like before, she suspected that his magic was interacting with hers, causing massive amounts of pleasure to course through her body. As he licked her dripping slit, she could suddenly feel her nipples being pinched and pulled. She could feel her clit being rolled, and it felt as though her asshole was being played with. Narcissa couldn't stop her own moan from escaping her mouth and vibrating against his surprisingly big cock. Remembering that she had a job to do, she pressed the flat of her tongue against his shaft and sucked him hard.

She found it difficult to concentrate with so much going on. The anal play was especially distracting. As a proper pureblood woman, engaging in anal sex was a major faux pas. A woman of her standing wouldn't dare and sully her body by engaging in such scandalous behavior. Such activities were saved for Mudblood whores. However, she was beginning to think that maybe it wasn't all that bad. The sensation of his magic rimming her asshole had her body quivering and her toes curling. When his magic suddenly penetrated her tightest hole, Narcissa's eyes went wide, and she bucked wildly. Harry's magic didn't stop there. It continued to penetrate her over and over. There was a sensation of being stretched without any of the pain that would normally come from it. Her lovely eyes fluttered as she hummed on his cock. At one point, she was forced to pull his cock from her mouth. Her mouth was open, and she was panting loudly like a dog trying to catch its breath. His magic was beginning to move faster, and it reached the deepest parts of her bowels. Harry's mouth moved down and captured her hard and swollen clit. When he sucked on it hard, Narcissa's eyes flashed white, and she violently came against his face.

Her body bucked and thrashed, and she accidentally smeared her juices all over his face. "Are you okay, Cissy?" Harry asked as he let go of her clit with a wet pop. She answered him, but it came out as loud, squeaky gibberish. She didn't even really know what she had said. Her hand was rapidly jerking his cock as she lightly bit down on the inside of his thigh. She heard the sounds of slurping and knew that he was lapping up her wetness. Narcissa wasn't even aware of how close to cumming he was until a long jet of cum spurted out of the tip of his cock. It barely missed her face and whizzed by her head. Angling his cock, more cum erupted from the tip while she worked him with long, deep strokes. Once he was empty, she kissed the tip of his cock and felt his hips buck while he gasped. She dropped off him and straddled his lap again, this time facing him. She dove in and kissed him deeply, moaning as she tasted herself on his tongue. She could feel his hard cock pressed against her panties.

'I have to control myself. I need to show that I'm in charge,' she reminded herself. Breaking the kiss when his hand began sneaking down the front of her panties, she said, "I'm sorry, Harry, but we need to stop. This is all happening a bit fast, isn't it?"

"But I ..." Harry began but she quickly hushed him by kissing him again.

"We can meet again very soon," she told him with a breathy voice. She rolled her hips and listened to him plead for more. "Until then ..." she said, getting off of him and standing up. She wiggled her hips and pulled the hem of her dress down to cover herself back up. "... you'll have to behave yourself. Can you do that for me?" she asked him.

"I promise, Cissy," she heard him say pathetically. She smiled at him and kissed him one last time before showing him to the fireplace. She would let him stew for a day or so and then really put it to him.

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Harry chuckled at the thought of Narcissa trying to work him. To be fair to the woman, if she had done this the first time around, Harry probably would have given her whatever she wanted. Sadly for her, Harry wasn't the same sad, pathetic boy. She was going to be *his*, not the other way around. He was already counting the hours until he got another crack at her.

Popping into Hermione's room, he saw her face light up when she turned his way. "Master!" she squealed quietly, getting up and standing at attention. She watched eagerly as he stripped naked. He laid on her bed and said, "Strip."

Hermione was naked within a minute's time. She climbed on the bed and straddled his lap. Harry loved the feeling of her hot, wet pussy lips being pressed against the underside of his hard, throbbing shaft. Without needing to be told what to do, Hermione's hips began rocking, and she massaged his shaft with her wet pussy. "How is our plan with your mother coming along?" he asked her, looking up at her face.

A look of rapture was spread across her pretty face. Her hands slid up her slim belly until she was cupping her perky tits. Harry watched as she kneaded them and rubbed her hard nipples. Her hips, meanwhile, were rolling back and forth. He could feel that his cock was slick with her juices. "Hermione?" he asked again with some amusement.

"Oh!" she gasped as her hips moved faster. "Sorry, Master! My mum and dad are arguing, and I plan on encouraging it further. Once they're separated, then I'll begin working on my mum," Hermione shuddered as she slid her pussy from the base of his cock all the way up to the head. Harry's hand crawled up her belly and chest until his hand was wrapped around her slender throat. Hermione moaned deeply when he squeezed it. He let his fingers glide up her neck and onto her chin where she began sucking on one of his fingers.

'She's turning into quite the little sex toy,' Harry thought happily as she came for the first time that night.

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Harry had spent a bit of time slowly chipping away at Parkinson's ward scheme before deciding to leave. There was no need to rush and end up screwing things up. If he suspected something, it would make it all the more difficult when Harry finally decided to attack. With nothing left to do for the day, Harry went to waste a few hours in Diagon Alley.

The alley was lively with Christmas shoppers, and Harry had been stopped multiple times by fans, well-wishers, autograph-seekers, and even rabid fangirls. Harry didn't mind the fangirls at all. With the others, he smiled and played the heroic Boy Who Lived character that everyone read about in the papers. In many of the shops he visited, he would receive freebies or discounts simply for being the country's hero. Harry didn't mind those either now that his bag was laden with free candy, chocolate frog card packs, Quidditch magazines, and prank items from Zonko's. Around lunchtime, Harry spotted a couple of people who he recognized. Sitting outside a cafe was none other than Amelia Bones who was having lunch with her niece, Susan. Susan was a cute redheaded first-year from Hufflepuff who was well beyond the "sprouting" phase. Her chest was already rocking large B-cups, and they would probably be C's by next year.

'She would be a nice piece in my collection,' Harry thought to himself. In the magical world, if you planned on being someone with power, then you needed followers. Voldemort had them, and Dumbledore did as well. It only made sense if Harry had them as well. Already he had Apolline, Fleur, and Hermione, and he was working on Narcissa. The Bones women would be perfect, he thought as he watched them eat their pasta salads. But how to go about it? Harry tapped his chin in thought. A smile spread across his face. Maybe he could kill two birds with one stone.

He quickly wondered if it was a good idea to only collect female followers. Sure, having a large harem of women ready to kill and die for him as well as spread their legs was great, but was he limiting himself? Harry quickly perished the thought. No one would ever suspect that his supporters were all female. No other leader had ever even done anything similar. If played right, no one would ever suspect that he had *any* supporters until it was too late. He wanted them to have their hands in every aspect of society. Having Amelia would be a major boon. Leaving the women to eat in peace, Harry continued through the alley, smiling and signing autographs all the while thinking about who else he could "recruit".