

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 45

Harry hopped out of the shower and waved his hand over his body. A swirl of hot, dry air encircled him, causing his hair to blow in every direction. Within a second, he was completely dry. He stepped out of the bathroom and walked to the bed. Lying down, he threaded his fingers together behind his head and waited. It was a few minutes later when Narcissa walked in. He had been neglecting his other women while working on Emma and Molly. This was an oversight he intended to correct. His summer break wouldn't last forever, and he planned to enjoy every second he could. His first action was to contact Narcissa for a midnight meeting at the cozy cottage they had made their own.

He looked the sexy older woman over from head to toe. Her hair and makeup were immaculate, as always, and she had changed out of her day clothes and put on a sexy silk nightgown that ended a few inches past her crotch. His eyes moved over her wide hips and down her bare legs. His cock immediately began to inflate, which made Narcissa smirk sexily. "Like what you see?" she asked him, jutting her hip to the side and sensually running her hand up and down it.

"I'd like to see more," Harry truthfully told her as his hand moved to his cock. He gripped his shaft and slowly began to pump it while Narcissa moved her hands up her sides. Her nightgown lifted a bit, showing off the crotch of her matching red panties. Unfortunately, the show ended when she removed her hands from her body, causing the nightgown to drop back down and cover her.

"That's obvious," she said with a knowing smile while her eyes moved down to his cock. She took a moment to stare at it before snapping out of her momentary brain fog. Narcissa then reached underneath the bottom of her gown and pulled her panties down her thighs. She lowered them past her knees and let go of them. They dropped around her ankles, and she lifted one of her bare feet and stepped out of them. She then kicked her other leg in his direction, causing her panties to fly off her foot and hit him in the chest. Narcissa giggled and fluffed up her hair. Harry plucked the panties from his chest and examined them. There was a little wet spot where her opening would have sat.

Narcissa climbed on the bed and crawled over to him. The neckline of her gown was hanging low, giving him an excellent view of her dangling tits. He could see that her nipples were already rock-hard. Her smoky eyes were hooded with lust, and he could already smell her arousal. She crawled between his open legs and stopped. Narcissa shot him a cheeky smile and pulled the panties from his hand. She then wrapped the silky material around his cock and began jerking it. "Mmm ... I missed you, my love," Narcissa practically moaned as he laid soft kisses all over his belly while her hand moved up and down. "You need to come visit me more often."

"I think that can be arranged," Harry responded and sat up. He grabbed the back of her nightgown and pulled it up. The thin material slid up her ass and over her wide hips, leaving

them bare. Narcissa further teased him by wiggling her hips and making her thick cheeks jiggle. Harry got up on his knees and pulled the panties from his cock. He rubbed the head against Narcissa's lips, and her tongue immediately snaked out of her mouth and slithered around it. Her hand gripped his base, and she began laying kisses all over it. Harry leaned forward and slid his hand down her spine. Narcissa's back arched, and her ass was thrust higher into the air. His fingers crept down the crack of her ass until he reached her puckered hole. They traversed around the rim, tickling her delicate skin. Narcissa shuddered and started sucking on the head. He then placed the pad of his finger against the hole and added a little pressure. She gasped against his cock and looked up at him with wild, needy eyes.

Harry pressed a little harder until the tip of his finger popped in. Narcissa's eyes fluttered, and she lowered her head with a moan. She stuffed the head of his cock into her mouth and began to suck it vigorously. "That's it, Cissy ... Suck it harder," Harry moaned, and she happily complied. Soon, she was taking it halfway down her throat while Harry slowly fingered her asshole.

Her hole was so tight that it was hard to penetrate. He kept at it, going slowly. Harry then used his special brand of wandless magic to spice things up for her. Her clit was suddenly being rubbed by an invisible force, and her nipples were being pinched and pulled. Narcissa squealed loudly around his cock, and the room was suddenly flooded with the smell of her wet pussy. Narcissa pulled off of his cock and gasped like a crazy woman. "Harry ... I ..." she choked out in a warbly voice. Before she could finish her sentence, she moaned loudly, and her top half collapsed onto the bed. Her ass was still in the air, taking his finger down her naughty hole.

Narcissa was nearly losing her mind from the sudden influx of intense pleasure. It felt like every pleasurable spot on her body was being stimulated simultaneously. Her hands gripped the blanket, and she gasped out a squeal when Harry pushed his finger down to the knuckle. He then pulled it back until it was nearly out. It slowly sank back into her asshole, causing bolts of pleasure to race up her spine. A whorish whimper left her throat, and Harry responded by moving directly behind her. She turned her head to the side and looked behind her. Harry was thrusting his finger faster and faster while her clit felt like it was being sucked by the most perfect set of lips. Narcissa cried out as her pussy began to flutter. She could feel thick, warm drops of pussy juice rolling down the insides of her thighs. She wasn't ready for his thick cock to pierce her lips and slide down to the hilt.

Her face pressed against the bed, and she cried out in bliss as her pussy was stretched. Harry wasted no time. He immediately began fucking her with wild abandon. His finger never left her ass, and Narcissa quickly found herself enjoying the sensation of having both her hole stuffed. Then, something began vibrating against her clit. Her body bucked violently, and his finger slipped from her hole. Narcissa flopped on the bed as her body trembled and spasmed. Her eyes twitched uncontrollably while her pussy milked his cock. "Oh, shit!" Narcissa squealed as she came hard.

"You're cumming already?" Harry asked her. Narcissa didn't have an answer for him. She choked out a moan while Harry grabbed her hips and lifted her ass back up. He held onto them roughly and plowed her from behind. Her poor pussy was being brutalized by powerful thrusts, and her cheeks were savagely clapping together. A pathetic whimper escaped her mouth as Harry changed the angle of his thrusts. Her pussy was bruisingly squeezing the life out of him, trying to milk the cum straight from his balls. Harry repaid her by giving her fleshy ass a hard smack. Narcissa squealed and clenched her cheeks as the slight pain made the pleasure even better.

Harry pulled out from inside of her and spread her cheeks open. Her bald pussy was shiny with wetness, and her plump lips were swollen and pink. Her asshole was winking at him as if daring him to enter. He rubbed his thumb against it, making her cheeks clench shut. Narcissa looked back at him, her cheeks pink and her hair tousled. She then rolled onto her back and closed her legs.

"If you want that, you're going to have to make a commitment to me, Harry," she told him. "Pureblood witches don't just give that up on a whim," she explained.

"Oh? What kind of commitment?" Harry asked. Narcissa sat up on her knees.

"I was thinking ... It would be nice if you officially made me your mistress," she said, wrapping her arms around his neck and softly kissing his cheek.

"What does that entail?" Harry asked her, caressing her smooth thighs. He obviously already knew what it was, but he was just playing dumb. Narcissa kissed over his cheek and found his lips. She kissed him deeply while her hand found his cock. She began slowly stroking it.

"It's a secret girlfriend that you financially support. Every week, you give me an allowance, and in return, you can have me as much as you want ... in any way you desire," she purred, squeezing his cock tightly.

"That sounds fair," Harry told her. Of course, he didn't tell her that he would be paying her with the gold he stole from Lucius.

Narcissa smiled sweetly, but on the inside, she was smirking. "Is five hundred galleons a week asking too much?" she asked cutely, tugging on his cock.

"No ... not too much," Harry groaned. Narcissa squealed in happiness and leaned in for a kiss. This was a good start, but she planned to get more in the future. She then broke the kiss and hopped off the bed. She grabbed the bottom of her nightgown and pulled it over her head. She then walked to the dresser, her hips bouncing from side to side. She grabbed a bottle and came back to bed.

“Now that we have an agreement, I suppose a celebration is in order,” she said, opening the bottle. She poured some oil on her hand and rubbed it all over his cock. She then poured some more on her hand and reached behind herself. Harry saw that she was rubbing it on her asshole. Her finger slipped inside, and she grunted. She closed the bottle and set it aside.

“I’m ready. Be gentle,” she requested as she lay on her back. She spread her legs and grabbed herself behind her knees. Pulling her knees in, she lifted her lower half up so he had access to her pussy or ass. Both were shiny and ready to be fucked. Harry got into position and placed the head against her hole. He edged forward until there was pressure against the hole. Narcissa was breathing nervously but looked excited. Pushing his hips forward, he pressed against her tight hole with enough force for the head to pop in. Narcissa bit her lower lip in discomfort. Harry made sure to take it easy. He didn’t want to hurt her. To take her mind off the initial discomfort, he focused his magic on her clit and nipples again. The effects were immediate. Narcissa arched her back, thrusting her lovely tits into the air. Her body had just gotten over an orgasm, and it seemed that she was still extra sensitive. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and her mouth hung open. She whimpered out a moan while her body trembled, causing her big tits to shake.

He slowly thrust a little deeper, giving her an extra inch. He heard her squeal and pulled back. He summoned the bottle of oil to him and poured more on the top of his cock before slowly pushing back in. This went on for a few minutes. He would push slightly deeper with every stroke while Narcissa gasped from the pleasure he was providing. Once he was two-thirds of the way in, he re-lubed and fully thrust into her.

“HHNNNNNG!” Narcissa grunted as she was deeply penetrated. Harry focused on his magic on her clit and began to roll the swollen bead. She cried out in pleasure and gripped her breasts. Harry stayed inside of her for a minute or two, letting her get used to it. The heat of her ass was incredible, Harry discovered. He couldn’t stay inactive for long. Eventually, the lust overcame him, and he slowly began fucking her.

Narcissa let out a shuddering gasp when he began thrusting. There was a little pain, of course, but nothing she couldn’t handle. The lubricant she had used had a numbing agent mixed into it to help keep things pleasurable. Still, having that hole stretched would take some getting used to. She looked down between her parted legs when Harry placed his hand over her hairless mound. He caressed her soft, smooth skin in a way that made her skin goosebump. His thumb then slipped over her clit, and he began to rub circles around it. Narcissa bit her lower lip and mewled at the pleasure, squirming in place while her ass was slowly being fucked. He then moved his thumb lower and across her slit. Her lips parted slightly, and he gently massaged her damp, silky folds. Her back arched, and her asshole clutched his thrusting cock tightly. “Does it feel good?” he asked her. Narcissa closed her eyes as her body spasmed slightly. She didn’t want to admit it, but it wasn’t like he couldn’t figure it out on his own. Her pussy was so wet that it was dripping down over his cock, mixing her juices with the applied lube.

"Y-Yes," she stuttered as a thrust into her ass made her spine tingle pleasantly. Now that she was stretched, the discomfort had gone away, and a naughty pleasure replaced it. "It feels good," she admitted. Harry smirked, which embarrassed her slightly. She turned her head to the side so he wouldn't see the lustful expression on her face. In response, Harry leaned forward, causing her legs to slide over his shoulders. He began thrusting harder, and Narcissa squealed and locked her ankles around the back of his neck. Leaning in further, Harry turned her head to face him, and he rested his forehead against hers. Narcissa moaned wantonly and stared wide-eyed into his.

His thrust suddenly got faster, and he was driving his cock deep into her ass. Narcissa's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she tilted her head back and arched her spine. She opened her mouth to let out a deep moan, but Harry's lips found hers just as her pussy exploded. Jets of pussy juice squirted out of her, splashing against his belly and dripping down to hers. She squealed into his mouth while her pussy fluttered. Her asshole was pulsating and massaging his thrusting shaft while he continued to jackhammer into her. Narcissa couldn't believe that she had just orgasmed from having her ass fucked. Her vision became blurry, and she wanted to warn him, but Harry was too busy sucking on her tongue. She squeaked and bucked her lower half, but Harry buried himself deep inside her. He then broke the kiss and pushed her legs from his shoulders.

Narcissa gasped like a whore as Harry pulled his long, thick cock from her ass and gripped the shaft. Her legs were open, and her pussy was wet and glistening. She was afraid he might shove it into still-squirting pussy. She was way too sensitive to keep going without a break. Thankfully, he stroked his cock a few times and grunted. Thick ropes of pearly white cum erupted from the tip and slashed across her belly. Over and over, he painted her with his seed. When he was finished, Narcissa looked down at her belly and found it covered in cum. She groaned and sank back into the bed, breathing heavily. Harry's hand found her naked pussy, and he stroked her slit with his warm fingers. "Oh!" she squeaked, jerking her pussy away from him. "It's too sensitive! Give me a moment," she gasped. Harry chuckled and hopped off the bed.

Narcissa watched him grab his wand and point it at her. He gave it a flick, and the mess disappeared from her stomach. He placed his wand on the bedside table and flopped back on the bed. She noticed that his cock hadn't gone down. It was still rock-hard.

"You know ... If you're going to want to do it again, I suggest you shower off. You're not coming near me with that thing after sticking it in ... well ... that area," she bluntly told him, staring at his erection.

"Fair enough," Harry said and got out of bed. He walked to the bathroom without complaint. Narcissa heard the shower turn on, and she used the moment alone to snuggle into the bed and recover from the multiple orgasms she had just experienced. Her eyes fluttered shut, and she thought about what she was going to do first with the gold Harry had promised her. Her son had gotten a large amount of gold from the Greengrass sluts, but he refused to hand it over to her.

"I've got plans for this gold," Draco told her. "I've got a business deal set up that will make me rich again."

She tried to talk him out of it. Though he wouldn't tell her what that deal entailed, she knew it wasn't smart and likely illegal. They already had enough problems, and whatever he was planning would likely make it worse. He wasn't dissuaded, unfortunately. Sadly, as a Malfoy by blood, that gold was legally his, and there was nothing she could do about it. The money from Harry, though ... That was hers, and Draco could do nothing about it. Still, she didn't plan on telling him about their new arrangement. Why make things worse for herself? She was daydreaming about new dresses and expensive wines when Harry returned to the room. She opened her eyes and looked at him. His hair and body were still damp. He walked to his side of the bed, his erection bouncing around. He took his wand and fully dried himself off before returning to her side.

Turning onto her side, Narcissa threw her leg over his lap and snuggled into his chest. Her hand caressed his belly, getting lower with every pass. For his part, Harry ran his fingernails down her spine, making the sexy woman mewl. Narcissa wiggled around, rubbing her hard nipples against his skin. "Can I get the gold tomorrow?" she asked cutely, kissing his chest. "There are some things I need to buy. I might even buy something sexy to wear for you," she added, wanting to ensure his agreement.

"Sure, Cissy. I'll bring it over in the morning," he promised. Narcissa smiled and pushed herself onto his lap. Straddling him, she began to slowly roll her hips and rub her wet pussy along the length of his cock. Harry groaned and grabbed her fleshy hips.

"Thank you, my love," she said in a throaty voice. She then leaned down and kissed him deeply while Harry stuffed himself inside her waiting pussy. If he was going to be footing the bill, he planned on getting his money's worth.