

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 66

Fleur gasped for air, and her chest was heaving as Harry slowly worked his tongue around her swollen clit. Her thighs trembled against the sides of his head, and she pressed her small, bare feet harder onto his shoulders to ground herself against his mouth, adding to the building waves of pleasure. Every muscle in her body felt overstimulated, and every nerve felt like it was on fire. When she looked down, Fleur was greeted by the sight of Harry's messy black hair, and his eyes flicked up with a hungry, adoring intensity that sent a shiver through her.

She grabbed two fistfuls of his hair and ground her hips forward, spreading her legs so wide she was sure she would tear at the seams. Harry responded by flattening his tongue and dragging it slowly along her slit, lapping up every drop of the sticky arousal pooling beneath her. The sensation was overwhelming, and she whimpered as her pussy lips stretched to accommodate his mouth. Her clit was now so engorged that even the faintest touch made her whole body jolt. Harry's hands were gripping her thighs hard enough to leave marks, and the heat of his skin seared her like a brand. Fleur's head rolled back onto the pillow as she moaned, and her hips bucked involuntarily. The room was filled with the wet, obscene sounds of Harry's tongue and lips licking and sucking, and Fleur felt herself teetering on the edge of a powerful orgasm.

She threw her head forward and locked eyes with Harry as his tongue slipped inside her, curling upward to tease her inner walls. Fleur's lips parted in a silent scream, and she hunched over him while her hands clawed at the bedsheets. When Harry slid one of his thick fingers into her, Fleur almost blacked out. The way his finger curled and pressed against the spongy spot inside her made her entire body clench around him. He set a relentless pace, stroking her from within as he sucked her clit into his mouth, and Fleur could feel herself leaking down onto his chin.

Harry's face was utterly coated with her juices, and Fleur let out a delirious laugh as she watched him lick his lips and bury his nose in her pussy. She shifted her hips and started gliding herself up and down over his mouth, using him for her own pleasure. With every buck of her wide hips, her sensitive lips caught on his nose and chin, spreading her open and tugging at her clit until she was sure she couldn't take it anymore. Harry's tongue explored her with reckless abandon, darting from her entrance to her tight, puckered asshole. When his tongue circled her rim and flicked inside, Fleur squealed and curled her toes. Her whole body convulsed as another mini-orgasm crashed through her. She could feel her pussy clenching and unclenching around his finger, and she was helpless to stop herself from riding his face with ever-increasing speed.

Harry's hands gripped her ass, kneaded her soft flesh, and held her steady as she bucked against him. He alternated between slow, teasing licks and rapid, desperate sucks, and Fleur was soon babbling in French. The words tumbled from her lips without thought or filter. She could taste the salt of her own sweat as it dripped down her face and neck, and her vision blurred as her orgasm loomed closer, threatening to rip her apart.

"Please, 'Arry ... Keep going! I need it!" Fleur begged in a raw and trembling voice. She clawed at his hair and pressed herself down until she was smothering him with her wet pussy, and Harry just moaned into her body. The vibrations sent bolts of pleasure through her clit. His tongue was everywhere at once. She felt it inside her, around her rim, and stroking her clit, and Fleur was powerless to resist. She felt herself going lightheaded, and her whole body tensed as the pressure built to a breaking point.

With a strangled cry, Fleur came violently and suddenly. Her pussy convulsed and spasmed around Harry's tongue, and a gush of fluid erupted from her, splattering across his cheeks and dripping down onto the sheets below. Harry didn't stop. He kept licking and sucking her clit, milking every last ounce of pleasure from her, and Fleur's orgasm stretched on and on. Her cries of pleasure echoed in her bedroom. She trembled uncontrollably, and her nails dug into Harry's scalp as her body refused to release the tension.

Even after her climax peaked, the lingering thrum of pleasure continued to roll through her in violent, shuddering waves. The brute was relentless. He licked her raw and sucked her sensitive lips until she was pleading for mercy. She tried to squirm away, but he pulled her back onto his mouth. His hands gripped her hips with unbreakable strength.

" 'Arry, please ... I cannot ... " Fleur panted, but Harry only smirked against her skin and gave her clit a final, torturous flick with the tip of his tongue. Fleur screamed and came again, and her body locked up as another gush of fluid splattered across Harry's face. She was squealing now and babbling incoherently in a mix of French and English. Her mind had gone blank with ecstasy.

Only when Fleur was completely wrung out did Harry finally ease off. He kissed her inner thighs, removed his clothes, and then crawled up the bed to gather her in his arms. Fleur collapsed against him, feeling utterly ruined and blissfully content. Her whole body tingled, and she could barely keep her eyes open as Harry stroked her hair.

"I'm going to have so much fun with you this summer," Harry cheekily stated. Fleur knew exactly what he meant, and she wasn't sure if her body could take it.

Fleur hummed in response, too exhausted to speak. She burrowed into the warmth of Harry's chest, inhaled the musk of sweat and sex, and let herself drift off. The coins they'd spilled earlier glinted dully on the floor, but that didn't matter. She'd spend them in due time. Fleur shivered again as her orgasm unexpectedly flared, and she tucked herself even closer to Harry, wrapping her legs around his and clutching him like a lifeline.

She let herself drift off. The memory of Harry's tongue and the feeling of his warm, strong arms around her lulled her into a dreamless, contented sleep. The heat of their bodies and the scent of their passion lingered in the air, and Fleur mewled cutely before falling asleep.

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Fleur woke to the raw ache of her own body. Her body felt sore and used, and every inch of her skin tingled pleasantly. She arched her back and stretched herself out, letting out a contented sigh. For a moment she lay there in the wonderful warmth of the mattress with the memory of Harry's touch. She let her eyelids flutter closed, intending to savor it a few seconds longer, but something felt off. There was a cold patch along her side where Harry's body should have been.

She rolled into the hollow he'd left behind, pressed her cheek to the pillow, and inhaled the scent of him. The smell of him made her pussy tingle. Fleur reached out with her eyes still shut and ran her hand across the sheets, expecting to find his bare chest, but there was nothing. The sense of loss was abrupt and jarring. Her eyelids snapped open, and the sharp blue of her eyes cut through the dim light. She wasn't sure how long she had been napping, but she could see through the window that it was dark outside.

The room was quiet. It was a little too quiet for her liking. Fleur blinked and pulled herself upright, ignoring the slickness between her thighs and the twinge of soreness in her hips. She brushed her hair out of her face and scanned the room. Harry was nowhere to be seen.

He had left her. The thought landed with surprising weight. Fleur's lips twisted in annoyance. She swung her legs off the bed, pushed herself upright, and padded over to the door. The cold air licked at her bare skin, but she didn't bother covering herself or even grabbing a dressing gown. She had more important things on her mind right now.

The hallway was empty. However, she could hear a high-pitched, rhythmic moan in the distance. The sound was unmistakable. Fleur cocked her head, frowned, and moved towards the sound. Her bare feet slapped on the floorboards, and her nipples prickled at the chill. She hugged her arms around herself to try and warm herself up. This annoyed her even more. It should have been Harry's arms that were warming her nude body.

She passed her own reflection in the hallway mirror and paused to take herself in. Her silvery-blond hair was wild and unbrushed, and her lips were swollen and pink. Her breasts were still flushed from last night's exertion, and her nipples were capped with stiff, crinkled tips. Her skin had a gorgeous glow to it. Fleur had already realized that her skin always looked its best after a night of passionate lovemaking with Harry. Fleur smirked at her reflection, but the sound in the distance drew her forward.

She padded closer, following the sound. The moaning was coming from a few doors down. It was unmistakably feminine, but the pitch was slightly deeper than her own voice. The sound was throaty, pleasure-filled, and completely uninhibited. Fleur's frown deepened as she realized whose voice it was.

She pressed herself against the wall outside Apolline's door, flattened her back to the cool plaster, and held her breath. The moaning was louder here, and it was accompanied by the steady slap of flesh on flesh and the rhythmic creaking of bed springs.

"Fuck, Apolline ... so good ... so fucking tight." Harry's voice was unmistakable, even through the heavy wooden door.

Fleur's heart dropped into her stomach, and the breath caught in her throat. She'd barely had time to process what was happening before her feet carried her to the edge of the door. She pressed her palm to the wood and found the knob. Fleur bit her lip, hesitated, and then silently pushed it open a crack.

The first thing she saw was Harry's back. It was broad, muscled, and glistening with sweat. Next was the smooth curve of Apolline's bare thighs hooked high around his hips. The older woman's knees were pressed to her own shoulders, and Harry had her body bent nearly in half, pinning her to the mattress with the full force of his weight. Fleur was stunned by the intensity of the scene, and she felt something hot and lustful awaken inside her.

Harry's cock was huge, veiny, and thick, and it disappeared, over and over, into the perfect pink slit between Apolline's legs. Apolline's pussy was now swollen and stretched wide, split open by the sheer girth of Harry's cock. Each thrust forced her lips apart, revealing her slick, pink inner folds that clung to his shaft with desperate need. Her flesh was flushed, and with each impact, the lips would part and then snap back, clinging to Harry's shaft before releasing it with a wet, obscene squelch.

Apolline was totally lost in it. Her head was thrown back, and her blonde hair cascaded across the pillow. Her face was twisted in ecstasy, her mouth was open in a slutty gasp, and her hands dug into Harry's back. Her perfectly manicured nails scored angry red lines down to his hips. Every time Harry drove into her, Apolline's whole body arched, and she cried out in a voice that sounded nothing like the elegant, poised witch Fleur knew. It was raw, desperate, and so loud that Fleur wondered how the windows hadn't already shattered.

Fleur couldn't look away. The room was filled with the unmistakable musk of arousal, though there was a hint of Apolline's favorite perfume. The sheets beneath them were soaked, and every time Harry's hips slapped against Apolline's, a spray of pussy juice shot out, splattering across his thighs and down onto the bed. Apolline was squirting. Fleur, of course, had squirted many times. Harry was very good at forcing her body to do that, but she never pictured Apolline's body responding in such a manner. And yet, here she was, squirting a fountain of pleasure, and the uncontainable mess only seemed to spur Harry on harder.

He grunted with effort, gripped Apolline's wrists, and pinned them above her head, folding her neatly into the mattress. With his other hand, he pressed his thumb to her clit and rubbed it in quick, savage circles. The sight of Apolline's pussy being used, hammered, and then toyed with sent a flare of heat through Fleur's stomach, and she felt her own pussy clench in sympathy.

Apolline was babbling now, and her voice rose with each slap of Harry's hips. Her legs shook, and her toes curled. Fleur felt a pang of something. It was a mixture of jealousy, outrage, and maybe even excitement as she watched Apolline's body tremble on the edge of another orgasm.

The next thrust was so deep that Apolline choked on a scream, and a violent jet of pussy juice sprayed out, hitting Harry in the chest and leaving a streak across the sheets. A second more forceful squirt followed, and a third caught Harry's stomach, splattering him with her arousal. Fleur watched breathlessly as Apolline's body convulsed in the throes of her climax. Her hips bucked uncontrollably even as Harry held her down and kept pounding into her cumming pussy.

"Bloody hell ... Your pussy's incredible," Harry growled, and Fleur could hear the lust in his voice. He rammed himself forward, and balls slapped against Apolline's tight asshole. The older woman's pussy lips stretched so wide they looked ready to tear. Her mound was bald and smooth, but the lips were flushed and swollen. They clung to Harry's length, milking him for all he was worth. Every withdrawal left Apolline's entrance gaping and dripping, and each new thrust forced it back open with a wet, perverse squelch.

Fleur felt the heat rise in her cheeks. She hated that she was watching and that she couldn't tear herself away. What she hated most of all was that her own pussy was now throbbing with a desperate, hollow ache. Why was he here? Why not come back to her? Why was he fucking her and not me? The questions rattled in her head, but she couldn't look away.

Apolline's cries reached a fever pitch. She was screaming now. She was begging Harry not to stop and to give her more. Her voice sounded pathetically desperate, Fleur thought. Harry gave her what she desired and slammed into her with a pace that was brutally perfect. He leaned forward and sucked on Apolline's neck, and Fleur could see the muscles of his back flexing as he drove into her. Apolline squealed loudly, and the wet, sucking sound of her slutty pussy joined the chorus of noise.

Apolline came again, and again, and her body seized up so violently that she nearly bucked Harry off of her. Her pussy squeezed Harry so tightly he thought he might black out. The woman's legs were locked behind his back, and the rest of her body trembled beneath his weight. Her pussy gushed, splattering both of them and soaking the sheets under her ass. Harry's cock was smeared in her thick, white cream, and every inch of him glistened in the dim lamplight. He barely managed another thrust before his own orgasm hit.

Fleur trembled as she hungrily followed every motion. She saw Harry's hands pin Apolline's wrists, his lips move to her breast, and his torturous grind as he hilted himself inside the older witch. She heard his groan, and Harry drove himself deep in a final, convulsive push. Fleur recognized the exact moment he started to cum. His body stiffened, his back arched, and Apolline's pussy bulged around his cock. Milky-white fluid began leaking out as he seeded her. The sight forced Fleur's own pussy to clench, and she bit her lip, furious at herself and at him.

The next few seconds were a blur of noise and movement. Apolline's voice broke in a ragged, animalistic moan, and her back arched off the mattress as Harry held her down and filled her completely. He finally pulled out with a wet, hollow pop, and Apolline's pussy was stretched wide, leaking thick ropes of Harry's cum and her own messy cream that oozed in slow, obscene globs onto the sheets. Harry collapsed next to her, breathing hard, and immediately pulled Apolline into a deep, hungry kiss. Their tongues tangled, and Apolline clawed at his hair and moaned into his mouth.

Fleur felt a sharp pang of jealousy slice through her. She watched helplessly as Harry and Apolline clung together, lost in their own world. She wanted to scream at them, force Harry to look at her, and to make him remember that she existed. Instead, she stood in the doorway with her nails digging into her palms. Her own thighs were slick with the jealous, involuntary arousal Harry always inspired in her. She lingered a second longer, watching as Harry's hand crept down Apolline's thigh. The action was both possessive and gentle, and Apolline's face bloomed with a satisfied, dreamy glow. Fleur turned away, furious and humiliated. Her cheeks burned as she angrily stormed down the hallway.

In the hallway, the cold made her shiver, but she refused to let it slow her pace. Fleur's vision blurred a little as she moved, and her frustration mounted with every step. She padded back to her own room, ignoring the ache between her legs and the sticky wetness that clung to her delicate lips. She threw herself onto her bed, buried her face in the pillow, and let herself smolder in silence. She tried to will herself not to care and not to want him, but she couldn't shut out the image of Harry's sweaty, muscled back, or the sound of Apolline's ecstasy.

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Fleur's door flew open, and Harry swaggered in as naked as can be, looking insufferably pleased with himself. His dark hair was a mess, his chest glistened with sweat, and his cock was still thick and glossy with Apolline's juices. The sight of it made Fleur's stomach twist with a mixture of desire and fury. She couldn't even look him in the eye. He came closer, wearing a dopey, triumphant grin, and as soon as he stepped within reach, Fleur pounced.

She was on her feet in a second, and Harry blinked in confusion as she shoved him hard in the chest. He fell backward and hit the bed with a satisfying thud. Fleur's hands went straight to his shoulders. She pinned him flat and straddled his lap. She barely paused to glare at him before she impaled herself on his cock in one furious motion.

Her pussy was drenched, so his cock slid in with a filthy, squelching sound, but Fleur didn't care if she was wet out of jealousy or arousal. She slammed herself down until her ass hit his hips, and she ground down hard and took him as deep as she could take him. Harry tried to say something, but Fleur cut him off with a sharp, angry moan.

"You bastard," she hissed, and her French accent was thick with venom. "You leave me 'ere like a fucking afterthought, oui? You belong to me, 'Arry Potter, and not to that old sow." Her eyes blazed, and she planted both hands on his chest, digging her nails into his skin.

Harry grunted. He was surprised and a little amused, but he didn't fight her. He just grabbed her hips and braced himself as Fleur began to ride him with a savage, punishing rhythm. She bounced on his cock, taking him deeper and harder with every thrust. Her pale breasts heaved with effort, and her blonde hair flew wildly around her face. The slap of their bodies filled the room, and Fleur lost herself in the sensation. She wanted to fuck him until he forgot every other woman's name.

Harry tried to grab her wrists and slow her, but Fleur growled and smacked his hands away. "Non! You do not get to touch," she snarled. "You think you can fuck that slut and then come 'ere and expect kisses and cuddles? Non. I will make you beg for it." Her cunt squeezed him mercilessly, and Fleur reveled in the way his cock twitched and jerked inside her.

Harry's face was a mask of pleasure, surprise, and outright amusement. He knew that Fleur tended to be a little on the jealous side, but she had never reacted like this. He tried to speak, but he only managed a strangled moan as Fleur slammed herself down again so hard that her clit mashed against his pelvis. Her own orgasm started to build, and she pursued the sensation shamelessly, taking pleasure for herself and refusing to let Harry have any control.

She leaned down and bit his throat, hard enough to leave a mark. "Say it," she breathed in his ear. "Tell me who you belong to." Harry managed a shaky laugh, but the sound was cut off by Fleur's next punishing thrust. He groaned, and his hands clutched helplessly at her wide, rolling hips.

"I belong to you, Fleur," he gasped, playing along with her fantasy. He was more than happy to lie to get what he wanted. His eyes rolled back as she tightened around him, and Fleur felt a vicious satisfaction at the way he started to come undone.

She rode him through it, grinding her hips in tight circles, and forcing herself to climax before she let him have his own. Her body shook as the orgasm hit. It flooded her pussy with heat and made her legs tremble. Her pussy squeezed him so tightly that Harry groaned loudly.

"Remember that the next time that salope tries to tempt you into 'er room," she growled. She clenched her cunt until the pressure made his cock throb, and Harry threw his head back and moaned as he started to cum. Fleur felt the hot flood of cum fill her, and she collapsed forward, burying her face in his neck as his arms finally wrapped around her.

They stayed like that for a few moments. Fleur was panting and furious, and Harry was still blissfully delighted with how his night has gone. Fleur finally rolled off him, landing on her back with a satisfied sigh, and stared at the ceiling.

Harry turned and propped himself up on an elbow, watching her with a mixture of lust and amusement. He reached for her tits, but Fleur, still pouting, crossed her arms over her chest.

He grinned at her, unbothered by the fake rejection. "You know I like it when you're angry," he teased, running his fingers down her side and drawing erotic circles on her hip.

Fleur glared at him, but she didn't pull away. "One day, I will fuck you so 'ard that your cock will fall off, and then what will you do?" She smirked as Harry laughed out loud, and she let herself bask in the glow of her victory.

She wouldn't admit it, but the jealousy and anger had only made her want him more, and as she curled herself against his side, she felt unexpectedly content. She suddenly squealed when Harry pulled her hands away from her chest, took her nipple into his mouth, and sucked hard. She whimpered and rubbed her thighs together as his tongue massaged the stiff, sensitive tip. As if her body was acting on its own, her legs spread in an open invitation. It was an invitation that Harry gleefully accepted. For tonight, at least, Harry was finally hers again.