

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 64

Penny could only stare as Harry stripped every stitch of clothing from his body. Bewilderment and awe wrestled in her brain. She'd seen glimpses of him. As embarrassing as it was, like so many girls at Hogwarts, she had been caught up in the fame and fantasy of Harry Potter. Penny particularly enjoyed his broad shoulders, the hard lines of his body through his uniform shirts, his chiseled jaw, and the gleam of muscles down his bare arms, but seeing Harry, truly naked, was something else entirely. The way he undressed was shameless and unhurried, as if he wanted her to memorize every inch he revealed. He shrugged out of his shirt, letting it fall to the floor, and the lean, sculpted planes of his chest and stomach flexed in the carriage light. His cock jutted out from his body. It was rigid and impossibly long, and Penny's mouth went dry as she watched it bob with each movement. Her pussy clenched, and a hot thrill of desire shot straight through her.

Harry's hands reached for her again, but this time with a new intention. He leaned over her, and his fingers popped open the last buttons of her blouse, undoing them one by one with agonizing slowness. He pulled the shirt open, peeled it from her arms, then tossed it aside. The cool air hit her skin, and she trembled. Goosebumps erupted across her arms and chest. She felt so exposed. She was naked save for her bra and her hiked-up skirt, and Harry's eyes never left her.

Then his hands found her back, and he reached around for the clasp of her bra. Penny trembled, and her breath came in short, shaky gasps. She'd never been so nervous in her life, or so desperate for someone to see her. When the clasp finally came free, the cups fell away, and her breasts spilled out into the open. She heard Harry let out a soft, reverent sigh, and he slid the straps down her arms, leaving her completely bare above the waist.

Harry just stared. Penny wanted to look away, but she couldn't. She felt pinned by the weight of his attention, and every inch of her skin seemed to tingle pleasantly, as if impatiently waiting to see what he would do with her. Her C-cup breasts were round and perky, and her pale skin was lightly dusted with freckles. Her light pink nipples were already stiff and standing at attention from the chilly air and the thrill of being exposed.

Harry leaned in close, and he could feel the heat radiating from her soft, smooth skin. He was still kneeling between her spread legs, and he dipped his head to her chest. He kissed her on the curve of her breast, then moved a little higher, peppering her skin with delicate, lingering kisses. His lips were warm, and she could feel the scratch of his stubble against her soft skin. He cupped her tits in his hands and squeezed and kneaded them gently. His thumbs brushed over her sensitive nipples, making her shudder. He took his time playing with her body while his mouth explored every contour and curve.

When he finally closed his lips around her nipple, Penny nearly jumped out of her skin. She gasped, and both hands flew to his head, grabbing fistfuls of his messy hair. Harry smiled against her skin and sucked harder, rolling her nipple between his lips. He then flicked the crinkled tip with his tongue, and Penny let out a high, helpless moan. Her hips bucked up off the seat, and her pussy throbbed as it mashed against the length of his shaft.

He lavished both breasts with equal attention, switching from one to the other. His tongue swirled, and his teeth sometimes nipped gently at the sensitive flesh. Every time he sucked, fire raced straight from her nipple to the pit of her belly. He squeezed her tits together and licked across both nipples at once, making her shudder and whimper. The feeling was so good that Penny thought she might lose her mind, and her thighs clamped tight around his hips.

Penny could hardly believe how sensitive her body had become. Every brush of Harry's lips or tongue sent spikes of pleasure through her, and all that pleasure built up in her core, ready to explode at any time. She couldn't speak. The only sounds that escaped her lips were squeals, moans, and pathetic whimpers. She could barely breathe, but Harry seemed to understand exactly what she needed. He sucked her nipple into his mouth, massaged the tip with his tongue, and didn't stop even when she started to shake.

The tension in Penny's body coiled tighter and tighter. Her pussy spasmed as she ground her hips, smearing his cock with her pussy juice. Suddenly, with a pleased squeal, she came again, and her entire body convulsed as the pleasure burst out of her. Harry didn't let up. He held her tight and kept sucking, wringing out every last bit of pleasure from her supple body as she writhed beneath him. Everything else disappeared until she could only feel his sucking mouth and hear her own ragged breathing.

Harry pulled back at last, and his lips were pink and swollen. His nose nuzzled right up against her breast, and he lovingly kissed her sensitive nipple. Penny mewled and arched her back, rubbing her bare tit against his lips. He looked up at her, and his eyes were dark and hungry.

Penny's breath came in quick, shallow gasps as Harry hooked his fingers into the waistband of her skirt and worked it down her thighs. She lifted her hips off the seat cushion, helping him slide it all the way past her knees and off her ankles. Her pussy was completely bare, and her puffy lips were already glistening with arousal. They were so swollen and wet that it looked obscene. Harry stared at her shamelessly, and his eyes outlined every inch of her exposed body. He tossed the skirt to the floor and didn't hesitate to peel off her socks, tugging them off one at a time and leaving her totally naked.

Penny felt strangely thrilled by the way he devoured her with his stare, and she squirmed on the seat, feeling like every inch of her skin was being mapped by his eyes. Her tits were flushed, and her nipples were pink and stiff. Her delicate hands trembled, and her legs were spread wide in an open invitation. She'd never felt so vulnerable. A part of her wanted to close her legs and hide, but a bigger part wanted to open them wider and show off. The bigger part won.

Harry's cock looked even bigger now. The thick, veiny shaft stuck straight out from his body and was pointed directly at her quivering pussy. He was breathing evenly, as though this was just another experience for him, which, she supposed, it was. Harry had a reputation for being a bit of a ladies' man. Then suddenly, Harry shifted forward and gripped Penny's thighs in both hands. His fingers dug into her soft flesh, and he spread her open, exposing her pussy so much that she gasped. The cool air made her entire cunt tingle, and she could feel her juices leaking out and dripping down onto the seat cushion under her.

"Bloody hell, you're sexy," Harry said, and his voice was rough with desire. He leaned in, like he was going to eat her out again, but instead, he just stared at her naked slit. Penny's hands gripped his hair, unsure if she should push him away or pull him closer. She could feel the heat of his skin, and she wanted him so badly she damn near commanded him to take her.

Without warning, Harry knelt higher and lined his cock up to her pussy lips. He squeezed her thighs even harder, held her open, and pressed the fat, slippery head of his cock right up against her entrance. Penny's whole body tensed, and she whimpered as she felt the pressure of him about to enter her. Her pussy fluttered and clenched, desperate to be filled.

Harry gripped the soft backs of Penny's thighs and pushed them up, folding her legs against her chest. She felt completely exposed as every inch of her body was open to him. She felt nervous and excited in a way that made her heart race and her breath come in short, ragged bursts. Her pussy throbbed and glistened, and wetness pooled between her legs as she watched him rub the fat head of his cock up and down the length of her slit.

He held her gaze as he eased himself forward, and the thick, wet head of his cock pressed insistently against her slit. He teased her for a hot, dizzying moment before he pushed in. Penny sucked in a sharp breath as the thick shaft stretched her open and filled her more than anything she'd ever imagined. She felt the muscles of her pussy clench and flutter around him, desperate to drag him deeper, and the sensation sent a bolt of pleasure straight up her spine.

Harry moved slowly at first, like he wanted her to feel every inch. He sank into her until he was buried so deep she could feel him inside her belly. Penny's hands clutched at his shoulders, and her legs shook as she tried to steady herself against the overwhelming fullness. It hurt a little, but the discomfort only made the pleasure feel better. She loved the feeling of her pussy being stretched around his impressive girth.

His cock was so thick that she could feel every throb, every vein, and every twitch as he held himself still, letting her adjust to his size. She looked down between their bodies and saw the way her pussy lips clung to his shaft. Her taut, hairless lips were stretched wide and glistening, and she shivered with a kind of pride. She wanted him to take her like this. In that moment, she wanted to be treated as his own personal toy. Penny wanted him to fuck her until she saw stars.

"God, you feel so good," he groaned, and his lips brushed her ear, making her shudder.

He started to slowly move, easing out almost all the way before plunging back in with a wet, perverted squelch. Penny's breath hitched, and she blushed deeply at the sound her body made. The stretching of her pussy was relentless, and every time he bottomed out, she felt a jolt of pleasure so sharp that it made her cry out. He began to pick up the pace, and his hips rocked harder. The sound of their skin colliding and the wet schlick of her pussy being penetrated echoed in the tiny compartment.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and clung to him, letting herself be fucked. Her whole body tingled, and every nerve ending screamed with pleasure. He leaned down and buried his face in her neck, and she could feel the rough stubble of his jaw scraping at her delicate skin. His hands held her legs open, and his fingers dug into the soft flesh of her thighs as he pounded her with deep, relentless thrusts.

The pleasure built fast, and Penny felt herself getting wetter. The juices from her pussy leaked out and dribbled down his cock, coating his balls with her fragrant arousal. She felt so filthy, helpless, and desperate, and she loved it. Her cunt was practically swallowing him, and it clutched at every inch of him with greedy, trembling spasms.

Then, Harry changed his angle. He shifted her ass higher, braced her calves on his shoulders, and bent her nearly in half. The new position sent his cock slamming against a spot inside her that she'd barely known existed. The pleasure was immediate and overwhelming. Her pussy clamped down, and a pleased, helpless sound escaped her lips.

"Oh, god! Harry, I ..." she started, but the words escaped her. Harry was pistoning in and out, and each thrust battered her poor, abused g-spot. She could barely speak or breathe, and every thought focused on the mounting pressure and its unbearable intensity.

Harry leaned forward, folding her tighter in half, and his thumb found her clit. He started to rub with fast, tight circles on the swollen nub, and the combination of different pleasures made her vision go white. Penny screamed, her whole body arched off the seat, and her pussy clamped down so hard on his cock that she saw stars.

She came with a force that stunned her, and her pussy spasmed violently and squirted a hot gush of fluid all over Harry's cock and down onto the seat. He didn't stop or even falter for a single second. He just kept fucking her with long, punishing strokes. The feeling was too much. Penny cried out and thrashed, but she didn't want it to end.

Harry's grip tightened on her thighs, and he slammed into her even harder. His balls slapped against her asshole, and she could feel every inch of him stretching her open as he pounded her sweet spot over and over. Penny came again, and her orgasm ripped through her. She screamed so loud that she was sure the whole train heard.

Her pussy was drooling, squirting, and creaming around his cock, leaving streaks of milky white all along the veiny shaft. Harry didn't slow down. If anything, he fucked her harder. He wildly thrust into her with an animalistic hunger.

She barely noticed when his rhythm started to falter, and the deep, even thrusts gave way to a jerky, desperate pace. Penny looked up and saw the glassy look in his eyes. He was close, and she wanted him to finish inside her. She wanted to feel him spill every last drop.

"Harry," she whimpered. "Cum in me, please ..."

He groaned, and with a final, savage thrust, he buried himself to the hilt. His cock spurted inside her, and she could feel the hot jets of cum flooding her pussy and filling her so full that it leaked out around the edges and drooled down her thighs. Penny's whole body shuddered as her cunt milked his cock for every last drop.

Harry collapsed against her, and Penny instantly pulled him in for a kiss. She moaned into his mouth as he sucked her tongue and palmed her tit. When he finally pulled out, cum gushed from her battered pussy and oozed down over her ass, making an absolute mess of the seat. Harry didn't seem to mind. He just gathered her up in his arms and pulled her on top of him. Straddling his lap, Penny whimpered and began rolling her hips and grinding her messy pussy on his cock. Harry squeezed her ass, and one finger found her asshole. Penny gasped loudly, but Harry captured her lips once again. She moaned into his lips as Harry toyed with her bare body to his heart's content.

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Hermione barely looked up from her thick, hardbound text when Harry stumbled back into the compartment. Her eyes drifted over the top of the page, and she raised an eyebrow. "That took you longer than I expected," she said, using the crisp tone she deployed whenever she thought Harry was up to no good ... which was often. She didn't like being left out.

Harry dropped into the seat opposite her and stretched out his legs. "I spent a little quality time with Penelope," he replied with satisfaction in his voice, and he made no effort to hide it. Hermione closed her book with an exaggerated sigh.

"Penelope Clearwater," Hermione said, softly tapping her chin. "The Ravenclaw Prefect?"

"Correct," Harry said, doing his best impression of McGonagall.

Hermione's nose wrinkled. "I can smell her from here," she muttered. Hermione's gaze dropped to his lap, and she noticed the bulge in his trousers, the hint of dampness beneath the zipper, and the faint, musky scent that clung to his skin. "So, did you fuck her?" she asked as a matter of fact.

Harry shrugged. "It's not like she left me much choice. She practically begged for it." He sounded so casual that Hermione rolled her eyes. "Honestly, Harry, you're incorrigible."

He only smirked. "You're just jealous."

Hermione actually huffed. "Of what? That you can't keep it in your pants for one train ride?" She tossed her hair over her shoulder and gave him a look that was equal parts disgust and reluctant amusement.

Harry leaned forward, and his smirk told her everything she needed to know. "You should've seen her, Hermione. She's got this little whimper when she cums, and ..." He made a crude gesture with his hand that left no ambiguity as to what he meant, and Hermione snorted.

"Harry," she said. "You're disgusting."

"You love it. Don't even pretend you don't," he countered, and she didn't deny it.

Instead, Hermione's eyes narrowed. "You're not going to make me clean you again, are you?"

Harry stretched his arms along the back of the seat and grinned. "You're the one who insists it's unsanitary to walk around with someone else's juices on my cock," he said, and unzipped his trousers. His cock sprang free. It was still hard, slick, and glistening with the remains of Penelope's orgasm. Hermione could see that it was covered in that whore's cream.

Hermione glared at him for a moment, but there was a heat in her eyes that betrayed her. With another huff, she closed her book and slid off the bench onto her knees. She knelt between Harry's legs and took his cock in her hand, squeezing lightly at the base. "Honestly," she muttered, but Harry could tell that she was loving every second of it.

Hermione opened her mouth and ran her tongue over the head, collecting the slick mixture of cum and pussy juice. She pretended to wrinkle her nose in distaste, but she licked the shaft clean with enthusiasm. Her eyes never left Harry's as she worked his cock. Each time she swallowed, Harry petted her hair and made a pleased noise in the back of his throat.

Hermione worked methodically, licking up every drop of Penelope's drippings, and she paused only to flick her tongue beneath the head or drag her lips down the sensitive underside. She kept up a running commentary, alternating between scolding him for his promiscuity and describing in excruciating detail what she could taste. Apparently, there were hints of Penelope's perfume, the saltiness of Harry's cum, and the musky taste of Penny's juices and cream.

At last, when his cock was clean and glistening, Hermione wiped her mouth on the back of her hand and sat back on her heels. She stared at Harry with a look that was somehow both triumphant and exasperated. "There," she said. "Now you're presentable."

Harry tucked himself away and patted her on the head. "Good girl," he said.

"Don't patronize me," Hermione replied, but the corner of her mouth twisted upward in spite of herself. She climbed back onto the seat and opened her book, determined to ignore Harry's lazy grin as he stretched out with his arms behind his head. The git closed his eyes as though he didn't have a care in the world.

Hermione tried to focus on her reading, but the train's gentle rocking and the sounds of Harry's even breathing made it impossible. She found her gaze drifting to his lap, and her pussy began to tingle. Hermione squirmed in her seat, and when Harry looked at her, she spread her legs. She obviously wasn't wearing any panties, and her bald, wet slit was on full display. Harry knew exactly what she was asking for.

"Fine," he huffed while pulling his trousers down. "I suppose you deserve a reward for a job well done."

Hermione squealed happily, and in less than a second, she was straddling his lap. "The things I do for you," Harry teased as Hermione ferociously bounced up and down on his cock.