

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 29

Susan's legs nearly gave out when Harry pressed his body against hers from behind. His hard cock sandwiched itself between her pillowy cheeks, and she could feel it twitch over and over as he soaped her naked form.

"Oh!" she squeaked. "That feels ... OH!" Susan squealed as a small orgasm made her body tremble. His hands were soaping up her wet breasts, which already felt really good, she thought. However, when he started pinching and pulling on her hard nipples, that really got her body going. Susan had always had very sensitive nipples. She often touched them when playing with herself, but this was a whole new ballgame. She had never had another person playing with her breasts. The only exception was when her breasts first started growing, and she showed them to Hannah. Her best friend had marveled at their size, and she had even held them in her hand to see how soft and squishy they were. Of course, Hannah didn't grope them, and she damn sure didn't roll her nipples between her fingers. Susan let out a shuddering moan as one of his hands continued to paw at her naked tits. Meanwhile, the other hand was slowly snaking down her belly.

Harry let a small smile play on his lips as he pressed them against Susan's bare shoulder. He opened his mouth and lightly nipped at her skin. He could feel her body trembling and shaking as his hand slid lower and lower. Looking down, his view was blocked by her incredibly perky C-cup breasts. Like Amelia's, there was almost no sag to them whatsoever. The magic of their female bloodline truly was something else, he happily thought. Though he couldn't see it, he could feel the soapy bubbles dripping down from her breasts and making her already smooth skin slippery and slick. He loved listening to the cute little sounds that she was making as he toyed with her virgin body. Gasps, chitters, and mewls left her soft, sweet lips in droves while his fingers caressed the skin around her belly button. When his fingertip dipped into the little hole, Susan's body bucked, and she pressed her ass hard against his crotch. Harry answered her actions by rubbing his cock harder against her.

Throwing her hands out to catch herself against the shower wall, Susan gasped wildly when she felt his wandering fingers graze over the smooth, hairless skin of her mound. She knew where they were heading, and it had her heart beating thundering in her chest. Harry, however, allowed his fingers to stay for a moment. Her eyes went wide as he explored the smooth skin of her wet and soapy mound. His fingers came close to touching her swollen clit. If her hips had bucked right then, he might have accidentally touched her sensitive nub, Susan realized a second too late. That was such a shame, she told herself. She was in desperate need of relief. Biting her lower lip, all she could do was stand still with her arms against the wall like she was some criminal scum who was being searched for illegal contraband. Harry's lips were peppering her bare shoulder, and her eyes closed when he started moving them toward her neck. "Do you want me to touch you?" she heard him ask in a needy voice.

“You already are,” she replied, not thinking about exactly what he was asking.

“What I mean is ... Do you want me to touch you here?” he answered her. This time his voice sounded amused as his hand cupped the entirety of her pussy. He squeezed her pussy possessively, as though he owned it. Then she realized what he was asking. By then, it was too late to make her own choice. His fingers were sliding back and forth as he stroked her soaking wet slit. It wasn't just the water from the shower that was making her pussy wet. As he stroked her, his fingers became coated in her slick, oily arousal.

“Yes!” she cried out with desperation, though her answer was meaningless. His fingers had already found her throbbing clit, and they were rubbing around the little nub in a circular pattern.

Harry saw that Susan was losing herself to passion and pleasure, and that was exactly what he had been waiting for. He wanted to try something new with her that he had spent some time testing on Greyback and his Death Eater friend. Mind control, he thought with a bit of amusement. Though sadly, it wasn't really mind control ... not even close. What he had been able to accomplish, however, was enlightening and very useful. Instead of using his magic on the body to make someone feel pleasure or pain, he found that he could use it on the mind to make them more agreeable to his suggestions. He had to be careful with it. Using it on someone like Dumbledore, Voldemort, or even McGonagall was out of the question. They would immediately know something foul was afoot. Not only that, but he found it worked much better when the person in question wasn't in the proper state of mind. Greyback and his Death Eater pal were much more easily swayed when screaming in agony as Harry used his magic to twist their internal organs. After that breakthrough, Harry began testing it in much more pleasant ways. He gave a middle-aged shop owner an orgasm and “convinced” her to sell him a sack of Gillyweed for half the price. After that victory, he spent the day trying to perfect it with other females in Diagon Alley. While perfection was still many years away, he had learned the ins and outs of the technique enough to use it on the inexperienced. Now he wanted to test it out on Susan. ‘I have to be careful and not push too much magic into her mind ... Only enough to brush the surface,’ Harry thought as he focused his magic. He didn't want to harm the girl after all.

Susan was squirming and grinding her pussy against Harry's hand. Her eyes fluttered as her hard clit mashed against his fingers. Then, out of nowhere, his fingers pinched her clit and nipple at the same time. Susan threw her head back and squealed as she came hard. Lights popped behind her eyes like she had just been hit in the back of the head. Her body was shaking uncontrollably, but she could hardly feel it. It was like she was floating just outside of her body. Her head was swimming through a world of pleasure. It was a strange sensation to feel only pleasure and nothing else, she thought. Susan knew that she should be panicking right about now. The feeling was bizarre, but somehow, she found herself wanting to remain there, surrounded by the pleasure. Harry must have been doing something to her body because the pleasure suddenly intensified. Opening her mouth, she cried out, but she was unable to hear the sounds coming from her lips. It was completely silent, and yet, the silence didn't perturb her. In fact, there was a strange delightful bliss to it all.

“You are mine,” she finally heard a sound call out. It was in Harry’s voice, only it was filled with power. It was so strong that it vibrated her being, causing her to cum even harder. Beyond her mind, she could tell that her body was thrashing wildly in Harry’s grasp. “Yes,” Susan called out, answering the disembodied voice. She didn’t know why she said yes, but it felt right. As soon as the word left her lips, a radiant sense of rightness filled her spirit. She opened her mouth and let out an orgasmic cry.

“You will submit,” again the voice called out. There was no doubt in the voice, and there was no room for discussions. Its intention was clear, as was its desire. “Y-Yes,” Susan said, her voice quivering.

“SUBMIT!” the powerful voice boomed in her head, making her orgasm even stronger. As Susan cowered and came, she could feel pussy juice pouring down the insides of her thighs back in her body. “YES, SIR!” Susan squealed with more confidence than before, her being becoming frayed from the sheer power of Harry Potter.

“Who am I?” the voice asked.

“H-Harry Potter!” Susan cried out as the light was getting too bright.

“Who am I?” the voice asked again. Susan thought about it for only a second before the answer suddenly came to her.

“My Mast...”

Susan gasped, and her body bucked and thrashed. The orgasm she was experiencing was too much. She didn’t know what had happened. One second she was in the shower, and now she seemed to be on a bed. “Susan ... Are you alright?” she heard Harry ask.

Blinking her eyes, she saw the familiar, white ceiling of her room. Turning her head, she saw Harry looking at her with some concern. “What happened?” she asked, her voice sounding tired and a bit strained.

“Umm ...” he started, looking embarrassed. “In the shower ... Your orgasm was so strong that you passed out. I pulled you out of the shower and dried you off before bringing you in here,” he told her. Susan blinked in confusion again. Then she sat up and looked down at them. Both of their bodies were completely nude. Susan blushed a magnificent shade of red.

“Oh ...” she whispered. “Oh, no!” she cried out, more embarrassed than she ever had been before. She covered her face with her hands, hiding her stupidity from him. Now she remembered. Harry was pleasuring her body, and then she must have gotten too worked up and fainted. She couldn’t remember what happened after that, but she kind of remembered seeing a bright light and feeling incredible amounts of pleasure. “I’m such an idiot!” she practically yelled,

still hiding her shame. She couldn't believe that she made a fool of herself in front of her crush. Harry was perfect, and he deserved so much more than a pathetic fool such as her, she thought with great sadness.

"You're not an idiot," she heard him try and cheer her up. His hand then touched her thigh, and he began moving it up and down, gently caressing her smooth skin. Susan peeked through her fingers and saw him smiling at her.

"I'm not?" she asked, unsure.

"Of course not," he said as his other hand joined in. Now both of his hands were on her thighs. Susan began breathing heavily as her pussy started contracting. It felt as though she was going to have another big orgasm if he didn't stop touching her soon. "I made Amelia pass out as well," he suddenly told her. This immediately captured her attention. Susan looked at him with wide eyes.

"She did?" Susan asked in wonder. Her aunt was the strongest and most powerful woman that she knew. If her aunt couldn't handle being with Harry then just maybe there was hope for her. One of Harry's hands was now on her back, rubbing it tenderly while the other hand was caressing the inside of her thigh, high enough that his fingers were brushing against her wet pussy. As soon as one accidentally touched her clit, Susan gasped and started cumming again. Her legs immediately snapped shut, trapping his hand between them. Her body was spasming unrestrainedly, causing her lovely breasts to bounce and jiggle. "Harry!" Susan cried out. "It feels too good ... Please!" she begged with a wild-eyed look on her pretty face.

"Spread your legs," Harry ordered her in a firm, commanding voice. Susan didn't know why, but her body reacted instantly. Her legs opened wide, exposing her glistening pussy to him. His fingers toyed with her slit before two fingers entered her. Susan moaned as her walls tightened around his two digits. Harry's fingers curled and began stimulating some wonderful spot inside of her. Instantly, the intensity of her orgasm doubled. Her hands gripped his forearm tightly, and she squeezed. Susan tilted her head upward and looked into his bright, green eyes. Susan swore that she could see magic swirling in his glittering irises. Harry leaned down and kissed her, and she wasted no time in opening her mouth and giving him access to her tongue. Harry eagerly accepted the invitation. She moaned into his mouth, and she could feel her silky insides gripping his fingers tightly. When Harry broke the kiss, she begged for more.

"You were the one who was supposed to be thanking *me*, remember?" Harry said as he looked down at her. Susan *did* remember now that he had brought it up, and she blushed in embarrassment. She was so wrapped up in the pleasure that he was giving her that she plum forgot. Even so, his fingers continued to bring her closer to another massive orgasm. Her pussy sounded so wet, and the room was filled with the scent of her arousal. With her hand, she reached out and felt for his hard cock. Wrapping her fingers around it, she quickly started jerking him off while begging for his lips again. Once his lips were on her, Susan felt as though everything was right in the world again. She kissed him slowly at first, taking her time to truly

enjoy it. As she began deepening her kiss, he moaned into her mouth. Susan didn't know if it was from the kiss or her hand as she pulled and tugged on his shaft. Suddenly, Harry pushed his fingers into her as deep as they would go. He then pressed his thumb against her swollen clit. That was the last thing she remembered clearly. Other than that, she remembered screaming into his mouth as she came around his fingers while his hot cum sprayed all over her tits. When she woke up, she was in bed under the blankets. Getting up and putting on some clothes, she left her room to try and find him. It didn't take long to hear her aunt moaning and begging for Harry to fuck her harder. Susan blushed deeply and went back into her room, annoyed at having her crush taken away. Hopefully, Harry would finish with her soon so that *she* could thank him properly.

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Harry stepped out of the Floo and into McGonagall's office. "I hope you had a good Christmas, Mr. Potter," she greeted him.

"Indeed I did, Professor," he smiled as he left her room. He had spent his last couple of days with the Bones women. He continued to work on Susan's mind, but it was a work in progress. Harry intended to keep working on her until she was totally loyal to him. When that finally happened, he would make her an official follower of his. Amelia was fast becoming addicted to the orgasms that only he could provide. Harry was more than happy to keep providing them to her. Of course, he would expect some compensation in the future.

Making his way to Gryffindor Tower, Harry walked along the deserted corridors until he heard something in the distance. Taking a detour, Harry followed the sounds until he came upon the source. Pressing his back against the wall, Harry listened to the argument that was ensuing.

"But I didn't do anything," Harry heard the familiar voice of a certain blonde ferret.

"That's not what she's saying, Mr. Malfoy," the voice of Professor Flitwick responded.

"She's lying then," Malfoy said, and Harry could hear the smugness in his voice.

"You better hope she is because her family is threatening to take this to the Wizengamot," Flitwick told him. It sounded as though he was tired of putting up with Malfoy's antics.

"So what if they do? They have no proof."

"Just remember something, Mr. Malfoy ... Your father is no longer around to keep you out of trouble." The threat was clear.

"Go to hell," Malfoy growled as he stomped away. Harry was surprised that Flitwick didn't take any House Points away from Slytherin. He was probably just happy to have the ferret leave. A few moments later, Harry heard the sounds of Flitwick's boots clacking down the hall. Harry

wondered why Flitwick was handling this and not Snape. Then he remembered that Snape's brain wasn't exactly firing on all cylinders, as his Uncle Vernon used to say.

He wished that he knew the context of their little argument. Obviously, Malfoy had done something to one or more females. Harry guessed that they were likely from Slytherin since they were the ones unlucky enough to spend most of their time around him. They were also likely from a Pureblood family because of the talk of taking it to the Wizengamot. Harry would have to keep his eyes open. With that bit of drama out of the way, Harry continued his journey back to the Common Room.

The Common Room was bustling, but it wasn't at full capacity just yet. All of the students that went home hadn't yet arrived at the castle. He easily spotted Hermione who was seated on a couch and surrounded by other students. He saw Lavender and Parvati sitting on each of her sides. Dean and Seamus were crowding around her, as was Lee Jordan. Harry even saw Neville off to the side looking wistfully at the girl. The reason as to why she was receiving so much attention was obvious. Hermione was already pretty to begin with, but her good looks were hidden behind a curtain of wild, bushy hair and a pair of big, buckteeth. After his beautification ritual, Hermione was gorgeous, and it didn't take long for everyone else to discover that fact. Her teeth were the correct size, perfectly straight, and pearly white. Her shiny hair hung down her back in loose ringlets as though it had been done up for some modeling photoshoot. Her eyes shined brightly as she talked, and her smile was devastating to witness. Harry watched as she crossed her legs, causing her skirt to ride up her thigh. Both Dean and Seamus stared unabashedly at her legs, squirming in their seats. Harry continued to watch, amused by the whole scene. After a few more minutes, Hermione looked up and saw him watching. She immediately stood up and walked over to him.

"I missed you, Master," she leaned in and told him quietly.

"I missed you as well, my pet," he responded, which made her shiver. "You're doing well to make more 'friends'. Keep it up. We'll talk tonight," Harry said quietly, smiling at her. Hermione nodded and went back to the couch where Lavender leaned in and began chatting up a storm. Harry had instructed her not to isolate herself so that he was the only friend that she had. He wanted her to have as many connections as possible, and the more people she had in her life, the more people she could take advantage of. The rest of the day was spent catching up with friends. At some point, the sun had gone down, and the students began shuffling upstairs to their dorms. Harry sneakily escaped the Common Room and ended up in his private room. It wasn't long before Hermione quietly knocked on the door.

When he opened the door, she practically threw herself into his arms. A split second later, her sweet lips were on his. Harry kicked the door closed and lifted her up by her ass. Carrying her to the bed, Harry laid her down, and she immediately spread her legs. Her light pink panties looked to be about one size too small. They hugged her pussy in a way that he could see the exact shape of it. There was already a dark, wet patch right above her covered slit. Harry placed his hand on the front of her panties and used his thumb to massage her covered clit. Hermione

bit her lip cutely and mewled with pleasure. "The Headmaster called me to his office!" Hermione cried out as he lightly pinched her clit.

"Oh? And what did the old coot have to say?" Harry smiled, taking Hermione's shoes and socks off.

"He asked if we talked over the break. I told him everything you wanted me to," Hermione said, breathing heavily as Harry unzipped her skirt and pulled it down her bare legs.

"Good girl," Harry smiled at her, slowly unbuttoning her blouse, starting from the bottom. "It's better to keep the old man's trust so that he doesn't start snooping around," he told her, flipping her shirt open. Harry could see her chest rapidly rising and falling. His eyes focused on her hard nipples before lowering down to her panties. Harry reached out and grabbed the waistband. Slowly, he eased them down her legs until they were pulled from her feet. "I think you deserve a treat ... Don't you?" Harry teased.

Hermione was sucking in deep breaths as she opened her legs so wide that her little pink pussy lips slightly spread apart. Harry studied the light pink of her inner lips and saw that they were shiny with wetness. Wanting to reward her good behavior, Harry dove in and buried his tongue between her lips while vibrating her clit and asshole with his magic. The wards on the door had a hard time holding back the orgasmic scream that Hermione let out.