

## Unknown Prophecy

### Chapter 26

*'The Ladies Love Harry Potter!'*

*By Rita Skeeter*

*'Hardly a day goes by during Hogwarts' holiday break when the boy wonder isn't strolling down the busy streets and lanes of Diagon Alley or Hogsmeade with a beautiful girl on his arm. More often than not, there is a new girl every day! I know that it's hard to believe, but it seems that our hero is a bit of a Ladies' Man in the making. This news will certainly break a few hearts, but how can you expect a boy of his fame, wealth, and power to settle on one girl? Wouldn't it be better if young Mr. Potter is able to readily sample all the fruits that our magical society has to offer? After all, every girl would then have an equal chance to woo our beloved hero.*

*"He's unbelievably powerful," one female source told me. "I ran my fingers down his skin and felt an electric charge. That magical bolt of energy spread throughout my body, and I had difficulty staying on my feet. I've never felt such pleasure."*

*Of course, you don't need to be a schoolgirl to get in on the fun. I've spoken with multiple older women who plan on taking a shot at him.*

*"Why should they have all the fun?" a middle-aged Pureblood woman asked, referring to Harry's female schoolmates. "Harry Potter has enough gold to set our family up for generations. Besides, he's going to need an experienced woman to hone his skills and bring out his raw sexuality."*

*As an attractive, adult female myself, you'll hear no arguments from me! Who among us female working professionals and housewives hasn't daydreamed about being rescued by our fearless savior? I certainly have, and I'm not ashamed to admit it. The fact that he supposedly has a vast, secret wealth stashed away only adds a bit of intrigue to our spicy fantasies.*

*"I heard the rumors in Amman while touring the Middle East a few months ago. They say that Harry Potter discovered the Lost Pharaoh's Treasure," a male source, who I greatly trust, told me. This was partly corroborated when I spoke with one of Harry Potter's recent dates.*

*"He paid for everything, and it wasn't cheap. When I asked if he needed to go to Gringotts for more gold, he said that he'd get more from his stash later," the young girl told this intrepid reporter.*

*His STASH, she said. We all know that Harry Potter has a Gringotts vault full of gold. Why does he have more gold in a stash? It's very strange ... wouldn't you say? We are aware of only part*

*of his adventures until now. It is very possible that he has come across hidden treasures, possibly multiple. Whether or not it is true, it is certainly fun to think about. Am I right, ladies?*

*The only thing that I can be sure of is that Harry Potter is in high demand when it comes to the opposite sex. So you better act fast before you miss out!*

Harry smiled and tossed the paper onto his desk. 'Rita did a pretty good job, and it only cost me five hundred Galleons,' he thought happily. She didn't even know that it was him who had hired her to write it. As far as she knew, a Harry Potter fan was paying her and providing her with quotes and facts. Rita, as greedy and unscrupulous as she is, happily took the money and information without question. Harry was certainly glad for her low morale standing this time around, and he planned to continue using it in his favor.

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Sitting on the edge of Hermione's bed with his legs spread, he looked down at her luxurious head of loose curls as her soft lips slid up and down the length of his shaft. He could feel Hermione humming as she worked his cock with her lips and talented tongue. Reaching out, Harry threaded his fingers through her thick, brown hair, and he clenched his hand into a fist. He pulled her head back, and his cock slipped from her lips. Hermione gasped slightly from the pain of her hair being pulled. Between her parted legs, her fingers flicked over her swollen bead harder and harder. He let go of her hair, and she began kissing his bloated sack while working his cock with one hand.

"Give me a progress report," Harry commanded. Hermione shuddered, and her fingers moved from her clit, down to her sopping-wet slit. As soon as her finger parted her smooth lips, she could feel the hot wetness coat her skin. His demanding tone always did this to her.

"Yes, Master," she moaned and licked him from his balls, all the way up to the bottom of his head. Her knees were beginning to ache from being on them for so long, but it was a small sacrifice in the name of her beloved Master. However, she was thankful when he lifted her up onto the bed. He laid back with his hard cock sticking straight up. Hermione was very tempted to just jump on it and ride him like there was no tomorrow. Knowing that he would not be pleased with her if she did, she waited for his instructions. As he patted his naked lap, she knew what he wanted. She quickly straddled him and positioned his cock so that the underside pressed against the full length of her wet slit. Wiggling her hips, she pressed down on him so that her hairless lips enveloped his shaft. With his cock hotdogged between her lips, she began grinding against him and coated his cock with her juices.

"Good girl," he complimented her. His words made her skin feel warm and tingly. Her hips moved even faster in response. His fingers crept up the skin of her belly until she felt them caress her naked breast. Hermione couldn't stop the moan from escaping her lips when his fingertips touched her hard, aching nipple. Her hips rocked faster and harder, and by then, she was grinding her clit against his throbbing erection.

“My parents rarely speak, and when they do, they never have anything good to say. They’re at the point where they’re beginning to argue in front of me. My whole life they actively hid their arguments from me ... or at least they tried to.”

Harry gripped her soft breasts and squeezed them enough to cause a small amount of pain. Hermione gasped and bit her lower lip. “Are the arguments intense?”

“The ones that they keep secret are. The names they call each other are quite amusing. This morning my dad called my mum a disease-infested whore. My mum called him the drizzling shits,” Hermione giggled cutely.

“So your plan seems to be working,” Harry smiled at her while playing with her hard nipples.

“I believe so. I predict that they will split by summer. I can’t be sure but ...” she said.

“If so then perhaps we can take a trip. Just you, me, and your mum. The beach sounds nice, doesn’t it? I can just imagine you both in teeny bikinis,” Harry teased. “And of course ...” Harry said, flipping her over so that he was between her spread legs. Her pussy was wet and ready to be taken. The tip of his cock brushed against her damp opening, causing Hermione to arch her back and cum. “... you’ll earn your reward,” he smiled, leaning down and kissing her while her pussy let out a few short squirts.

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Rita’s article seemed to be doing its job, Harry thought happily as he received more attention than usual while making his way through Diagon Alley. He had just come from Narcissa’s normal meet-up spot, and it was amusing to see her sniff sourly as she complained about the audacity of Rita Skeeter. Her problem was easy to see. Narcissa didn’t want competition. It would only make her job all the more difficult. Harry didn’t mind in the least. It would make his interactions with her more pleasurable as she went out of her way to keep him hooked.

A somewhat attractive, middle-aged woman walked by with a sack of what looked like cabbages in her arms. Her eyes met his, and Harry knew that she had read the article. Still, the woman didn’t look convinced. Harry tossed her a winning smile and reached out with his magic. He watched as the woman’s eyes nearly bugged out when he flicked her clit. Her breath hitched, and she let out a high-pitched squeak. Harry then molded his magic into a pair of lips which abruptly attached themselves to her rapidly hardening nub. Working his magic, it began to suck on her right there on the sidewalk. Her hand covered her mouth, and her bag hit the ground. A dozen cabbages rolled into the lane as she cried out while her body spasmed.

Always playing the hero, Harry rushed over. “Let me help you, Ma’am,” he said, picking up the cabbages and stuffing them back into the bag while the woman repeatedly squirted into her panties. Luckily for her, she was wearing a robe, and no one could see her indiscretion. By then,

a small crowd was forming. Harry held her back securely in one arm as he reached out and brushed her arm with his hand. As he did so, he hit her with his magic again. Unable to control herself, she grabbed him and began kissing him harder than she had ever kissed anyone in her life. Her bag of cabbages once again spilled across the ground.

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*... first-hand account of what just happened yesterday in Diagon Alley. Multiple eyewitnesses confirmed that Elenore Plumpket took one look at Harry Potter and was overcome with lust. Grabbing the poor boy, she gave him a passionate kiss while onlookers stood there watching, completely stunned. Ms. Plumket, an older but pretty woman, had this to say.*

*"I wholeheartedly apologize to the people who witnessed my behavior ... and to Mr. Potter himself, I truly apologize for what I did to you. I hope that somehow I can make it up to you ... perhaps I can cook you dinner or ..."*

*Needless to say, it appears that this reporter was dead to rights with her previous article about Harry Potter. Women simply can't control themselves around him. Beware, ladies!*

An irritated look crossed Molly Weasley's face as she finished Rita Skeeter's article in the Daily Prophet. Telling anyone who would listen that she loathed Rita Skeeter's rumor-mongering, in reality, it was the first article that she read every morning in the daily paper. She especially enjoyed the ones where she attempted to ruin someone's life, like the one last month about the guy in the Ministry who had four children with four different women, none of whom was his wife. That one was particularly spicy, Molly thought. This one, however, wasn't so pleasant to read. She looked at her daughter, Ginny, who was still pouting about Rita's previous article. Molly didn't know how Rita got her scoops, but they were usually correct, and if this one was true, then that would make her plans all the more difficult.

The previous article had her mouth practically salivating. The talk of secret stashes of long-lost treasures had her pussy dripping wet. She was already picturing the things that she would do with such wealth. Getting away from her ungrateful family would be the first thing. Finding a young, well-hung lover was the next. Then maybe she would spend the following year getting drunkenly pounded on a white, sandy beach somewhere in the Caribbean. Yes, that sounded absolutely splendid. The other stuff in the article was child's play. Of course, other women would be after him. Goldiggers were a dime a dozen in Pureblood society. Even if they had plenty, they would still want more. That wasn't even counting the Mudbloods who were looking to take a shortcut into the upper class. The fact that Harry was also testing the waters as it were, was not surprising in the least. He was a hot-blooded male in the midst of puberty. It was only natural that he would want to stick his dick into anything that moved. All of this was expected. Of course, Ginny didn't take this news as well as she did. She still believed that they were destined for true love. The thought made Molly want to snort and then snicker. True love? What a joke, she internally laughed. It was such a childish thought. She refrained from laughing out loud,

obviously, not wanting to upset her daughter further, but the girl was being ridiculous. In time, she would learn the truth, Molly told herself.

Molly's eyes once again slid to the paper on her kitchen table. Yes, this new bit of information was a problem, but she had overcome problems in the past. The question was, 'What was she going to do about it?'

Getting up from the table, she went to her room and locked the door. Molly looked at herself in the mirror. She wasn't bad-looking, she thought as she turned to the side. She had always been thick, and she had gained a few pounds since having her first child. That certainly wasn't good. She quickly stripped down and gave herself another look. No doubt there were other older women out there who were better looking and had better bodies. There were also schoolgirls out there who were better looking than her daughter. That was bad news for them. One thing was certain, Molly thought, none of those women were better than her in bed. If she could get Harry in bed, there was a good chance that he would want multiple repeat performances. Once Ginny joined the fray, there would be no way that Harry would turn his back on them. What boy would deny a mother-daughter combo?

The problem was getting him in bed. At that very moment, Harry was probably being hit on by that whore Alannah Greengrass. Though it pained her to say it, Alannah was stunning with a slim, gorgeous body. Harry would be tripping over his feet to have a chance with her. The same was true with the Parkinson bitch, though she wasn't as pretty as Greengrass. With women like that hovering around him, Harry wouldn't give *her* a second look. The thought made her rankle with anger. That anger, however, was aimed at her husband. He was the one who stole her youth and beauty and wasted it by giving her nothing in return. Now what was she going to do? Well ... There was one thing, she suddenly thought. An evil smile formed on her face. She had plans to make, she wickedly thought as one hand groped her big breast. She could already feel her clit engorging and her pussy growing damp.

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Amelia Bones sat down in her favorite chair by the fireplace. The fire crackled merrily, making the shadows dance along the walls of her family's manor. She took a sip of her tea which was generously spiked with a shot of Ogden's Old Firewhiskey. Amelia wasn't a big drinker, but a shot in her tea every night made sleep come easier. She smacked her lips at the taste and set the cup down on its matching saucer with a ceramic clinking sound. Grabbing the Daily Prophet, she opened it with a snap. Amelia wasn't surprised to see another front-page story involving the Boy Who Lived. The readers simply ate it up. She was embarrassed to say that she did as well. She had been hoping to meet Harry Potter, but she hadn't been able to just yet.

Her niece, Susan, spoke highly of him even though she hadn't spoken to him much if at all. Susan was still young and a bit shy. Amelia was sure that she would come out of her shell sooner or later. She picked up her cup and brought it to her lips only for it to slip from her fingers. The cup tumbled to the ground and broke, sending dozens of pieces of glass in every

direction. Amelia stood up so fast that she became dizzy. The Manor's ward scheme just failed. She whipped out her wand just as an audible alarm blared through their house. She had only just turned them off when Susan came barreling down the stairs. "Auntie, what's wrong?" she asked, holding her bathrobe closed.

"The wards! They've been brought down! Come here!" she cried out, grabbing some emergency Floo Powder stashed by the fireplace. She tossed some in but the flames remained orange. "Shit!" The Floo Connection had been cut. Not only that, but Anti-Apparition Wards had just gone up.

"Run upstairs and hide! Hurry up!" Amelia hissed just before the wall explosively blew in. She heard Susan scream in fright as they were pelted with stones and debris. Her body was tumbling through the air until she hit the ground painfully. She sucked in a deep breath and coughed violently when she pulled in a lungful of dust. "Su...(cough)...Su...(cough)..." she tried to call out but was unable to. She pushed herself up only to drop back down as a Curse flew by her head. Then she heard an animalistic voice that was filled with menace.

"Come here, little girl!" it laughed before she heard Susan scream.

"Forget the girl! Kill Bones!" another voice yelled out angrily. Amelia was suddenly filled with rage. One of them was targeting Susan! With great effort, she pulled herself to her feet and brandished her wand. She couldn't see much through the cloud of dust, but she fired a non-lethal spell in the direction of the voice. "You'll have to do better than that, Bonesy! HA! HA!" the voice cried out. Another spell flew directly at her, and she was forced to hit the floor in a roll. Pain shot through her shoulder as she rolled right over a jagged piece of stone that had been blown from the wall. Before she could fire another spell, her wand was magically ripped from her hand. A terrible, sinking sensation filled her gut at the loss of her trusty wand. She was then thrown through the massive hole in the wall. Tumbling head over heels, she closed her eyes and braced for impact. It never came. Only inches from hitting the ground, her body lost momentum and stopped. She looked up and saw Harry Potter standing there holding his wand.

A flash was seen out of the corner of her eye, and Potter flicked his wand and sent her away from another Curse. Amelia hit the soft grass of her manor grounds about twenty feet away from the action.

"You made a grave mistake, boy," the voice snarled, and it was then that Amelia got her first look at one of her attackers. Dressed in pitch-black robes and a silver skull mask, it could only be a Death Eater coming to take her out, she decided.

"We'll see about that," Potter replied, sounding amused. The Death Eater swiped his wand and sent a deep red Curse at him. Potter took aim and fired a spell. His spell hit the Death Eater's Curse head-on. The two spells collided and exploded in a shower of sparks. The Death Eater fired again, and again Harry Potter answered by sniping the spell out of the air. The Death Eater growled angrily and began firing haphazardly at him. For Potter's part, he seemed quite in his

element as he allowed some spells to pass by him while the ones heading directly toward him were countered. Soon after, the dark manor grounds were alight with a shower of sparks more akin to a fireworks display. Booming explosions rattled her eardrums as spells collided and cracked through the night air.

“Damn you, Potter!” the Death Eater yelled out in frustration and slashed his wand wildly. A deadly, green Killing Curse erupted from the tip of his gnarled wand, only it wasn’t headed for Potter. It was heading directly for her! Before she could scream, a wall of earth rose up from the ground and shielded her from the attack. She heard the spell impact the wall of dirt and explode. Her ears rang as she crawled around to the side. As she peaked around the side, she squeaked in fright as the Death Eater’s dead body hit the ground right next to her. His limp head turned in her direction, and she could see that last moment of life flicker from his dead eyes. She felt as if everything was closing in on her. So much had happened in such a short amount of time that she was having difficulty processing it all. ‘Susan,’ she thought. ‘My wand!’ suddenly came to her mind.

As quick as a flash, she nearly jumped on the dead body and began patting it down. Now she could clearly see what had killed him. There was a wound about as round as a Galleon directly over his heart. Not caring in the least, she continued patting him down and cursed. There was no wand to be found. Then, she heard Susan let out a terrified scream. Amelia was on her feet, running toward the sound of the scream. She ran along the broken wall and around the corner. It was there that she saw a grimy, hairy man holding Susan to his chest. Her back was to him, and his hand encircled her thin neck. With the moon nearly full, there was enough light to see that his nails were long and sharp. Susan’s eyes were wide and terrified, and her chest was rapidly rising and falling with every struggling breath. In his other hand, he was holding a long, silver blade that glinted in the pale light of the moon.

“Be a smart lad, Potter! Just toss the wand over here, and I’ll leave. There’s no need for the girly here to get hurt,” he snarled as his hand tightened around her delicate neck. Susan squeaked as her air was slowly cut off.

“You made a mistake coming here, Greyback,” Amelia heard Potter say. Then it hit her. ‘Fenrir Greyback!’ she thought with a panic. The most violent and fearsome werewolf in the world was holding her beloved niece hostage.

“You’re making a mistake if you don’t toss that fucking wand over here, boy!” he growled angrily. He was beginning to lose his cool.

“Alright!” Potter cried out. “Just stay calm. Here!” he said, wiggling the wand between his fingers.

“That’s a good lad!” Greyback called out, breathing heavily. Then, Potter tossed the wand.

Amelia watched as the wand spun through the air in an arch. The hand that held Susan’s neck loosened as Greyback tracked the path of the wand with his eyes. Getting ready to catch it, he

took his eyes off Potter, which was a deadly mistake. Another wand appeared in Potter's hand. With a mere flick, the arching wand became a projectile. It shot straight forward so fast that it caused the air around it to crack. Before she knew what had happened, Susan cried out and ran away from Greyback and toward Harry Potter. Greyback stood there for a moment, teetering. Amelia then saw the wand. It was sticking straight out from Greyback's eyesocket. It was buried all the way to the handle. She stopped short. Greyback coughed out what sounded like a curse before crumpling to the ground. Amelia blinked a few times before coming to.

She ran over to Susan who was clutching Harry Potter and jabbering away a mile a minute. Harry Potter smiled weakly as she arrived and held out his wand, only it wasn't *his* wand. It was hers. Amelia gratefully took it from him.

"I took both wands from the Death Eater," he explained as Susan continued to clutch him tightly.

"Both wands," she repeated, confused. 'Oh, yes,' she thought. The Death Eater's wand and hers.

"Where's his?" she asked. Harry cleared his throat uncomfortably and jabbed his thumb at Greyback's body. She then realized that it was the Death Eater's wand that he had tossed into the air. He then used his own wand to Banish it toward Greyback. It all made sense now.

"Umm ... Madame Bones? Maybe we should get the Wards up and running. My sources told me of a planned attack tonight. I barely had enough time to make it here to help. I'm not sure if more attacks will be coming," he told her. She quickly realized that he was right, and she suddenly switched from Amelia to Madame Bones, Head of the DMLE.

"You're absolutely right, Mr. Potter. Come along and we can get Susan to someplace safe. I'll call for backup, and then we need to have a bit of a talk about what just happened here," she told him. When he nodded, they sprung into action. It was going to be a long night, Amelia realized.