

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 28

Amelia's head was spinning as Harry's cock hit the back of her mouth and continued down her throat. The several glasses of wine played a part, sure, but it was mostly from having a young, male body in her bed again. The fact that it was Harry Potter only made it better.

She heard him moan as her lips touched the skin of his hairless groin. Amelia wasn't expecting his body to be perfectly smooth, but she definitely wouldn't complain about it. In fact, it made her pussy even wetter than it already was. Sucking hard to make an airtight seal with her lips, she pulled her head back up until only his head was in her mouth. She then pressed the tip of her tongue against the underside of the head and started tickling it. Harry's body began to squirm, which made her feel even more powerful and in control. She broke the seal and took him back in, thankful that she had worked hard all those years ago to eliminate her gag reflex. She pulled up again and let his cock fall from her lips. Her hand quickly snatched it before it could fall over. Kissing him all around his cock, her hand slowly moved up and down, jerking him off lazily. Surprised by how good his body smelled, Amelia began licking the skin of his lower belly, moaning and enjoying his taste.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Harry?" Amelia asked him, already knowing his answer.

"Yes!" the young boy cried out. Of course, he was enjoying himself. He was a pubescent boy who had a sexy, older woman playing with his cock. Still, she loved to hear him say it. She smiled and dragged her tongue up the length of his cock. Harry shuddered hard, and his cock jumped in her palm.

"Does this feel good? The way I'm touching you, I mean," she asked as her hand began moving faster and faster. Her hand was working his cock so fast and hard that she was surprised that he hadn't burst right then and there. Thinking that he needed a bit more stimulation, she placed her other hand on his balls and started gently stroking them with her fingers.

"It's brilliant, Amelia!" Harry cried out, his hips lifting up slightly. "It feels really good," his moaning voice echoed through her spacious room.

"Good," she smiled, fondling his smooth sack. "Now imagine feeling this good every day."

"Every day?" she heard him gasp in excitement. She couldn't help but giggle. The boy definitely had a one-track mind. 'Now that I got him hooked, it's time to reel him in,' Amelia cheekily thought.

Removing her hands from his body, she reached underneath the bottom of her nightgown and hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her panties. Tugging them down her thighs, she dropped onto her bottom and lifted her legs up. Her panties rose higher and higher until she was

able to pull them off of her bare feet. Amelia smirked at his look of pure rapture. She then flicked her damp panties at him and hit him right in the face. Bursting into a giggle fit, Amelia crawled over to him and straddled his waist. Taking his cock into her hand, she held it firmly while grinding her pussy against the tip.

Harry was suddenly surrounded by the scent of wet pussy. It was a smell that he was very used to by then. Even so, the smell of a fresh pussy always made his cock as hard as a rock. It was difficult to keep pretending that he was a clueless boy who was ignorant of the ways of strong-willed women. He had to fight the urge to flip her over and fuck her pussy until she came all over him. Harry remained patient, even as she hotdogged his cock with her hot, wet lips. He gripped her thighs tightly as she pressed down on him. Her damp pussy felt burning hot against the underside of his shaft.

“Well ... Every day that you’re here,” she corrected him while thrusting her hips forward. She smeared the entirety of the underside of his cock with her warm juices. Harry took his time caressing her shapely thighs. He could feel her body tremble as his fingertips glided over her soft, smooth skin.

Harry obviously knew what she was getting at. She wanted him to remain in her sphere of influence, and no doubt she wanted to keep it a secret. Harry wasn’t opposed. He was more than happy to spend some time with the busty Head of the DMLE. Of course, he wasn’t planning on letting *her* call the shots. When Amelia lifted up and rubbed the head of his cock against her slit, Harry focused his magic and hit her with it.

Amelia’s spine bowed as pure pleasure raced up and down her body. Her nipples were suddenly harder than they ever had been. They ached with wanton need to be sucked. The thin silk of her nightgown brushed against the hyper-sensitive nubs, creating her own personal hell. She needed to get her gown off of her. The sensation of the soft fabric stimulating her throbbing nipples was simply too much. Every time the fabric rustled against her skin, another orgasm waved over her thrashing body.

Her body bucked out of control, and somehow, she landed directly on the tip of Harry’s cock. She felt her hairless lips being spread apart as she sank down on it. With every inch of him that she took in, the orgasm that she was experiencing became more heated and pleasurable. Her walls were fluttering in a way that massaged his entire cock. That only made him push in further. “Can I come over every day?!” she heard him cry out with boyish naivete. Amelia was trying to carry on with her scheme, but her body was betraying her.

Opening her mouth, she tried to speak, but the only words that escaped were begging him to fuck her. Then, his hands crept underneath the hem of her nightgown and slipped up her belly. His fingertips left a tingling trail up her stomach, and when he cupped her big, bouncing breasts, Amelia arched her back and cried out. With shaking hands, she lifted her nightgown off of her body and exposed her naked breasts to him. The look on his face was that of a child getting his first racing broom for Christmas. His hands greedily explored her perfect, round globes with

child-like wonder, and Amelia loved every second of it. Goosebumps erupted all over her delicate skin as his soft hands played with the smooth skin of her tits. When his fingers brushed over the hard tips of her nipples, Amelia's pussy clamped down hard on his cock. Harry's eyes grew wide, and he threw his head back and moaned. His hands gripped her tits and squeezed, adding a bit of pain to her pleasure. Her insides were fiendishly milking his cock, desperate to be seeded by him. Amelia's breathing was becoming ragged while her hips bucked and rolled over his groin. Suddenly, she was rolled over onto her back, and Harry was quick to take the spot between her parted thighs. It wasn't even a second before his cock was spreading her wet folds once again.

Amelia's eyes rolled into the back of her head as soon as Harry's lips touched her nipple. Her hand gripped the back of his head and pulled his face harder into her breast. She moaned loudly when he began sucking on it as though he were trying to nurse.

Harry could feel her body quivering against his. He smirked into her nipple as her pussy tightened again. She had been trying to use her body to gain favors from him, but Harry planned to flip things on their heads. By the time he was done with her, she would be begging for a night alone with him. Focusing his magic again, he let go of her nipple and molded his magic to her body. Amelia's eyes bugged out, and she let out a whorish squeal of pleasure. His magic attached itself to her clit and both nipples. Harry wanted to laugh as her body thrashed and bucked wildly, but he kept silent.

Amelia didn't know what was going on. Out of nowhere, it felt as though she had a pair of perfect lips sucking on each nipple and her clit. All of this was happening as Harry continued to thrust into her, hitting spots inside of her that were making her cum with every thrust of his wonderful cock. Her mouth was open, but no words would come out. Harry, meanwhile, appeared to be having the time of his life as his lips explored her breasts. He pushed them together with his hands and jiggled them around. He even grabbed her arms and pushed them above her head. Then something happened that made her cum so hard that she actually passed out. His lips touched the sensitive skin of her underarm, which had always been an erogenous zone for her, at the exact same time as an invisible cock slid into her asshole. She wasn't sure what had happened, but it felt absolutely incredible, she thought. There was no pain of being stretched ... only pure pleasure. Amelia had explored anal in her youth but found that she didn't like it much. There was some awkward pleasure to be sure, but it was hidden below mostly pain. Perhaps it was because she had a subpar lover who didn't know how to perform it correctly, or perhaps her tastes had changed over the years, but she found the pleasure of her asshole being reamed by his magic to be utterly brilliant.

That was the only conclusion that she could come to while squealing and cumming. Magic was causing the pleasure that she was experiencing. Harry's vastly more powerful magic was overwhelming hers in a way that was making her body submit to him. Of this, there was no doubt, she thought as her pussy held on tightly to his cock, not wanting to let go. She would have to do some research once this was all over, but for the time being, she would simply enjoy the ride.

Harry hit her g-spot at the exact right angle while invisible teeth tugged on her hard nipples. If all of that wasn't bad enough, her clit began vibrating. It wasn't just the vibrations that set her off. She could have sworn that she felt Harry's tongue lapping at her throbbing nub before sucking into his mouth. Then another tongue joined in. This one was wiggling around the rim of her ass while Harry's magical cock caused explosive analgasms to rock her curvy body. Amelia screamed so hard that her vocal cords nearly ruptured. Had someone been within a hundred feet of her room, they would have thought that she was being murdered. Her body bucked so hard that she actually threw Harry off of her. As soon as his cock slipped out of her cumming pussy, a torrent of pussy juice sprayed from her cunt as though someone had turned on the garden hose and placed their thumb against the opening. A mist of girl cum squirted in every direction, wetting the blanket, floor, walls, and ceiling. Lights were flashing behind her eyes while spasming on the bed. She then felt Harry rest behind her. One arm wrapped around her midsection while his other hand crept between her legs.

"HARRY!" she squealed as he pinched her clit. His lovely cock then slipped between her lips and into her squirting pussy. His hips thrust so fast that Amelia was blubbing out a bunch of nonsense as her orgasm hit new heights. It was all too much for the busty MILF. As her body flopped back onto the bed one last time, she vaguely remembered the feeling of pure bliss as Harry emptied his balls into her orgasming body. She didn't have long to enjoy the feeling before she shuddered and passed out cold.

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Harry woke up in a warm, soft bed feeling immense pleasure down below. He yawned, and his emerald green eyes fluttered open. When he tilted his head down, he saw a messy mop of auburn hair covering his groin. Reaching out, he brushed the hair back, and Amelia looked up at him, his cock still in her mouth. At that moment, she sucked on him hard, drawing a loud moan from him. He could see a smile on her face as she let his cock slip from her lips. Holding his shaft in her hand, she held the head to her mouth, and Harry watched as her pink tongue swirled around the tip. Harry's body jerked from the pleasurable spikes in intensity. Amelia smiled wider and began kissing him all over his cock in a worshipful manner. Her lips then found his body, and she continued to kiss him all over his belly, hips, and thighs. "I had fun last night," she said in a husky, sleepy voice as she placed soft kisses on his bloated sack. "You were amazing," Amelia complimented him.

Hiding a smirk, Harry reached out with his magic once again. He began rolling her clit and making it vibrate. He heard her sudden gasp of pleasure right before her tongue started lapping at his balls. Her breathing became heavy, and she started panting. "I had a lot of fun as well. I hope we can do it again," Harry replied, still playing the part of the innocent boy.

Letting out a pleased squeal, Amelia popped his cock back into her mouth and started to powersuck him like she used to do in the good old days. Her mouth opened wide, she was fucking him with her throat and filling the room with loud GLUCK! GLUCK! GLUCK! sounds.

Harry's back arched slightly from her sudden passion and assertiveness. He had never witnessed a blowjob so sloppy in all his life. Amelia was gagging and choking like a true whore. To reward such behavior, he hit her g-spot with a powerful bolt of his magic. Amelia's ass began vibrating as she gripped his thighs tightly. He could feel her scream around his cock as sprays of pussy juice began squirting from between her clapping cheeks. Harry gripped the blankets hard and cried out, "Here it comes!"

Amelia pushed her face down until her nose was touching his smooth skin. spurts of hot cum began shooting down her throat while her body experienced another mind-blowing orgasm. Her hands acted on their own as she began lovingly caressing every inch of his perfect skin that she could reach. Her eyes fluttered, and she moaned deeply around his cock. She loved his taste and found herself wanting more. She pulled up until her lips were firmly wrapped around the head. Her hand joined in and stroked his shaft, trying its best to empty every last drop of cum from his hairless balls. She didn't know why she was acting this way, she thought to herself as she greedily guzzled his cum. Maybe it was the explosive orgasms that he could wrench from her body at will, she guessed as girl cum streaked down the insides of her thighs and wet the bed underneath her upturned ass. Why she was acting this way wasn't important, Amelia told herself as her hand worked in a blur to pump cum from his sack. What was important was the fact that she felt like a teenager again. Back then, sex was an adventure. Everything was new and wild. At some point, however, things had become bland and boring. It was the curse of growing up. As soon as Harry jumped into her bed, her life suddenly felt like an adventure again. Amelia was desperate to hold onto that feeling for as long as possible, and she was willing to go to any lengths to keep it.

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Harry watched as Amelia climbed out of bed and lifted her arms into the air. As she stretched, her tits lifted up. When her arms fell, her tits came back down and bounced around. Just that sight alone made him want to pull her back into bed. Amelia fluffed her hair up as she stood there with her hip cocked, proudly displaying her body to him. She shot him a sexy look as he lay there in bed, his cock still sticking straight up in the air. She then giggled like a schoolgirl and jumped back onto the bed. Amelia couldn't stop herself from acting like a smitten teenager. She placed kisses all over his hard cock.

"Stay ... here ... I'll ... be ... back ... tonight ..." she said in between kisses. Harry just placed his hands behind his head and enjoyed himself. Finally, she stood up and turned her back on him. She threw him a look over her shoulder and saw him stroking his hard cock while watching her. Amelia giggled and shook her ass at him, making her thick cheeks clap together. With that, she walked into her bathroom to get ready for work. Harry decided to sleep for another hour or so before beginning his day.

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Susan stepped out of the fireplace early in the morning and immediately went upstairs. She tossed her overnight bag in front of her bedroom door and made her way over to her aunt's room, hoping that she was running late and hadn't gone to work yet. Pushing the door open, Susan wrinkled her nose cutely at the overwhelming musky scent that instantly hit her in the face. She, of course, knew what that smell was. She had, after all, touched herself many times since starting puberty. 'Auntie must have been really worked up this morning,' Susan told herself as she stepped into the room.

She scanned the room and didn't see her aunt getting ready. The bathroom door was still open and everything was all quiet. When her eyes went over the messed up bed, Susan's face suddenly turned tomato red. There was someone in her aunt's bed. Not a man, but a boy ... and not just any boy. Harry Potter was in her aunt's bed. A completely naked Harry Potter was asleep in her aunt's bed. Susan nearly passed out from embarrassment. Letting out a soft squeak, she was just about to run out of the room when she stopped herself. Her eyes were locked on the boy's crotch. She couldn't help but study his penis. Her body reacting without her brain's input, she stepped closer to the bed. Her eyes took in every millimeter of his perfect flesh. Her heart was hammering in her chest, and her face was growing hot. She had never been in the presence of a naked boy before. 'And the first one just happened to be HARRY POTTER!' she squealed in her mind.

But why was he here in her aunt's bed? The answer was obvious. He was naked ... the bed was a mess ... Auntie's nightgown was on the floor next to the bed ... the whole room smelled like ...

"They had sex!" Susan gasped, unable to believe it. 'But Auntie is so old,' she thought. She wasn't *that* old, she corrected herself, but when compared to Harry she was. How could this have possibly happened? 'Auntie Amelia had sex with *my* crush!'

Susan suddenly felt lightheaded. She was feeling hot and short of breath. Her legs were just about to give out when she sat down on the edge of the bed. A sudden movement on the bed followed by a yawn made her look over. Her embarrassment doubled when she saw brilliant green eyes staring right at her.

"Hi, Susan," Harry greeted her with a hoarse, sleepy voice. Susan swallowed loudly as she tried to get the words out.

"Hey, Harry," she finally responded. "Ummm ... What are you doing here?" she asked, unable to think of something else to say. She was trying her best not to look at his penis. Even so, she still glanced at it from time to time.

"Your aunt invited me to dinner. After we finished, she wanted to thank me for saving you both," he smiled at her. His handsome smile nearly made her pass out.

"I would have thanked you as well!" she blurted out. Then, she realized exactly how her aunt had "thanked" him. "Oh, dear," she squeaked in a hushed voice. It appeared that she wouldn't be able to stop embarrassing herself that day, she thought, annoyed with her own stupidity. Thankfully, Harry blessed her with another smile.

"That's awfully nice of you," he told her kindly. Harry then climbed out of bed and stretched his arms. This time, Susan didn't even pretend that she wasn't looking. Harry apparently didn't care one bit that his body was in full view. "Your aunt asked me to stay here until she comes home from the Ministry ... I hope you don't mind?"

Susan shook her head. Her voice had somehow escaped her. "Thanks," Harry said with a smile. He then began walking toward the bathroom. Susan took the opportunity to check out his ass as he did. "I'm taking a shower," he told her before turning and looking at her. He then smirked. "Maybe you'd like to thank me by helping me wash up," he said, still smiling as he walked into the bathroom. He didn't even shut the door behind him, Susan noticed. Her mind was practically blank until she heard the shower begin to run, then she snapped out of it.

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Harry was enjoying the hot water soothing his muscles when the shower curtain slid aside. Harry turned and looked. Susan was standing there without a stitch of clothing. Her cheeks were red with embarrassment, but he wasn't worried about that. His eyes, instead, focused on her well-developed breasts. Harry knew of the gift that ran in the Bones' bloodline. Hell, he had spent most of the night sucking on and playing with those gifts as Amelia came on his cock. He was glad to see that the Bones bloodline was running strong in Susan.

Susan had hair that went halfway down her back and was a little more red than Amelia's darker hair. Her skin was pale like her aunt's and blemish-free. It looked incredibly smooth, and Harry was aching to get his hands and lips on it. Her belly was thin but not yet toned. She had a cute little belly button that he would love to play with. Her hips weren't as wide as Amelia's. Not yet, anyway. He was sure Susan would grow to have a very curvy body. Below her belly button was a mound absent of hair. There was nothing but a patch of incredibly smooth skin before her little slit started. Poking out from between her taut pussy lips were small flaps that would no doubt grip his cock and add even more pleasure to their eventual "lovemaking" as he was sure that she would call it. Love had nothing to do with it, Harry thought. She was going to be one of his. She was going to help him take over and right the wrongs that had been cast upon him. And when they weren't plotting, Harry would have her ankles pinned behind her ears as he fucked her into oblivion. First things first, he thought as his eyes moved down her smooth legs.

Harry reached out and took her hand. He could feel her hand trembling in his. Susan nervously stepped into the shower with him. As she did, hot water cascaded down over her head, wetting her hair. As she turned, her hard nipples brushed against his chest, and he heard her gasp wildly. "Are you okay?" Harry asked her with a smile. Susan nodded her head rapidly.

“Good. Now let me help you wash up,” Harry said, squirting soap all over her naked tits. When his hands cupped the magnificent globes, he squeezed them and pinched her nipples, causing Susan to cry out. Yes, he had her right where he wanted her, he thought with a wicked smile that she couldn’t see.