

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 39

The argument downstairs ended with the slamming of the front door. Hermione rushed to her bedroom window and peeked through the curtains. Her father stomped angrily to his car and tossed his bag into the backseat. Getting into the driver's seat, he slammed the door closed and started the engine. He tore out of the driveway in a manner that no one would consider safe, and just like that, her father was gone.

The latest argument had been particularly brutal. There was name-calling on both sides, and the accusations flowed like sour wine. Her father accused her mother of fucking the mailman, while her mother accused her father of secretly pilfering the family savings. Hermione wasn't sure if either was true, but it made for a fun afternoon. Suddenly filled with excitement, Hermione wanted nothing more than to contact Harry and tell him that she had completed her task. Her father was gone, and he likely wouldn't be returning any time soon ... if ever. A knock on her bedroom door brought her back to reality. She didn't need to ask who it was. There was only one person it could be. "Come in, Mum!" she called out.

The bedroom door creaked open, and her mother stuck her head in through the crack. Her brown hair was frazzled and messy, and there were dark bags under her eyes. In recent days, the stress had really been getting to her. Her father wasn't any better, and she knew that one of them would end up cracking. "Hermione? I need to speak with you," she said, slipping into the room and shutting the door behind her.

"Is it about Dad leaving?" Hermione asked, sitting on the edge of her bed. Emma Granger nodded and joined her daughter on the bed. Sitting next to her, she gently patted Hermione's thigh. "He won't be coming back ... will he?" she asked, pretending to be concerned. It was easy for her to be manipulative. She had been doing it for as long as she could remember. Emma shook her head sadly.

"No, I suspect he won't. I hope this doesn't hurt you too badly, but frankly, I don't want him to return. Your father and I have grown into very different people, and it's no longer healthy for us to remain together," she told her daughter, trying her best to explain what had happened without confessing any of the juicy details.

"But where will he go?" Hermione asked with wide, innocent-looking eyes.

"He already rented a flat up North to be closer to his family. He's been sneaking his possessions out of the house over the last couple of weeks, so there's not much left that needs to be packed up," she confessed, sounding bitter and angry. Hermione hid her smile well.

"What about you ... I mean, us?" she asked, feigning nervousness. Her mother smiled at her, though it didn't reach her eyes. She was simply putting on a brave face.

“We’ll continue living here, and I’ll be taking over the family practice alone. Your father will start his own in Middlesbrough,” she told her. “While money won’t exactly be tight, we will need to watch our spending until my savings have rebounded.”

“So, this won’t affect me going to Hogwarts?” Hermione asked. It wasn’t like her answer mattered. Hermione would continue attending the magical school no matter what. Emma shook her head.

“Of course not. Our lives will continue as they were ... but without your father,” she added the last part after a brief pause. “I’m sorry you have to go through this, Hermione. We didn’t mean for this to happen,” she said, looking down sadly at her daughter. Hermione looked up and smiled.

“It’s okay, Mum. I could tell that you were both unhappy. Maybe this will be better,” she told her mother. Emma had no idea what her daughter had planned for her. Her mother smiled and nodded, squeezing her knee. It was then that Emma noticed something she hadn’t since Hermione had come home for the summer.

“Hermione? What happened to you?” she asked, slightly shocked. Emma didn’t know how she had missed the physical changes in her daughter. Well ... that was a lie. She knew exactly how she had missed it. She had been so wrapped up in her own marital problems that everything else simply went unnoticed. ‘Damn that cursed man,’ she hissed in her head.

“What do you mean?” Hermione asked her, faking confusion.

“You look different ... Your face ... Your body ... You still look like you, only better,” she said before she could stop herself. Emma blushed deeply and quickly added, “Not that you weren’t pretty before.”

That last part irritated Hermione, but she didn’t let it show. She knew it was only a matter of time until her mother finally noticed. Since coming home, her mum had been in her own little world and barely paid any attention to her. Hermione didn’t mind. She preferred it that way, but now the cat was out of the bag. Hermione had been thinking about what to tell her and how best to use it for her own gain. In the end, she decided to tell the truth ... or at least a version of the truth, and now was the best time to tell her. Her mother wasn’t in a proper state of mind, Hermione knew. With an impending divorce on the horizon, she was likely questioning herself as a woman. Her mother wasn’t getting any younger, and she certainly wasn’t going to get any more attractive. No, for Emma Granger, it was all downhill from there. Physical beauty was very important to women, something Hermione knew firsthand. The idea of starting a new life as a single woman was probably terrifying to the older woman. Hermione could use that fear to her advantage.

“Oh ... You finally noticed,” Hermione said softly. Emma blushed harder and looked slightly ashamed. The slight dig at her poor parenting as of late was like a punch in the gut. All she could do was nod silently.

“You know my friend Harry? You met him, remember?” Hermione asked, and Emma nodded. She remembered the handsome young man. “He’s very smart and incredible with magic. He can do things no one else can,” Hermione said, slightly fangirling over her Master. Emma waited for her to continue.

“Well ... He mentioned that he created a Beautification Potion before starting school. That’s one of the reasons why he looks so handsome. He tested the potion on himself, and it worked! It’s perfectly safe, as well. Anyway, I kept getting bullied over my hair and teeth, so I asked him if he would make one for me. It took a bit to convince him, but I finally wore him down,” Hermione told her.

“So, you just drank a potion and became prettier?” Emma asked. That sounded too good to be true. Hermione shook her head.

“It’s part potion and part ritual,” she confessed. Emma’s eyes shot up.

“Ritual?!” she said, her voice getting high-pitched.

“Relax, mum,” Hermione said, gripping her mother’s wrist. “I know the word ritual immediately makes you think about sacrificial virgins or drinking blood, but that’s a non-magical way of thinking. There are lots of rituals in the magical world, and most are completely safe and harmless.”

“Still ... I’m not sure I like the sound of my young daughter getting mixed up in that sort of thing, no matter how good the results were,” she said, sounding concerned.

“I can understand, but it wasn’t Harry’s fault. He tried to talk me out of it, but I insisted,” Hermione lied. Harry definitely didn’t talk her out of it. In fact, he did it without her permission, though he reminded her that she belonged to him and could do anything he wanted to her.

“I don’t know, Hermione ...” Emma said, still concerned. What if something had gone wrong, and they just didn’t know it yet?

Hermione suddenly had a bright idea. She shook her mother’s arm to get her attention. “How about I invite Harry over, and you can ask him all about it? You’ll see it’s completely safe,” she said with certainty. Emma perked right up.

“That’s a good idea, Hermione. Call him up and invite him over for dinner,” Emma said, eager to hear what he had to say.

"I can't call him. He's currently staying with a magical family, and they don't use phones. I'm expecting a letter from him tonight, so I'll send one back asking him to visit us tomorrow. Is that okay?" she asked her mother. Emma smiled and nodded while getting up. If they were expecting a guest, she needed to get herself in order. The woman staring back at herself in the mirror that morning was almost unrecognizable. A quick trip to the salon and spa was in order. It felt really good to be motivated to finally do something. Her idiot husband had been sapping all of her strength and will to carry on as of late. Thankfully, he was gone now.

"That's fine," she answered back with a smile before leaving the room. Hermione smiled widely and eagerly waited for Harry's secret visit that night.

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"So, what do you think?" Harry asked Ginny as she stood in front of him wearing the very short skirt he had bought her. Harry was sitting on the edge of her bed while she looked down at her skirt.

"Like I said, it's really short," she commented. "I'll never be able to wear this outside of the house." The entirety of her legs was on display, and only her crotch was still hidden. Harry told her to turn around, which she dutifully complied. The bottom of her cheeks were also hidden from view, though not by much. Any amount of breeze would grant him a flash or two. Luckily for her, they were indoors.

Harry opened his legs and told her to step forward. With a blush on her cheeks, she did as she was told. Ginny stepped between his parted knees and stood there, waiting for him to do something. She didn't have to wait long. She gasped when his hands climbed up the backs of her thighs. Ginny bit her lower lip as his hands neared her bottom. Sadly, they stopped short. "Are you wearing the panties I bought you?" he asked her. Ginny blushed harder and nodded. "Show me."

Her heart was pounding in her chest as she reached down with shaky hands and grabbed the front of her mini-skirt between her fingers. She slowly lifted it up until her panty-covered crotch was exposed. Her body trembled when Harry's hands climbed higher and gripped her tight bottom. "I told you these would look cute on you," Harry teased her. Ginny's cheeks were burning red.

"You think so?" she shuddered from his touch. Her panties were white cotton with little pink hearts on them. Looking down at her crotch, she did have to admit that they looked cute, but Ginny didn't want to look cute. She wanted to look sexy. She wanted Harry to stare at her body like he did at her mother's.

"I do," he said, kneading her cheeky flesh. His finger accidentally pressed against her asshole, causing Ginny to jump and squeak. Harry chuckled and gave her bottom a light smack. "Go get those little purple ones."

Ginny went into her shopping bag and pulled out the one he was referring to. It looked like a light purple eyepatch, barely more than two tiny triangles of purple silk connected by some thin strings. She carried them back to Harry and resumed her spot between his legs. "Let's get this out of the way," he suddenly said, reaching behind her and unbuttoning her skirt. As soon as it was unbuttoned, the short skirt slid down her thighs and pooled around her ankles. Harry leaned over and grabbed them while she stepped out of them. Now, all she had on was a pair of panties and a short, tight t-shirt that showed off her belly button. The shirt was a couple of years old and barely fit her anymore. She chose to wear it because she wanted to show off some skin and catch his attention. Ginny didn't know she'd be showing off this much skin, but even so, she was pleased with how things had turned out. Harry's hands slid up the backs of her thighs again, and he grabbed her bum. However, instead of groping her as he had done previously, this time, he hooked his fingers under the waistband and slowly peeled the white panties down her widening hips. Her breath hitched when the front of her panties lowered past her mound. Ginny's knees felt wobbly, and she reached out and gripped his shoulders for stability. This action brought her body even closer to him, and the result was him leaning in and kissing her belly button.

With that simple kiss, Ginny's nervousness momentarily left her. Her body shuddered hard, and her eyes fluttered. The area between her legs burned with need, and she felt herself instantly become soaked. All she wanted was for him to do it again. She didn't even notice her panties slip past her knees and fall around her ankles. Her body acted on its own, and she stepped out of them. Harry's hands were on the backs of her thighs, keeping her trapped between his legs ... Not that she would have wanted to move. She suddenly jumped when she felt his fingers playing with the light dusting of pubic hair covering her mound. His lips moved higher up her belly, making Ginny squirm. Harry then looked up at her.

"Can I see the rest of your body?" he asked her. Ginny was lost in his beautiful emerald green eyes and didn't answer for a few seconds. Snapping out of her momentary daze, she blushed deeply after realizing what he had asked. Of course, she would never deny him anything.

"If you want," she said softly as his short fingernails lightly scratched at her mound. Ginny thought that felt really good. When Harry didn't reply, Ginny reached down and grabbed the bottom of her t-shirt. Lifting it up over her body, she pulled it from her head and dropped it on the ground. Now, she was completely nude in front of a boy for the first time in her life. The fact that it was in her own bedroom made it even more erotic for her. The thought made her tingle in certain naughty places. It would be so easy for Harry to throw her on the bed and ...

Her fantasy was cut off by Harry kissing the underside of her A-cup breast. Ginny let out a cute little moan while her eyes rolled into the back of her head. "Oh, Harry," she gasped in delight when his tongue tickled her sensitive flesh. She stepped forward to press her breast against his mouth, and by doing so, she accidentally forced his hand into the junction between her legs. His fingers slid across her damp slit, and Ginny experienced a small orgasm. Desperately wanting more, she rolled her hips and rubbed her slit against his fingers.

“You have such a beautiful body, Gin,” Harry told her while peppering her breasts with kisses. Ginny loved hearing that. What she wanted more than anything was to be desired by him. When his finger mashed against her clit, Ginny cried out through another, much stronger orgasm. Collapsing forward, she was caught by Harry’s strong arms. She mewled in pleasure as Harry kissed and sucked on her neck. Ginny smiled to herself while rubbing her body against him. ‘I’m going to make him forget all about Mum,’ she thought to herself, not particularly liking how much time her mother was spending with him.

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Hermione was impatiently waiting in her room for her Master to arrive. When he finally did, she jumped to her feet and threw her arms around his neck. Her lips immediately found his while her fingers began undoing his trousers. Harry broke the kiss and let her continue working on his trousers. Hermione tugged them down and dropped to her knees. Her hand found his cock, and she expertly stroked it to full hardness.

“Hello to you too,” Harry joked as Hermione kissed up and down his length.

“Sorry, Master,” Hermione responded, sucking on the head like a lollipop. “But I was really looking forward to seeing you.”

“Clearly,” Harry amusedly said.

“I did it, Master!” Hermione told him with sparkling eyes. “My father left and won’t be coming back. My mum is free for you to use,” she said, lapping at the underside of his head.

“Is that so?” Harry asked in a sing-song voice. Hermione nodded and kissed the tip.

“But I can only do so much. You’re going to have to take over from here,” she said, gripping his cock tightly and caressing her warm cheek with the head. She stared up at him in complete worship.

“I suppose that’s true,” Harry said, tapping his chin with his finger.

“My mum wants you to come over tomorrow. She asked about my physical changes, and I told her about the potion and ritual. I told her that it was my idea and that I bugged you until you finally agreed to perform it on me. Mum wants to ask you some questions to make sure it’s safe,” Hermione said as her hand continued to stroke his length. Harry nodded slowly.

“I think I can work with that. Good work, Pet,” Harry smiled down at the girl and tickled her behind the ear. Hermione closed her eyes and purred like a kitten.

“Have I earned my reward, Master?” she asked through a shuddering breath. Hermione was squirming in place as her pussy throbbed.

“I believe so,” Harry nodded. “Take off your clothes and get in bed,” he ordered. Hermione had never moved so fast in her life. Her shorts, shirt, and panties were quickly tossed aside, and she crawled onto the bed. “How do you want to be taken?” Harry asked her as he played with her naked tits.

Hermione thought about it for a second before turning around and offering her backside to him. She spread her knees wide apart and placed her chest flat against the mattress. Her pussy lips were slightly spread open, and Harry could see the wetness clinging to her delicate pink petals. Her bedroom was instantly filled with the smell of her wet pussy. Harry slowly removed his clothes while watching her rub her swollen clit from below. “Please hurry, Master! I’ve waited long enough,” she begged, and Harry could see her asshole puckering at him.

Removing the last of his clothes, Harry edged up to the side of the bed and grabbed her slim waist. Positioning her body to his liking, Harry rubbed the head of his cock up and down the length of her slick cunt. Her pussy was steaming hot and completely soaked. “Lean forward,” he told her.

Hermione rocked her body forward, and Harry stuffed his head into her virgin pussy. Hermione gasped in happiness when she felt the fat dome spread her lips apart and enter her for the first time. “Good girl,” Harry praised her and gently rubbed her nude back. Goosebumps erupted across her soft skin. “Now, start moving,” Harry commanded.

Hermione bit her lower lip and drove her ass backward without hesitation. Her tight tunnel parted and rapidly stretched, leading to a decent amount of pain. She whimpered against the mattress as her pussy squeezed his cock tightly. Her cheeks clapped against his groin, and Hermione paused briefly to recover from the sudden pain. A hard smack on her ass cheek made her squeal, and she turned her head and looked at her Master. He raised an eyebrow, and Hermione blushed and began moving again. Rocking forward, she let out a ragged breath as his fat cock rubbed against the inside of her silky walls. Being inexperienced, she moved too far forward, and his cock slipped from her folds. Quickly reaching behind her, she fumbled around blindly until she was able to find his wet cock. Grabbing hold, she placed the head against her opening and rocked backward. “OHHH!” she gasped as her pussy enveloped his length once again and took him to the hilt.

This continued for a few tries until she worked out a good rhythm. Gripping her sheets tightly, Hermione rocked her body back and forth, fucking herself on his perfect cock.

Harry looked down at the point of penetration. Hermione’s freshly-fucked pussy was wrapped tightly around him, and her taut lips pulled and stretched away from her body as she slid up his cock. “How does it feel, love?” he asked her, resting the pad of his thumb against her last virgin hole. He began massaging her rim, which made her pussy clutch him even more.

“It hurt at first ... but it feels really good now, Master,” Hermione gasped out between whimpers. Harry decided to take over for her. With one hand on her hip, he began thrusting into her and hitting her deepest spots. Hermione squeaked in pleasure and clawed at the bedsheets with her nails.

“Your pussy feels incredible,” Harry moaned through the pleasure. Hermione’s pussy was rippling around him and massaging his shaft with every thrust. He never knew she could be so wet. Even though she was extremely tight, he was still able to easily glide in and out of her due to her wetness. Feeling that he should make her reward as good as possible, Harry gripped her waist with both hands and focused his magic. Hermione’s loud gasp let him know that he had succeeded.

Hermione couldn’t believe the sensation she was feeling. Sure, she had felt Harry’s magic stimulate her clit before, but she had obviously never felt it while being fucked at the same time. The pair of magical lips sucking hard on her clit while Harry’s cock repeatedly slammed into her g-spot was something she would never forget. Burying her face in the bed, she cried out in a high-pitched voice as her pussy clamped down on him. The noises coming from her cunt were getting louder and wetter with every titanic thrust. She could feel the flesh of her shapely cheeks rippling as Harry pounded her over and over. His magic tugged on her clit, and it felt like a magical tongue was vibrating against it. Inside her, his thick cock was delightfully scraping against her walls and molding her to be the perfect shape. As her body was jostled back and forth, her sensitive nipples were being dragged across her sheets, adding a bit of painful pleasure to the mix. Even with her face buried in her bed, she could smell the scent of her pussy surrounding her, and she wondered how long her room would stink of sex. She wanted that scent to last for as long as possible. She wanted her mother to walk in and smell the evidence of her daughter’s loss of virginity. Hermione wanted everyone to know that she belonged to Harry.

Suddenly, her clit was pinched and rolled while Harry angled his cock to mash perfectly against her g-spot. Hermione couldn’t stop herself from screaming as she came. The inside of her soft, smooth thighs were flooded with a waterfall of pussy juice. Harry’s hand cracking against her ass sent a pleasurable jolt of pain racing up her spine. Wanting to bring her Master as much pleasure as possible, Hermione fought through the orgasm and squeezed her cunt as hard as possible. She was rewarded with a moan from him, quickly followed by a flood of warmth entering her pussy.

“You’re a bloody natural,” Harry praised her with a moan as he gripped the back of her neck and slowly pumped her full of cum. He then pulled out and watched as his cum leaked from her fucked pussy. It rolled down to her clit before dripping off onto her bed. He gave her ass one last hard smack which left a red handprint on her flawless skin. “Clean me,” Harry ordered. Hermione spun around without hesitation and took him into her mouth. Bunching up her hair into a ponytail, he held it away from her face as she began to deepthroat him. This was a good beginning, Harry told himself, but he wouldn’t stop until she was the perfect sex toy.

