

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 62

The summons came at sunrise. McGonagall appeared in the doorway of the boys' dormitory, her face drawn and severe. Harry pulled on his robes and followed her out. They went up the spiral staircase, her boot heels clicking on the stone steps. She didn't say a word to him until they reached the corridor outside Dumbledore's office.

"The Headmaster's called for you," she said, nodding to the heavy door. There was a flicker of something in her eyes. Pride, maybe, or perhaps worry. "You'll want to be sharp, Mr. Potter. There are several important persons present."

Harry smirked. "When am I not?"

She snorted and rapped her knuckles on the wood. "Enter."

Inside, the room was warm, and it smelled faintly of tea. The morning sun made stained-glass colors ripple over the plush carpet. Dumbledore sat behind his desk, his elbows perched on the surface, and his hands steepled beneath his beard. He looked like a man who had just been handed a bill for a feast he hadn't eaten.

On the other side of the desk stood Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic. He was a short, round man with a hat perched too high on his head and a cravat the color of blood. As soon as Harry entered, Fudge bounced on his toes and nearly broke into applause.

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "There's our man!" He seized Harry's hand in both of his, pumping it like he was drawing water from a well. "The hero of the hour! The vanquisher of monsters! You must allow me to shake your hand, young man," he said before realizing that he already was. "Oh! Well, no ... allow me to shake it twice!"

Harry gripped the Minister's hand and endured the ritual. The Minister's palms were soft and faintly clammy. Harry shot a glance at McGonagall, who was fighting not to roll her eyes.

The other guest leaned against the corner, her arms crossed over her healthy chest. Amelia Bones wore her customary Department of Magical Law Enforcement robes. She looked Harry up and down with undisguised appraisal, as if weighing him against a set of private, very naughty standards. Her mouth was quirked in a way that was both amused and hungry. It was the same look Hermione gave him just before she begged to be bent over a table. Harry gave her a lazy half-smile, and she responded by sucking in her cheeks, her eyes never leaving his face.

"Please sit, Harry," Dumbledore said in a businesslike voice. "We have much to discuss."

Harry sat smartly in the armchair provided. Fudge nearly vibrated with anticipation, while Dumbledore picked at invisible lint on his sleeve.

Fudge dove in. "First, let me say that you have done the magical world a tremendous service. The Board of Governors is meeting as we speak to discuss a memorial. You've not only protected the students and professors, but your courage may have saved the entire school. Hogwarts owes you a debt, my boy. We all do."

Harry affected a fake bashful modesty. "I just did what I had to, sir."

"Oh, he's humble!" Fudge declared to the room, as if Harry were a new species of magical creature. "You see, Dumbledore? Not only a hero, but a true Gryffindor ... if I may say so myself."

"You may," Dumbledore said, dry as dust.

Amelia Bones finally spoke as she straightened up. "The Aurors have reviewed the evidence and statements from every eyewitness. There is universal agreement. Potter here acted in self-defense, and more than that, in defense of the innocent. He is to be commended, not punished. I have filed a formal report with the Ministry clearing him of all possible censure."

Harry met her gaze. "Thank you, Madam Bones." He let his eyes linger on her busty chest, and she definitely noticed.

Dumbledore tried to assert some authority. "There is, however, the matter of the remains."

Fudge waved a fat hand. "Oh, yes! The basilisk! I saw it myself ... magnificent specimen! Over seventy feet, and with the head still attached, even. The Daily Prophet's photographer nearly fainted when he got the first look. St. Mungo's has already contacted us for tissue samples."

Amelia stepped away from the wall and leaned her hip against the edge of the desk, far too close to Harry's face to be accidental. "By law, the spoils of a slain magical beast belong to the slayer. In this case, Mr. Potter, you are entitled to every scale, every drop of venom, and every fang."

Harry grinned. "All of it?"

"Every ounce," she said, and her tone made it clear that she wouldn't mind being claimed by him as well.

Dumbledore's mouth pinched at the corners. "Such resources are usually placed at the disposal of the school for the benefit of all."

Amelia arched a brow. “Unless they’re claimed, of course. In which case, the school will have to do without.”

Harry turned this over in his mind. Dumbledore wanted the basilisk for himself, most likely for a cache of rare ingredients, or maybe even to curry favor with the goblins or the potion masters. He probably already imagined himself distributing the spoils as the benevolent headmaster, instead of as the loser in a power struggle. The realization made Harry smile.

Fudge beamed. “Do you know what the goblins would pay for that hide, Harry? Over ten thousand galleons, by conservative estimates!”

Harry leaned back in his chair and considered what ten thousand galleons could buy. He didn’t need the money. He already had more gold than he could ever spend, and his wealth would only grow over the coming years. But the look on Dumbledore’s face was worth far more than a fortune. The old man looked like he’d been force-fed a rotten lemon.

“I’ll donate the funds to charity,” Harry said. “Something for the families of the less fortunate. Maybe a fund for orphans.” He grinned at McGonagall, who hid her smile behind a cough.

Fudge actually clapped. “A true hero and a philanthropist! Hogwarts will sing songs about you, my boy! I can see the Prophet headline now. ‘Basilisk-Slayer Gives Back to Community!’ Marvelous, absolutely marvelous.”

Dumbledore’s voice was paper-thin. “That is a very generous gesture.”

“Thank you, sir.” Harry made sure to say it with as much insincerity as possible, then turned to Amelia. “I’m sure I’ll need help with the paperwork. Maybe you’d walk me through it?”

She let her gaze wander up and down his body without making it too obvious. “I would be delighted. A hero such as you deserves all the help you can get.”

Fudge beamed and nodded. “We’ll get you set up with a medal as soon as possible! Order of Merlin, First Class! Hell, we’ll even throw a parade in your honor! The world needs more boys like you.”

Harry didn’t argue. He just let the attention roll over him like a hot bath, enjoying every second.

Dumbledore tried for one last bit of authority. “Harry, you’ll be expected to attend a meeting with the Board of Governors. There are still questions to be answered.”

Harry nodded with a fake smile. “Happy to help.”

Fudge patted Harry on the shoulder and guided him toward the door. "I'll see you at the ceremony, Harry. I'll even give you a tour of my office!" His arm lingered around Harry's shoulders, steering him away from Dumbledore's desk with a certain level of possessiveness.

As Harry left, he glanced back. McGonagall was smirking openly now, Amelia Bones was lustfully staring at him, and Dumbledore looked like he might burst a blood vessel. Harry didn't blame him. A fortune had just slipped through his bony old fingers.

Harry walked out with the Minister's arm still around him, and he couldn't remember the last time he'd felt so completely, thoroughly in control.

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The Gryffindor common room was a jungle of hormones and gossip. As Harry walked in, a hush fell over the crowd, then immediately swelled into a chorus of eager hellos, shy giggles, and the clatter of every girl in the room trying to angle for a better view of him. The fire was roaring, the couches and chairs were packed, and every female eye was following his every move.

He scanned the many faces and found every pair of eyes on him. Lavender and Parvati whispered into each other's ears, their hands flying up to cover their blushes. Katie Bell actually shuddered and dropped a stack of wizard chess pieces as he passed.

Angelina Johnson was the first to break formation. "Get over here, Harry!" she called, waving both arms as if Harry could miss her. She was wedged into the center of the best couch in the room, the one right in front of the fire. She patted the cushion next to her with enough force to dislodge the fourth-year who was already sitting there. The other girl scooted off the edge with a look of awe.

Harry made his way over, weaving through the crowd. As soon as he sat down, Angelina hugged his arm and drew him in until her impressive tits were mashed against his upper arm. "I was wondering when you'd show your face," she said, and her voice was throaty and teasing. "Congratulations, hero."

He sent her a rougish grin, and many of the girls around them let out starry-eyed sighs. "Thanks, Angelina. It's nice to be appreciated."

She shoved a copy of the Daily Prophet into his lap. The front page featured a massive moving photograph of Harry in the Great Hall with chains erupting from his hands as the basilisk writhed and screamed. He had to admit that he looked quite handsome and heroic in the photo that Hermione had taken. He would have to reward his lovely friend. The headline was huge and attention-catching. "HARRY POTTER DEFEATS HOGWARTS HORROR!"

He pretended to cringe. "Gosh! I really wish they hadn't made such a fuss about it." He adopted his best sheepish expression, which made Angelina snort.

“You’re full of it,” she said, but she slid a hand down his arm anyway. Her nails scraped lightly on the inside of his elbow. “I saw you in the Hall. You looked like you were having the time of your life.”

He let his eyes drift across the room. Hermione sat near a window with a book in her lap and a smile on her face. She didn’t look up, but he could tell she was listening in. Katie and Alicia had started a pool on how many Order of Merlins he’d end up with by the end of the year.

Fred and George, never ones to miss a good show, popped their heads up from behind the couch. “Hey, Harry!” Fred said. “Rumor has it you’re the new Honorary Towel Boy for the Holyhead Harpies?”

George grinned. “You get to visit the locker room, right? Do you think they’ll try on the uniforms for you?”

“One could only hope,” Harry said, smirking. “I know there will be at least one broom in desperate need of polishing.”

The twins howled, and the boys around them made a dozen crude hand gestures that would have gotten them a month of detention if McGonagall had been in the room. Angelina rolled her eyes but didn’t move her tits an inch from his arm.

She leaned in, and her breath tickled his ear. “You’re such a git,” she said, but her hand had found his thigh, and she was openly feeling him up now.

Harry looked down at the newspaper again. The picture looped endlessly. He’d never looked more dangerous, or more like someone who could have any girl in the castle ... and from the way they were all eyeing him, he probably could.

He let his hand slide over to Angelina’s knee. The muscles tensed under his fingers, and she didn’t stop him. If anything, she inched her leg closer.

Fred called out, “Don’t let her near your broomstick, Harry! You might not survive the encounter!” She shot them the finger, which only made the twins cackle harder.

Angelina cocked her head, and her lips pursed in a thoughtful way. “Can you help me with something?” she asked, her voice suddenly soft. “It’s up in the dorms. It’ll only be a minute.”

He shrugged. “Lead the way.”

She stood up and offered her hand. Harry took it, letting her pull him up. She led him through the crowd, and the room parted like the Red Sea. Every step they took, whispers followed them.

Girls exchanged glances and boys glared or gave him a surreptitious thumbs-up. Even Hermione watched them go, her eyes bright with amusement.

Angelina's grip was tight. She marched him up the stairs to the dormitories, then glanced back to see if anyone was watching. She needn't have bothered. Half the tower was craning to see what he'd do next.

They reached the boys' dorm corridor, and Harry grinned as he realized she was steering him not to the girls' rooms, but directly to his own. Angelina pushed open the door and ducked inside, pulling him along.

She didn't bother with small talk. As soon as the door was shut, she slid down, planted her knees on the rug, and practically tore open his trousers. She took his cock in hand, pumped it a few times, then ran her tongue from base to tip. Harry hissed in appreciation. She lapped at the underside of the shaft, then circled the head with her tongue until it shone with wetness.

Angelina looked up, locking eyes with him. "Mmm ... you taste good."

She parted her lips and took him in, no teasing this time. Her mouth was so hot and wet that it made Harry's whole body shiver. She went deep on the first go, swallowing until the head of his cock hit the back of her throat. Harry grabbed a fistful of her ponytail and held her there for a second, just to feel her squirm.

Angelina moaned around his shaft. The vibrations tickled, and the noise was obscene. She started bobbing up and down, setting a rhythm that was faster and rougher than anything he'd had before. She used both hands ... one to stroke the base, the other to cradle his balls, rolling them in her palm with the confidence of a girl who'd done this before. And of course, she had. Harry was very familiar with her body.

She didn't care that someone might walk in. She didn't slow down. Her lips were noisy, and every time she surfaced for air, she made a show of gasping, licking her lips, and then diving back down.

"Fuck, Angelina," Harry muttered, and he couldn't help but guide her with his hands, controlling the depth and angle.

She let him. In fact, she seemed to love it. The more forceful he was, the more she whimpered and looked up at him with those dark, greedy eyes. He started thrusting his hips up off the mattress, and she just took it, swallowing him every time.

The room filled with the wet, slick sounds of her sucking him off, and Harry wondered how long it would be before the whole Tower knew about this, too. He could have finished right there. The way she sucked and slobbered on his cock was enough to make his eyes roll back. But Harry

wanted more. He wanted to see how far she would go. He pulled her off for a second, his cock gleaming and wet, and made her look at him.

“You’re really something,” he said.

Angelina licked her lips, smiled, and said, “Shut up and use me.”

Harry did just that. He gripped her ponytail tighter and pushed his cock into her mouth. He held her head steady and started fucking her face. She let her jaw go slack and moaned around his shaft, gagging only when he buried it deep.

She was eager, submissive, and hungry for everything he gave her. She looked up at him as he pounded her throat, her eyes full of adoration. It was the best blowjob he’d ever had.

When he felt himself getting close, he slowed, let her catch her breath, then started again. He wanted to stretch out the moment until she was just as desperate to be fucked as he was to fuck her. But Angelina was relentless. She sucked harder, squeezed his balls, and milked him for all he was worth. Finally, Harry had to pull out and order her onto the bed.

She climbed onto the mattress, her knees sinking deep into the soft bedding, and made a point of rolling onto her back and spreading her legs while Harry undressed. Harry got into bed with her, closed the curtains, and bounced his cock in front of her.

Angelina didn’t hesitate. She wrapped her fingers around the base and stroked him, watching the way his body reacted to her touch. “It’s been too long since I bounced on this thing,” she said, biting her lower lip.

Harry reached out, grabbed a handful of her hair, and guided her mouth down onto his cock. She sucked him greedily, taking him deep while bobbing her head in rhythm with his gentle thrusts. Her lips made obscene, wet noises as she worked him over.

He let her keep control for a while, but the need to dominate her crept in. Harry pulled her off by the ponytail, then made her kneel upright. Harry removed her shirt and flung it to the foot of the bed. He then reached behind her and unclasped her bra. Her big tits bounced out, and her nipples were already incredibly stiff. Harry pulled her shoes off and tossed them over the side of the bed. “On your stomach,” he ordered.

Angelina obeyed instantly. She flopped onto her stomach and playfully kicked her sock-covered feet. Harry knelt beside her and slid his hands down her sides and over her hips. He flipped the back of her skirt up, exposing her bare cheeks and the thin white strip of her panties.

She shimmied her hips, wiggling her ass in invitation. “You like what you see?”

He smacked her on the ass, hard enough to make her squeak. "In my humble opinion, it's the best view in the tower," he said.

She laughed and arched her back. "Then what are you waiting for?"

Harry hooked his fingers into the waistband of her panties and yanked them down. Her cunt was dripping, and the lips were already puffy and parted. The smell of her sex hit him like a punch in the face. He practically growled and buried his face between her legs. Angelina moaned and shoved her hips back, grinding herself against his mouth.

He licked her slowly, teasing her slit. He then flicked her clit until she squirmed. "Fuck, you're good at that," she gasped.

"So I've been told," he he said, his voice muffled by her slick pussy.

"Oh, god," she moaned as her fists bunched up the sheets.

Harry pulled back, lined his cock up with her entrance, and pushed in. The heat and tightness almost made him dizzy. He bottomed out, then gripped her hips and started pounding her. Angelina clung to the bedding, rocking back against him with every thrust.

She was loud and not afraid to let anyone know what they were doing. "Harder, Harry!" she screamed, and he listened, slamming into her so hard that her pussy created loud, perverse squelching noises. He grabbed a handful of her ass and spread her cheeks. The sight of his cock sliding in and out of her wet cunt was almost enough to make him cum right there.

Angelina trembled when the cool air hit her tight asshole. "Keep going ... I'm getting close," she groaned.

He switched angles, leaned over her, and put his hand on the back of her neck, pinning her face to the bed. The dominance made her whimper, and she went limp, taking every inch he gave her. He fucked her hard for a few minutes, then pulled out. Her pussy clung to his cock, and strings of her arousal clung to the shaft. Angelina looked back at him, her eyes heavy and dazed. "Why'd you stop?"

He grinned. "There's another hole that needs some attention."

He pressed the head against her asshole, and her cheeks immediately clenched. Harry pushed a little harder, and the tip just barely started to force the tight hole open. She froze for a second, then nodded, pushing her ass up to meet him.

"Do it," she begged.

Harry slowly thrust forward until the head forced her hole open. He slid the head in, and the tight ring squeezed the invading tip. She gasped, moaned, and buried her face in the pillow. He eased in, inch by inch, until he was balls deep in her ass. He paused for a second to let her adjust, then started thrusting again. Angelina bucked under him, and her moans were muffled by the pillow.

He reached around and found her clit, rubbing it in tight circles while he fucked her ass. She shuddered, then immediately started cumming so hard that it felt like his cock was being squeezed in a vice.

The sight of her analgasm set him off. Harry groaned, slammed in to the hilt, and filled her ass with a thick load. He didn't pull out right away. He just stayed inside, breathing hard while her asshole puckered around his shaft. Harry gently massaged her pussy and clit through her entire orgasm.

Angelina trembled, then giggled out a sound of pure delight. "I can't feel my legs," she said into the sheets. He kissed her shoulder and pulled out, watching as his cum leaked from her asshole.

Harry rolled her over and lay between her spread legs. Angelina wrapped her arms around the back of his neck and opened her mouth just as his lips met hers. She moaned when he started sucking on her tongue, and it wasn't long before she was grinding her pussy on his still-hard cock. Needless to say, round two came soon after.