

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 44

Emma's eyes rolled into the back of her head as Harry slowly and deeply thrust into her. His lips traveled up her neck and onto her jaw. She trembled as he forced her arms over her head and softly kissed her chin. Every time he thrust, he completely sheathed himself inside of her, mashing her clit against his body and causing massive spikes of pleasure. Harry pulled his hips back until only the head was still in, and then he slowly pushed himself back inside. The sound her pussy made was perverse, and though it was a bit embarrassing, it still filled her with womanly pride. She was wet for him. She was wetter than she had ever been. Harry's lips found hers, and he kissed her slowly and passionately. Emma then realized that he wasn't just fucking her. Harry was making love to her. This thought caused her to immediately cum.

Her pussy quivered around his thrusting cock, which made him gasp into her mouth. He sweetly pecked her lips and smiled into her cheek while Emma's contracting cunt attempted to milk him. "Again, Emma?" he teased her. "How many times did you cum so far?"

"S-Sorry!" she squeaked through the pleasure. Her inner muscles were fiercely massaging his shaft and desperately trying to get him to cum. Harry chuckled happily and angled his next thrust. The thick head of his cock bumped her g-spot, making her orgasm flare even more. Emma squealed loudly and tightly gripped his shoulders. Harry, however, sat up and draped one of her smooth legs over his shoulder. He caressed the silky skin of her thigh as he slowly and steadily fucked her cumming pussy. He rested the palm of his free hand on her mound and placed his thumb against her engorged clit. His thumb began tracing circles around the swollen bead.

"Don't be sorry," he said evenly as he massaged her clit with his thumb. Emma's eyes fluttered wildly, and she arched her back, thrusting her naked tits in the air. "From now on, I'm going to make you cum every chance I get," he told her with certainty.

Emma couldn't believe her ears. It sounded like he was claiming her as his own. Her pussy sure seemed to like the thought. It clamped down on him and refused to let go. Emma's eyes began to twitch uncontrollably, and her body trembled so badly that her tits shook and jiggled. She had just orgasmed again and was unable to control herself. Harry pulled out of her wet pussy and stood up on the bed. His cock was sticking straight out, long and hard. "Suck it," he ordered, and without thinking, Emma pushed herself to her knees and gripped his thighs.

Seeing it up close, Emma noticed that it was streaked with her pussy cream. His entire groin smelled like her wet cunt, and the discovery thrilled her. It was like she had marked her territory. The tip of his cock was pointed directly at her mouth, and Harry slowly pushed forward until it touched her lips. Emma's mouth opened, and he easily slipped inside. Her lips closed around it, and she expertly applied suction just as he pushed forward. The tip hit the back of her throat, and Emma fought the urge to gag. She looked up at him with her big, beautiful doe eyes as he

placed his hand on the back of her head. Emma began bobbing and cleaning her juices from his shaft while she continued to cum. Muffled squeaks and squeals filled the room as her pussy refused to stop cumming. Her tongue was flat against the underside of his shaft as she sucked him off harder and harder. Harry moaned loudly, clearly liking her technique. She then gripped him around the base and pulled back so she was sucking on the tip like a lollipop. Her hand jerked him back and forth, and she hoped for a creamy treat. However, it seemed like she wouldn't be getting it so easily. Her tongue swirled around the head while her other hand cupped his swaying sack. It felt heavy in her hand as she began to massage it. Harry lovingly brushed the hair from her face, which made Emma's belly flutter.

Harry pulled his hips back, trying to pull out of her mouth, but Emma sucked harder, trying to keep it in. She let go of his sack and reached behind him, grabbing his ass. She then started bobbing her head harder and faster, taking him deeper into her throat. This time, Emma couldn't stop from gagging, but this did nothing to stop her. She pulled him in until her face was touching his stomach. She could feel her throat stretched around him, and she was struggling to breathe. At the last second, she pulled off his cock and inhaled loudly. Pink-cheeked, she looked up at him while tugging on his cock with both hands. Harry smiled kindly at her and stroked her hair. Emma closed her eyes and purred.

Harry was doing everything possible to put her in a more romantic frame of mind. He wanted her to think of him as the only viable romantic partner for her. He didn't put all this work into her, only for her to give it to some other guy. It appeared it was working. He moved his fingers behind her ear and tickled her sensitive skin. Emma gasped and shuddered while her hands continued to work his cock. She leaned her head in and kissed his stomach. Her lips didn't stop there. They continued downward until she was kissing all around the base of his cock. She looked up at him with big, lustful eyes shining brightly. Her tongue snaked out of her mouth, and she swirled it all over his head while staring straight at him. She then pinned his cock against his belly and licked the entire underside of his shaft. Harry helped her out by bunching up her hair and holding it in a ponytail as her lips traveled further down. She opened her mouth wide and sucked half of his sack into her mouth. Harry moaned as he felt her tongue massaging him while she sucked hard on it. Emma was moaning and purring, and the vibrations from her noises made it feel even better. Her hand slipped between her legs to start playing with herself.

"Keeping yourself wet for me?" he teased as Emma devoured his sack.

"Mmhhh," he heard her hum as she moved to the other side of his sack.

"Show me," he said. "Turn around and stick your ass up."

Emma complied without hesitation. She let his balls slip from her lips, and she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. Turning around so that her ass was facing him, Emma lowered her top half and displayed herself to him. Her legs were closed, so her taut, hairless pussy lips looked extra tight. They were slick and shiny with wetness. "I did such a good job on your ass," Harry complimented her form. Emma responded by shaking her ass to tempt him.

He reached out and squeezed one of her thick cheeks ... and then the other. He let his fingers drift between her legs, and he rubbed the length of her slit. Emma moaned and pressed her pussy harder against his fingers. Her pussy was so wet that his fingers were soaked within seconds. He cupped her pussy and massaged her slit with his thumb. "Harry ..." she gasped like a whore. "Please," Emma begged.

He loved hearing the desperation in her voice. With her change, even her voice sounded sexier and more seductive. Harry wiggled his thumb from side to side, stimulating her soaked cunt. He noticed the insides of her thighs were streaked with pussy juice that had leaked from her slutty pussy. Harry lowered his head and licked up the inside of one thigh.

"YES!" Emma cried out, impassioned by his lewd actions. Harry licked her other thigh, cleaning the juices from her soft skin. Harry then pressed his face into the crack of her ass. Emma squealed and spread her knees apart. The scent of her wet pussy surrounded him, making his cock throb with need. Harry snaked his arms around the fronts of her thighs and pulled her ass harder into his face. Smiling deviously, Harry began shaking his head back and forth.

"Oh, god!" Emma gasped with wide eyes. She looked over her shoulder and saw Harry eagerly motorboating her naked ass and pussy. Emma's cheeks brightened significantly, and she turned her head and hid her face. She didn't want him to see how much she enjoyed being treated like a cheap hooker. She gripped the covers tightly when his tongue began lapping at her wetness. Her breathing intensified the more his tongue tickled her between her lips. Then, his tongue began to creep up her ass. Emma bit the covers when his tongue reached her asshole. It traveled around her rim just as two of his fingers plunged into her pussy.

She couldn't stop her body from shaking every time his tongue tickled her forbidden hole. His fingers were curling and expertly hitting all the right spots, causing her inner walls to clutch them tightly. Emma's smooth, curvy body broke into goosebumps, and she squealed into the bed. "More!" she cried out, her voice muffled by the mattress.

Harry obliged her request. His fingers pistoned faster and faster while he wiggled his tongue over her hole. Emma felt the coil in her lower belly tighten, signaling a fast-approaching orgasm. The sound of her pussy getting fingered was growing wetter, though she could barely hear it over her cries of pleasure. Then, Harry lightly bit down on one of her cheeks. That slight pain made her orgasm explode. She threw her head back and yelped as pussy juice began squirting from her fingered pussy. Harry pulled his fingers from her and gave her wide ass a hard smack.

Harry looked down at his handiwork with a pleased smile. Emma's ass was violently jiggling as she came over and over again. He leaned in and kissed her lower back. He then kissed up her spine until he reached the back of her neck. All it took was a slight thrust before he was fully sheathed in her contracting pussy. He gripped her shoulders and pushed her upper half flat against the bed. Her ass was still up in the air, waiting to be fucked. Harry wasted no time in doing so.

Her juices were spraying everywhere while he fucked her hard and fast. The sounds of her fat cheeks rippling and clapping were mixed with her incomprehensible mutterings and pleased moans.

“Holy shit,” Harry groaned as her pussy squeezed his cock and didn’t want to let go. “You’re so fucking tight! You’re like a whole new woman,” he told her over the sound of the wet squelching of her pussy being stuffed. Harry knew he couldn’t last too much longer. Her pussy was so snug that every thrust was a burst of pleasure. Still, he kept on for as long as he could. Her wet cunt did everything possible to wring the cum straight from his balls.

Pushing forward with one last powerful thrust that slammed against her shapely ass like a crack of thunder, Harry moaned and began flooding her insides with his seed. His hips slowly moved, and his cock continued to piston back and forth while her silky walls milked the cum from him. Emma gave one last tired squeak before her lower half collapsed flat on the bed, slipping from around his cock. Harry took a deep breath and exhaled loudly while Emma quivered through her orgasm. Harry looked between her slightly spread legs, and he saw globs of cum dripping from her pulsating pussy.

He had to admit, he had done an incredible job on Emma. Her ass and thighs looked perfect, and he couldn’t spot a single blemish on her smooth, silky skin. She had the body of a twenty-five-year-old again. She rolled onto her side, and Harry flipped her the rest of the way over. On her back, Harry visually feasted on her naked tits and smooth, hairless mound. Emma’s body was still bucking from the prolonged orgasm, but he noticed that she wasn’t covering herself. This pleased him. She was already coming around to the fact that she now belonged to him. He would make sure to cement that fact in her mind soon enough. He began the process by spreading her legs apart and taking his hands away. Her legs remained open. Harry rewarded her by settling between her legs and leaning down. His lips attacked the hard tips of her nipples, making Emma gasp and mewl with pleasure. Her hips wiggled from side to side as Harry lightly bit down on the hard nub and tugged it with his teeth. He then switched to her other breast and lavished it with equal attention. Emma threaded her fingers through his messy hair and pulled his face harder against her perfect breast.

Emma arched her back while her eyes fluttered. It had been so long since anyone had paid so much attention to her breasts. Her former husband certainly hadn’t. She had forgotten how much she loved having her sensitive nipples sucked. It seemed Harry couldn’t get enough. His tongue flicked over the little bead, sending bolts of pleasure racing down her spine. His hands encircled the sides of her breasts, and he pressed them together where he could reach both nipples with just a slight turn of his head. Emma couldn’t believe she was letting Hermione’s potential boyfriend do such things to her, but it felt too good to stop. Harry then let her breasts go and kissed his way up the middle of them. He softly kissed her throat, and Emma moaned and tilted her head backward, giving him room to do more. She lifted her knees and ran her bare feet along his sides and hips. His lips found hers, and she opened her mouth, allowing him

in. When his cock slipped back into her cum-filled depths, she barely had any time to prepare before he began pounding her pussy and making her cum again.

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Emma's eyes opened, and she let out a loud yawn. She stretched her arms and groaned. Her body was still a bit sore. She dropped her arms and blinked a few times, confused. She sat up, and the sheet covering her body slipped down, revealing her bare breasts. "Good morning," she heard Harry say. Her eyes snapped to him, and she found him at the bedroom door, sipping a cup of tea. He wasn't even pretending not to stare at her naked breasts. Emma suddenly felt embarrassed and pulled the sheet up to cover them.

"Where are we?" she asked, her voice hoarse from being overused the night before. It had been a long time since she had cried out in pleasure that much. Emma looked around, not recognizing the room they were in.

"While you were sleeping, I brought us to one of my secret homes. I thought it would be much more comfortable than the dingy lab we were in," he explained and took another sip of tea. "The lab didn't even have a shower."

Emma nodded in understanding. She definitely needed a shower. Scenes of the previous night filled her mind. She couldn't remember how many times Harry had finished inside of her. Her cheeks grew warm, and she was sure she was blushing. Harry sat down on the edge of the bed and handed her his cup of tea. Emma smiled softly and wordlessly took it from him. She sipped the hot beverage, which warmed her body. It was quite cool in the room, and her nipples grew stiff under the sheet. When she finished his tea, she handed him the cup and thanked him.

"The shower's right there if you want to use it," Harry said, pointing at a door. Emma nodded and got out of bed, holding the sheet around her otherwise nude form. She entered the bathroom and dropped the sheet from her body. She made sure the water was nice and hot before stepping in. The water flowed over her head, matting her hair and warming her body. She closed her eyes and let the hot water soothe her aching muscles. Harry hadn't been kidding when he said her muscles would hurt after the ritual. 'Harry ...' she thought. Emma bit her lower lip as she recalled all the things they had done last night. She knew she shouldn't have done it. It was totally wrong, but she couldn't deny how pleasurable it had been. Suddenly, a pair of hands encircled her belly, and a hard cock pressed against her wet ass. Instinctively, she leaned back and pressed against his chest. Her body had a mind of its own, and she wiggled her naked bottom against the hard manhood pressed against it. His hands moved up her belly and cupped her breasts.

Remembering that she was supposed to be in there alone, her eyes shot open, and she looked over her shoulder. "Harry!" she squeaked. "What are you doing?" she asked, startled by his sudden presence. His hands began groping her naked tits.

“After last night, I needed a shower as well,” he told her while kneading her breasts. Emma gasped when his fingers flicked over her hard nipples. Harry leaned in and kissed her, and Emma instantly kissed him back.

‘Okay, fine. I’ll let him do what he wants, but once I get home ... it’s over,’ she told herself while he rolled her stiff tips between his fingers, making her pussy throb. Harry then grabbed a bottle of body wash and squirted a huge glob on her chest. The thick liquid rolled between her breasts and down her belly. Harry then began soaping up her tits while Emma rubbed her ass against his cock. She then scooped some soap from her belly and reached behind her. She blindly felt for his cock and eventually was able to wrap her fingers around it. She tugged hard on it and rubbed the head against the wet skin of her ass. She moaned and sucked on his tongue while moving one of his hands from her breast down to her pussy. It didn’t take long for her to have a small orgasm.

Harry raised an eyebrow as Emma pulled away. She turned to face him, and he found her cheeks bright pink. Emma then slowly sank to her knees, where she rinsed his cock of the soap. A pleased smile spread across his face when she began sucking him off as passionately as she had the night before. Everything was going as planned.