

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 33

It was later that night after sneaking out of Hogwarts to meet with Alannah Greengrass, and Harry was eagerly waiting for his dinner guests. When the time came, a very punctual knock on the door let him know that they had arrived. Harry opened the door and saw the shy faces of Daphne and Tracey. He smiled warmly at them and let them in.

“Hey! This looks great!” Tracey’s eyes lit up at the assortment of expensive dishes that were being served. The House Elves were more than happy to cook up the food that Harry had provided them. “Lobster ... steak ... stuffed crab!” she excitedly named the different foods on display. Taken off guard, she jumped slightly when Harry began helping her take her robe off to hang up. She quickly calmed and smiled at him, letting him help her. Daphne smiled prettily when he helped take her robe off as well. Underneath their robes, each girl wore a sexy, little dress that some might mistake for a piece of lingerie. The satin material was shiny and brilliantly reflected the light from the flickering flames. Harry ran his eyes down their figures. The little dresses did a wonderful job accentuating their growing bodies, giving him a glimpse of their cleavage. The dresses ended halfway down their thighs, showing off most of their smooth legs. They were held up by thin straps that clung tightly to their delicate shoulders. It was obvious that they had purchased the dresses at the same shop as they were nearly identical with the only major difference being that Daphne’s was forest green and Tracey’s was dark maroon. On their feet, they wore high heels like proper Pureblood girls. He led them to the table and even pulled their chairs out for them. ‘Always play the hero,’ he silently told himself as he pushed their chairs in.

It was dark outside, and the lights were low. The crackling fire in the fireplace was the only source of light in the room, making it a romantic atmosphere. As expected, the girls didn’t ask how the meeting went. They had been trained well by Alannah. They would only begin talking once Harry brought up the subject. Harry waited until they had all finished their meals before bringing it up. They got up from the table, and Harry led them over to his bed where they kicked off their shoes and sat next to each other, eagerly awaiting the news.

“I spoke with your mother,” he told Daphne, who was looking up at him. “And she agreed to let me help with your family problem.”

“Did she speak with you about ... repayment?” Daphne asked, her voice a bit shaky. Harry attempted to keep a lecherous smile from his face, but it was difficult as he thought about the sexy woman.

“She may have hinted about a few things,” was all he was willing to tell them at the moment. “But she did agree that the three of us should get to know each other better. She also said to send you her love.”

The girls looked at one another, blushing deeply. They knew what she had been hinting at. All of this stuff had been taught to them once they were old enough. More than likely, her mother would offer herself up as a mistress, and Harry would use her body as he saw fit. What she meant when she stated that the three of them should “get to know each other better” was also not lost on them. Daphne’s mother had instilled in them a do-whatever-is-necessary attitude. After her father was gone, their lives had gotten progressively worse, but thankfully, they were still living decently ... at least according to their standards. Though Alannah had dropped some knowledge that had stuck with them. ‘Things can always get worse,’ she had said. When she explained all the different ways that their lives could sour, the girls had gone to their room with a terrible, sinking feeling deep in their bellies. Astoria could end up with Draco, her mother could end up having to whore herself out to whomever was willing to pay, and Daphne could end up having to marry some disgusting, old man and be turned into a breeding sow. Tracey’s father was still alive, but he wasn’t exactly in the running for Father of the Year. He wasn’t wealthy by any means, and he rarely even saw Tracey anymore, preferring to leave her with Alannah while he went out and lived his life of debauchery.

Tracey could easily end up in a similar situation, seen as a disgrace in Pureblood society, and relegated to the most debasing or low-paying jobs available. ‘Women cannot count on men for their happiness and well-being,’ Alannah had told them. ‘You must take the bull by the horns and do whatever is necessary to secure your own.’

From what her mother had hinted to Harry, it seemed that she was taking her own advice. It was expected that the girls would too. They knew that the family coffers were running dangerously low. Daphne loved living in her family’s large home, but the taxes alone were beginning to cripple the family. ‘How long can we go before having to sell it?’ she often asked herself while staying up at night, unable to sleep. Sometimes she would stay awake deep into the night, hoping for an answer to her family’s troubles. Now, she hoped, they had found one.

Dealing with Harry could be a bit tricky, as the girls had discussed earlier in the day. Getting a boy’s attention was easy. Keeping it was much more difficult. Harry was holding all of the cards. He didn’t need them ... just the opposite. One wrong move could turn him away from them. Sure, if he paid off Malfoy, then that would be one less problem that they would have to deal with, but there were a hundred more waiting just around the corner. Having someone like Harry to take over the responsibilities of their Head of House would be a godsend. However, as her mother had put it ... boys will be boys, and Harry will be no different. According to her mother, boys Harry’s age were genetically programmed to stick their cocks into practically anything that moved. To expect him to be a faithful lover was sheer lunacy. If she was to get angry with him and demand that she be the only one, Harry could very well tell her and her family to fuck off. Then they’d be right back to square one. Alannah had urged Daphne and Tracey to think of themselves as loyal mistresses in any potential relationship with him. That would keep Harry happy, which at the moment, was the most important thing.

Daphne gathered her courage and stood up, facing him. She reached up with shaky hands and began unbuttoning his shirt. Tracey stood up next to her and began undoing his belt and

trousers. "So you're willing to help us?" Daphne asked, making her eyes look as big and inviting as possible. Alannah called it her doe-eyed look. She said that no boy would be able to resist it.

"I reckon I am," Harry responded, caressing the length of her bare arm with his fingers. Daphne shuddered from the intimate contact. She suddenly felt something hit her belly, and she looked down. Tracey had pulled his pants down, and his hard penis had sprung out and smacked her on the stomach. She suddenly felt even more nervous than she already was. She wasn't expecting him to be so big. With his trousers halfway down his thighs, she watched as Tracey took him in her hand and slowly began working it. This was the first time Tracey had ever touched or even seen a penis in real life. Of course, Daphne hadn't either, and she was momentarily mesmerized by the sight. Remembering what she was supposed to be doing, she took his shirt off and tossed it away. She then dropped to her knees and helped Tracey get his pants and shoes off. Harry was now standing there completely nude, his hard cock pointing directly at them. The fact that he had no hair down there was a big turn-on for them. Neither were eager to get hair in their mouths. Never having done this before, both girls looked at each other, seeing who was going to take the first step. Daphne quickly decided that she should be the one to act first.

Leaning in, she started by kissing the head before laying kisses all down the side. They had been taught as much as they could by her mother, but some things just needed to be learned through experience, which was something they didn't have. On his other side, Tracey nervously joined in, following her lead, and kissing up and down the opposite side of his shaft. They heard Harry's breathing hitch, and it filled them with confidence knowing that they were at least on the right track. Daphne kissed the spot where his cock met the rest of his body, and she was amazed by how good he smelled. She had secretly feared going down on a boy, thinking that it wouldn't smell or taste good. She had a feeling that no other boy or man would smell as good as him. Unable to stop herself, she palmed his cock and buried her face in it, inhaling his manly scent. Tracey, it seemed, was in the same mindset as her. She pulled his cock away from Daphne and lovingly nuzzled it with her face. This annoyed Daphne who wanted more. Her mother's voice suddenly filled her head. 'Don't forget his balls. Boys love having their balls sucked.'

When Alannah had first told her about this, the thought repulsed her, but now that she was experiencing a boy that she found very attractive, the thought didn't seem so bad. In fact, she *wanted* to have them in her mouth. So as Tracey nuzzled, kissed, and licked the length of his shaft, Daphne ducked under and turned her head so that her mouth was facing up. She opened her mouth so wide that her jaw began to ache and almost swallowed his low-hanging sack. She sucked and pulled on it so hard that his balls popped right out of her mouth. Unsatisfied, she dove back in and sucked one testicle into her mouth, massaging it with her tongue. Harry's heavy breathing quickly turned into soft moans.

Seeing what Daphne was doing, Tracey decided to push things even further. Placing the tip of his cock against her lips, she opened her mouth and took as much of him inside her as possible, which wasn't much. After a few inches, her untrained gag reflex activated, and she pulled off of

him. Breathing rapidly, she wiped her watering eyes and tried again. This time she took it slower. When his fat head was in her mouth, she wiggled her tongue around it just like Alannah had taught them. Harry's hand found the top of her head, and his fingers threaded through her dark hair. She leaned in, taking an extra inch into her mouth. With shallow bobs of her head, she began sucking off a boy for the first time. After a minute or so of amateur-style sucking, she leaned in further and took another inch. Bobbing her head slowly and steadily, she found that she enjoyed the act of sucking Harry's cock. Would she enjoy it so much if it wasn't Harry, she asked herself. 'Probably not,' quickly came to mind.

Down below, Daphne was really getting into it. By that point, she was practically bathing his balls with her tongue, but as much as she liked it, she still wanted to try what Tracey was doing. She pulled her mouth from his sack and said, "Switch."

Tracey didn't even hear her. She was in her own world, testing her skills by using her tongue and adding more suction. Her head was bobbing so fast that her dark hair was bouncing around. She had even learned to take him an extra inch. Tracey pushed her head down, taking him as far as she could for the time being, and sucked on him as hard as possible. "Tracey!" she heard Daphne complain. Tracey then slowly pulled off of his cock, still sucking as hard as possible. She loved hearing Harry moan. His fingers curled in her hair, causing a spike of pain that oddly felt pleasurable to her. She was about to start sucking on him again when Daphne bumped her aside with her body.

"It's my turn," she stated with finality. Tracey scooted over to give Daphne more room and watched as she gently caressed the length of his cock with her delicate fingers. It appeared that she was studying his shape. Her small hand dipped low and cupped his bloated balls. Tracey decided to help her friend by bunching up her hair into a makeshift ponytail, holding it out of the way. Just as she had done, Daphne first tested it by kissing and licking the tip. Harry's body stiffened when she accidentally grazed her teeth across the head.

"Be careful ... No teeth," Tracey reminded her friend, remembering all the things that Alannah had taught them. Daphne silently nodded and opened her mouth wider to accommodate his abnormal size. Tracey was amazed at how much of him she was able to take on her first go. Truthfully, she was a little jealous that more than half of him was down her throat. Daphne looked up at him with wide, innocent eyes while he held the back of her head. Then, Harry began slowly thrusting. It was truly a sight, Tracey thought as Harry stood there slowly fucking Daphne's mouth. She could hear Daphne gagging slightly, but she kept going like a true Slytherin. After only a few minutes, Harry's balls were slapping against her chin as he began fucking her face harder and faster. Finally, Daphne couldn't take any more. She pulled off of him, her face red and breathing heavily.

Harry wasn't wasting any time. He reached down and grabbed the skirt of Tracey's dress. Giving it a tug, he started pulling it up and off of her body. Tracey subordinately lifted her arms, and the dress easily slipped off of her body. Harry grabbed her under her arms and lifted her to her feet. Tracey was standing there in front of the Boy Who Lived, fully nude. Harry's eyes feasted on her

naked form. It appeared that he liked what he saw. Grabbing her ass, he lifted her up, causing Tracey to squeak. Her legs instinctively wrapped around his waist and her arms around his neck as he held her tightly. Her pussy was soaking wet, and she was sure that her juices were now smeared all over Harry's muscular belly. She couldn't help herself though. She was too worked up. Kissing Harry as passionately as possible, she began grinding her hot pussy on his stomach. The sensation was beyond anything that she had ever felt. As her clit was being massaged against his skin, pleasurable tingles raced up and down her body, making everything feel good. Her pink nipples were so hard that they were starting to ache. Rubbing them against his chest was the only cure for what her body was desiring. Harry was an excellent kisser, she decided as his tongue tickled the bottom of hers. The only other person she had ever kissed was Daphne, and that was because they needed someone to practice with. Of course, they also knew that there was a possibility that they would need to perform a threesome at some point. She was very glad that she and Daphne had already crossed that barrier by practicing sexual acts together. She would have been much more nervous at the moment otherwise.

Harry's hand dipped between her cheeks, and Tracey gasped into his mouth, and her body bucked as his fingers brushed against her virgin asshole. They slipped in a bit further, and Harry could feel the sweltering heat of her moist pussy. His finger found her opening, and Harry teased her further by stretching her open. Tracey threw her head back and moaned while Daphne was forced to stand there and watch.

Daphne Greengrass wasn't used to being relegated to a second-class citizen. There was no way that she was just going to stand there and watch as Tracey received all of his passion and pleasure. She moved behind Harry and forced her hand between the mashed pair. She could feel Tracey's soft, smooth skin as she moved her hand around, trying to find her target. She found his cock and wrapped her hand around it, loving how hard and hot it was. It was a bit difficult to jerk his cock while Tracey was pressed against it so tightly, but she persisted. She then began kissing his back to let him know that she was there and available. It must have worked, Daphne thought, because he placed Tracey back on her feet and turned to her. Daphne saw the look in his eyes, and she knew that he was going to take anything he wanted from her. Swallowing hard, she straightened her back proudly and with confidence. Harry placed his hands on her widening hips, moving them up her slim sides until his thumbs tickled the sensitive skin under her arms. Goosebumps broke out all across her soft skin while her body shivered. Slowly, he hooked his thumbs under the strings that were holding her dress up. He began peeling the small dress off of her body. Daphne's face blushed beet-red when her breasts were exposed. Like Tracey's, they were only a handful in size, but perfectly shaped with beautiful, pink nipples that were hard and crinkled. "Move to the other side of her, Tracey," Harry ordered.

Her body sidled up to her opposite side, and Harry showed exactly what he wanted. Leaning over, he took one of her perfect, little nipples into his mouth and began sucking. A moment later, her other nipple was enveloped by Tracey's warm mouth. Feeling two tongues worshipping her nipples was an experience that Daphne hoped to replicate many times in the future. "EEP!" she yelped when Tracey bit down a little too hard on her nipple.

“Sorry,” she apologized, before sucking hard on the little bud and massaging it with her tongue.

Even as Harry nipped and kissed all over her breast, he took the time to tug her dress down even further, exposing her cute belly. Moving to her front, he knelt and laid soft kisses all around her belly button, which nearly drove her mad with desire. She could feel fat drops of arousal dripping down the insides of her thighs. Neither girl had been wearing any underwear, wanting to be ready if something started up. Tracey was still sucking hard on her nipple while Harry pulled her dress down the rest of the way. It pooled around her ankles, and Daphne lifted her feet while Harry took it off and tossed it aside. Daphne was now fully exposed to Harry’s eyes, hands, and lips. He reached around and cupped her cheeks, pulling her body to him. His lips found her perfectly smooth mound, and she heard him inhale her womanly scent. Daphne flushed red but was pleased that he seemed to like the way her wet pussy smelled. That was something that worried her about being with a boy for the first time. With that worry gone, she was better able to enjoy it when he spread her cheeks and sucked hard on the delicate skin of her mound. Her fingers threaded through his hair tightly while she shuddered and moaned from being worked over.

Daphne yelped when he hooked her legs over his shoulders and stood up, her pussy right in his face. Harry held her thighs firmly while burying his mouth in her wet slit. She looked up, and her eyes fluttered as she felt his tongue slipping and sliding between her taut lips. Not expecting the sudden rush of pleasure when he sucked on her hard clit, she squealed loudly, surprised that such a sound left her elegant mouth. His tongue was flicking against it, and rubbing circles around it. When his tongue began vibrating, her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and her body began spasming. The sounds of his licking turned into slurps as he drank down her juices. Daphne then found herself placed on the bed. Tracey gasped as she was lifted up and gently placed down on top of her. Their clits were mashed together, and their breasts were rubbing. They looked each other in the eye and blushed, turning their heads.

Tracey felt the head of his cock massaging the length of her slit, and she knew what was about to happen. Hiding her face against Daphne’s neck, she threaded her fingers through Daphne’s and squeezed as Harry thrust forward.

Being inside of Tracey was heavenly, Harry thought as her walls instantly clung to his fat cock. Rubbing the small of her back tenderly, Harry then grabbed her hips and began slowly fucking her. The sounds of her wet suction were loud as her body desperately attempted to keep him in. Harry used his thumb to tickle her asshole as he pushed in, and he felt her clench even tighter. He could see her lips stretch outward every time he pulled back.

Already feeling dizzy from too much pleasure, Tracey shuddered against Daphne’s body. Daphne’s hands wrapped around her, and she gently rubbed her back. Cute, little noises were coming from her mouth with every thrust. Harry then hit her g-spot, and it was like a whole new world for Tracey. Never having experienced such pleasure, she instantly came, milking a boy’s cock for the first time. She moaned pathetically when Harry pulled out.

Below her, Daphne gasped when she felt the tip of his cock touch her tight lips. He moved his cock up and down, wiping Tracey's juices on her already-soaked pussy. Then, with a quick thrust, he claimed her virginity as well. Daphne groaned as her body was stretched for the first time. He felt huge as he entered her, hitting a wonderful spot deep within her body. Daphne arched her back, and her toes curled painfully. Her fingers had never felt that good. Both of their bodies were jerked back and forth as Harry took his time, switching from one wet pussy to the other. Their gasps and moans mixed, as well as the scents from their cumming pussies. Daphne was seeing stars when he angled his hips in a way so that he was constantly pounding on her poor, abused g-spot. She couldn't count the number of times that they came on his cock. Harry, of course, hadn't even cum once. He was obviously well beyond them when it came to anything sexual. She was sure that he would bring them up to speed, Daphne thought. Probably quickly too, seeing how much he enjoyed sampling their bodies. Both girls were squealing in each other's ears, cumming over and over.

Then, out of nowhere, Harry removed his cock from Daphne's contracting pussy and shoved his cock between their smooth mounds. The sensation of him fucking their clits made both of them cum even harder.

"Here it comes," Harry groaned and pulled out. Tracey felt her ass and bare back getting splattered with his thick, hot cum. She wasn't sure how much he had cum, but it felt like a lot to her. She could feel it dribbling down her cheeks and onto the backs of her thighs.

The pair of freshly-fucked girls looked at each other and blushed deeply. The duo of best friends had just lost their virginities together, and judging from the way he immediately shoved his cock back into Tracey's still-cumming pussy, Harry wasn't going to be done with them any time soon.