

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 40

Harry appeared behind a large, well-manicured shrub near Hermione's house. The sun was low on the horizon, casting orangish hues over the mostly white exteriors of the many expensive homes in the neighborhood. Harry smoothed out the wrinkles from his long-sleeved dress shirt and straightened his tie. He wanted to make a good impression on Mrs. Granger. He walked a couple of blocks until he reached Hermione's home. It was just as big and expensive-looking as the rest of the homes in the area. All the lights in the house were on, even the ones upstairs. Somehow, it made the house look even more impressive. Harry smartened himself up and stepped up to the door. Forgoing the doorknocker, he rapped his knuckles against the thick oak door and waited. It only took a few seconds before the door opened, revealing Hermione's smiling, beautiful face.

"Harry, you're here!" she said, trying her best to avoid squealing like a fangirl. Harry smiled back at her and nodded. Hermione stepped up and hugged him tightly around the waist. Harry chuckled and rubbed her back tenderly. Their hug was interrupted by the clearing of a throat. Hermione broke the hug and looked behind her. Mrs. Granger was standing there with a small smile playing on her lips. Hermione reluctantly broke the hug and introduced them.

"Mum ... This is Harry Potter. Harry, this is my mum," she announced.

"We've met once before, but it's a pleasure to see you again, Harry ... and please, call me Emma," she said kindly, holding out her hand for him to shake.

Emma Granger was a pretty woman whose age was beginning to catch up with her. Harry didn't know her exact age and couldn't remember if Hermione had ever mentioned it, but he suspected she was in her mid-forties. Still, she was put together pretty well. Her brown hair was full, bouncy, and styled nicely in soft, loose curls. A light dusting of makeup further emphasized the attractiveness of her face. She had large, brown eyes like her daughter, and her eyebrows were well-groomed. Both she and Hermione were wearing similarly styled dresses, but while Emma's showed off a little more cleavage than Hermione's, her dress went just past her knees while Hermione's ended just above the knee. Emma was curvier than Hermione, which wasn't a surprise since she was a fully matured woman. Her slim waist rapidly flared into wide, sexy hips. Around Emma's slender neck was a thin gold necklace with a pearl pendant that rested in the indentation at the base of her throat. The pendant drew his eyes to her chest, and Harry would wager a large sum of gold that she was hiding a nice set of tits under her dress. All in all, she was still an attractive woman despite her advancing age.

Harry smiled at the older woman and took her hand. Her skin was very soft and smooth, and as a dentist, Harry guessed she wasn't doing much physical labor. Harry used his nifty little trick and pushed a small amount of his magic into her. Her grip on his hand tightened, and he heard a quiet gasp leave her lips. It was so hushed that he would have missed it if he hadn't been

paying such close attention to her reaction. There was a slight tremble in her hand, and Emma quickly let go and placed it at her side. Other than that, she did a relatively good job hiding her reaction to the sudden and unexpected pleasure. "Thank you for inviting me ... Emma," Harry said, pretending to sound embarrassed at using her given name.

"Of course. It's no problem at all. Please, come in," she said with a pretty smile, stepping back to clear the door frame.

"Yeah, come in," Hermione agreed, taking his hand and pulling him in.

The inside of the Grangers' home was very clean and homey. It didn't reek of fake extravagance like the Dursleys' house did. There were a lot of framed pictures on the walls and shelves, though Harry quickly noticed that Mr. Granger was nowhere to be seen in them. Empty spots where photos used to be could easily be spotted. Harry snorted internally. 'She didn't waste time getting rid of all evidence that he ever existed,' Harry amusedly thought. Hermione had done a very good job.

"Dinner is almost ready. Why don't you and Hermione take a seat, and I'll call you when it's time?" she said, not waiting for a response.

"Okay, Emma," Harry called out as she entered the kitchen. Her hips were swaying in a way that captured his interest. He could tell she wasn't trying to entice him by walking that way. It was the natural way she walked, and Harry found it arousing. Unfortunately, she disappeared into the kitchen, and Hermione pulled him down on the couch.

As soon as his butt hit the cushion, Hermione attacked his lips. She let out a quiet moan as her tongue entered his mouth. Taking advantage of their alone time, Harry placed his hand on her covered breast and kneaded it. He could instantly tell that she wasn't wearing a bra. Her hard nipple could be felt through the material of her dress. He pressed his thumb against the hardened nub and rubbed it. Hermione hummed in delight and broke the kiss. Her lips lowered to his neck, where she began sucking on his skin. Harry couldn't help but smile. Hermione was always horny and ready to go.

"I wish we had more time," Harry teased her and placed his free hand on her knee. It slowly slid up her thigh and under the bottom of her dress. His fingers dipped between her legs, and he possessively squeezed her inner thigh. The heat coming from her pussy was incredible, and he was sure that she would flood the room with her scent if he gave in and pulled her panties off. Hermione would never deny him that, but he didn't want to push his luck with Emma too soon.

"So do I," Hermione agreed as she squirmed on the couch and tried to get him to rub her panty-covered pussy. Harry obliged her and pressed his fingers against her covered slit. He moved his fingers up and down, feeling the shape of her womanhood. The crotch of her panties was moist, and Hermione closed her legs and trapped his hand there while she kissed along his jaw. A few minutes later, they heard Emma coming and broke apart.

“It’s ready!” she happily chirped.

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Emma studied the young man across the table. Harry Potter was certainly as handsome as her daughter had described. He was tall and looked to have a decent amount of muscle mass underneath his clothes. She had to admit that his eyes were quite stunning. However, there was something strange about him. This thought immediately came to mind the moment he shook her hand. The instant he touched her, it was like her body was flooded with electricity, only it didn’t hurt her. It was just the opposite, in fact. The powerful charge felt better than anything she had ever felt before. From that quick contact with his hand, her panties became so wet that she had to leave her cooking duties and sneak back to her room from the kitchen and change them.

In her room, Emma hiked up the bottom of her dress and peeled the wet panties down her thighs. She kicked them off her heeled foot and stood there for a moment. Catching her reflection in the large mirror hanging on the wall, Emma saw that her cheeks were flushed pink, and that wasn’t the only thing she noticed. Her dress was still pulled up, exposing her thick, brown bush to the room, and running down the inside of her thigh was a fat drop of arousal. “Pull yourself together!” she scolded herself, grabbing a tissue from the nightstand.

She wiped away the streak of arousal from her thigh and then dabbed it against her pussy. After tossing the soiled tissue into the bin, she grabbed a fresh pair of underwear and slid them up her legs. Emma knew exactly why she was acting like this. She hadn’t had any kind of sexual release since her husband began acting like a jackass, and while Harry was much younger than her, he was still a handsome young man spending time in her home. It was only natural that her body would react in such a way. She was going through a dry spell. That’s all it was, she told herself. There was no way she would have let her husband touch her when he was acting like that, and her mind was so screwed up from their constant arguments that the thought of touching herself was unappealing. ‘That’s only part of the problem,’ her mind reminded her, and Emma winced.

The truth was that her husband had really gotten to her. His insults had cut her deep, and while she had given as good as she got, she couldn’t deny that his insulting words had completely destroyed her self-esteem. Try as she might, she couldn’t get his words out of her head. Emma stepped closer to the mirror and examined her face. Objectively speaking, she knew that she was still somewhat attractive, but she just couldn’t see it. All she could see were the small wrinkles, the skin that was no longer as soft or smooth as it used to be, and the small layer of extra fat that she had somehow picked up over the years despite eating healthy. Emma sighed and turned away, no longer wanting to look at her reflection. Her future wasn’t boding well. She was forty-five years old and newly single. Her dating prospects were bleak ... Not that she wanted to date so soon after having her marriage fall apart. Shaking her head, Emma went back downstairs to finish cooking.

After sitting down with Hermione and Harry, she began to wonder why her body was reacting to him. Yes, he was handsome, but she had encountered countless handsome men over the years, and she had never reacted like that before. She was sure that part of it was because she was so lonely, but that couldn't have been the whole story.

"This is really good, Emma," Harry complimented her lasagna, distracting her from her thoughts. She looked at him and saw him looking back. She couldn't stop her face from heating up slightly.

"Thank you, Harry," she said and cleared her throat. "I wanted to ask about what you did to Hermione," she broached the subject. Harry nodded, and she assumed that Hermione had mentioned it to him in her letter.

"What would you like to know?" he asked and took a drink of his lemonade.

"Is it safe?" she asked him. That was obviously the most important question. Again, Harry nodded.

"It's completely safe," he told her. "I made the Beautification potion by altering an existing one. I just made it better. After that, I had to do a ritual to make the effects permanent. I did the same thing to myself several years ago, and I'm healthier than before," Harry explained.

"And what of this ritual?" she asked him. The word ritual brought up many negative images in her head. Hermione had explained that that wasn't the case, but she wanted to know the details.

"I created the ritual myself. There's not much to it. I just brew a large batch of a special potion that's made from common ingredients you can find in any potions shop in Diagon Alley. Then, once it's ready, you have to soak your body in it. All I have to do is activate the ritual, and the potion does everything else," Harry told her. She then turned to her daughter.

"Was it painful?" Emma asked her. Hermione studied her for a second before answering.

"Soaking in the potion wasn't painful, but my body was sore the following day," she truthfully told her mother.

"The potion bath amplifies the Beautification Potion. She was sore because her body grew over a short amount of time. I went through the same thing. It feels like being sore after visiting the gym for the first time," Harry explained further. That was something Emma could understand. She had tried going to the gym a few days ago, and the following day, she could barely walk.

"I can't deny the results," Emma said, looking at her daughter. Hermione was very beautiful. Her hair looked thick and healthy, her body was more womanly, and even her skin had a healthy

sheen. Emma couldn't lie to herself ... She was a bit jealous of her youth and beauty. "But I'm not sure if I like you modifying your body like that. Why not just let Mother Nature do its thing?"

Harry looked at Hermione and smiled. "Mother Nature will still play a role. Hermione's going to continue getting more beautiful until she fully matures," Harry explained while Hermione blushed. This made Emma feel even more jealous, but what Harry said next made her stop short.

"If I were to do it on someone who's done physically growing ... like you, it would actually turn back the clock, as it were. It wouldn't make you younger, but it would definitely fight against Mother Nature and make you look younger. That's why I haven't announced it to anyone other than Hermione. I would probably be inundated with requests from all over the world. I just don't have the time to make everyone look young and beautiful," he said.

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Harry purposely dropped that nugget of information and was glad to see that his instincts were correct. As soon as he hinted that he could make Emma look younger, he could immediately see the wheels in her head turning. She suddenly became quiet as she stared at the wall. No doubt she was thinking seriously at that moment. Harry gave it a week before asking him to perform it on her as well. He would, of course, but he had no intention of gifting a beautiful, younger-looking Emma Granger to the world. She would be his, and his alone.

The rest of the dinner went pleasantly enough, though Emma was obviously distracted by her thoughts. Hermione was more than happy to fill the void in their conversation while her hand sneakily groped his crotch under the table.

"Thank you for the dinner, Emma," Harry said as he stood at the doorstep. "It was wonderful." Emma smiled kindly in return.

"It was my pleasure. Why don't you come back this weekend? Saturday afternoon, perhaps? It will give me an excuse to make my spaghetti, and I'm sure Hermione will be happy to see you again so soon," she said before he could leave.

"Sure. That sounds great," Harry replied, sounding enthusiastic. Emma smiled wider and nodded.

"Is five o'clock good for you?" she asked him, and Harry nodded. "Excellent! We'll see you then."

Harry waved goodbye to them and walked down the street. As soon as he was hidden from everyone's view, Harry apparated into Hermione's room and waited. It wasn't long until she came through the door. Hermione gasped and jumped upon seeing him. She quickly closed the door and used her wand to add some basic magical protections for privacy's sake. "Harry, you

scared me! I didn't know you were going to come back," she said, placing a hand on her heaving chest. Still, she looked very pleased with his return.

"You really worked me up during dinner," Harry smiled and walked over to her. He reached behind her and unzipped the back of her dress. He then peeled the fabric down her body, revealing her perky breasts. The tips of her nipples jutted out from her soft pink areolas. He pushed the dress past her slim belly and over her widening hips. Once it passed her hips, the dress cascaded down her toned legs and pooled at her ankles. Harry lifted her from her dress, and Hermione kicked off her heels as he lay her on the bed. Standing back up, Harry removed his clothes while he watched her reach into her panties and begin masturbating.

"How long do you think it will be before your mother asks for the ritual?" Harry asked as he kicked his trousers off. Hermione's eyes were locked on his bouncing cock.

"You think she will?" Hermione asked as Harry settled between her legs and slid the panties off of her. Hermione opened her legs wide, giving him full access to her damp slit. Harry rubbed her lips with the pads of his fingers until they were completely wet.

"Definitely," Harry answered her as he took his cock in hand and rubbed the head along her slit. After only a few swipes, his entire head was slick with her juices. "I had a feeling she might if I subtly brought up the fact that I could do it to her as well. She got much quieter after that."

"If she asks ... Will you do it?" Hermione asked lustfully. Hermione looked as though she wanted nothing more than to be brutally fucked. She further teased him by placing her bare feet on his chest and tickling his skin with her little toes. Harry teased her by placing his head against her opening and pushing it in an inch. He then pulled it out and rubbed the wet head against her swollen clit. Hermione moaned deeply and arched her back.

"Yes," Harry answered her simply. He then moved his head down her slit and pressed it against her puckered hole. Hermione gasped and looked excited. She hooked her arms underneath the backs of her knees and pulled her legs up. She was offering her asshole to him. Harry ran his finger down the length of his cock and wandlessly conjured a trail of lubricant. He then took his cock in hand and stroked the lubrication into his skin. "If Emma is going to be one of my lovers, then I want her looking as good as possible. She wants to look good as well. I could see the jealousy in her eyes every time she looked at you. I don't blame her. You're a sexy little slut, after all," Harry teased and thrust into her. Hermione squealed as he sank balls deep into her ass.

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After having fun with Hermione, Harry appeared back in his room at the Burrow. By then, it was decently late, but that didn't stop him from taking a quick shower. When he got back to his room, he found Molly Weasley sitting on the edge of his bed with one leg crossed over the other. The tiny nightgown she was wearing was hiked high upon her thigh. It was so high that Harry could

see the entire side of her hip. She clearly wasn't wearing any panties. The front of the towel around his waist immediately tented, despite the fact that Harry had just finished cumming inside both of Hermione's holes.

"I was just coming in to wish you a goodnight, but it seems I may have gotten you a bit too excited to sleep," Molly giggled as Harry stepped up. Her hand touched the bulge in the towel, and she unapologetically groped his raging erection. Harry grunted as she squeezed it tightly.

"I wouldn't be a very good hostess if I let you suffer all night ... Would I?" Molly seductively asked. Harry went back to pretending to be an inexperienced young man. He shook his head.

"N-No," he groaned as she rubbed her palm against the bottom of his shaft, which she had pinned against his lower belly. With her free hand, she grabbed the towel and whipped it off of his body, and his erection sprang out and bounced around.

"It's so big and angry," Molly teased, though he could hear the awe in her voice. Try as she might, she couldn't hide from him the fact that she was a cock-loving slut who liked them big. Harry wondered how many men she had fucked while still being married to Arthur. He dropped this train of thought when her hands reached around him and squeezed his ass cheeks. She leaned in and placed a soft kiss on his shaft. Molly then looked up at him with an innocent expression. Her hand wrapped around the bottom half of his shaft, and she began jerking it while rubbing the head against her cleavage.

"Would you like me to take care of this for you?" she asked with wide, inviting eyes. She was dragging his head against the inside of one of her breasts. "Do you want me to help you cum?" she asked again.

"Yes, please," Harry moaned louder than he normally would have to help keep up appearances. Molly smiled widely and let go of his cock. She then grabbed the bottom of her nightgown and lifted it over her head. Her big tits spilled out and jiggled around hypnotically. Her nipples were already rock-hard. She tossed the nightgown away, took his cock, and stuffed it between her pillowy tits. Holding the side of each breast, Molly squeezed her tits together and began bouncing them up and down. This time, Harry's moan was genuine.

"Is this okay?" she asked innocently. "Does it feel good?"

"It feels great, Molly!" Harry moaned as she fucked him with her tits. Her breasts were firm but also, somehow, incredibly soft. They wrapped around his shaft and hugged it tightly, bringing him great pleasure. She then lowered her head and let a glob of saliva drip down into her cleavage.

"So, how was your dinner with the Grangers?" she asked him, and Harry realized that she didn't just come to his room because she was a horny cow. Molly wanted to remind him of the reasons why he should stay here with her and Ginny.

“It was good. Emma is really nice,” Harry answered, smirking internally. There was no doubt that Molly was annoyed by the prospect of Harry spending time with another attractive MILF. To prove his point, Molly began bouncing her tits even faster.

“That’s nice, dear. Do you plan to visit them again?”

“This weekend,” Harry said and shuddered as he got close to finishing.

“Just promise me you’ll stay safe,” she smiled and inversely bounced each breast.

“I will,” Harry gasped from the pleasure.

“Are you close to release, honey?” she asked, sounding extra kind. Harry nodded.

In response, Molly pulled his cock from her breast and took his length down her throat. She bobbed her head like a maniac, choking and gagging around him. Harry groaned and flooded her throat with his seed. Molly pulled back until only the head was in her mouth. Harry heard her gulping down his cum while she massaged his heavy sack. When he was done, Molly licked the tip of his cock and kissed it. Harry shuddered from the sensitivity. She then stood up while showing no signs of self-consciousness about her blatant nudity. Her tits were there to be ogled, and her legs were slightly spread, giving him a nice view of her mound and lips. As she stood, Harry could smell the arousal that was clinging to her slutty pussy.

“I’ll come back and wish you a good night tomorrow. Would you like that, Harry?” she asked sweetly while bending over to pick up her discarded nightgown. She flashed him her ass and tight pussy lips as she did.

“That would be brilliant!” Harry enthusiastically stated. Molly giggled and slipped the nightgown over her head, hiding her spectacular assets.

“Good,” she said as she walked to the door. “I’ll see you tomorrow then,” she added as she closed the door behind her. Harry dropped down onto the bed and chuckled. Molly Weasley was a piece of work.