

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 42

"Thank you for dinner, Emma. It was great," Harry told Hermione's mother as the two women escorted him to the front door. "I'll see you soon, Hermione," he told his friend and hugged her. Hermione's arms wrapped tightly around his waist, and she squeezed him. After a long delay, she released him and tossed him a beautiful smile.

"See you soon," she said and winked in a way that her mother couldn't see. She already knew that Harry would visit her every few nights to have his way with her, and she couldn't be happier about it. Hermione walked back into the house while Emma leaned in for a hug. To his surprise, she gave him a soft kiss on the cheek. Her lips lingered.

"Can you come back at midnight?" she asked quietly. Her warm breath brushed over his cheek. "I need to talk to you about something, and I don't want Hermione to know about it just yet," Emma confessed. Harry hid the smile that was threatening to form on his handsome face. He already knew what she wanted to talk about.

"Sure," he answered quietly while she remained pressed against his body. His cock quickly inflated halfway from her warmth and the smell of her sweet perfume.

"Thank you," she said quietly. "Come to the front door and tap on the window. I'll be waiting," she told him. Harry nodded, and with that, she let go of him and smiled.

"You're welcome for the dinner. You can join us any time you want," she said at a higher volume so Hermione could hear.

"I'll come visit soon. Bye!" he said, waving at her. "Bye, Hermione!" he called out to her. Hermione waved back as Emma went back into the house. Harry began walking away when the door closed. He then walked down the street and out of sight before apparating directly into Hermione's room. He didn't have to wait long before she came in and closed the door behind her. She spotted him lying on the bed and smiled. Quickly stripping, she crawled onto the bed and draped herself over him. Harry's hands found her shapely bottom, and he began stroking her pussy while she leaned in and started kissing his neck.

"Your mum asked me to come back," he confessed while Hermione purred from his pleasurable treatment of her body.

"Really?" she asked and went back to sucking on his skin. It didn't sound like she cared all that much. Hermione had already gotten what she wanted out of the deal, and now all she cared about was cumming on his cock. "You think she will ask you to do the ritual?" Hermione asked, kissing up his neck and onto his jawline.

“Definitely,” Harry easily answered. His fingers were already slick with her juices. “I assume you don’t have any problems with that?” he asked. Hermione shook her head and wiggled her pussy against his fingers. Knowing what she wanted, Harry slipped one of them inside of her. Her wet cunt immediately tightened around his digit, and he slowly began finger-fucking her.

“She can make her own choices. As long as she doesn’t try to keep me away from you, she can do whatever she wants,” Hermione bluntly stated. Harry rewarded her good attitude by deeply kissing her while curling his finger inside of her. Hermione squealed and pulled away. With a wild look in her eyes, she practically tore his clothes off and mounted him. Harry spent the next few hours as Hermione’s sexual plaything.

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Harry checked the clock in Hermione’s room. It was a few minutes to midnight. Harry unwrapped Hermione from his nude body and stood up. Harry magically cleaned his body and got dressed over the sound of Hermione’s cute little snores. He then apparated out of her room. Harry walked the short distance back to the Granger house and went to the front door. However, he didn’t need to tap on the window. As soon as he reached the door, the curtain pulled back, revealing Emma’s pretty face behind the window. The curtain closed, and a second later, the front door opened. Emma smiled prettily at him, pleased he had arrived.

“Thanks for coming, Harry. I know coming back at such an hour is a big inconvenience, but ...” she began, but Harry cut her off by waving his hand.

“It’s not a problem, Emma. I’m happy to help you in any way I can,” Harry told her, sounding as sincere as possible. It seemed to have worked. Emma looked very pleased at his choice of words.

“It means a lot to me,” she told him. “Come in, and we’ll talk in my room. I don’t want to wake Hermione up,” she explained, stepping out of the way to let him enter.

As the door closed behind them, he noticed that Emma had changed from the clothes she had worn to dinner. Unfortunately, she wasn’t anything too sexy. She wore a form-fitting women’s t-shirt and silky pajama pants. Still, her choice of bedroom attire showed off her feminine curves. “This way,” she quietly instructed.

Harry followed her upstairs, both attempting to step as softly as possible. He followed her into her room, and Emma quietly closed the door behind them. Harry stood there, waiting for Emma to begin. Emma turned to him and remained quiet for a moment. She appeared to be trying to gather her courage or maybe trying to figure out what she was going to say. “Are you okay, Emma?” Harry asked, pretending to be concerned. Emma shot him a small smile and nodded.

“I’m fine ... I’m just trying to figure out where to begin,” she confessed. “Why don’t we sit down first?” she said, sitting on the edge of her bed. Without waiting for a verbal invitation, Harry sat

down next to her, though he kept some space between them, not wanting to make her even more nervous. Emma didn't seem to notice. She was nervously playing with the silky material of her pajama pants while staring at the wall. Harry patiently waited until it was clear she was struggling to begin.

"You don't need to be nervous," he told her. "I always thought it was best just to tell someone outright what you want. That way, it's out in the open, and you can talk about it," Harry encouraged her.

"Really?" she asked. Harry wanted to chuckle. Emma and Hermione were similar in a lot of ways, though Hermione didn't see it. Harry nodded in response to her question, and she took a deep breath and exhaled loudly.

"I want to do the ritual," she quickly stated before she could lose her nerves. Harry pretended to look confused at first. "The beauty one ... I want to do it," she made her request a little clearer.

"How come?" he asked, frowning his eyebrows. "I hope you don't mind me saying it, but you're already quite pretty," he complimented her. Emma's cheeks pinkened slightly. He didn't know if she was embarrassed by his words or her request.

"Thank you for the kind words, Harry, but I'm not as young as I used to be ... obviously. I see how beautiful Hermione is, and now that my husband is gone, I ..." Emma suddenly stopped. "Sorry. I'm ranting," she said, her blush growing deeper. Harry patted her thigh in a consoling manner.

"There's no need to be sorry. I can understand the desire to be better looking. Hermione and I both went through the ritual, after all," Harry told her. Emma smiled kindly and nodded, happy that he understood. "If it's what you really want, I can do it for you," he told her.

Emma leaned in and wrapped her arms around him. This had gone much better than she hoped, and she was suddenly overcome with relief. Harry slipped his arms around her waist and "accidentally" brushed the soft skin on the side of her belly with his fingers. He pumped a short burst of his magic into her, causing her to gasp and jump slightly. Her body trembled, and she slowly and shakily released her hug. Her face was red, and her embarrassment was evident.

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Emma didn't know why her body reacted to him so often. Sometimes, all it took was for him to look at her to make her pussy throb with need. Just then, it was even worse. His fingers accidentally touched her skin, and her panties were suddenly wet and molded to the shape of her womanhood. She closed her knees and tried hard not to rub her thighs together. Emma hoped that he couldn't smell the scent of her arousal, though she wouldn't count on it. He was tantalizingly close to her. 'And on my bed ... In my bedroom,' her brain reminded her. Emma closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and told her perverted brain to shut up.

“Thank you. You don’t know how much this means to me,” she told him.

“You’re welcome,” he smiled at her. “When do you want to do it?” he asked. Emma thought about it for a second before answering.

“As soon as possible,” she told him. She wanted it done before they went back to school. She didn’t want to wait another year to get it done.

“I can have it set up in a few days,” he replied. “Are you going to mention it to Hermione?” he asked.

“I will,” she nodded. “I just wanted to ask you first.”

“There is one thing about it, though,” Harry began.

“Yes?” Emma asked, eager to hear more now that he had agreed.

“Well ...” he began slowly. “Keep in mind that I have to be there the whole way to activate the ritual and make sure that everything goes as planned,” he said. Emma nodded, figuring that that would be the case. “And to do the ritual, you have to ... um ... well ...” Harry said, scratching the back of his head while looking embarrassed.

“Yeah?” she asked, not knowing where he was going with this.

“You have to be naked, and ...”

Emma now knew why he was so embarrassed, and her face heated up. She hadn’t actually thought about that part. She had been so caught up in the thought of looking young and beautiful that she hadn’t stopped to think about the mechanics of the ritual. “Oh ...” was all she could say.

Given the benefits, Emma felt that she could put up with a bit of embarrassment. Sure, she wasn’t as sexy as she once was, but she didn’t look bad if she were being honest with herself. True, she wished that he would only get to see her with her new body, but she was mature enough to deal with it. She cleared her throat.

“I suppose that makes sense,” she said. “I’m still willing to go through with it,” Emma told him. “Are you?” she asked hopefully.

“I am if you’re okay with it,” he assured her. Emma let out the breath she was holding and smiled happily.

"I am," she said and hugged him again. "I'm sorry to be putting you in such an awkward position," Emma apologized.

"I don't mind," she heard him say. For some reason, this made Emma blush hard. Did he want to see her naked? Emma knew she shouldn't be thinking that way, but deep down, she hoped this was the case. Of course, it was only natural for him. After all, he was a young man, and she was a relatively attractive older woman. It only made sense that he would want to see more of her. Still, the thought gave her an undeniable thrill. She hadn't felt sexy and desired in a very long time. Even when she was still happily married, her sex life was stale and dull. Emma hadn't even gone through with the ritual yet and already felt more lively and desirable. She couldn't wait to see what she felt like after it was completed.

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Harry returned to the Burrow at half past midnight after finishing up with Emma. He would get everything set up in the morning, but first, he needed to rest. He entered the Burrow, intent on going up to his room, but he found Molly in the kitchen cleaning up. "Oh, Harry," she said, obviously pretending to be surprised. Harry knew she had been waiting up for him.

"Hi, Molly," he said innocently. She was once again wearing her silk robe, which was several times too small for her voluptuous body. The front was opened down past her belly button, displaying the entirety of her inner breasts. He could even see parts of her areolas that weren't covered by the thin fabric. As he looked her over, he couldn't stop his cock from hardening at the sight of her glorious curves.

"My goodness, you were out late," she said, walking over to him. As she walked, her big tits bounced and swayed tantalizingly. One of her hard nipples popped out, and Molly didn't bother covering it. She just pretended not to notice.

"Sorry. Dinner at the Grangers went longer than I expected," he lied. She smiled warmly at him.

"So it would seem," she said warmly. "Well, it's pretty late, so you should get to bed," she told him. Harry nodded tiredly and began to walk toward the stairs when he felt her press against him from behind. "My, my ..." she said amusedly as she reached around and groped his crotch. Her hand squeezed his hidden erection, and she massaged his length with her thumb. "Did my tiny robe do this to you?" she asked in a sing-song voice.

Harry groaned and nodded, enjoying her naughty treatment. He felt her big tits press hard against his back, and he instinctively leaned back and toward her warm body. Her lips were right against his ear.

"If I was the one to cause this little problem ... although it doesn't feel very little ..." she giggled and squeezed him harder. "It wouldn't be right for me to send you to bed without a bit of relief," she added. "Would you like that, Harry darling?" she asked him, kissing the side of his neck.

“That would be brilliant,” Harry hummed in delight. Molly giggled again, seemingly enjoying how horny she made him.

“Why don’t you go up to my room and get comfortable? I’ll be up once I’m finished here,” she told him, giving his cock one last squeeze. Harry nodded and went up to her room.

He entered the bedroom and began stripping off his clothes. He flopped down on Molly’s big bed and lay in the middle, his cock sticking straight up in the air. Harry chuckled at the thought that this was once Arthur’s bed. He would have felt bad for the man if he hadn’t betrayed him. Now, Harry had no qualms about pleasuring his cunt of a wife in the late man’s own bed. No sooner had he finished chuckling when the door opened, and Molly walked in. She closed the door while her eyes were locked on his hard cock. Harry looked back at her, staring at her big breasts. His hand found his erection, and Harry began stroking it while feasting on her sexiness. Molly smirked at him and shrugged off her robe. The thin material cascaded down her thick body, revealing her wide hips and shaved pussy. “There’s no need for that. Let me take care of you,” she said sweetly while seductively walking to the bed.

Molly climbed on and turned her back on him. She then threw her leg over his torso until she was in the sixty-nine position. Her knees were spread wide apart, giving Harry the perfect view of everything she had to offer him. Her hand wrapped around his shaft, and she slowly began stroking him. Her ass lowered until her pussy was touching his lips. “Taste me,” she said with a breathy voice. Harry obliged her by dragging his tongue up the length of her slit. Molly hummed in delight and squirmed against him. One of her hands found his balls, and she gently massaged them in her palm.

Harry didn’t want Molly to think that she was the one in charge, so he found her swollen clit and took it between his lips. He sucked hard on the little nub and flooded her body with his magic. Her reaction was instantaneous. She threw her head back and squealed at the top of her lungs. Her ass and pussy began violently quivering, so Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and kept her pinned to his chest. Her top half collapsed, and her face mashed right into his groin. Harry didn’t relent. He sucked even harder and hit her again with his magic. Molly cried out against his cock as her pussy let out a few squirts of girl cum. Harry hit her again, and she choked out a pleading cry. “HARRY ... I CAN’T ...” she squealed as he repeatedly flicked his tongue over her clit, pumping magic into it each time.

He mercifully let go of her clit and moved his tongue up her pussy and onto her ass. He wiggled it against her tight hole and used his magic again. Molly couldn’t withstand the intense pleasure. She shuddered and groaned as pussy juice began spraying out of her fat cunt. Harry’s face and chest became flooded with her juices. Her hands were squeezing his shins with all the strength she had. He then ran his tongue back down her pussy, using his magic the entire way. Molly squeaked and wiggled around, trying to keep his tongue off of her cumming pussy. Harry slapped her fat ass cheek, creating a loud, fleshy smack. Molly whimpered and stopped moving. Harry stuck his tongue directly into her cunt and focused his magic. Molly let out a pathetic,

shuddering moan while her pussy began trying to milk his tongue. She could hear him slurping down her juices. The pleasure was just too much for her to handle. Her vision darkened momentarily, and she dropped flat on top of him.

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“Huh? Wha...?” Molly slurred as she came to. She was facedown on the bed and confused. She then remembered the exquisite orgasm she had just had. Her pussy was still fluttering uncontrollably, indicating that she hadn’t been out long. Then she felt a pair of hands grip her hips and lift them up. Molly’s ass rose into the air until she was in the classic doggystyle position. Her face and tits were still firmly pressed into her mattress, so all she could do was turn her head and look back. Harry was on his knees behind her, and his large cock was resting on top of her ass, right between her pillowy cheeks. He then grabbed his cock and rubbed the thick head between her soaked pussy lips. Molly’s eyes rolled into the back of her head when it bumped against her sensitive clit.

“Is this okay, Molly?” she heard him ask. Molly knew exactly what he was asking. It wasn’t surprising that he wanted to fuck her. Her intention was to bring him up to her room and suck him off while letting him lick her pussy. That hadn’t gone to plan. She never expected him to be so damn good with his mouth. However, all wasn’t lost. Molly was already planning to give him her pussy eventually ... once he was firmly addicted to the pleasure she brought him, that is. Right now, however, she wanted nothing more than to have him inside of her. She could readjust her plan later.

“Yes!” she moaned into the bed as Harry’s wet tip rubbed over her asshole. She didn’t have to wait long for him to act. He pressed the head harder against her backdoor and slid it down. Once it was over her opening, he easily slipped inside. Her tight walls parted, accepting him in. Inch after inch of him sank into her, and her walls closed around him, hugging him tightly. Harry’s moan was loud, filling Molly with pride that her new body could bring him such pleasure. The sound of her penetration was so perverse, Molly thought, but she couldn’t help it. Her juices were dripping down her thighs and creating a large wet spot on the sheets right below her soaked cunt. This was her first time being fucked since she obtained her new body. Her incredible tightness made the sex feel better than she could ever remember it being. She could feel the exact shape of his perfect penis as it slid against her silken walls, and when the head bumped against her g-spot, Molly squeaked and bucked her hips. Harry pushed in a little faster and came to rest against her shapely ass. Molly took some much-needed deep breaths. Arthur’s cock was nearly as long or thick, and it was a chore to take Harry’s entire length, especially now that she was so tight. Harry ground his hips against her ass, making her moan with need.

Molly’s body shuddered as he ran his hands up her sides and down her nude back. She shouldn’t enjoy him touching her so much, but she couldn’t deny that she did. Her contracting pussy certainly liked the way she was being touched. His fingers grazed the sides of her flattened breasts right before he leaned over and kissed her back. Molly whimpered as her pussy clutched him tighter. Harry moved the hair from her back and kissed the back of her neck.

“Please,” Molly begged. She didn’t like how desperate her voice sounded just then, but she needed him to start fucking her. Harry surprised her by snaking his hand under her belly and between her legs. His fingers found her aching clit while his other hand gripped her shoulder. Harry began thrusting with long, deep strokes, filling her with every one. His fingers ran circles around her throbbing nub, and Molly’s lower half bucked as her orgasm threatened to explode once again. Getting fucked by a long, thick cock while having her clit massaged was too much to bear. Molly let out a high-pitched whimper into the bed while Harry’s body pressed against her back. His lips never stopped kissing and sucking on her neck.

“Am I doing it right?” he asked while his cock stretched her virgin-tight walls. “Does this feel good?” he asked her. Molly couldn’t understand how someone so inexperienced with sex could make her cum so quickly. Molly didn’t answer. She couldn’t answer over her near-constant wails of pleasure as Harry mercilessly pounded her g-spot. As if to punish her, his hips began moving faster until her thick ass cheeks were clapping loudly. Suddenly, he grabbed a handful of her hair and gently pulled her head back. His lips found hers, and Molly let him suck on her tongue while her pussy fluttered around him. At that moment, she would have let him do whatever he wanted with her. Lights flashed behind her eyes as a sudden charge hit her body. It was like a lightning bolt of pleasure that hit her directly in the clit. Molly squealed into his mouth and broke the kiss. She pressed her face against the bed and screamed as her cumming pussy squirted all over his groin and stomach. The brute behind her never stopped fucking her. Instead, he rolled her over so that both of them were on their sides. Still behind her, he hooked one of his arms under her knee, lifted her leg, and furiously fucked her while her pussy sprayed her juices all over her bedroom. His other set of fingers continued to play with her clit.

Her legs suddenly spasmed so hard that she was able to break from his grip. Her body thrashed and bucked, but Harry wasn’t having it. His arm encircled her waist, and he pulled her back against him. He moaned deeply as his cock pistoned in and out of her cumming twat. Molly was just about to beg for mercy when Harry groaned. Wet warmth flooded her pussy, and she knew that he had just finished inside of her. Molly curled into a fetal position and let him do what he wanted. Harry slowly fucked her while pumping her full of cum. Her head was swimming from the overexertion and constant screaming. Harry then thrust all the way in her and kept his cock buried deep. His arm around her waist relaxed, and he instead moved his hand to her breast.

“Thanks, Molly. That was great,” Harry said before yawning loudly. Molly was nearly comatosed by then. Her hair was a complete mess, and cum was leaking out of her cock-filled pussy. Her body spasmed one last time before she closed her eyes and fell asleep while Harry greedily groped her naked breasts.