

## Unknown Prophecy

### Chapter 34

Molly's entire body tumbled over and over in the massive steel tub that was normally used by muggles to provide water to their livestock. She had "borrowed" it from a local farmer for her purposes. The pain was excruciating, but there was nothing to be done about that. She simply had to endure it if she wanted the desired results. The bodies of three teenage muggle girls were tumbling along with her, however, they were spared the intense pain that she was feeling. Unfortunately for them, that was because they were likely already dead.

After finding the correct dark ritual, Molly went out into London late at night and waited until she found victims in the correct age range. She needed three girls roughly from the age range of fifteen to twenty ... the younger the better. She stayed in London for hours waiting and not finding anyone. Thankfully, once the sun had risen, the local children began leaving their houses to go to school. After that, it had been easy to spot a group of three girls walking together and laughing while wearing their school uniforms. It was even easier to lure them into a side alley, stun them, and apparate each one to a secret location that she had already set up. She poured sleeping potion into their mouths and went home for some much-needed sleep. The next day, she had Ginny sleepover at her friend Luna's house while she began the next step in her dark plan.

Setting up the ritual had been tricky, but she was skilled enough to pull it off. The massive tub was filled with the transferring solution, and she was able to begin. She stripped the three muggle girls and dumped each one into the tub. Molly then stripped herself and activated the runes which started the ritual. Steeling her nerves, she stepped into the tub and submerged herself. The pain was instant.

The youth and beauty of the muggle girls were slowly drained from their bodies and transferred over to Molly. There was no way that she could know how long she remained in the tub. The agony clouded her mind and made every second feel like an eternity. It felt as though acid was being poured over her flesh. Almost instantly, she regretted her hasty decision to go through with it. She could only hope that the results were worth the hours of torment. After hours of constant pain, she felt the pain begin to taper off. Over the next hour, it lessened until finally, there was no pain at all. It was only then that she could start to think clearly again. She pushed aside a body that was pinning her down and sat up. Her head broke the surface of the solution, and she sucked in a ragged breath before choking out lungfuls of the foul-tasting mixture. Molly coughed and gagged until her throat felt raw. When her choking fit had ended, she shakily pushed herself to her feet and stepped out. Not worried about her health or state of nudity, she immediately walked over to a full-length mirror that she had set up before starting the ritual. Her outer appearance was the most important thing after all. Her heart was thumping wildly in her chest as she stepped in front of it.

Molly Weasley sucked in a deep breath as she examined her reflection in the mirror. Instead of the worn-out, middle-aged woman whose body had been ravaged by way too many childbirths, an image of a woman who looked no older than thirty stood there looking back at her. Her hair was longer, fuller, and had a healthy shine to it. Her face had lost all of the pugginess that it had accumulated over the years. Reaching up with a shaky hand, she gently stroked her thin cheeks. She looked even better than she had when she was young. Her eyes drifted downward, and even though her body was slick with the thick solution, she could easily see that her stomach and waist were vastly thinner than before. Her stomach was tight and had no paunch to it. Her breasts were still big, but they were perky now. Instead of sagging, they protruded outward with no droop. She lifted them in her hands and let them drop. They bounced right back into place. Unable to stop herself, she pinched and pulled on her nipples, and they immediately hardened. She couldn't help but shudder when a bolt of pleasure raced up her spine. Her hips were wide, just as they had been before, but they seemed even more pronounced when attached to a slender waist. She turned her body and checked out her ass. As with her breasts, her ass was still big, but it stuck out instead of flattening out to the sides. The best part was that her cellulite was completely gone. She looked like a brand-new woman. Wanting to check one more thing, she reached down and slipped two fingers into her cunt.

"Yes!" she cried out when her walls clung tightly to her fingers. Molly was back to being virgin-tight. The ritual had worked perfectly!

Going back to the tub, she looked in and could see a leg from one of her victims sticking out of the fluid. It appeared to have been completely mummified. The life force had been fully drained from her. Molly already had a plan on how to dispose of the evidence. No one would ever suspect a thing. There was, however, one problem with her plan. She couldn't exactly stroll down Diagon Alley while flaunting her new look. Anyone who knew what she normally looked like would immediately know that she had done something foul to gain back her former glory. That, of course, was a major problem, but there was a solution. It all depended on her getting access to Harry Potter. There were places in the Far East where you could regain your beauty without the use of dark rituals, but it was very, very expensive, and they didn't normally accept customers from outside of their small villages. With Harry Potter on her side, no one would question the fact that he had been able to get the procedure done for her. In the meantime, she would continue to use her wedding ring that she enchanted with a Glamour Charm. Molly picked the ring up from the table holding her clothing and slipped it on her finger. Her new form was instantly covered by an illusion of her old self. Molly sneered at the reflection looking back at her. She despised the fact that she had to continue looking like an old housewife. Sadly, there was nothing to be done about it for the time being. She put her clothes back on and found that they didn't fit properly. A little bit of magical altering would fix that until she could afford to buy some new clothes. With that done, she began cleaning up after herself.

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It was past midnight, and Harry was at the top of the Astronomy Tower peering through his telescope. He then wrote his findings on the sheet of parchment that had been provided by his

professor. Beside him, Hermione was looking through her own telescope and spinning the dial around to focus the lens. This went on for another half an hour until Professor Sinistra called out for the end of class.

“Remember to turn in your Star Charts before leaving!” she called out to the tired but excited students. A warm bed was waiting for them back in the dorms. As Harry turned in his sheet, the professor quietly said, “Please stay after class, Mr. Potter.” Harry nodded and told Hermione that he would see her in the morning, knowing that she was going straight to bed once reaching Gryffindor Tower. After the last student turned in his sheet and left, Harry turned to his professor.

“Is there something wrong, Professor?” he asked, pretending to act concerned. His beautiful professor smiled and shook her head.

“Nothing at all, Harry. I just need some help back in my room, and I was hoping that you would be willing to assist,” she told him.

Inwardly, Harry was grinning like a complete fool. It seemed that his plan had actually worked. Just as he suspected, when Hermione mentioned his “crush” on Professor Sinistra to Dumbledore, the old man immediately decided to use it to his advantage. Harry wondered what excuse he had given to convince the woman to help. There was a slight chance that she actually did need help back in her room, but the chances were paper thin at best. His best bet was to continue playing dumb until he knew for sure. “I’d be happy to help, Professor,” he told her. She graced him with another beautiful smile.

“Wonderful! Let me grab my stuff then we can be on our way.”

She led him through the castle, chit-chatting along the way. Harry found her to be quite charming and easy to talk to. With her personal room being near the Astronomy Tower on the seventh floor, it didn’t take them long to reach her door. She unlocked the door and walked in, waving her wand to turn some of the lights on. Only a few of the lamps on the walls sprung to life, leaving the room filled with a dull light. Shivering when she entered the chilly room, she then flicked her wand at the fireplace, and a roaring fire burst into flame. The added light from the flickering flames made the whole situation seem a bit romantic, though he would have thought nothing of it if he hadn’t already had a hunch about what was going on. Her room wasn’t anything out of the ordinary. It did have a hint of the same fruity scent that usually clung to her body. She went straight to a cabinet and pulled out a glass and a bottle of wine.

“I hope you don’t mind, but I always have a glass of wine at the end of the day. It helps me sleep,” she said, pouring herself a glass.

“I don’t mind, Professor,” he replied, still playing dumb. As she tilted the wine glass back and drank, she spilled some down the front of her robe.

“Oh, darn!” she said, wiping off the spilled wine with her hand. “That’s so embarrassing. I need to jump in the shower real quick. Harry, would you be a dear and move those heavy boxes and stack them into my closet right over there while I shower?” she asked him, pointing to a closed door. Harry smiled and nodded.

“Of course, Professor,” he said in a cheery voice. She returned his smile.

“Thank you ... and please call me Aurora when we’re in private, Harry,” she told him. Harry pretended to look shy.

“Okay ... Aurora.”

Aurora giggled and nodded before entering her bathroom. When he heard the shower going, Harry used his magic to move all the boxes into the closet. It only took him a minute or so. He obviously knew that she could have easily done the same herself. He was now sure that it was an excuse to get him into her room. Harry sat down in a chair and waited for her to finish. Less than five minutes later, he heard the shower turn off. A couple of minutes later, she exited the bathroom wearing a teeny, tiny nightie that barely covered her crotch. Harry gladly feasted on the sight of her long, sexy legs.

“OH!” she squeaked in pretend shock. “Harry! I forgot that you were here!”

With one hand she tried and failed to cover her ample cleavage while the other hand tugged on the hem of her nightie, trying to cover her thighs. Harry jumped to his feet.

“I’m sorry, Professor! I don’t ... I didn’t ...” he pretended to panic, covering his eyes.

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When Harry’s hands came up and covered his eyes, Aurora smiled to herself. ‘He’s so innocent,’ she thought to herself. She stopped covering herself and wrapped her hands around his wrists. Pulling his hands away from his eyes, she watched as they slowly opened. ‘His eyes are so green,’ she thought in fascination.

“It’s not your fault, Harry. I forgot that you were in here. You’re not angry with me, are you?” she asked, already knowing the answer. Harry shook his head with wide, surprised eyes.

“No, Professor,” he answered. She made sure to smile kindly at him.

“Good ... and call me, Aurora ... remember?”

“Oh ... Oh yeah ... Sorry,” he said, still nervous.

"You don't need to be nervous around me, Harry. I'm sure you've seen plenty of girls with less clothes on."

"Well ... I ..." he began, but she quickly continued.

"I mean, you *are* the magical world's hero. Hasn't there been a pretty girl who thanked you in a more personal way?" she asked him. Harry scratched the back of his head in embarrassment. Aurora fought the urge to giggle like a schoolgirl. When Dumbledore first asked her to go this route with him, she was obviously hesitant, but now that she was actually doing it, she felt a rush of excitement. There was a thrill that she hadn't felt in a long time. *Her* seducing a student? It was so scandalous. The fact that he was shy only made it more exciting.

"You better get used to it, Harry. Girls are going to be coming after you," she honestly told him.

"I don't know about that ..." he said, turning his head. She reached out and gently took his chin in her hand, turning it to face her again.

"I'm serious. You need to learn about women, and it's obvious that you need help. As your teacher, I feel that it's my duty to make sure that you're ready for everything that's coming for you. Come sit on the bed with me," she softly said, taking his hand and ushering him to her bed. She sat down and crossed one leg over the other. Her nightie was barely covering anything anymore. The entirety of her soft, smooth legs were on display, and she was sure that he could see the crotch of her light purple panties. He sat down beside her, and she kept his hand in hers.

"The first step is to make sure that you are no longer so shy around pretty girls ... especially in a more ... intimate setting," she said in a husky voice. Taking his hand, she placed it on her thigh. Placing her hand on top of his, she moved his hand up and down, letting him experience the sensation of caressing a sexy leg. "See, Harry. There's no reason to be shy. Isn't my skin soft?" she teased. Harry nodded with wide, innocent eyes.

"V-Very," he stuttered. This time Aurora had to giggle.

"Go ahead, Harry. Touch my legs as much as you want," she instructed, taking her hand off of his. To her satisfaction, he continued caressing the length of her smooth thigh. Aurora closed her eyes with a little smile. She had to admit, it felt good having her body touched again. She hadn't had any action since the beginning of summer, and even then, it was a one-night stand while vacationing in France. That was the worst part about being a professor at Hogwarts. There were no datable men amongst the other faculty. If she could get Harry under her spell, she would have over six more years of readily available sex. That was a tantalizing thought to be sure. His hand moved to the inside of her thigh, and Harry looked up at her, silently asking if it was okay to proceed. In response, she uncrossed her legs and opened them a bit.

“The inside of a girl’s thigh is very soft and delicate,” she told him as his hand neared the crotch of her panties. Harry stopped short of touching her there though, likely afraid to cross that line. She would have to guide him there. However, his eyes were practically glued to her chest. Aurora looked down and saw that her hard nipples were nearly poking through the thin, satin material of her nightie.

“Sorry, Aurora,” he said as he looked away.

“You don’t need to be sorry. It’s only natural for a boy your age to be curious. I am an attractive woman after all ... aren’t I?” she teased him again. He silently nodded.

“Now we need to move on to the next step. Since you’re now comfortable being around a woman who’s scantily dressed, you need to be comfortable being undressed in front of a woman. Stand up and take off your robes and shoes,” she gently ordered. Harry did as she said and stood up. He pulled the school robe over his head and placed it aside. He then kicked off his shoes and sat down on the edge of the bed, pulling his socks off.

“Good. Now your shirt,” she smiled, keeping her eyes trained on him. Harry slowly worked the buttons of his white, button-up shirt until he removed it completely. Aurora stared at his abdomen. He was more fit than a boy his age ought to be, she thought as he sat there looking back at her. She cleared her throat and said, “Now your trousers.”

Following her orders to a tee, Harry stood back up and fumbled with his trouser buttons. Aurora giggled and reached out, helping him with his goal. She lowered the zipper and tugged his black trousers down. As he stepped out of them, she could see his erection bouncing around under his boxers. ‘All in good time,’ she told herself. Aurora then scooted back until she was sitting in the middle of the bed with her back against the solid wood headboard. She bent her knees halfway and opened her legs. She patted the space between her spread legs. “Sit right here and face me.”

He seemed quite eager to be between her legs, she thought as he crawled on the bed. Once he was sitting on his knees between her thighs, she placed her hands on his thighs and allowed her fingers to dance across his skin. She was amazed at how smooth and hairless his skin was.

“Now you get to have the fun of helping me undress. Grab the hem of my nightie and lift it up and off of my body,” she explained to him. Harry didn’t hesitate. He gripped the bottom of her gown and began lifting it up. First, her panties were exposed, then her slim belly. It reached the bottom of her breasts, and as he lifted it further, her big breasts began to lift with it. At some point, the weight of her tits was too much, and they escaped through the bottom. Her tits spilled out, bouncing in place. Aurora raised her arms, and Harry did a good job slipping it over her head and off of her arms. She sat there with her back arched, presenting her perfect breasts to him. As she suspected, he was mesmerized by the sight of her naked tits. Her dark nipples were crinkled and rock-hard. Wanting to tease him further, she shook her chest a little so that they jiggled for him. “Go ahead, Harry. Play with them.”

His hands were suddenly on her breasts, feeling their shape and size. She was happy to find that he didn't squeeze them too hard. He used just the right amount of roughness with them. Her nipples were aching to be touched, and when his fingers brushed over them, Aurora let out a shuddering breath. "Is this okay?" he asked, flicking his thumbs over her hard nubs.

"Yes," she almost moaned. "That's very good. Keep playing with my nipples," she practically begged. He was a natural, she thought as he pinched them softly and rolled them between his fingers. When he gave them a little tug, she got a jolt of pleasure between her legs. She could feel her pussy getting wet. "Kiss them," she finally moaned when the ache was too much to bear.

Harry leaned in and began placing soft kisses all around her nipples, avoiding the hard tips. Aurora bit her lower lip and whimpered pathetically. How could a boy his age turn her on so much, she asked herself. "Suck my nipples, Harry," she said with her husky voice. His mouth instantly engulfed the hard nub, and Aurora nearly came when his warm tongue wiggled against the tip. Letting out a loud moan, she threaded her fingers through the hair on the back of his head and pulled his face harder into her big tit. The suction was magnificent, she thought. It was almost like he was breastfeeding from her, she giggled internally. "The other one too!" she gasped as he nipped at the tip with his teeth. She pulled her nipple from his mouth, turned her chest, and placed her other breast against his lips. Like a good, little boy, Harry opened his mouth and began licking and sucking. Aurora's eyes fluttered as her panties moistened. She needed more.

"That's enough," she gasped. Harry let go of her nipple and watched as she slid further down the bed until she was on her back. Both of her legs snapped together, and she lifted them up into the air. "Pull my panties off," she ordered, breathing heavily. With confidence that he shouldn't have, Harry tucked his thumbs underneath the waistband and slid them up her shapely legs. He plucked them from her bare feet and tossed them to the side. Harry's head tilted down, and he got his first view of her glistening pussy. She made sure to be perfectly smooth for him. Her legs opened wide, and her pussy was there for the taking.

"Get naked, Harry, and show me your hard cock," she told him, massaging her naked breasts. She eagerly watched as Harry pulled down his boxers and revealed himself. Her breath hitched in surprise. She hadn't been expecting much, but the cock that met her gaze was much bigger than she ever dared to hope. She had to reach out and touch it. Her hand wrapped around his throbbing erection, and it felt burning hot to her. She tested it out by giving him a few strokes which made him moan happily. Flopping back on the bed, she reached between her legs with one hand and used two fingers to spread her sopping lips open. "Put it in me," she begged.

He obviously knew what to do. Settling between her thighs, she felt him rub the head up and down her lips until it was wet. Placing it at her entrance, all it took was a quick thrust before her walls were snugly hugging his cock. She could feel his body shudder as he bottomed out. He leaned down and pressed against her front. She didn't need to tell him to start fucking her. His

hips moved on their own, driving himself in and out of her. Aurora's eyes rolled into the back of her head as he touched places in her that no man ever had been able to. Her mouth hung open in a silent scream of pleasure, and Harry took the opportunity to kiss her deeply. No longer needing to think, she simply did what felt natural. She kissed him back with passion that she didn't know that she had. Their lips danced together, and she moaned when he sucked on her tongue. He suddenly changed angles like an expert, and the results were spectacular. Her insides tightened, and her body was begging to be seeded. The smell of her wet pussy and the clapping of their rutting bodies were all that she knew. Aurora never knew that she was capable of making such sounds. She was squealing and begging over the wet sounds of her suction. On instinct, her fingers found her clit, and she furiously rubbed it while her g-spot was being obliterated. Her first orgasm was incredible, but when he sucked on her neck, she felt as though his magic had entered her body. Her back arched, and her toes curled. She screamed and dug her nails into his back as he jackhammered into her poor, abused pussy. Her body was being jerked up and down, and the sensation of her hard nipples rubbing against his chest was too much for her to take. She screamed again, and she felt herself become flooded down below. Harry didn't seem to want to stop. He continued fucking her through her repeated orgasms. Her walls were squeezing him, pulsating, and contracting. Her body was desperately trying to make him cum. Her voice was hoarse and rough as she screamed for over an hour. Almost at the point of passing out, her pussy clamped down harder than it ever had. Thankfully, that was all he needed. She heard him groan in pleasure, and her insides suddenly became warm as he filled her with his cum.

Aurora flipped over, and his cock slipped from her depths. Curling up into a fetal position, her body bucked and spasmed from the orgasm that didn't want to go away. Harry's hand caressed her smooth body. It glided over her gorgeous ass and down into her crack. His fingers touched her virgin asshole, and her orgasm hit new heights. "HARRY!" she squealed, flinching away from his pleasurable fingers. He then lay down behind her and wrapped his arm around her. That didn't stop him from feeling her up. His hand groped her naked tits, pinching and pulling on her nipples. Didn't he understand that she was trying to get the orgasm to lower to a more manageable level? Instead, he reached between her legs and massaged her clit. Aurora's eyes went wide, and she cried out as she came again. This time it really was too much, and she fainted right there on the spot as her body continued to cum over and over.