

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 37

Molly Weasley gave her sons one last wave before their International Portkey whisked them away. Once they were finally gone, a huge smile spread across her face. There was no one left in the house who could hinder her plans ... except for one. She needed to speak with her daughter. Turning her back on the empty garden, she returned to the house.

It was very early in the morning, and the sun hadn't even risen yet. Harry was likely still asleep in bed, but she woke Ginny up to say goodbye to her brothers. There was no chance that the excited girl had gone back to sleep. Having Harry Potter in the house was like a dream to her, and Molly needed to have a little talk with her about that. Trudging up the stairs, she opened Ginny's bedroom door without knocking. Ginny was standing in front of the mirror, playing with her hair. She was already dressed and ready for the day. Ginny spun around quickly when she heard the door open. "Oh, it's you," she stated disappointedly, obviously hoping that it was Harry sneaking into her room.

"I need to have a talk with you about Harry," Molly said, not bothering to beat around the bush. Ginny looked confused.

"What about him?" she asked, furrowing her brow.

"Come sit down," Molly said, sitting on the edge of Ginny's bed and patting the spot next to her. Ginny walked over and sat next to her mother. Molly looked at her.

"I want you to be mature about what I'm going to tell you," she started off with. Ginny nodded. "After your father's accident, I've been struggling to pay the bills, and I'm not sure how much longer our family can go on this way." Ginny looked concerned.

"Do we have to sell the house?" she asked in a slight panic. Molly shook her head.

"No ... But that might be a possibility in the future if things don't get better ... and that's what I want to talk to you about," she began. "Harry is a wealthy boy ... very wealthy, in fact. He can be the answer to our problems."

"How?" Ginny asked, not understanding.

"If he enjoys being here with us, he will be much more likely to help us when we need it ... and right now, we desperately need it," she explained to her daughter.

"So we have to be nice to him," Ginny nodded. "I was going to be nice to him anyway," she told her. Molly shook her head.

"It's more than just that, Ginny. He's the Boy Who Lived. Everyone's nice to him, and everyone wants something out of him. He probably already knows that. If we expect to get something out of him, then we first need to give him something he desires." Ginny didn't seem to be catching on. Molly sighed and continued.

"Harry is a young man, well on his way into puberty," she factually stated. "And what is it that hormonal boys want the most?" she asked, and Ginny remained quiet. "Girls, Ginny," she answered her own question. "Sexual gratification."

Ginny's eyes went wide, and her cheeks flamed red. "You ... You want me to ... have sex with him?" Ginny asked in a whisper, her heart thundering in her chest. Of course, she would. It was a sacrifice that Ginny was more than willing to make, but her heart fell when her mother shook her head.

"You aren't old enough for that kind of stuff just yet. I, on the other hand ..." she threw it out there. Ginny's mouth hung open in shock.

"You?" she nearly screeched while standing up. "But, Mum ..." she began, but Molly cut her off.

"I know it may seem uncouth, but it isn't anything out of the ordinary. Mature women often take younger men with means into bed when times get tough. It's a lesson you would be wise to learn now," she added. Ginny didn't look too pleased by this news.

"Mum ... No offense, but ... You're not exactly Harry's type. I mean, you're kind of ... old," Ginny dropped the bomb on her. Molly scowled, fighting the urge to give her daughter a good, hard smack. "Even if you want to, that doesn't mean Harry will."

"I'll pretend that you didn't just insult me ... but just this once," she threatened. "There's another thing that I need to tell you," Molly said, standing up.

"Mum! What are you ...?" she started to ask as her mother stood up and untied the belt of her bathrobe. She then plucked the wedding ring off of her finger before dropping her robe. Ginny sputtered as she was met with a woman who looked at least twenty-five years younger. "What did you do to yourself?" Ginny asked in shock.

As much as she hated to admit it, her mother looked good. She was young and beautiful with a gorgeous, full-figured body. There was no fat or wrinkles to be found. Her jealousy skyrocketed when she noticed her mother's large, perfect breasts standing proud and perky on her chest. In comparison, Ginny's own small breasts were no bigger than A-cups. There was no doubt in her mind that Harry would find her mother's breasts much more appealing than hers. The thought didn't sit well with her.

"After deciding the best course of action for our family, I performed a little ritual to gain back my youthful appearance. Here's the thing, Ginny. We need to keep this quiet. The ritual I performed

wasn't exactly legal, and I could get into trouble if anyone found out. Not even your brothers know. This is a secret between you and me ... understand?" she asked, closing her robe and hiding her new figure. The tone in her voice told Ginny that she was serious. Ginny quickly nodded, not wanting to lose her mother as well.

"Good," Molly smiled sweetly. "I'll come up with a cock and bull story for Harry, and I'm sure he'll believe it. Or rather, he won't even care to ask when he sees these," she smirked as she hefted her covered tits in her hands. As much as she hated doing it, Molly placed the ring back onto her finger, and she was once again covered by the illusion. Ginny was gobsmacked.

"How did you do that?" she asked in wonder.

"My wedding ring is enchanted with a Glamor Charm," Molly explained.

"No ... I mean the ritual?" she wondered. A ritual like that could be very helpful when she gets old. She was already planning on marrying Harry, and she wanted to keep his attention and remain attractive to him, even when she was as old as her mother. Her mother, however, didn't look pleased at the question.

"I'll tell you when you're a bit older. It's not something for children to know," she told her. As much as she wanted to know, Ginny thought it was better to drop the subject for now. She wouldn't forget to ask again in a few years, though.

"Now that that's settled, I want you to know that you also have a part to play in all of this," Molly explained. "While I'll be doing most of the heavy lifting, you must also try and entice him." Hearing this, Ginny immediately perked up.

"Boys Harry's age ... even men in general love spreading their seed far and wide. Having two willing partners in the same house will go a long way in keeping Harry's attention firmly planted here. If he gets bored, he'll find someone else to stick his cock into," Molly told her bluntly. Ginny was old enough to hear the truth without all the sugarcoating.

"And if Harry is here and all of his needs and desires are met, he'll be willing to open his coin pouch when I ask. I guarantee it," she promised.

Ginny thought about this for a minute. While she didn't want to trick Harry, having him here more often was something she desperately wanted. And if he was happy, then how bad could that possibly be? She didn't like the thought of him being intimate with her mother, but Ginny also didn't like the thought of being homeless ... or worse, having to live with her Aunt Muriel. The thought made her shudder. All in all, Ginny thought that this was what was best for Harry, so she would go along with it ... for now. Once she was old enough, Ginny fully planned on keeping Harry all to herself.

“But you said that I’m not old enough for sex,” Ginny reminded her mother, though she greatly disagreed. Ginny thought that she was very mature for her age.

“That’s true, but there are other things you can do to make him feel wanted,” Molly smiled and ran her fingers through Ginny’s long, thick mane.

Unknown Prophecy

Harry groaned and stretched as he woke up. As much as he hated the Weasleys, he always had a certain fondness for the Burrow. Maybe after everything was done, he would buy it and build a manor on the property. His green eyes fluttered open, and he wiped the crusty bits from the corner of his eyes. Reluctantly getting out of bed, he went to the bathroom and got ready for the day. As he stepped out of the bathroom, he nearly ran into Ginny, who just happened to be standing in front of the door. “Oh! Sorry, Ginny. Didn’t see you there,” he said. Ginny blushed deeply and smiled at him.

Ginny would grow into a very sexy young woman in the future, and he could already see a hint of that coming through as she blossomed. Of course, Harry never forgot what they had done to him, and he never forgot their reason.

“Unfortunately, there was another ... It tells of you becoming the next Dark Lord ...” Dumbledore had explained about a second prophecy just before their betrayal. Harry wouldn’t have put it past the old man to simply lie to everyone about a prophecy he made up, but there was a chance that the second prophecy was real. Dumbledore was too short-sighted to realize that their betrayal could have been the spark needed to create their new Dark Lord. Either way, Harry wasn’t too worried. He was experienced enough to know that he controlled his own destiny. Perhaps to them, he would be considered a Dark Lord. Harry was, after all, going after them with murderous intent, but he had no desire to rule. Even so, he was willing to do practically anything to rid the world of Dumbledore and his cohorts, and Ginny just happened to be one of them.

Harry had no problem slowly destroying Ron’s body through a series of humorous accidents, but he was less inclined to do that to Ginny. Maybe he was old-fashioned, but the thought of physically harming a female was distasteful to him. Thankfully, there were other ways he could get his revenge, but he’d put that on the back burner for now.

“That’s okay. I just wanted to tell you that Mum said breakfast is ready,” she told him, her hands gripping the skirt of her dress nervously.

“Well then, let’s go,” Harry said, placing his hand on her back and leading her down to the kitchen. He could see Ginny’s cheeks turning redder from his touch. That’s when a thought hit him. He could try to turn Ginny against her family. As the last Potter, Harry had a duty to his family to produce as many offspring as possible. Ginny would grow up to be quite sexy, and if Molly was anything to go by, she would be incredibly fertile. Having Ginny as a loyal breeding

sow would be quite beneficial to him. The bonus was that as the last Weasley, she would inherit the Burrow, and there was no doubt she would gladly hand it over to her loving Master. It was something to think about, Harry told himself. He looked down at Ginny and smiled handsomely. Ginny met his gaze and blushed harder. He slid his hand from her back and over to her side. Ginny let out a soft gasp and looked at him with her big, brown eyes.

“That’s a really pretty dress,” he complimented her. Ginny turned her head in embarrassment.

“Thanks,” she said quietly. Harry smirked as she turned her head away from him.

“It looks good on you,” he told her. By then, even Ginny’s ear was red. When they made it to the kitchen, Harry removed his hand from her side and sat down at the table. Ginny quickly took the chair next to him while sneaking as many peeks at him as possible.

“Good morning, deary,” Mrs. Weasley chirped as she walked into the kitchen. From what he could tell, she didn’t look too heartbroken over the death of her husband, Harry thought. In fact, she looked happier than he had ever seen her. A large, happy smile was plastered to her face.

“Good morning, Mrs. Weasley,” Harry returned her politeness, playing the part of the happy-go-lucky savior of the wizarding world.

“Please, none of this Mrs. Weasley stuff. Call me Molly,” she said, smiling sweetly at him as she filled up a plate of food. Harry wanted to mash her face right into that plate of food, but he refrained. Smiling back, he replied.

“Molly, it is then,” he said, and her smile got wider as she nodded her head in satisfaction. She placed a loaded plate down in front of him before working on Ginny’s plate. The one good thing about staying at the Burrow was Molly’s cooking. Harry politely waited for Ginny to be served before digging in. It didn’t take him long before his plate was nearly cleaned.

“No, thank you. I’m full,” Harry responded when she asked if he wanted more.

“Alright, then. While Ginny’s finishing her breakfast, I was hoping to speak with you ... alone,” she added. Harry noticed that Ginny looked at her mother in a strange way, almost like she wasn’t happy with her. He made a mental note of that.

“Of course, Molly,” he said, finding it weird to use her given name.

“Excellent,” she said happily. “Let’s go up to my room to speak in private.”

Harry shrugged and followed the older woman up the stairs to the room she had shared with her former husband for decades. She closed the door behind them and turned to him. He immediately wondered if she was going to ask him for money. Harry knew that without Arthur bringing in his meager salary, the Weasley family would be in dire straits sooner or later. Not

being the naive boy he used to be, Harry wouldn't give something without getting anything in return, but he was surprised by what she had in store for him.

"With you staying here this summer, I wanted to come clean. You see ... I had a bit of an accident while trying to brew my own beauty cream. Normally, I would buy it from the shop, but with my poor Arthur gone, I've had to cut costs wherever I can," she told him, clearly trying to tug on his heartstrings.

"And as I was brewing it, I must have made a mistake somewhere in the process. The contents of the cauldron exploded, and I was covered from head to toe with the cream. I washed it off as quickly as I could, but I immediately noticed some changes in my physical appearance. By morning, I looked almost completely different," she sighed sadly, something Harry could immediately tell was fake. She wasn't exactly an award-winning actress, and with him already on guard, Molly wasn't going to be able to pull the wool over his eyes. Had she said this the first time he was a child, he probably would have believed her. Now ... Not so much.

"I've been using a Glamor Charm to hide my appearance," she told him, shaking her head sadly. She then removed her wedding ring, and Harry truly was shocked. Molly's worn-out appearance melted away, revealing a woman who looked way younger. As much as he didn't want to admit it, she was quite attractive.

"As you can see, the changes were drastic," she truthfully spoke. Molly waved her wand, and her dress resized to fit her new form. Her tits were big and perky, and her cleavage was prominently displayed as the tops of her breasts stuck out of the deeper neckline of her smaller dress. He could tell that they were naturally perky since she wasn't wearing a bra. The little bumps on her dress suggested that her nipples were very hard. He also noticed that she wasn't shy about him seeing that. Her dress fit snugly against her much slimmer belly, and her naturally wide hips gave her body an hourglass figure. Harry couldn't stop his cock from inflating to half-mast in his trousers.

There was one question, though. What had she done to gain this new, youthful figure? Harry knew that the story she gave him was complete bullshit. After the mutilation of his body, Harry had done extensive research into different rituals that could fix the damage. The one he had done on Hermione was tame in comparison. It only intensified the beauty that was already present and couldn't make someone look younger. He had come across a few that could give similar results to the one that Molly was displaying, but those rituals were very, very dark. There was little doubt in his mind that she had performed one of those, and if this was true, then Molly Weasley was even more dangerous than he had previously known. Another thought flashed through his mind. Could she have killed her husband? 'She was certainly capable of it,' Harry told himself as he thought back to the cold look in her eyes right before his attack. If she did, what was the reason? He couldn't answer that. One thing was certain: Harry needed to watch his back around her at all times. Thankfully, he had a bit of a buffer with regard to her potential violence. He was the Boy Who Lived. If something happened to him, there would be a major investigation, and Molly Weasley likely knew this. Hopefully, she wasn't dumb enough to try

anything stupid, and if she did, Harry was more than capable of defending himself. All in all, he wasn't too worried about her ... for the time being.

No one but Ginny knows about my new look. I'm telling you because I don't want to have to hide myself here at home ... and, of course, because I know that I can trust you," she added with a soft smile. Harry feigned ignorance about his knowledge of the dark ritual she likely performed.

"Why don't you just show everyone, Molly? You look great," he added, inflating her ego. Her smile momentarily grew wider before she appeared sad again. She shook her head.

"The public probably won't believe my story. They'll think I did something bad to look younger," she said, rubbing her hands together in an attempt to look nervous. "We both know that I would never do something like that, but the Blood Purists have been looking for any opportunity to destroy my family. They'd have me arrested without a shred of evidence. They may have even had a hand in killing my dear, sweet Artie, but sadly, there's no way I can prove it," she sighed.

Harry internally snorted. Molly Weasley was something else. Still, Harry decided to play the hero once again. It was better to have her thinking that he was a naive little boy with a savior complex.

"Don't worry, Molly ... I believe you, and I won't tell anyone about your secret. I'll protect you and your family," Harry stated proudly. He wasn't sure how good his acting skills were, but Molly sure seemed to believe it. A smile stretched across her face, and her eyes shined with happiness.

"Oh, Harry!" she sighed and pulled him into a bear hug. His face was mashed into her deep cleavage. She subtly wiggled her chest from side to side, rubbing her tits all over his face. Harry's cock was straining in his trousers. 'Damn my hormonal body,' he thought as he smelled her lightly-perfumed skin. "I knew I could count on you," she practically squealed before pulling his face from her glorious tits.

She then leaned in and kissed his cheek, right near his lips. Her breasts were still pressed against his chest. When the kiss lingered longer than what was socially acceptable, Harry realized what she was doing. Molly Weasley wasn't planning on acting against him through nefarious means, at least not at that moment. She was trying to get him under her thumb through the use of her sexuality. This was the reason why she performed such an evil ritual. Before, he wouldn't have looked twice at her, but now his cock was threatening to burst through the material of his jeans. This was likely why Arthur had to go. With this suspected knowledge in hand, Harry would be able to make better decisions going forward. There was, however, the off chance that he was wrong. He decided the best course of action was to let her continue with her plans while he watched closely and analyzed her moves. If she wanted to get physical, Harry had no qualms about that. Sadly for her, things wouldn't work out how she wanted.

Molly removed her lips from his cheek and wiped off the moisture with her thumb. "Now, why don't you run along and play in the garden with Ginny. I'm sure she's done with breakfast by now," she smiled. Harry smiled back at her, taking one last glance at her stunning cleavage.

"Okay, Mrs. Weasley ... I mean, Molly," Harry said happily and left her room. Molly's smile quickly transformed into a smirk as she watched him go.

'The boy will be putty in my hands,' she confidently thought.

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Hermione was getting ready for bed when she heard a soft tapping on her window. She smiled widely, knowing exactly who it was. Bolting for the window, she slid it open and stepped back so Harry could levitate himself through. When he was on his feet, she squealed and threw her arms around his neck. Tilting her head up, she kissed him deeply. Within seconds, her lips parted, inviting his tongue into her mouth. Hermione moaned as Harry's hands slid under the back of the long t-shirt that she had planned on sleeping in. His hands found her naked ass, and he squeezed them roughly. Hermione broke the kiss.

"Take your clothes off," she ordered. Harry chuckled and began removing his clothes. Her hands gripped the hem of her shirt, and she lifted it over her head and tossed it aside. Hermione stood there without a stitch of clothing on while impatiently waiting for Harry to disrobe.

"How's your mission going?" Harry asked her, kicking off his shoes and pulling down his pants. Hermione watched his big, hard cock spring free from the material. Harry placed a Silencing Ward around the room before placing his wand on Hermione's nightstand. He laid back on her bed and spread his legs wide. Seeing the invitation, Hermione eagerly crawled between his legs and wrapped her small hand around his length. Slowly, she began to pump his cock.

"It's going well, Master. I suspect my father will leave sometime soon. They just need one last push," she told him. Her parents had argued any time they were in the same room, which wasn't often. Her mother was sleeping in their bedroom, while her father was sleeping in the guest room.

"That's good to hear. It looks like you'll be earning your reward this summer," he smiled as Hermione beamed. Harry grabbed a handful of her long, brown hair and pulled her head down. Her mouth dutifully opened, taking his cock down her throat.