

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 38

Harry hadn't yet fallen asleep when he heard the door slowly creep open. The loud creaking of the unoiled hinges would have woken him if he had been asleep. Silhouetted in the light from the hallway, Harry easily recognized it as the form belonging to Molly Weasley. The big tits, slim waist, and wide hips couldn't have belonged to anyone else he knew ... except maybe Madam Rosmerta, and he doubted the sexy bar matron was sneaking into his room in the middle of the night. Harry reached over to the bedside table and flicked on the lamp, bathing the bedroom in light as Molly closed the door behind her. When she turned to face him, Harry got a good look at what she was wearing.

It wasn't much, Harry was glad to see. She had on a thin nightgown that ended just past her crotch. The top portion seemed loose as the two shoulder strings had fallen down her arms. Her breasts almost couldn't be contained. They were practically spilling out from every which way. Molly shot him a sweet smile and came up to the bed. Sitting down on the edge, she crossed one leg over the other, giving him the perfect view of her smooth, thick thigh.

"Molly ... What are you doing here?" Harry asked, pretending to be nervous. However, that didn't stop him from visually feasting on her voluptuous form.

"I just wanted to get you alone and ask how you're doing," she said with a soft smile. "You've been here for a few days now, and I was wondering if you're enjoying yourself."

It was certainly better than he feared. Molly was going all out to make sure he remained happy. That included showing off her body at every chance she got. She always tried to make it look like an accident, but Harry could see right through it. Still, he kept up appearances and played dumb. Ginny was still nervous around him, but even she was growing bolder and getting more touchy-feely with him. The Burrow was a pleasant place to be, and Molly was a good cook. There wasn't much to complain about.

"I like it here. You and Ginny have been very nice," he told her, which made her smile widely.

"That's wonderful to hear," she kindly told him, leaning in and placing her hand on his sheet-covered thigh. Leaning over a little too far, the strap holding up the right side of her nightgown slipped further down her bicep, causing her breast to pop free. Molly pretended not to notice, and Harry did his part and played the hormonal, pubescent boy. He speechlessly stared at her exposed breast with wonder and awe. Even though he was pretending, his cock inflated to full mast at the sight of her lovely tit. Being naked underneath the thin bedsheets, Harry had no hope of hiding the massive erection that was now tenting his crotch. Not that he wanted to hide it, of course. Molly was playing her game, and Harry was playing his. It was only fair.

The crinkled tip of her nipple was rock-hard and ready to be sucked. After a few moments of letting her bare breast be seen, she followed his gaze and gasped. Pulling up the cup of her nightgown, she hid the treasure underneath and slid the strap back to her shoulder. The strap quickly slid partly down her arm again. When she looked at him, it was clear that she was faking her embarrassment. The pale skin of her cheeks didn't turn red or even pink. It remained the same fair color.

"Heavens! I'm sorry, Harry," she apologized while adjusting her top. That did nothing but make her glorious rack jiggle around tantalizingly.

"It's okay, Molly. It was an accident," Harry told her, doing his best to look innocent while still playing her game. Molly smiled brilliantly and began rubbing his thigh. Up and down, her hand slid along the entire length of his thigh. Her fingers were inching dangerously close to a certain area. His cock was throbbing, and he had to admit that she was a very talented seductress.

"Thank you, Harry. It's these darn clothes," she explained, looking down at her chest.

"Since I slimmed down, none of my clothes properly fit me anymore, and using magic to resize them doesn't work too well. I have to walk around all day without wearing my bra and panties because none fit. I mean, look at me ..." she said, shaking her chest a tiny amount. Just that little shake caused her tits to nearly fall out of her top. "Every time I move, my top falls down, and now that I don't have a husband to support me, I can't afford any new clothes," she said sadly, shaking her head in despair.

Harry wanted to roll his eyes but refrained. It was obvious what she wanted. He was more amused than anything. Harry knew her words were meant to garner sympathy, but that didn't mean they had no truth. With Arthur gone, no money was coming in, and even when he was still alive, his earnings were meager. Molly was likely down to her last few Sickles, and from the show she was putting on, he knew that she was getting desperate. This fact delighted him. In their situation, her desperation was his advantage. For the time being, Harry would continue playing the naive hero. Buying her a few things here and there was nothing to him. He had more gold than he could spend in a thousand lifetimes, and spending some of it on Molly and Ginny was like a drop in the bucket. Besides, it wasn't like he would be spending his family's gold. He had a mountain full of Death Eater gold waiting to be wasted on various forms of debauchery. When it came to Molly and Ginny, Harry considered it an investment. He would play along and give them a taste of the finer things, and before they knew it, they would be his to do with as he pleased.

"I can get you some new clothes ... both you and Ginny," Harry told her, looking up at her with big, innocent eyes. Molly's smile widened considerably, and her eyes sparkled happily in the light.

“Oh, Harry ... Do you mean it?” she asked hopefully, squeezing her hands together, which caused her breasts to become mashed together. The explosion of cleavage was spectacular to witness.

“Of course I do, Molly. It’s the right thing to do,” Harry heroically stated. Molly squealed happily and crawled onto his bed. Leaning over him, she peppered him with kisses.

“Oh ... You ... Are ... A ... Sweetheart ...” she carried on, kissing his face after every word. Some of her kisses even landed on his lips. Her big tits were rubbing against his chest the whole way, and he could feel how hard her nipples were. It was only a matter of time before her hand “accidentally” brushed against his raging erection. “What is ... OH!” Molly gasped as she spotted the tent between his legs. Harry tried out his acting skills and pulled a face of utter embarrassment.

“I’m sorry! I can’t help it! I’m ...” Harry began but was quickly cut off by her.

“Don’t be silly,” she softly told him, moving over to his other side. Laying next to him, she placed her hand on his belly. “You’re a young man, and I’m a beautiful, older woman. Your reaction to me is only natural,” Molly assured him as her fingers toyed with his belly. Her warm breasts were pressed tightly against the side of his arm, and he could feel her breath tickling his ear.

“So you’re not mad?” Harry asked, looking at her with concern. Molly smiled and kissed his cheek. Her kiss lingered for a few seconds, and then she nuzzled his cheek with the tip of her nose.

“Of course not. Truthfully, I’m flattered that you’re reacting to me in such a way. It’s been quite a few years since a boy your age found me desirable,” she confessed. “You do find me desirable ... don’t you?” she asked, tickling his jaw with her plump lips. Harry nodded eagerly, causing her to giggle.

“That’s good to hear. I, for one, think you’re a very handsome boy,” she told him while her hand moved further down his stomach until her fingertips brushed against his length. “Goodness! I’ve really got you worked up, haven’t I?” she asked, wrapping her hand around his sheet-covered cock. Harry moaned loudly and bucked his hips, pretending to be inexperienced and desperate for her touch.

“Y-Yes!” Harry gasped as she massaged the head with the pad of her thumb.

“I wouldn’t be a very good hostess if I left you to suffer with this throughout the night,” she said, squeezing his shaft tightly. “Would you like me to help you?”

Harry was inwardly smirking but didn’t let it show on his face. Now that Molly had broken through the initial sexual barrier, he knew that things would progress much more rapidly with her. She was a greedy woman and wouldn’t be happy with just some new clothes. Molly thought

that she was training him, but the reality was that it would be him training her. Harry wouldn't be happy with just a blow job here and there. Molly would quickly learn the true cost of luxury, but Harry would let her set the pace for now.

"Yes, please," Harry pleaded, and Molly let go of his erection and pushed the sheet down until his cock sprang up.

"Oh, my! You're quite the young man, aren't you?" she giggled against his cheek when she saw his size. Her hand caressed the area all around his cock. "You're so smooth," she whispered, pecking his cheek again. "And not wearing clothes to bed? You're such a naughty boy," Molly teased.

"Sorry ... I get hot at night and ..." Harry pretended to stumble over his words, but Molly hushed him by taking his balls into her palm. She squeezed them lightly and massaged them with her thumb.

"There's no need to apologize, Harry. I sleep nude as well," she confessed, nipping at the side of his neck. "I love how the soft sheets feel against my naked body." She then moved her hand to his shaft and wrapped it around the base. "Sometimes it feels so good that I just have to touch myself," Molly told him in a husky voice. Her hand began slowly moving up and down.

Harry hummed in pleasure as her warm hand worked his cock. He couldn't stop his hips from thrusting upward, which Molly seemed to find amusing.

"It feels good, doesn't it?" she asked him. Harry nodded, which only egged her on. Her hand began pumping faster, and Harry's breathing intensified. "It's not good for a boy your age to be so backed up. You need someone around to help you relieve the pressure."

Her hand was jerking him rapidly by that point, and Harry could feel his orgasm approaching. Harry reached over and began caressing Molly's exposed thigh, and she did nothing to stop him. In fact, she rewarded him by stroking him even faster. Harry groaned from the pleasure. "It's a good thing that I'm here. Who knows how full these would have gotten," Molly teased as she reached between his legs with her free hand and cupped his balls. "It feels like they're ready to burst," she giggled and squeezed his sack.

She must have noticed he was nearing his end because she slowed the pace and worked him with long, deep strokes. "Go ahead and cum for me," she whispered in his ear as she fondled his balls. Harry moaned and thrust his hips up.

A fat rope of cum exploded from the tip of his cock. It flew high into the air and plopped back down on Molly's hand. Another long stroke ended with another rope of cum spurting out of the tip. Molly's hand didn't stop until his balls had been completely drained. Even then, she kept her hand firmly wrapped around his still-erect cock. She giggled when she looked over and saw how much cum there was.

“Seems we’ve made a mess,” she giggled again and gave his cock one last stroke before letting go.

“Yeah,” Harry groaned, feeling sleepy now that she had worked out the stress.

“You should get cleaned up and go to bed. We can go shopping tomorrow, and maybe to celebrate, we can have another ... private talk in my bedroom tomorrow night. Would you like that?” she asked, massaging his empty balls. Harry yawned and nodded. Molly smiled. “Good. I better get back to my room. It’s getting late ... but first ...”

Molly ended her sentence by leaning in and softly kissing his lips. Her mouth then opened, and she dragged her tongue across his lips. Before Harry could deepen the kiss, she pulled away and crawled off the bed. Harry got a quick glimpse of her naked ass and taut pussy lips before she stood up and pulled the bottom of her gown down over her ass. “Goodnight, Harry,” she chirped and left the room. Her wide hips were swaying magnificently, and her jutting cheeks were jiggling as she went. When the door closed, Harry sighed.

‘I need to be careful around her,’ Harry told himself. ‘She’s more seductive than I thought. No wonder she has so many kids. Poor, old Arthur never stood a chance,’ he thought, shaking his head. Harry grabbed his wand from the side table and waved it at his groin. The mess vanished, and he put his wand back on the table. Yawning again, he turned the light off, snuggled into the bed, and fell fast asleep.

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Harry was thankful that he had gotten a good night’s sleep because the Weasley women were demons when it came to shopping. He supposed he would also be if he were spending someone else’s money. At least Ginny was somewhat embarrassed and hesitant to spend his gold. Molly, however, was grabbing clothes by the armful to take into the dressing room to try on. This left Harry and Ginny alone for a while. He spotted the redhead holding up and examining a plaid skirt that looked to be made for someone a couple of years younger than her. If she were to wear it, Harry imagined it would be very short on her. His eyes twinkled, and his lips twisted into a wicked smile. He quietly snuck up on the girl and edged up behind her. “Hey, Ginny,” he suddenly blurted out.

Ginny squeaked, jumped, and nearly dropped the skirt. Spinning around, she looked at him and sighed. Her cheeks were dusted pink. “Harry! You scared the crap out of me,” she complained while moving to put the skirt back on the rack. Before she could, Harry plucked the skirt out of her hand and held it up.

“Do you like this?” he asked, examining it. Ginny’s already pink cheeks darkened.

“Yeah, but it’s awfully short,” she truthfully told him, looking at the skirt. “I think it might be too scandalous to wear in public.”

“You would certainly get some looks,” he nodded. “How about I buy it for you, and you can wear it around the house ... you know, just for me,” he teased. Ginny’s face turned beet red.

“I-If that’s what you want,” she said in a shaky voice. Even though she was embarrassed, she looked hopeful and pleased.

“It is,” he told her firmly. While Harry was pretending to be naive and unsure with Molly, that kind of act wouldn’t do well with Ginny. He needed to show her that he was the man in charge, and whatever he wanted, he would have. “Make sure to get one in every color,” he demanded. Ginny quickly nodded and began picking them out. Before leaving her, he pressed against her from behind and squeezed her widening hips. He slid his hands down over her jean-clad thighs before sliding them back up until they were on her slender waist. Harry leaned in and whispered in her ear. “Pick out lots of cute panties as well. You can try them on for me later,” he said, squeezing her body.

“Okay ... I will,” she replied quietly. He could hear the nervousness in her voice, but she also sounded excited.

“Harry, dear?” Molly suddenly called out from the dressing room. “I need a bit of help.”

Ginny huffed in annoyance when Harry took his hands from her hips. ‘She always has to ruin everything,’ Ginny silently told herself.

“Keep shopping,” he told her. “I’ll go see what your mum wants.”

Ginny nodded and began pawing through the racks while Harry went to the dressing room. Taking a second to regroup and change his personality, Harry lightly knocked on the dressing room door. “Molly?” he quietly called out, sounding unsure.

“Come inside for a moment,” she answered back. Harry hid his smile and entered the room. He immediately closed the door when he saw she was back in her new form. She wore a tight dress that ended halfway down her thick thighs. The top part of the dress was hanging down and exposing her bare back while she was holding her naked breasts with both her hands. Molly looked at him and smiled. “I’m having a bit of trouble fitting into this dress. Can you give me a hand?” she asked sweetly.

“Oh! ... Uh ... Sure, Molly, of course,” Harry pretended to be nervous as he came up behind her. Harry reached down and tried to tug the small dress up her belly, but it wasn’t budging. “I’ll pull it up,” she suddenly said. “But you’re going to have to stuff my breasts into the top. Is that okay, Harry?” she asked. With wide eyes, Harry nodded his head. Molly smiled at him through the mirror and dropped her hands.

Her big tits dropped and bounced around. Her nipples were hard and protruding from her Galleon-sized, pink areolas. Harry's cock hardened instantly. "Okay, now come up behind me," she instructed. "A little closer," she added, and Harry pressed his front right against her back. Her deliciously fat ass was mashed against his groin. "That's good. Now give me your hands."

She took his hands and placed them on her naked breasts. Molly wasn't even pretending anymore. She was too busy grinding her ass against his erection. Harry decided to turn the table and tease her a bit. Instead of holding up her heavy breasts, he groped them to his heart's content. His fingers dug into her squishy flesh, and he pushed them together. Molly began grinding her ass against him even harder. After bouncing her tits up and down, he moved to her nipples. Harry's fingers flicked over each one, and he gave them a little tug. Molly moaned slightly before giggling.

"You're supposed to be helping me, not groping me, you dirty boy," she squealed when he pinched them. Harry ignored her and rolled the hard nubs between his fingers. Deciding to take things up a notch, he wandlessly flooded her body with his magic. The effects were instant. The small room was quickly filled with the scent of her arousal, and he felt her body jerk the moment he started. Molly's knees nearly buckled, and she was forced to throw her hands out in front of her and press them against the wall to keep from falling. With her bent over and her hands on the wall, Harry ground his cock against her pillowy cheeks while he squeezed her tits and pinched her nipples. He then pushed a little more magic into her nipples.

"Oh!" Molly squeaked and bucked against his ass. "What are you doing to me?!" she squealed, looking over her shoulder.

"Does this feel okay?" Harry asked innocently. "I just want to make you feel good like how you made me feel last night," he said, kneading her big breasts. Molly's mouth opened but then quickly shut as her eyes fluttered.

Molly couldn't believe how good it felt to have her breasts played with. She knew her nipples were extra sensitive since the ritual, but she didn't realize they were THAT sensitive. She didn't mind that Harry was playing with her breasts and was even happy about it. After all, her goal was to have him hooked on sex ... specifically with her. However, he was the one who was supposed to be getting seduced, not the other way around, and yet, fat drops of pussy juice were trailing down the insides of her thighs while jolts of pleasure raced up and down her spine. It didn't help that his large cock was rubbing against her ass. It was all she could do not to lift the bottom of her dress and offer her leaking cunt to him right then and there. When his talented fingers began rapidly flicking across her aching nipples, the pleasure got to be too much for her. She tried to keep it in, but the squeak of pleasure burst out of her mouth as her body erupted in a blissful orgasm. Her fingers clawed at the dressing room wall while her pussy fluttered and tried to milk a cock that, sadly, wasn't there. "Oh, Morgana's tits! Enough, Harry ... please ... that's enough," she begged in a breathy voice. Harry removed his hands from her breasts, and she turned around.

“Was that okay?” he asked, looking at her with wide eyes.

“Of course, that’s okay,” she immediately said, pulling him in for a hug and pressing his face between her breasts. She didn’t want to alienate him after all. Perhaps pulling him into her breasts was a mistake, however, because his mouth immediately latched onto one of her throbbing nipples. Her orgasm went into overdrive, and Molly almost collapsed. “Harry!” she squealed, pulling back. She saw her nipple stretch as it was pulled from his lips.

“Sorry,” he said, looking ashamed. Molly immediately reacted.

“That’s okay, sweetheart. I’m not angry. I was just thinking that maybe we should limit our fun activities to the privacy of our house,” she told him, running her fingers through his messy hair. She purposely used the words “our house” to plant the thought in his head. “We don’t want to get caught after all. If we did, we might not be able to continue having fun. You wouldn’t want that, would you?” she asked, and Harry shook his head. Molly smiled at him and kissed his forehead.

“Good. Now help me get this dress on, and we can continue where we left off tonight in my room,” she promised him. Harry’s face immediately lit up, and Molly had to keep the smirk from forming on her beautiful face. ‘The boy’s already addicted,’ she inwardly giggled, not knowing she was being played like a fool.