

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 27

My sources have indeed confirmed that there was a disturbance late at night at Bones Manor, but after a bit more digging, I discovered so much more than that. This “disturbance” was, in fact, a full-on attack by two Death Eaters. Information is scarce, but this reporter was able to uncover that one of the attackers was none other than the savage and feral werewolf himself, Fenrir Greyback!

“I can’t say exactly what happened since Bones is only talking to the higher-ups, but from what I could gather, Potter joined the fray as Bones and her niece were being attacked,” one source said.

“Harry Potter swooped in like Merlin himself!” another source added. “His wand was a blur as spells the likes of which we have never seen cut the Death Eater to pieces. I was told that Greyback was holding Amelia’s niece, Susan Bones, hostage in his attempt to escape Harry’s fury. This only made him angrier.”

I can only imagine what must have happened after that. The beautiful damsel in distress, the snarling werewolf, and the Boy Who Lived hell-bent on rescuing the girl ... It must have been a sight to see. The only thing that I can positively confirm is that Greyback was violently killed by Harry Potter’s own hand. Let this be a warning to all criminals out there ... don’t ever mess with Harry Potter’s women!

Susan Bones dropped the latest edition of the Daily Prophet onto her bed and grabbed her pillow. She placed it to her face and squealed like the biggest fangirl that ever existed. After becoming lightheaded from so much squealing, she grabbed the paper and reread Rita Skeeter’s article. Unable to stop herself, she slid her hand down the front of her pajama pants and into her panties. “H-Harry!” she quietly moaned as her fingers touched her damp slit. Naughty thoughts popped into her head, like that it was Harry who was touching her, or that Harry just barged into her room and tore her clothes off. Her body was trembling as thoughts of Harry’s warm, wet tongue flicking against her hard, throbbing ...

All it took was a few gentle rubs while thinking about Harry, and she came harder than she ever had. Her body bucked wildly on her bed as her juices poured down her legs.

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Amelia Bones was sitting in her office as she normally did in the early evening hours. Lifting up her cup of coffee, she took a sip and smacked her lips. She wasn’t the biggest fan of coffee, but with an added shot of firewhiskey, she found that she could hardly go a day without having one at the end of her shift. As she set her cup down, her mind went back to the young boy who had saved her and Susan’s lives ... Harry Potter.

After securing her home that night, she took him aside and got his official statement. He said that one of his “sources” told him of the attack only moments before it was to take place. He also claimed that he had no idea of exactly who was going to do the attacking. Normally, she wouldn’t believe a word of it, but this was Harry Potter. She had heard all about his many adventures over the years. As a high-ranking member of the Ministry of Magic, she always got the facts, not the rumors. She knew exactly what Harry had done and where he had done them. You couldn’t do the things that he had done and not develop relationships and make connections. He said that he had sources, and she believed him. After all, she had sources as well. Unfortunately, he outright refused to give up the names of his connections.

When it came to the magic that he used to kill her attackers, he simply shrugged. “I’m good at magic,” he told her as though it meant nothing to him. Yes, she thought, to someone like him, taking down a couple of Death Eaters was probably child’s play. He had, after all, taken down nundus, dragons, and ...

“Amelia!” someone called out, snapping her out of her thoughts. Amelia jumped and nearly knocked over her cup of spiked coffee.

“What?” she called out, pushing the cup further onto her desk. She sat up, trying to look as though she had been busy. “What is it?” she asked, looking up. Rufus Scrimgeour had her office door cracked open with his head peeking through.

“There’s trouble. We need you in on this,” he told her. Amelia sighed. That’s just what she needed, more trouble. She grabbed her coffee and downed the rest of it.

“What’s happened?” she asked authoritatively, not in the mood for any nonsense.

“It’s Arthur Weasley ... He’s dead.”

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Amelia was not having a good night. She was tired and wanted to go home, but instead, she was forced to spend the next few hours investigating the death of the Head of the Misuse of Muggle Artefacts Office.

“Alright ... So what do we have so far?” she asked a member of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. The young man checked the notes while Amelia checked him out. No one knew, but she preferred her men young. The thought of taking an inexperienced lover and teaching him exactly how to make her cum was a fantasy that she had been having for several years now. Unfortunately, she never had the time or opportunity to make that dream a reality. The young man was handsome enough, but he was simply too old for her tastes. Besides, this wasn’t the time for such things.

“Molly Weasley, Arthur Weasley’s wife, came out to his shed to tell him to wash up for dinner. She heard his muffled screams from some distance away and called out to him. When he didn’t stop screaming, she ran over to his shed and opened the door. She found him holding onto this ...” He held up a detached muggle power cord that was secured in an evidence bag. The end of the cord had frayed wires sticking out.

“... and convulsing violently. She stated that his eyes were bulging from their sockets and foam was coming from his mouth. Before she could figure out what was happening, he dropped dead on the spot.”

“What is it?” Amelia asked, looking at the cord. The young man looked at his notes.

“Jenkins says that it’s a power cord that was cut off of a muggle appliance, whatever that is.”

“And this can just kill you like that?” she asked him. The young man shook his head.

“Jenkins explained that normally, electricity flows through it. That’s kind of like muggle magic. It can kill you, but this cord is detached and not plugged in. It should be safe to touch,” he explained, still reading his notes.

“Then how did he die?” Amelia asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I believe I can answer that,” Rufus Scrimgeour’s voice chimed in. It was only natural that the Auror Department would be involved. This was the death of a department head after all. Amelia turned to him, which gave the nervous, young man enough time to slink away. “Mrs. Weasley told me that Arthur often experiments by using magic on muggle items. After going through his shed and seeing his flying car, I absolutely believe her. This appears to be another one of his crazy experiments that went very wrong.”

Amelia sighed. Muggle experiments ... Flying cars ... This was getting better and better by the minute.

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By the time everything had wrapped up, it was nearing one in the morning. Molly poured herself a cup of tea as the last of her children went to bed. Once she was alone, a shit-eating grin spread across her face. Her plan went off without a hitch.

It was clear that her husba... former husband, she corrected herself, was only holding her back. Things were beginning to progress, and there simply wasn’t room for him or his incompetence in her life any longer. Sure, the children were devastated, but Molly didn’t care. They would get over it in time.

Once she had decided what needed to be done, it was simple enough to come up with a plan. All it took was a bit of research into how muggle items worked for her to come up with the perfect killing blow. Thankfully, there were plenty of books about electricity written by mudbloods that were easy enough to understand, especially when they supplied the reader with a spell that created electricity. All she had to do was wait for him to go into that ridiculous shed of his and bring him a cup of tea. When his back was turned, she used a spare wand to hit him directly in the back of the head with the Lightning Charm that had been provided to her. Seeing him spasming and convulsing provided her with a thrill that she hadn't felt in a very long time. When he had stopped breathing, she made sure that he was dead before taking the tea and leaving him in the shed. After hiding the spare wand, she immediately called St. Mungos in a pretend panic. That's when everything really popped off.

She was very grateful that no one suspected a thing. She counted on the fact that none of the investigators really knew anything about muggle technology, especially when it was mixed with magic. Of course, everything in his shed along with the car was confiscated. Molly was perfectly fine with that. She didn't want that junk around anyway.

Molly was suddenly overcome with joy and a sense of freedom. The world was her oyster, and she could do whatever she wanted. Now that the first part of her plan had been implemented, she could begin working on the second part ... enrapturing Harry Potter. To do that, she needed to make some changes to herself ... physically that is, and she knew exactly how to go about doing it.

Once that part of her plan was done, she would then need to have a little talk with her daughter. The girl needed to be rid of those ridiculous, adolescent thoughts about true love and whatnot. She needed to know the truth about life and join her mother in making Harry's fortune theirs.

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The following morning, Harry was very surprised to read about the untimely death of Arthur Weasley. He sat there stone-faced. He didn't really know how to react. He wanted Arthur dead to be sure, but Harry wanted to kill the man himself. He wanted to make Arthur pay for his part in Harry's betrayal. By the sound of it, however, it seemed that the muggle-loving Arthur Weasley had suffered enough. Being electrocuted to death ... Harry winced. Now there was only one question. Was it an accident or did he have a bit of help? Harry needed to look into this. He was about to stand up when Narcissa finished her breakfast of sliced strawberries and mangos. She stood up and grabbed the bottom of her light pink camisole slip and lifted it over her head. She tossed the slip aside and began walking to her room. Her thick cheeks bounced one after the other as she walked back to her room. He could see her naked tits jiggling as she turned her head and looked at him. "Are you coming back to bed?" the gorgeous blonde asked.

Harry's cock instantly became rock-hard. Perhaps Arthur could wait a while. Harry was sure he would understand ... if he was still alive, that is. Harry disappeared into the bedroom and didn't make a reappearance for several hours.

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It had been an annoyingly long night for Amelia. While it was sad that Arthur had died, she wasn't going to lie and say that it was eating her up inside. She didn't know the man all that well and had only spoken to him on occasion.

She yawned and stretched her arms. Looking at the clock, she could see that she had slept in by a couple of hours. That was alright. She was already planning on going to work several hours late that day. As she lay there in bed, her mind began to wander, and once again, it wandered to Harry Potter. The boy was an up-and-comer. There was no doubt about that. Even the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, was talking about giving the boy an Order of Merlin for his heroics in saving her from Greyback. Amelia knew that the Minister just wanted to get the boy on his side. One word from Potter could make or break his re-election. That was how much the public loved the Boy Who Lived.

'If only I could get him on *my* side,' Amelia thought. At some point, she was planning on running for Minister of Magic, and Harry could be quite useful in her potential election. She yawned and stretched again. As she did, her massive tits rolled around in her nightgown. She placed her hands on her chest to keep them still. Doing so created a deep valley of cleavage right above her low-cut neckline. The sight of her spectacular cleavage took her back to her younger days. Amelia let out a giggle when she remembered how the boys would stare at her chest. More than once, several boys in class got bad grades because they couldn't concentrate. They were too busy checking out her breasts. Amelia squeezed her tits and bounced them around a bit. They were still nice and bouncy after all these years, she happily thought. She couldn't accurately remember how many times she had used her breasts to get her way or to get out of a bad situation. She giggled again when she thought back to the summer before her sixth year at Hogwarts. During her only real rebellious streak, she had stolen a tube of lipstick from a shop in Diagon Alley and ran out the door. Unfortunately, the whole thing had been seen by a young member of the DMLE. He pulled her into a side alley, ready to chastise her.

All it took was for her to bounce a bit on her toes. Her thin shirt couldn't contain her breasts, and they bounced around in a very enticing manner. Back then, she outright refused to wear a bra. Why hide the gifts that her family bloodline had given her? She smiled wickedly as the young rookie was transfixed by the way her big, round breasts bounced around ... by the way her hard nipples were clearly tenting the thin fabric of her shirt. The poor boy was left stuttering as Amelia sweet-talked him into letting her go. When he finally did, he let her keep the lipstick, and he even apologized for wasting her time! That was only one instance of her breasts helping her in some strange way.

When she was small, her mother explained about the family bloodline and how she would one day have big, perfect breasts just like her. Little Amelia had scoffed and declared that she didn't want them. She wanted to be a professional Quidditch player, and female professional Quidditch players didn't have big boobs. It was only in hindsight that Amelia found her younger

self's reasoning to be absurd. Her large chest had helped her out in so many ways. If only her younger self had known. Now, after laying in bed and thinking for a while, Amelia thought that they might just help her out once again.

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"And this, Mr. Potter, is where the squad members and Hit Wizards practice," Amelia said as she showed him the firing range. "The Auror Department has its own firing range."

"That's brilliant!" he said in a voice that was filled with boyish wonder. "And you can call me Harry, Madam Bones." Amelia smiled kindly on the outside but hid the shit-eating grin on the inside. There wasn't a young man that she knew who didn't like the firing ranges.

"You can give it a try if you'd like, Harry. Go on and use your wand. You have my permission," she smiled at him, taking a step back.

"Really?" he asked her with wide eyes. Amelia nodded.

She watched as he jabbed his wand without saying a word. A brilliant golden-colored spell ripped from the tip of his wand and streaked through the air almost too fast to see. It seemed that the magic of the spell was spinning in a clockwise fashion. Before she could blink, the spell hit one of the farthest targets which were a hundred meters away. The spell hit the target right in the middle of the bullseye and punched a hole right through. The golden spell continued onward until it hit the magically reinforced stone wall behind it. She jumped as the loud explosion reverberated through her skull. She could feel the vibrations of the explosion in the ground as a massive chunk of the stone wall was blown clean off. Harry then turned to her with an excited smile.

"Was that good, Madam Bones?" he asked her. Amelia stared at the wall in shock, though she did a masterful job of not showing it in her expression. After a few seconds of staring, at which time a team of specialists came rushing in to examine the damage, she cleared her throat and looked at the young lad.

"Yes. I believe that was ... satisfactory ..." was pretty much all she could say. Harry continued to smile at her. "Why don't we go upstairs and I can show you the cafeteria? It's all you can eat, and they have cake and pie." Harry easily agreed to that.

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"Thanks for inviting me to dinner, Madam Bones. It was really good," he told her, making the older woman smile. Amelia had arranged for Susan to stay with her friend, Hannah that night. There was no way that Susan would give them a moment of peace if she knew that Harry Potter was going to be at the manor that night. Amelia needed some time alone with the boy if she was

going to win him over. Cornelius might be able to give him awards and perks, but there was one thing that he couldn't give a hotblooded, young male, she thought deviously.

"You're welcome, Harry. Now, how about a nightcap? You know what a nightcap is, don't you, Harry?" she asked him.

"It's a drink before bed. Right?" Amelia smiled again.

"Smart lad," she said.

"Apolline sometimes gives me a glass of wine before bed, and she calls it a nightcap," he explained.

"Oh?" Amelia smiled at him. She, of course, knew of the Delacour woman. Dumbledore had tried his best to have her custody of the boy revoked. Obviously, he failed. "And do you like wine?"

"I like it a lot," Harry responded, looking at her. Amelia inwardly smirked.

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"You poor boy," Amelia giggled after their third glass of wine. "You're a bit tipsy," she told him. She had a little bit of a buzz going herself.

"A little," Harry said as he swayed slightly.

"You're in no condition to return home by yourself," she shook her head.

"I'm not?" he asked, looking at her.

"I'm afraid not, Harry. You're going to have to stay here. I'll take you home in the morning," she smiled at him.

"But ... umm ... Where am I going to sleep?" Harry asked, scratching his head while looking around. Amelia giggled again. The boy was so clueless.

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Harry hid his smile as Amelia came into her room after freshening up in the bathroom. The sexy, older woman came in wearing a nightgown that didn't cover half her thighs and had a neckline so low that her tits were nearly spilling out the front. Harry was on the bed wearing only his boxers.

“Are you comfy?” she asked, and he nodded. It was clear that she had a plan for him. Luckily for her, she was never part of the group that had betrayed him. Amelia was likely trying to earn future favors from him. If that was true, he didn’t mind in the least. He’d scratch her back if she would scratch his. Amelia crawled onto her bed on her hands and knees. This caused her already big breasts to hang down, making them even bigger. The front of her nightgown stretched down, and Harry could see nearly all of her lovely breasts. Playing the part of the innocent, young boy, Harry stared at her cleavage like it was the greatest thing since sliced bread. It was pretty awesome, he admitted to himself. Amelia caught him staring, and he quickly turned away, still playing his part.

“S-Sorry, Madam Bones!” he stuttered. Amelia laughed lightly.

“It’s okay, Harry. You’re a growing boy, and I *am* a sexy woman after all. And please, call me Amelia when we’re alone,” she smiled, crawling closer to him.

“Okay, Amelia,” Harry pretended to squeak out. Amelia laughed again and placed her hands on his thighs. Her eyes lowered to his crotch. By then, the front of his boxers were tinted from his erection.

“Oh, dear. Are you a bit aroused?” she asked him. Harry was unable to blush, but he feigned embarrassment nonetheless. Harry nodded slowly. Her soft hands squeezed his thighs before one of them rose up and cupped his crotch. Amelia groped and massaged his erection while her other hand massaged his thigh. Harry let out a real moan.

“I wouldn’t be a good host if I let you fall asleep uncomfortable. Would you like me to touch you, Harry?” she asked him, leaning in and kissing his cheek. Harry gasped as she squeezed his covered cock.

“Yes, please,” he groaned out. Amelia didn’t even pretend to want to take things slow. She grabbed his boxers and swiftly tugged them down his legs. She then pushed his legs apart and studied his hard cock.

“You’re quite the young man ... aren’t you?” she said, smiling as her fingers gently caressed the skin of his cock. “So young and yet, you’re already so big.”

Harry closed his eyes and smiled as he felt her hand wrap around him. Slowly she moved her hand up and down, pleasuring him with long strokes. Harry’s hip bucked, and he heard her giggle. “You want more? Is that it?” she asked him.

Harry nodded quickly. He definitely wanted more from the MILF. In the future, he would use her as a pawn in his plans, but for now, he would use her smooth, sexy body for his own fun. He felt her begin to kiss the head of his cock, and it jumped in her hand. When her warm lips engulfed the entire head, Harry shuddered. When her head dropped, and she took him down her throat, Harry moaned and gave in to the pleasure.

