

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 32

“So what can I do for you, Professor?” Professor Sinistra asked of her Headmaster.

Dumbledore closed the door behind them and ushered her into a chair. He sat down in the chair opposite her and steepled his fingers in an all-knowing fashion. He had brought her into his private office which he hardly ever used. He didn't want the portraits to hear his conversation with her.

“Please, call me Albus, Aurora. We are colleagues now,” he smiled at the young professor. Aurora Sinistra was the youngest professor employed at Hogwarts, and Dumbledore could see why Harry Potter had a crush on her. There was hardly a male student in the school who didn't. Aurora had a beautiful face with a wide, bright smile filled with straight, pearly white teeth. Her lips were nice and plump, and they easily drew the boys' attention when they should have been listening to her lectures. Her nose was small and cute, and her eyes were big and bright. Like her skin, her eyes were brown. However, unlike her dark eyes, her skin was light, much like the color of a cappuccino. Aurora's hair was dark, thick, and long-flowing. One of Harry's favorite features just happened to be her voice. Her voice was soft and velvety but still had a seductive quality to it. If the boys of the school were asked, they would likely say that her best feature was the big pair of tits that she had been unable to hide, even under the robes she wore to teach.

“Oh ... Of course, Albus,” she responded, crossing one leg over the other. Dumbledore smiled and nodded in appreciation.

“Now, my dear ... I've developed a bit of a problem, and I was hoping that you might be able to help me with it,” the old man told her.

“Oh? What kind of problem?” she asked, curious as to what kind of problem it was that a man like him couldn't fix on his own.

“You, of course, know of Harry Potter's exploits before coming to Hogwarts?”

Aurora nodded. “Yes, Albus. There probably isn't a single person in the castle who hasn't read about all of his adventures. Some of the faculty even gossip about it.”

“Indeed,” Dumbledore nodded. “And while I'm very glad that the boy has grown to be powerful and resourceful, he is still in very serious danger,” he grimly stated. Aurora's eyes went wide.

“Danger? What kind of danger? From who?” she asked, confused. Harry seemed to be able to handle himself just fine. He had killed a Nundu for heaven's sake.

"Voldemort," Dumbledore stated in a menacing tone. Aurora squeaked as her body jolted in her chair. "Very few know this, but the Dark Lord is still alive."

"H-He is?" she asked, her eyes wide and her hands shaking.

"I'm afraid so. We can be thankful that he doesn't have a physical form right now. He exists as a wraith ... a shade of his former self. This will not last forever I'm afraid. One day he will regain his physical form and come for young Harry. If Harry is killed ..." Dumbledore shook his head sadly. "Harry is the Boy Who Lived. He is our only hope."

Aurora's heart was hammering in her chest as she listened to Dumbledore. The Dark Lord was still alive? Does the Ministry know? Are they taking precautions? There were so many questions without answers.

"There are also the Dark Lord's Death Eaters that we have to worry about. Any of them would love to get their hands on the boy. Harry must be kept safe at all costs. The entire world depends on it," Dumbledore stated, laying it on pretty thick.

"But you're Albus Dumbledore!" Aurora said with a slight hint of hysteria. "If anyone can keep him safe, it's you!" she blurted out. Dumbledore smiled in his grandfatherly way.

"I believe that I would do an admirable job, but the problem is that Harry is very independent. He has his own people that he trusts, and unfortunately, most of them are not in this school. I can't force Harry to stay somewhere safe once he leaves for the summer. He is a French citizen after all. The best I can hope for is that Harry learns to trust someone here in the castle ... Someone older than him who can help guide him," he said, looking Aurora in the eyes.

"Me?!" she squeaked. "You're talking about me?"

"Yes, my dear. I've learned that Harry is ... let us say, very attracted to you. You can use that to earn his trust. He is a young boy and very hormonal. If accomplished, you would hold great power over his decision-making. Then, perhaps, you can convince him to stay somewhere I have personally vetted," Dumbledore said, stroking his long, white beard.

"Albus ... surely you're not suggesting that I should ... He's my student!" Aurora wildly declared.

"Under normal circumstances, I would not suggest anything of the sort. Even though I firmly believe that love comes in many forms, I would not sanction a student-teacher relationship. I would simply say to wait until after their graduation," he chuckled. "However, we do not have the luxury of waiting. Dark forces have been making themselves known, Aurora. I need someone to step up and protect Harry from those who wish him harm. I would do it myself, but unfortunately, it will take quite a long time to get him to see me as a friend and a confidant. You, as an attractive, young woman, have a built-in headstart."

A million things were flashing through her mind. Was Dumbledore really suggesting ... Harry is much too young, she thought. On the other hand, if the Dark Lord really was alive and working on a way to come back ... Well, that was some very bad news. Aurora remembered how bad it was the last time the Dark Lord was in power. Her body was trembling just thinking about him coming to power again. Dumbledore was right about one thing. Harry Potter was the Boy Who Lived, and he was special. She had read every article that she could get her hands on about the boy. The places he's been, the things he had done ... It truly amazed her. She was well aware that if she had been a young girl, she would most likely have a massive crush on him. The boy was simply amazing. He was powerful and courageous. He was practically a god when it came to wielding magic. If anyone could defeat the Dark Lord again, it was him. Yet still, he was young and prone to making mistakes. There was a reason why the young always had someone older to take care of them.

If she did what Dumbledore was suggesting and allowed herself to seduce the boy for his own good, what would happen to her? What if someone found out about their illicit affair? The press would never let her hear the end of it.

"I sincerely apologize for putting you in this position, Aurora," Dumbledore delicately stated. "It is a lot to ask of you, I know. Sometimes we must do things that we normally wouldn't ... For the greater good."

Aurora Sinistra nodded. "Yes ... For the greater good."

Truthfully, she thought, it wouldn't exactly be bad. Harry was powerful, wealthy, and very influential. To have someone like that on her side would be a major boon for her future. She could have all the things that she's ever wanted and go to all the places that she's ever wanted to visit. She could already see herself living a luxurious lifestyle after declaring to the world that she was Harry Potter's lover. She would have to wait a while to spill the beans, of course, but she was a patient woman. She suddenly felt ashamed of herself for even thinking of taking advantage of the boy. 'It's not like he wouldn't be getting anything out of it,' she mentally added. She was a gorgeous woman with a killer body, and Harry would be one lucky son of a bitch to have her ushering him into manhood. It was only fair if she benefitted from it as well ... right?

However, none of that really mattered. The only thing that mattered was that she was doing her part to rid the world of the Dark Lord. Was there really any question as to whether or not she should do this? The world needed her, and she was here to answer the call.

"I'll do it, Professor!" she proudly stated and stood up. Dumbledore stood and looked upon her with a proud smile.

"I knew that I could count on you, my dear. And I told you, call me Albus."

Unknown Prophecy

Harry woke up extra early on Saturday morning. Normally, he liked to sleep in but that day, he had a meeting with Alannah Greengrass, Daphne's mother. He needed the extra time to sneak out of the castle and make his way to the Leaky Cauldron. He had already told Hermione that he was leaving the castle for the meeting, and if anything came up, she should cover for him.

Invisibly, he walked out of the castle and over to the Whomping Willow. Levitating a broken branch from the ground, he pressed it against a knot at the base of the tree. Instantly, all the tree's limbs snapped into place and stayed there, locked into position. Harry quickly went to the base of the tree and slipped into the secret passage. The tunnel was small and musty smelling, but Harry pushed through. After many minutes of walking while trying to avoid hitting his head on the roof of the tunnel, Harry finally reached a wooden hatch. Pushing the hatch open, Harry grabbed the sides of the exit and pulled himself up. He grunted as he got to his feet, looking around at the filthy room. The Shrieking Shack was just as dirty as he remembered. Not wanting to stay in there any longer than necessary, Harry apparated away, leaving the hatch open.

Harry appeared in a muggle alley very close to the Leaky Cauldron. His nose immediately wrinkled from the smell. Stale beer and piss was a scent that he would never get used to. Harry removed his robe and stuffed it in his bag. Standing there wearing a set of oversized clothes, Harry pulled out a bit of Aging Potion and drank a measured dose, only wanting to age a few years. He was already big for his age, and after a few more years of growth, he could easily pass for a seventeen-year-old. Harry quickly grew and filled out his clothes. With a few waves of his wand, he changed his facial features enough that no one would suspect that it was Harry Potter visiting the pub that morning. Eager to leave the piss-filled alley, he packed his stuff and made his way to the pub. About half an hour early, Harry had plenty of time to rent a room from the innkeeper, Tom, who looked more like a toothless walnut. After asking and finding out that he knew who she was, he paid the old man a few galleons to hand Alannah a note when she came in and sat down. With his key in hand, Harry went to the room and waited ten minutes for the potion to wear off. Once it had, Harry quickly changed clothes and waited for Alannah to show up.

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Alannah was thankful that she didn't have to worry about her youngest, Astoria, for the time being. She was staying with one of her friends for the week while Alannah did her best to figure out a way out of the mess that her late husband had left them in. Just as she thought that her search had been in vain, her daughter, Daphne, had sent her a message telling her that Harry Potter was willing to help, but that he needed to meet with her first since she was Head of House.

She read the letter that Daphne had sent multiple times. It seemed that it was written in a rush and contained little information. She was glad when a longer letter arrived the following day and filled her in on more of what was going on. It seemed that Harry Potter couldn't help but be the hero. Well, that fit her plans just fine.

Over the last couple of years, Alannah had been teaching both her daughters and Tracey the importance of always looking good. A beautiful woman could almost always get what she wanted. Of course, looks weren't everything. Eventually, you would have to give up something and be more than just a pretty face. She understood that, and so did her girls. There were so few eligible bachelors for Pureblood women like them that the competition when one made themselves known was fierce. Alannah had to outclass over a dozen women to marry her former husband. Sadly, he turned out to be a dud. This put Alannah in a bad position. While she wasn't anywhere close to being considered old, when older, wealthy men came on the market, they wanted younger women. They wanted women who were in their early twenties, not a woman in her late thirties like her. She was basically in no man's land when it came to securing a wealthy man. However, Harry Potter was a wild card that she hadn't been expecting. Harry was a young man, still a schoolboy. He was relatively inexperienced when it came to women.

Alannah giggled as she pushed her breasts together underneath her robe. 'He won't know what hit him,' she thought. A boy his age wouldn't dream of turning down a gorgeous cougar who was willing to do everything in bed. Normally, she wouldn't be anywhere near this sexually aggressive, but she was absolutely certain that other women were already circling him. 'That whore, Narcissa Malfoy, has no doubt tried to contact him,' she thought with a sneer. If Alannah didn't move fast, another woman would sink her claws into him and possibly convince him to stay away from the Greengrasses altogether. That would be very bad news, indeed.

Daphne and Tracey knew that they should do everything possible to keep themselves in his sphere of influence. Alannah had been training the girls on the ins and outs of female Pureblood society. She had taught them how to use their beauty and their bodies to get what they wanted. She would be surprised if another schoolgirl hadn't fucked his brains out already. Alannah remembered her time at Hogwarts. 'The whole school was full of gold-digging sluts,' she remembered. Daphne and Tracey would have to lay it on thick, she thought. Tracey ... Alannah thought ... Daphne was lucky to have the girl by her side. 'Two is better than one,' Alannah smiled silkily at the thought of both girls working on Harry at the same time. 'It was a great boon to the Greengrass women when Tracey's mother died,' she thought. Alannah had immediately stepped in as a mother figure and taught her just as she did Daphne.

'They know that they must do their jobs. Now I must do mine,' Alannah thought as she fixed her breasts again before walking into the pub. As she walked in, she scanned the tables and didn't see the boy. Perhaps he was late. Just as she was about to sit down and wait, old Tom came over and handed her a note.

Room 11

HP

That was all the note read, and yet, it told her everything that she needed to know. Excitement filling her, she walked to the opposite side of the room and took the stairs up to the second floor where the rented rooms were located. It didn't take long to find room number eleven. Alannah

took a deep breath and knocked on the door. A few seconds later, the door opened revealing a handsome boy who was bigger than she expected. He looked to be older as well. "Harry Potter?" she asked to make sure. A smile spread across his face, and he nodded.

"And I take it that you're Alannah Greengrass, Daphne's mother?" he asked in return. Alannah nodded, and Harry stepped out of the way, ushering her in. Alannah walked in and found that the room hadn't been used.

"I rented this room to afford us some privacy. I know that this is a delicate and sensitive matter," he answered her unasked question. "May I take your robe?" he politely asked. Her back was to him, so he didn't see the smirk form on her lovely lips. She turned to face him, her eyes sparkling beautifully.

"You may. Thank you, Harry. May I call you Harry?" she asked, unbuttoning her traveling winter robe and letting him pull it from her shoulders. As he did, her smart and sexy outfit was exposed to him. Alannah had chosen her outfit carefully. She couldn't let herself look like a whore hoping to be rented for the night, but she also couldn't look like some old, stuffy librarian. In the end, she chose a black pencil skirt that ended right above the knees and a cream-colored, silk blouse that accentuated her busty chest. On her feet were three-inch stiletto heels to make her legs look even sexier. She felt Harry's fingers graze her arms as he removed her robe. 'He can't keep his hands off of me,' she inwardly giggled.

"Of course ... if I may call you Alannah?" he asked playfully. Again, her eyes sparkled with mischief.

"You may," she told him as she walked to the bed. She sat down and crossed one leg over the other. As she did this, her short skirt was hiked up even higher. Now more than half of her thigh was on display. She noticed Harry's eyes sweeping over her form, and it gave her a thrill. The plan was working. At least she hoped it was. Her youngest daughter's future depended on it. "I received a letter from Daphne saying that you might be willing to help us. Is this true?" she asked as Harry sat down next to her, his body slightly turned so that he was facing her.

"It is. Daphne and Tracey are lovely girls, and I was hoping to get to know them better. It would be a shame not to help them in their time of need," he told her, his eyes lowering to take another peek at her thigh.

'In other words, he wants to fuck both of them, and this is his way of ensuring that,' Alannah thought to herself. 'Smart boy,' she added. This wasn't a surprise. He was a hormonal youth, and Daphne and Tracey were beautiful girls. 'Time to seal the deal,' she thought.

Alannah placed her fingers underneath his chin and tilted his head up so that he was looking her in the eyes instead of checking out her thighs. She presented him with a beautiful smile while gently caressing his cheek. "That's very kind of you, Harry. My family would be appreciative. I, in particular, would be very appreciative," she told him.

“You would?” Harry asked her with wide, innocent eyes. ‘Oh, the poor boy,’ she thought with a silent giggle.

Alannah reached her hand over and squeezed the crotch of his trousers. His body jumped as she felt the erection in his pants. She then stood up and dropped to her knees right in front of him. She pushed him flat on the bed and quickly tugged his trousers down to his ankles. Her eyes widened at the sight of his erection. He was much bigger than he had any right to be, she thought as her hand wrapped around him. He moaned as she started off with one long, deep stroke. She looked deep into his bright, green eyes and kissed the tip of his cock before wrapping her lips around the head and taking him down her throat in a single go. She heard him shudder and moan as her bottom lip touched his balls. Holding the flat of her tongue against the underside of his shaft, she made an airtight seal with her lips and pulled her head up until only the tip was still in her mouth. His leg trembled from the intense pleasure, and that only spurred her on. Her head began to bob, and she expertly sucked him to the point of near orgasm. She then let go of his cock with a wet pop and straddled his lap. Leaning down, she kissed him deeply and passionately, tickling his tongue with hers.

“If you can somehow get the contract away from Draco, I’ll reward you in ways that you can’t imagine. You can have me in any way that you desire,” she huskily whispered into his ear. She then ripped her shirt open, sending the buttons flying. Harry then discovered that she wasn’t wearing a bra. Her big, round tits practically exploded out the front of her shirt. Her smooth skin was pale, and her nipples were pink and hard. The little, hard tips poked out nearly a centimeter from her skin, and Harry had never been more eager to suck on a pair of tits in his life. Before Harry could answer, she dropped back down and started sucking him off like this was their last thirty seconds on Earth. His hips bucked, and Alannah pushed her head down just as he emptied his balls. Guzzling his cum, she didn’t spill a single drop, and when he was done, she let him fall from her lips, his cock sparkling clean. She smiled wickedly at her boy toy and repeatedly slapped her tits with his cock before finally letting it go. Alannah fixed her hair as she looked down on him. His cock was still as hard as a rock, and he was staring at her with wide eyes. Her hand grabbed his cock again, and she swore that she could feel his pulse racing through his thick, hot shaft.

“Let me know when you have the contract, Harry. Then our fun can really begin,” she told him and pressed her tongue against the bottom of his sensitive head. Her tongue began wiggling around it, making Harry moan deeply. She then kissed the head and stood up. Pulling her skirt back down and fixing her shirt, she grabbed her robe and secured it around her body. “Give Daphne and Tracey my love,” she smiled at him, blowing him a kiss before leaving him alone in the room.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned. He knew that Daphne’s mum was a sexy woman, but he had no idea that she was an expert cocksucker. Yes, he definitely wanted her as a follower. He would put that mouth to good use. In the meantime, Harry needed to get back to school before he was discovered.

