

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 65

The Hogwarts Express finally glided to a stop at King's Cross Station with a hiss of steam, and the high-pitched squeal of the brakes echoed throughout the carriages. Harry and Hermione waited for the crowds to thin before gathering their things and stepping out of their compartment. Hermione tucked her hair behind her ear, glanced at Harry, and rolled her eyes. The corridor was already jammed with students clamoring for trunks. The excitement was palpable.

As they made their way off the train, Hermione stayed close to Harry's side. They stepped out onto the platform proper, and Harry felt the familiar prickle on the back of his neck. It was a sixth sense that told him trouble was incoming. Sure enough, a group of Daily Prophet reporters and WWN crews lurked near the barrier, their faces gleaming with expectation. Harry gave Hermione's hand a squeeze, then gently pushed her toward Emma. "Go on ahead. I'll handle this. Tell Emma that I'll come for a visit in a few days."

Hermione hesitated, but she could already see the press preparing to pounce. She gave Harry a quick peck on the cheek and whispered, "Don't antagonize them," and then vanished into the crowd with her mother.

The instant she was out of sight, the press descended. Flashbulbs popped, microphones jutted forward, and a chorus of shouts filled the air.

"Harry! Harry! Is it true you're dating a French Veela?"

"Mr. Potter, what's your opinion on the latest Ministry proposal?"

"Harry, is it true you spent the entire ride in the Prefects' Carriage?"

Harry put on his best charming smile, raised his hands, and let the circus play out. He answered every question with non-answers, finessed every rumor with a smirk, and made a point of calling every reporter by name. He was using Legilimency on them, of course. After a few minutes of this, Harry excused himself, saying he had an important meeting, which he didn't.

Harry slipped away from the scrum and ducked through the barrier, emerging into the main concourse of King's Cross. He kept his head down, but a few magicals hovering near the platform entrance stared anyway, likely recognizing him from the front page of the Prophet. Harry ignored them and strode confidently toward the exit with his Royal Traveler trunk safely in tow.

Once outside, Harry took a deep breath. The air smelled like rain, and the clouds were gray and swirling. He then remembered that he was utterly and gloriously alone. There were no

professors, no Dumbledore, and no anxious Weasleys waiting to shepherd him home. He grinned widely. The summer was his. Harry pulled his trunk into an alley, ducked out of sight, and apparated away.

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Harry stalked through the pine forest outside Bordeaux. His boots crunched on twigs and dried needles, and branches snapped back to swipe at his face. The sky was miserable and gray, and the air was thick with the scent of damp earth. According to the notes he had taken during Parkinson's interrogation, this was the place. It was an old hunting preserve, just north of the river. It was a holdover from the era of French aristocrats, but it had long since fallen into magical hands. The woods were deep and silent, except for Harry's deep breathing as he hiked up the gentle incline. His eyes scanned left and right for any evidence of human habitation.

He'd been at it for nearly an hour, but he'd found nothing. There wasn't even a hint of residual magic. He was about to curse Parkinson's name when a strange flicker caught at the edge of his vision. Harry slowed, blinked, and then focused his Mage Sight. A dizzying wash of color exploded over the landscape as he rounded a low mound. In front of him was a lattice of magical threads woven so deeply into the forest that they would have been invisible to anyone but him.

About fifty meters ahead, the Mage Sight revealed a dome of magic, shimmering in greens and blues, and threaded with faint bands of violet. It was a work of art, really. The ward scheme was so intricate that only a master could have crafted it. Harry grinned and climbed onto a mossy boulder to get a better look. For a few minutes, he just studied the ward, tracing the wardstone, the binding lines, and the clever little self-renewing loops and fail-safes. It was both paranoid and beautiful, and he couldn't wait to get his hands on it.

He moved closer, taking care not to trip any of the passive alarms. Parkinson had built the ward to be subtle. If you walked right through it without Mage Sight, you'd never know it was there. If you messed with the wrong rune, though, you'd probably be turned inside out or something even nastier. Harry slid a hand into his pocket, withdrew his wand, and set to work. He started with a detection charm, then a slow diagnostic, mapping each line and each anchor. It was painstaking work, and Parkinson hadn't made it easy. There were deadman triggers, hidden secondary wards, and a particularly nasty feedback loop that would fry the would-be thief's magic for a week.

After half an hour of squinting and muttering counter-charms, Harry found the first soft spot. There was a tiny flaw near the base of the dome, right where it sank into the ground. He wriggled the tip of his wand into the gap and began to gently shave away at the first layer. It took patience, and the whole time, he kept one eye on the rest of the spellwork, waiting for some automated defense to snap shut on his fingers. Thankfully, nothing happened. He exhaled and moved on to the next spot, threading his wand through the ward like a surgeon's scalpel.

The process became almost meditative. Harry lost track of time, and he let himself fall into the rhythm of the work. He would identify the correct flow lines, probe them, and finally snip them if they weren't needed. The dome began to weaken, and the colors faded from their original vibrancy to a dull pastel haze. He could feel the pulse of the main wardstone buried deep in the center of the dome, and with a final silent flick, he cut the thread that held it all together.

The magic collapsed in on itself with a soundless rumble. The colors vanished, the ward shimmered, and then it was gone, leaving only a faint tingle on his skin and a sudden stillness in the forest. In its place, as if conjured out of thin air, stood a small stone cottage. It wasn't the moss-covered, storybook sort of cottage, but a squat, practical building, with heavy iron fixtures on the door. It was the kind of place that hadn't been built for aesthetics, but security.

He approached the cottage slowly. Now that the concealment ward was gone, the place radiated a faint magical pressure. He circled around once to check for traps. There was a faint tripwire at the rear, which he easily sidestepped, and there was a nasty little curse on the doorknob that would have dissolved any flesh not keyed to Parkinson's blood. Harry grinned at the thought. Instead of turning the knob, Harry conjured a prybar, jammed it between the door and frame, and pushed the bar with a loud, wooden crack. Once the door was ajar, he kicked it open.

The door opened onto a dim interior that was thick with the smell of stale, musty air. Inside, the place was exactly as Parkinson had described it. It was a single cramped room with shelves stacked to the ceiling with locked boxes, parchments, and oddments. A reinforced desk dominated the center. The room was cold from the sudden magical backlash of the wards collapsing. Harry cast a quick warming charm as he stepped inside.

He paused a moment and let his eyes adjust before taking in the details. There were six locked trunks, and each was painted with a different family crest. There was a set of glass cabinets that held rows of bottled potion ingredients, some of which were illegal under French wizarding law. There were two wands on display over the desk, both being far older than Harry's.

He moved to the closest trunk and ran his wand over the lock, whispering an unlocking charm. The lid popped open with a satisfyingly heavy thunk, and inside, he found exactly what Parkinson had promised. There was a fortune in jewelry, rare magical tomes, and a collection of blackmail documents so dense and so juicy that Harry nearly whistled out loud. There were letters from French Ministry officials, entire ledgers of bribes, and a folder marked "Grindlewald" in shaky script.

The second trunk was even stranger. There were rows of weapons, wands, knives, a set of throwing stars spelled to return to the thrower's hand, and a nasty box of cursed jewelry. He sorted through it carefully, making a mental inventory. He knew that Hermione would want a full report. She liked to know what was going on in her absence. There were a few items that radiated dark magic, and he set these aside for later examination.

The rest of the trunks were filled with various items that amounted to another small fortune. But what he was looking for was under the cottage itself. Harry waved his hand, and the rug on the floor pulled away, revealing a trap door. With another wave of his hand, the trap door ripped clean off its hinges. Harry conjured a ball of light in his palm and dropped it into the open darkness below. The light radiated brightly and lit up the entire underground vault. Mountains of galleons radiated golden light back at him, and Harry smiled like an idiot.

He spent the next few hours transferring everything of value back to his mountain vault. When the cottage was finally emptied, Harry breathed a sigh of relief. The sun was low on the horizon, and he was physically worn out. Having just added to his wealth, Harry felt he deserved a reward. Holding a large sack of gold, he decided to visit his favorite naughty Veela for some afternoon delight.

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Harry apparated directly into Fleur's bedroom, and the sudden change in scenery nearly made him laugh. The room was suffused with late-afternoon light filtering through sheer curtains that fluttered in the breeze from her open bedroom window. The air was thick with the scent of lavender, and Harry saw a scattering of clothes spilling out of her open trunk. Fleur had clearly recently returned from another year at Beauxbatons. The only movement, aside from the curtains, was Fleur herself.

She lay sprawled face down across the mattress, utterly at ease. The bare soles of her feet were pointed towards the ceiling, and her ankles were crossed in a way that drew Harry's eyes along the lines of her calves and thighs. Fleur's legs were a work of art. They were long, toned, and as smooth as satin. The sunlight caught the slight shimmer of her skin and accentuated the delicate curves of her calves all the way up to the soft swell of her thighs, which the tiny skirt barely managed to cover. She wore a pastel pink camisole so thin that it left little to Harry's imagination. The thin spaghetti straps clung to the slope of her shoulders, and the low dip of the neckline caught at the edge of her shoulder blades. Her silvery blonde hair spilled over the pillow, and even from the doorway, Harry could see the faint quiver of her muscles as she idly kicked her feet in the air, engrossed in whatever magazine lay open before her.

He took a moment to admire the scene. Somehow, Fleur seemed to possess all the beauty and grace of a full-blooded Veela. Harry was almost reluctant to announce himself, but the soft pop of his arrival had already broken the spell. He watched as Fleur's foot paused mid-bounce, and for a second she seemed to freeze, as if unsure whether she truly heard something. Then her head twisted sharply to the side, and her deep blue eyes locked onto Harry's face. They were wide with a startled, almost kittenish alarm.

"'Arry? I did not know you were coming to visit," Fleur said when her brain started to work again.

"I come bearing gifts," he said, smiling at Fleur. He tossed the heavy bag of gold onto the bed in front of her, and it landed with a satisfying thud. The noise startled Fleur so much that she dropped her magazine and scrambled upright onto her knees. Her eyes were comically wide. For a moment, she stared at the sack as if it were going to bite her, and then she looked up at Harry. Her lovely mouth fell open in a perfect O of delight. Even before she said a word, he could see that she was already thinking of just how she was going to spend it.

"For moi?" she asked, feigning innocence, but her accent was so thick and sensual that she may as well have been purring.

Harry smirked and replied, "I came into a bit of extra gold today, and I figured I'd share the wealth." He gestured to the sack. "Go on ... open it."

Fleur wasted no time. She leaned forward, and the motion hiked her skirt so high that Harry nearly lost his train of thought. Her pale legs glimmered behind her, and her ass swayed tantalizingly as she gripped the sack and tugged at the knot. The hem of her skirt slipped up her wide bottom, and he could see the thin pink triangle of her panties clinging to the curve of her ass. She bent farther, and the fabric stretched so thin it seemed on the verge of transparency. He could see the outline of her pussy pressing up against the lace. Harry stared, entranced by the erotic sight.

Fleur undid the drawstring and plunged both hands into the gold. Galleons spilled out of the bag and clanked onto the comforter below. She giggled with genuine pleasure and let the coins run through her elegant fingers, but even as she did, she kept glancing back at Harry. Those big blue eyes were practically begging for attention. She wasn't even pretending to play hard to get.

"You are too generous, 'Arry." Fleur flopped onto her bum, stretched out her legs, and showed off her dancer's calves. "You know ze way to my 'eart ees through my pockets." Her sexy accent had become as thick as honey, and Harry loved hearing it.

Harry moved closer, drawn in by the sound of her laughter and the intoxicating scent of Veela pheromones wafting up from the bed. He sat on the edge of the mattress and ran his hand along her thigh. His thumb stroked the soft skin just above the knee. She shivered, and he noticed that her legs parted slightly.

"Maybe I'm just here for the company," he teased and gently caressed her silky skin.

Fleur rolled her eyes and scooted even closer, until her knees touched his chest. "You are a terrible liar, 'Arry," she said, smiling. "But I will forgive you, because you tell such nice lies."

He laughed and reached for her, and she let herself be pulled onto his lap. She was lighter than she looked, and she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and buried her nose in his neck. Harry could feel the heat of her body, and from the way her chest pressed against him through

the thin camisole, he could tell that her nipples were hard beneath the fabric. She pressed her lips against his jaw, and he could feel her smile.

"Is it okay if I sleep here tonight?" Harry asked. Her hair tickled his cheek as she nodded her head.

He slipped a hand up the back of her skirt and ran his fingertips along the delicate edge of her panties. Fleur arched her back and moaned lightly, and Harry took the opportunity to slide his other hand down the front of her stomach and between her legs. He cupped her pussy through the soft fabric, and his thumb pressed gently against her clit, which was already hard and straining beneath the lace.

Fleur gasped and gripped his shoulders tighter, and she trembled with barely suppressed energy. Harry leaned in and kissed her, and she melted into him. Her hips jerked back and forth as she ground her panty-clad pussy against his hand, desperate for any amount of pleasure. He pulled her closer, and the heat of her body radiated through his jeans. Fleur's tongue traced the seam of his lips, and her hands roamed his chest, clawing at his shirt until she pulled it free from his waistband.

Fleur suddenly leaned back and pulled him down on top of her, and the coins scattered out of the bag. The sound made Fleur laugh again, and she wrapped her legs around his waist and locked her ankles behind him. She bit his lower lip, tugged at it, and then whispered, "You are not allowed to leave until I am satisfied, 'Arry." He hadn't visited her in weeks, and it seemed that Fleur was feeling quite needy.

Harry grinned, pressed his hand between her thighs, and rubbed her pussy through the lace until it was soaked. Her moans quickly grew louder. He could feel the hard, hot outline of his cock pressing up against her, and she ground her hips into him invitingly. Fleur's hands scrambled at the button of his jeans, and she slid one hand inside. She wrapped her fingers around his impressive shaft and stroked him as he kept stroking her.

"God, you're wet," Harry lustfully stated, and Fleur only threw her head back and laughed, letting her silvery hair fan out over the pillows.

She then sat up on her knees and reached for the hem of Harry's shirt. She pulled it up over his torso, and he raised his arms to help. She tossed the shirt away, then leaned in and pressed her lips to the middle of his chest, inhaling his scent with a visible flush on her cheeks. She lingered there, kissing along his collarbone and nipping lightly at the hollow just below his throat. Fleur then pulled away slightly and offered a sexy smile that was both mischievous and inviting.

"Take this off?" she teased, and raised her arms above her head with an exaggerated stretch. She arched her back until the thin pink camisole was pulled even tighter across her bountiful chest. The movement made her perky breasts strain against the fabric, and the outline of her stiff nipples was plainly visible. Harry gripped the hem between his fingers and slowly pulled it

upward, letting the silky material slide over her smooth skin. Fleur shivered as the camisole passed over her bare midriff, and she giggled softly when Harry grazed her ribs with his knuckles. As he peeled the camisole up and over her head, Fleur's breasts tumbled free. The soft globes jiggled as they were finally released.

Harry couldn't take his eyes off her chest. The sight of Fleur's bare breasts was breathtaking. Her skin was flawless and pale, and her nipples were perfectly pink and crinkled into hard little peaks. Fleur caught his stare and shot him a coy smirk. She cupped her breasts with her hands as if presenting them to him. "You like, non?" she teased, her accent thickening as she squeezed her tits together until the pale flesh formed a deep, sultry valley. Harry was struck momentarily speechless, and he just nodded. He reached for her, but Fleur was already moving.

With effortless grace, she reclined back onto the bed and propped herself up on her elbows, letting her hair fan out over the pillow. The bedroom light glittered on her arms and torso, and Fleur's eyes gleamed with open, hungry lust. She bent her knees, and she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her skirt, wiggling her hips side to side as she shimmied the garment down her thighs. The skirt pooled around her knees, and she kicked it away, leaving her in nothing but the tight, pastel-pink panties that barely contained her delicate pussy.

Fleur's legs were smooth and toned, and when she stretched them out side by side, Harry couldn't help but run his hand down them. She shifted and spread her knees just enough to make herself completely visible to Harry. Her panties were so thin and wet that the shape of her pussy underneath was impossible to miss. There was a soaking wet patch clinging to the crotch, and the outline of her puffy, swollen lips was perfectly clear.

Fleur didn't bother pretending she was embarrassed. They both knew that wasn't true. Instead, she locked eyes with Harry, bit her lower lip in anticipation, and ran her hand slowly down her flat stomach, from her breast to waistband. She lingered at her hip, then slid her fingers between her thighs and gently pressed against the damp fabric, moaning softly as her own touch sent a tremor through her body. Her head fell back, exposing the elegant slope of her throat, and her other hand reached up to lazily pinch and tease her already-stiff nipple. The urgency in her movements made it clear just how desperately she wanted him to see her.

Harry felt his heart pounding in his chest, and his cock strained painfully against his jeans. He watched as Fleur's hands moved over her own body, captivated by the way she arched her back. She was putting on a show, and he was utterly spellbound. The air was thick with the scent of her arousal, and Harry could almost taste it on his tongue.

She opened her legs wider, displaying the sopping wetness of her panties, and she gazed at Harry with a raw, pleading hunger. "Please, 'Arry," she pleaded in a husky and trembling voice. "Je t'en prie. I need you so much."

Harry reached out and ran his fingertips along the inside of her thigh. He felt the heat radiating from her skin, and when he touched the soaked patch of her panties, Fleur whimpered and

bucked her hips up to meet him. The sight of her with her legs spread and her pussy glistening through the sheer fabric was enough to make Harry dizzy with desire. He slid his fingers along the crease of her thigh, pausing to trace the outline of her lips through the lace, and Fleur's entire body shuddered with suspense.

He wanted nothing more than to tear off her panties and bury his face between her legs, but he forced himself to slow down and savor every detail of her arousal. He leaned in and kissed the inside of her knee. Harry then moved to the soft, sensitive skin of her inner thigh, working his way upward as Fleur writhed beneath him. Each kiss brought a new gasp from her lips, and she threaded her fingers through his hair, urging him closer, and begging him to taste her.

When Harry finally pressed his mouth to the wet fabric, Fleur cried out, arched her back, and ground herself against his face. He licked her through the panties, and the taste of her was sweet and intoxicating. He could feel her pussy throbbing with need beneath his tongue. Fleur clutched at the sheets, and she cried out a series of desperate, incoherent pleas in English and French.

He nipped the waistband of her panties with his teeth and tugged them down until her glistening pussy was fully exposed. The lips were puffy, flushed, and slightly parted, and a fat bead of arousal dripped from her entrance down to the bed. Fleur was trembling, and she looked at Harry with wide, pleading eyes.

He was utterly captivated by the sight of her soaked pink panties twisted around her ankles, by the way her breasts heaved with each breath, and by the way her pussy glistened in the golden light. Fleur whimpered as Harry forced her lips open with his two thumbs. Her pale pink insides shimmered with her juices, and her pussy hole flexed in suspense. Harry smirked at her and dove in.