

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 10

Brilliant blue eyes fluttered open, and their owner was confused. It took a moment for Apolline to remember what had occurred. She had done the Blood Adoption ritual with Harry Potter, and they had both passed out. Feeling some extra weight on her chest, she lowered her eyes and saw a shock of messy, black hair. Harry's face was pressed right into her cleavage. She immediately rolled her eyes. Even while unconscious, a boy will always find his way to a girl's tits, she thought to herself as she shifted in bed.

As she shifted, she noticed something else that was apparently new. Something hard was poking her hip, and it certainly wasn't his wand. A groan made her turn her attention back to the boy whose face was hidden between her pillowy breasts. The vibration of his voice against her skin was a bit ticklish and made her giggle slightly. The movement of her body woke him up even more. He slowly lifted his head, and Apolline stared at him, entranced by the brightness of his emerald eyes. He had changed slightly. She couldn't exactly put her finger on it. He looked the same, only somehow better. There was one change that she could definitely put her finger on, and it was currently resting against her soft thigh. She smiled sexily at him. With her hair a mess, and her eyes heavy and lidded, she knew that she looked incredibly sexy at the moment. All of her past lovers had told her how much they loved her freshly-fucked look. She decided to use it to her advantage. "Good morning, 'Arry," she greeted him in her soft, slightly-hoarse voice.

"Good morning," he replied in his own hoarse voice. He wasn't sure how long they had been out. He wasn't even sure if it was morning.

Apolline noticed something else. As a Veela, she had never had morning breath. Her body had evolved to be as pleasant as possible to her lovers. Harry now smelled like a Veela. She put it down to the Blood Adoption. It was reasonable to assume that he might take on a few of her qualities. In truth, it was a pleasant outcome. Deciding to taste him, she leaned in and captured his lips in a soft kiss. Harry, on the other hand, had different ideas. He almost instantly deepened the kiss, capturing her tongue and sucking on it. Apolline pulled back, breaking the kiss. She needed to have a talk with him, but first, she needed to get him in the proper mood. 'Men always think with their cocks,' she sneakily thought as she reached down between them. She wrapped her hand around his hard shaft, finding it to be much too big for a boy his age. Her eyes widened momentarily, but she quickly pulled herself together.

"Oh my, 'Arry," she teased, slowly moving her hand up and down. Harry gasped and pressed his hips forward, obviously liking what she was doing to him. "There is something different about you ..." she whispered into his ear and giggled against his cheek. She smiled widely and nipped at his jaw. She could feel his body shuddering under her experienced touch.

Harry wasn't a stranger to the ways of the woman, but unfortunately for him, being in hiding and being horribly mutilated really put a damper on his sexual exploits. Polyjuice Potion was great

and all, but you could only take it so often before it did permanent damage to your body. Had Barty Crouch Jr. survived the ordeal in his fourth year, he likely would have had serious medical issues for the rest of his life. Harry wouldn't have been surprised if Voldemort had promised some magical dark cure for his ailments, or it was possible that Barty didn't know what it would do to him in the future.

Even though he had been with his fair share of women, Apolline knew exactly how to make him crazy with desire. There was nothing better than an amorous Veela. Still, he was far from the young boy that he appeared to be. As crazy as she could make him, Harry wouldn't lose his head and offer her the world. When her other hand dipped low and began gently tugging at his balls, Harry's eyes rolled into the back of his head, and he almost forgot everything that he had just been telling himself.

"You like that ... Don't you, 'Arry?" she whispered as she placed the pad of her thumb against the bottom of his head. She started slowly massaging it, drawing a moan from Harry's lips.

"Yeah," Harry gasped as she played with his sack. "A lot," he said honestly.

"And you would like it to continue?" she asked him, placing soft kisses along his jaw. She then took his earlobe between her lips and sucked on it. Harry found it very hard to refrain from cumming right there on the spot.

"Yes," was all he could say. Apolline smiled and rolled over, straddling his hips. Harry was mesmerized by the way her tits bounced around and swayed as she fluffed up her hair. Her warm, damp lips were pressed tightly against his erection. Harry thanked whatever deity that was looking out for him that the ritual had worked.

"You know, 'Arry ..." she began, sitting still and not moving. Harry ran his hands up the length of her soft, smooth thighs. He loved that she had a little bit of meat on her hips. It made squeezing them all the more satisfying. "... it would be nice if I had a bit more gold. If my allowance was raised ..." she told him, leaning down and placing her hands on either side of his head. Her hips moved slightly, and her hairless slit brushed against the underside of his shaft. Her breasts were dangling down, and Harry wanted nothing more than to lean up and capture one of her perfect, pink nipples between his lips. Sadly, they were just out of reach. Apolline was good, he had to admit. She knew how to get what she wanted.

"And just how much is a bit more?" Harry asked as he moved his hand down her slim belly. When his fingers touched her clit, he used his wandless magic to make his fingertips vibrate.

"Mon Dieu!" she gasped while his fingers circled her clit. Apolline's eyes widened to the size of dinner plates. Before his very eyes, her nipples became rock-hard, and the scent of wet pussy grew stronger. She pushed herself harder against his fingers, loving how good it felt. Harry was also moving his hips, rubbing his length against her damp slit. "I am sure we can come to a satisfactory arrangement!" she gasped while starting to roll her hips.

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In the end, Harry did agree on a price and the agreement certainly was satisfactory. Apolline would have enough gold to travel or have fun during the school year, but her summers belonged to him. She was expected to be at his beck and call all summer long. He planned to get more than his money's worth during that time. All in all, he was happy with the outcome.

He was also very happy with the outcome of the ritual. During the couple of days that he was out, he had grown a few inches from kick-starting puberty. That wasn't the only thing that had grown. Apolline was pleasantly surprised by his size, and he wasn't even close to being done growing in that particular area. There were some surprises that Harry hadn't seen coming. His face did change slightly, though most wouldn't be able to tell due to his young state. However, Harry could tell that his face had become more angular. He would definitely be able to tell when he aged and lost the remaining baby fat from his cheeks. He had definitely taken on some of Apolline's qualities and would likely resemble her slightly as he got older. Another thing was his body hair. It had completely fallen off. Veela were naturally hairless, except from the neck up, of course. The hair on his arms and legs was now gone. Being young, he didn't have pubic hair, and now he most likely never would. He didn't mind. He imagined that the girls of Hogwarts would be quite happy not to have hair in their mouths as they sucked him off.

Even though he was quite happy to have hired the older Veela as his sex toy, he was beyond the point of being a trusting, little boy that believed in people's kindness. He wouldn't put his faith in anyone. He knew very well how quickly someone would stick a knife in your back. He couldn't trust anyone but himself. As such, he created a special gift for Apolline. A beautiful, gold ring now sat on her finger where her wedding ring once sat. On that ring were very powerful Compulsion and Loyalty Charms. Voldemort's memory of enchanting a certain Deathly Hallow was very useful in this case. Slowly, as to not arouse suspicion, she would become more and more loyal to him. Soon, she would be at the point where she would think that he could do no wrong. Within a few years, she would get on her knees and suck him off in the middle of Paris if he so desired. As tempting as it was to make her do that, it would completely blow his cover. Nevertheless, he would have her under his control one way or another.

Using the same method on Fleur and Hermione was out of the question. While Fleur was at Beauxbatons, there was a possibility that an enchanted item on her person would be discovered. Hermione was in the same boat. Dumbledore will assuredly be keeping an eye on her while convincing her to spy on him. Any item on her would be spotted almost instantly. Hermione's mother on the other hand ...

With one problem out of the way, he could now deal with his next problem.

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'It's a lot easier fitting through here than it was the last time I made this journey,' Harry thought as he made his way through the tunnel connecting the Shrieking Shack with the Whomping Willow. With not having to bend too much at the waist, Harry quickly made the long journey in record time. As he came out at the base of the tree, he quickly pressed the knot by the entrance, making the tree snap to attention. Placing a Disillusionment Charm on himself, Harry quickly ran from the exit toward the castle entrance. Once there, he pulled one of the large doors and it creaked open. Silently slipping in, he closed the door and walked over to Filch's office which was connected to the Entrance Hall. Giving the door a gentle knock so as to not make a lot of noise, Harry waited. Nothing. He knocked a tiny bit louder. Still nothing. Harry turned the handle and slipped into the smelly, old office. Without wasting any time, Harry went to the drawer marked "Confiscated and Highly Dangerous" and opened it up. It took less than a minute to find what he was looking for.

"I solemnly swear that I am up to no good," Harry stated, tapping the blank parchment with his wand. Just like in his youth, the map immediately came to life. Harry quickly checked for Filch and found him skulking around the library. 'The prat is probably hitting on that mad, old librarian,' Harry figured. He looked at the Headmaster's Office and found it empty. "Brilliant," Harry whispered.

He had kept this date in mind. Every summer the International Confederation of Wizards had its annual Summit that lasted for three days. Dumbledore would be staying in Brussels until the meetings concluded, and given that most of the professors didn't live in the castle during the summers, Harry had free reign for the time being. His first stop was the Room of Requirement where he quickly grabbed Ravenclaw's Diadem. Stowing it away, Harry thought about his next move. He was very tempted to go into Dumbledore's office and use the Sorting Hat. He wanted to give the hat a heads-up about his plans. Harry already knew that the hat wouldn't tell Dumbledore anything. It was enchanted to keep the students' secrets from all, even the Headmaster of the school. Still, it would have been nice to get some advice from the wise, old hat. Unfortunately, it was just too risky. Dumbledore had likely placed wards all over his office along with the entrance. He would probably know the second someone came up the spiral staircase. It was a damn shame. Harry would have liked to take a piss in his pensieve.

After leaving the Room of Requirement, Harry then made his way to Snape's office and emptied his personal cabinet of rare and valuable ingredients. He was about to leave when he got a brilliant idea. Harry grabbed the scarab beetles that he had left behind since they were neither rare nor valuable and gave them a light dusting with powdered Erumpent Horn. The first thing Snape would do when he came back to work was to brew potions to refill the Hospital Wing. Hopefully, he would start off his year with a big bang. Placing the dried beetles back in their jar, Harry looked around and took anything else of value, which wasn't much. With that done, he made his way back to the Shrieking Shack and disappeared to his workshop.

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In a park near Hampstead Garden Suburb, Harry Potter watched his former friend while invisible. Little Hermione Granger sat underneath a shady English Oak reading a book that must have weighed nearly as much as she did. A bit further away, a group of friends close to her in age was playing, yelling, and generally having a grand time. Hermione clearly wasn't pleased. Every so often, she would shoot them a look that Harry found unnerving. Her cute face scrunched up, and her eyes lowered into a glare. If looks could kill, those kids would have been dead meat. One girl squealed in happiness when her friend gave her a candy bar, making Hermione growl in anger. Harry could have sworn that he felt a wave of accidental magic flow by. No sooner than he did, a loud crack of breaking wood was heard. A branch from high up in a tree fell and struck the happy little girl. She collapsed onto the ground, screaming in pain while holding her bleeding head. Her friends cried out in panic, picked her up, and carried her off to get some help. A pleased look spread across Hermione's face.

This was strange, Harry thought to himself. He never remembered Hermione acting so ... evil was the only way he could describe it. 'Maybe I'm being too critical,' Harry wondered. However, when she placed her book on the ground, happily skipped over to the spot where the girl had been injured, and picked up her forgotten candy bar, Harry had to change his tune. She skipped back to her tree and sat down on her butt. She ripped the brown, plastic wrapper open and bit down on the chocolatey goodness. Hermione's eyes fluttered, and she moaned in delight. No doubt that her dentist parents wouldn't have approved of her choice of snacks.

Remembering back to early in his first year, Harry recalled her being very bossy and a major know-it-all. He didn't remember her being mean though. It was very possible that she was working for Dumbledore right from the beginning and was hiding her less-than-admirable traits. Harry didn't know. Any of his theories could be right ... or they could all be wrong. He needed more information. Leaving Hermione in the park, Harry walked the short distance to her childhood home. The homes here didn't look all that much different from the ones on Privet Drive. The neighborhood was quite a bit more affluent, however. It was a typical two-story English-style house made of brown bricks.

Harry knocked on the door to see if her parents were home. Within a few seconds, the door opened revealing a lovely woman in her mid-thirties. Like Hermione, she had brown hair. Though hers wasn't nearly as bushy and untameable. She and Hermione looked a great deal alike, which wasn't at all surprising. They were mother and daughter after all. Unfortunately, she wasn't wearing the most flattering of clothes, so checking out her body wasn't doable. Still, the woman had great potential. She had big, beautiful eyes and a small, cute nose. Her lips were pink and full, and her skin was smooth and blemish-free. Harry could smell the fruity shampoo that she must use, and he found the scent pleasing. Harry could already feel his cock beginning to harden as he stood there beside her. He used his skills in Occlumency to clamp down on those thoughts. He had other things to do at the moment. It wasn't the time to think with his cock. 'All in good time, my precious,' Harry thought, invisibly using his hand to shift his uncomfortable boner.

"Hello?" she asked, looking around and seeing no one. Harry pulled out his wand as quick as a flash and hit her with a Confundus Charm. Her eyes momentarily glossed over, and her face became slack. Harry used that opportunity to slip past her. Harry knew which bedroom was hers. She had spent years regaling him and Ron with stories of her childhood, and how her parents gave her a room at the ground level because it was nearest the bookshelves. He found her bedroom within seconds. Once safely in, Harry hit the door with silencing and locking spells.

"Now let's see what we've got here," Harry muttered, opening up her drawers. He didn't know what he was looking for. Harry mainly wanted to find out why Hermione had turned out the way she did. Was she just a rotten person, or had Dumbledore twisted her thoughts? He went through the drawers in her desk and found nothing. Her closet was also a dead end. There was nothing in there but clothes and some odds and ends. Harry shook his head. There was no way that a girl like Hermione didn't have a diary. Harry would bet his life on it. Harry used his wand and said, "Accio diary." He instantly heard a thump from under the bed.

Getting down on the ground, Harry crawled halfway under the bed and looked around. He even summoned a ball of light. There was nothing but a dirty, balled-up t-shirt and a few dust bunnies. He summoned the diary again. This time the thump came from underneath the floorboards. When he found the correct one, he pulled it up and discovered a secret area just like the one he had when he had lived in Dudley's second room. Inside was a small stash of candy, a fat roll of British pounds, and the diary. Harry grabbed it and crawled out from underneath the bed. Sitting down on her bed, he cracked it open and began to read. Some of it was just mundane thoughts from a nine-year-old girl, but some of it was disturbing, to say the least.

Isobel called me a slut again today. During recess, I was looking at her and somehow the chain on the swing snapped. She fell and hurt herself really badly. I should feel terrible, but I don't. It made me feel good to see her crying. Very good. I only wish that her injuries were a little more permanent.

Harry shook his head and read from another entry.

I was able to swipe another twenty pounds from my father's trousers. I can't describe the thrill I get when stealing from my parents. The risk of getting caught makes my heart pound and my skin tingle, but it's so much more than that. I get this strange feeling deep in my belly. I wish that I could feel that way all of the time.

Harry continued flipping through the diary.

That old man two streets over caught me kicking his cat again. He yelled some truly foul things at me. I've already made a plan to sneak out tonight. I picked out a big rock from the neighbor's rock garden. I should be able to throw it hard enough to reach all the way to his front window.

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My parents were arguing again. My mum called my dad a worthless piece of shite. They still think that I don't know how much they fight. I was in the back garden the whole time with my ear at the door. The whole thing was exhilarating! I wish they would fight more often. Maybe I can figure out a way to trick them into arguing.

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The fat bastard Eric stole the pudding from my lunch bag the last two days. I've decided that tomorrow I'll slip a little surprise into my pudding just in case. I wonder how good dog feces tastes? Oh, how I wish I could put a razor blade into it. The thought of Eric spitting blood makes my chest feel heavy and my face warm.

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Mr. Summerton asked me to stay after class. He asked me if I knew anything about Jenna's pet gerbil suddenly dying. All I had to do was smile cutely and act meek and the fool completely bought it. I've got that imbecile wrapped around my little finger.

"Christ! Hermione's a budding serial killer," Harry snorted, somehow amused. "Well, at least what she did to me wasn't personal," he told himself. It wasn't going to change her punishment, but at least he had an answer as to why. Harry suddenly heard the Grangers' front door open. He quickly made a copy of Hermione's diary and placed the original back under the floorboard. Harry wasn't going to leave without a copy. Her diary was some top-notch reading material. With the room fixed, Harry removed his spells and apparated away just as the cute, little psycho walked in.