

The Six Million Galleon Man

Chapter 2

Harry's eyes fluttered as another memory was added to his brain. This one also had to do with how to properly please a woman. The Swedish Veela must have added a hundred different memories when it came to this kind of thing. At that point, Harry rarely even blushed anymore. Once the memory was fully absorbed, she unplugged the memory crystal from the jack in his head and placed it back in its protective case. Leaving it on the side table, she walked back up to her student.

"Well Harry, it looks like our time is over for now. We'll see each other again next summer, and your training will continue," she told him, smiling as sexily as always. Leaning in, she kissed his cheek which made him blush. Her soft, warm lips were the only thing that could make him blush at the moment. "I will see you again soon. Make me proud!" she giggled at his embarrassment as she waved and walked out the door.

"Bye!" Harry called out just as she stepped through the door. As she left, Croaker came in.

"It's time for you to go back to your relatives. They've all been Obliviated and extra protections have been added to the house. In a couple of days, the Weasleys will invite you to come and stay with them," he told Harry who nodded in understanding.

"You know how to use your new, special tattoo in an emergency, and you've been trained as much as possible in the time that we've had available. There's not really much more to do for now. Oh! I almost forgot ..."

Croaker pulled out a knife that was still in its sheath. Removing the blade, Harry saw that it was shiny and black. Croaker pushed the blade back in and handed it to him. Harry took it.

"Keep that in your arm storage. It's a cursed blade that has been keyed to you. You can still be cut by it, you just won't suffer from the effects of the curse," Croaker explained.

"What's the curse?" Harry wondered.

"It will make the area of damage begin to rot. To stop the spread is very difficult, so only use it if you mean to kill," he warned. Harry swallowed hard and nodded. He opened the slot on his forearm and pushed the blade inside. "I guess that's everything. Oh, and don't worry, we're still studying the readings that we took from your scar. Hopefully, we'll be able to learn something. We'll contact you if we do."

"Thanks for taking care of me," Harry said, suddenly feeling a little emotional. If it wasn't for them, he'd be dead in a ditch somewhere.

"Think nothing of it," he waved away Harry's thanks. "Just live up to your potential and that will be good enough for me. When you're ready, grab your stuff and go to the apparation room. You can apparate directly into your room from there. I'll see you next summer," Croaker smiled, even though it was hidden underneath his charmed hood.

"See you next summer!" Harry said excitedly as he scampered back to his room and grabbed the few things that he had in there. Stuffing them in his forearm, he made his way to the apparation chamber and vanished once he was inside. Almost immediately, he was back in his small room at Number 4 Privet Drive. Sighing, Harry removed the new clothes from his storage along with his supply of healthy and tasty meals that were under Stasis Charms. He was grateful that they had altered the Magic sensors so that he could do magic in this area without alerting the Ministry. Still, he was warned not to go overboard with it since there could still be people watching. Harry made sure that the curtains were closed. Not feeling the need to alert the family of his presence, he flopped back on his bed and smiled. It seemed like things were starting to look up.

The Six Million Galleon Man

Harry snorted when his invitation had come covered in stamps. His Uncle was less than pleased. Harry didn't even bother asking for permission. He was going to go whether his Uncle liked it or not. Going back to his room, he looked around and made sure that everything was packed for the following day. He even remembered to empty the floorboards of his hidden stash of food that had spoiled in his absence.

Needing something to do, he read through all of the books that he owned within the hour. He felt the talisman heat up the more that he read. He had already decided that he wouldn't act like a genius in school. He'd try and maintain roughly the same level of intelligence that he had before. It was decided that it was best if he operated in secret. He could explain his height and added muscle from a sudden growth spurt, and he could explain his lack of glasses by saying that he bought Muggle contact lenses. Croaker already supplied him with real contact lenses so he could show them if asked. He couldn't explain why he suddenly had such a fantastic memory. Still, he would enjoy breezing through his homework. For the rest of the day, he just took it easy and practiced low-level spells while in the privacy of his room.

The following afternoon, the Weasleys finally came and picked him up. Of course, they created havoc as they did. He gave off a sigh of relief when he was back at the Burrow and away from Privet Drive. "Harry!" he heard a happy squeal and felt Hermione grip his waist in a quick hug. He hugged her back and saw Ginny smiling and waving while blushing profusely. When Hermione pulled away, she too was blushing a bit. "You've grown!" she gasped, looking up at him.

Indeed he had. Harry was now taller than Ron and had broader shoulders and thicker arms. "Growth spurt," he explained with a lie. "It practically happened overnight."

"I forgot to ask. Where's your glasses, mate?" Ron asked as his mother berated the twins for their hijinx.

"Went and got contact lenses," he told them. Hermione nodded but the others looked confused.

"They're like glasses, but they fit directly on the eyeball," Hermione explained. Ron shuddered.

"Muggles certainly are strange," he said, which made Harry chuckle. "Anyway, let's go put your stuff up," Ron said, giving Harry's trunk a soft kick.

As they sat there in the room that the four boys would be sharing, Harry noticed that the two girls were squirming quite a bit while sporting pink cheeks. Harry obviously knew about what the Veela had done to him. She explained it all in great detail. She had even tested how much of the Male Veela powers he had inherited from her procedure. She estimated that he could produce around ninety percent of their natural power. That was why the girls were squirming so much. They could sense his powers, and it was turning them on. He was ordered to use those powers as he saw fit. When the time came, he would use them. Until then, he would enjoy the effect that he had on women.

They spent the day eating and talking and having a grand time now that the group was back together again. Everyone was excited for the big match the following day. Harry left his school list for Mrs. Weasley so she could go pick up everyone's stuff while they were at the match. Later that night, as they lay there, they could hardly fall asleep because they were so excited.

The Six Million Galleon Man

As their Portkey dropped them off at the campgrounds, all the kids except him fell to the floor. By then, Harry was already used to Portkey travel. As they got to their feet, they ooh'ed and ahh'ed at the sight of the crowd that was piling up at the entrance of the campground. There were witches and wizards of every race and nationality here. Hermione and Ginny were bouncing and giggling while Ron was staring at one particularly voluptuous, older witch. Once they finally entered the grounds, they helped Mr. Weasley put up their Wizard Tents before going off on their own to explore.

"Over there!" Harry said, taking advantage of his enhanced vision and pointing to a group of people. "Is that Seamus and Dean?"

"I think it is," Hermione replied, holding onto his arm and standing on her tiptoes to get a better look.

"Let's go see them," Ron said. He probably wanted to rub in their faces the fact that they had tickets for the Top Box. Seamus was always bragging about going to different Quidditch matches during the school year.

Once done with them, they continued to explore. Harry ended up seeing Cho Chang and smiled and waved when she looked his way. Her cheeks turned a lovely shade of pink when she waved back. It was something that he stored in his mind for the coming year. By the time afternoon rolled around, it seemed that the Ministry could no longer hold back the tide of blatant magic being used. Along with drunken idiots singing and shooting sparks into the air, came salesmen with loads of different memorabilia.

Harry didn't have to worry about draining his spending cash for the coming year. He was being paid a salary by the Department of Mysteries. He had received nine months' worth of pay upfront since he would be at school the entire time. He had the money stashed in his forearm storage. Pulling out his normal money sack, he got ready to do a bit of spending.

"Had to do twice as many chores, and I saved every knut for this!" Ron said happily as he too pulled out his much smaller sack. Hermione had never been a big spender when it came to stuff like this, but even she was eyeing up some stuff. Ron was grabbing Ireland merchandise like there was no tomorrow. Harry grabbed a disturbingly green top hat and placed it on his head.

"What do you think?" he asked. Hermione wrinkled her nose, and Ron laughed.

"Brilliant!" he cheered. Harry laughed and paid for it. The sun was beginning to set, and it was getting cold, so Harry grabbed a knitted beanie with shamrocks all over it and also paid for it. He placed it on Hermione's head.

"There you go! You look cute," he teased, which made her face heat up. She shyly thanked him for the compliment and the hat. Seeing a cart with a pile of omnioculars, Harry made his way over. Ron and Hermione followed him. The man instantly started telling them of the features in an attempt to sell them.

"Ten galleons each! But right now, for you ... three for twenty-five!"

Harry had better than perfect vision and memory, so he probably wouldn't need one. On the other hand, it could be handy to keep in his personal storage. "I'll take three."

"Harry I ..." Ron said, but was cut off by Harry.

"You'll pay me back when we graduate and get a job," he told him. Ron grinned.

"Deal!" he cheered and snatched the device from Harry's grip. He placed them against his eyes and looked around. "Merlin! That bloke over there is ugly!" Hermione thanked him as well.

Before making their way back to the tents, Harry bought an identical hat like Hermione's for Ginny along with four cozy, green Ireland scarfs. He gave Ron and Hermione theirs, and once back, he gave Ginny her gifts. She also blushed madly and thanked him graciously. The Veela

had taught him to always be nice to women whenever possible. You never knew when their goodwill might be handy.

Most women stayed out of politics and business affairs, but that didn't mean that they didn't have information and knowledge about what was going on. Lonely wives or daughters were often targeted for that very reason. A few compliments and some will be ready to spill their guts to the first man that shows them some attention. It was a useful lesson to learn from the gorgeous Veela. She was certainly more than just a pretty face.

When the time finally came, they all followed Mr. Weasley while bouncing with excitement. They went into the woods and followed the lantern-lit path until the massive stadium was revealed to them. They took in all the glory of the awe-inspiring behemoth. They were ushered up the steps and all the way to the top. They climbed and climbed until they finally entered the luxurious Top Box. As they all piled in, Harry saw the Malfoys sitting there. Both father and son sneered at him while Narcissa Malfoy's eyes locked onto him. Harry knew of the woman from the dossier that he had memorized. Croaker had given him all the information possible about the major players in the game, from Voldemort all the way up to Dumbledore. He was very thankful for the Talisman in his brain. He would never have remembered even half of all that otherwise.

The woman certainly was a beauty. Suddenly, the two male Malfoys got out of their seats to go and "greet" Arthur and Ron. Obviously, they just wanted to trade insults before the match started.

Narcissa was forced to squeeze her shapely thighs together. She didn't know what was going on with her. The moment she laid eyes on the Potter boy, her body became warm, and she began to tremble. Her breathing increased while an intense ache of desire burned between her legs. She desperately tried to hide her sudden desires without making it obvious. Very subtly, she began rubbing her thighs together, hoping to relieve some of the lustful tingles that she was experiencing. She felt like a horny, young school girl again! All the while, Potter kept his green eyes on her. She watched as they traveled down her body. Her cheeks flushed as he gave her the once over. For some reason, she wanted him to look. Not only that, but she wanted to give him even more to look at. Unfortunately, this was neither the time nor the place. Even beyond that, it would simply be too dangerous for her to feed her desires. Gently brushing her fingertips over the soft skin of her neck, she bit her lip as she held in a soft moan as her silken walls started contracting without her even being touched!

"The nerve of that man!" she suddenly heard her husband drop down next to her. Looking back up, Potter was now sitting with his friends again. For the rest of the match, she tried her hardest to not look at the young man with messy, black hair.

When Harry dropped back down next to Ron, Harry chuckled as he heard the redhead muttering threats underneath his breath.

Hermione rolled her eyes at Ron. Instead, she took a peek at her other best friend. All-day she had been fighting the urges to jump up and start sexily attacking his body. From spending time with Ginny, she could tell that the younger girl probably was in the same boat. 'It must have been the growth spurt,' she told herself. Even so, she was able to sneak off a couple of times to "rub one out" as Lavender loved to say. At least now she could function without constantly thinking about Harry doing naughty things to her. When the match was about to start, she saw Veela cheerleaders come onto the field and start dancing. She was very pleased to see that Harry wasn't acting like an idiot. Looking down into the stands, she could see men young and old climbing over each other to get at the beautiful women. "ICK!" she suddenly heard Ginny yell. Turning her head, she saw Draco Malfoy with his trousers halfway down his legs while he furiously beat his very tiny penis. His face looked blank, and his mouth was wide open while a string of drool dripped down his robes.

"Draco, you fool!" Lucius yelled and slapped his horny son hard on the back of his head. Everyone was looking at the scene. Lucius was furious while Narcissa looked dreadfully embarrassed. Ginny was covering her eyes while the Weasley men laughed uproariously.

Because of this, no one heard Ron shout out that he was Merlin's great-great-grandson and step off the Top Box to get at the sexy cheerleaders. It wasn't until Hermione saw him disappear over the edge and scream that others knew what had happened.

The Six Million Galleon Man

After the match, everyone was waiting for any news of Ron's condition. Finally, Bill came into the tent and told them.

"Eventually, he'll make a full recovery," he told them happily. Everyone cheered until Harry remembered the word "eventually".

"Eventually?" he asked the cool, older Weasley. Bill winced and nodded.

"Broke both of his arms, both of his legs, snapped his back in three places, and severely injured his neck. That's not even counting the smaller bones like fingers and toes. Skele Gro can only do so much and can't be taken excessively. He's going to be spending the entire school year at home recovering. Mum can retrieve his school work so that he doesn't fall behind," Bill explained.

"Bringing Veela into a stadium like that," Charlie shook his head. "That's just asking for trouble." Bill nodded.

"Over six hundred confirmed injuries so far," he snorted. "At least Ron's out of the woods ... Anyway, we'll sleep in the tents tonight while mum and dad handle things at St. Mungos. We'll pack up and go home tomorrow," he told them. Everyone nodded.

As they broke apart, Harry hugged the two, worried girls to him. Instantly, their arms encircled him. "At least he'll be fine, and we can write to him over the year." They nodded their heads and refused to let go of him. Rolling his eyes, he escorted them back to the girls' tent.

It wasn't until after he was asleep that Harry sensed something was wrong. Suddenly, Bill's head pushed into the tent and he shouted, "Death Eaters! Everyone up!"

Immediately, all the boys were up and gathering their things. When Harry heard the word "Death Eaters" his training began to kick in. Pulling his secret wand from its storage, he hid his normal wand in his wrist. Quickly tossing on his clothes, he rushed from the tent and saw masked figures levitating the Muggles. It wasn't easy to see since they were all silhouetted in front of burning tents. Harry went to the girls' tent and pulled them out just as they were finished dressing. They tried pulling him with them as they all made their way to the safety of the woods, but Harry got separated from them. To him, it was just as well. Fred and George would protect the girls. Harry had a job to do.

Nobody saw Harry Disillusion himself and sneak up behind the rampaging group. He saw one masked figure laughing heartily as the youngest Muggle was spun around, causing her dressing gown to flip above her head. Without hesitation, he pulled his cursed knife from his arm storage and Summoned the laughing Death Eater. He suddenly cried out in surprise as he rocketed backward.

Lucius had been having a grand time drinking and carousing with his old friends. It was just like the good, old days again. Deciding to toss on their old uniforms, they began showing everyone why they were men to be feared. Unfortunately, it was he who was suddenly feeling fear. As he looked down, he saw a hand pull away from his chest with a bloody knife in its grip. It plunged forward again and impaled him. Grunting painfully, he started falling to his knees only to feel the cold steel stick into his back. That was when the pain really started.

Harry left the dying Death Eater behind and continued forward. Seeing a straggler, Harry tossed a cutting curse and sliced off both of his legs at the knees. A quick Silencing Charm kept him from alerting his friends. Harry walked up and stomped on his neck. After a sickening crunch, Harry heard the wet gurgling behind the silver mask. He was thankful that he didn't have to see the brutality of what he just did. With his heart pounding, he continued to push forward. Two more were side by side, setting tents on fire. Harry ran up and grabbed one. With an arm around his chest, Harry grabbed his masked chin and twisted his head. His neck snapped with very little effort from him. Just as his friend turned to see him dropping down, as dead as can be, he saw only the briefest distortion from a Disillusioned human before a spell slammed into his metal mask.

Crabbe Sr. probably should have stayed home, he suddenly thought as his mask turned red hot. He screamed with such force that his vocal cords ruptured. He grabbed the mask as the flesh from his face sizzled and cooked. Ripping it off, he also pulled chunks of his destroyed skin with it. Collapsing onto the ground, his body began going into shock.

Since there was only a small group left that was levitating the Muggles, Harry Summoned the floating family to him and safely let them drop to the ground.

“What the ...?” was what one intelligent Death Eater said before a tidal wave of fire engulfed the group.

As the Aurors apparated in, they saw the carnage that was going on, including a group of men that was running around with their robes on fire. Firing jets of water at them, they collapsed onto the ground, spasming and smoking. Looking around for the one responsible, they couldn't find anyone.

Harry blurred back into visibility just as he stepped behind a tree and vomited up his dinner. His belly was twisted and full of butterflies when he realized what he had just done. He knew it needed to be done, and he wasn't sorry for doing it, but he was warned that it would take a while to grow cold to his enemies' suffering. Thankfully, his advanced healing kicked in soon, and his stomach started to soothe itself. Remembering what he needed to do, he fired off his Patronus with a message attached. It would report to the command center at the Department of Mysteries. Croaker would handle the rest from there. Harry then quickly switched out wands again and ran to find his friends.