

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 9

It was the middle of August and Apolline was happily laying in her back garden. Sprawled out on a lounge chair while wearing a teeny bikini, she was attempting to get a tan. She knew that it was futile. Her Veela heritage kept her skin a perfect porcelain color, but it never hurt to try, she thought to herself as she rolled over onto her belly. If nothing else, then at least she would enjoy the warm sun on her delicate skin.

Life had been much less stressful since that fateful day when she met the Boy Who Lived. What a day that was, she remembered. Just thinking about her former husband made her eyes narrow and her lip curl back, exposing her teeth. What she wouldn't give to have five minutes alone with that pig. That was the past, however. She had a bright future to look forward to, and it was all thanks to a certain, black-haired boy.

After meeting the young man, they immediately went back to her place. Gabrielle was bouncing around as though she had eaten her weight in licorice wands. It took a while to get her to calm down.

"Now ..." Apolline began, crossing her arms under her bountiful chest. "You said something about money?" she asked in English. Harry smiled and answered in French, much to her surprise.

"Yes. You see, I'm in a bit of trouble. The British Ministry of Magic will do anything to keep me under their thumb," he told her. Apolline nodded. It sounded like something they would do. Especially for someone as famous as Harry Potter.

"Unfortunately for them, I happen to enjoy my freedom ... I'm sure you can understand my sentiment?" Harry said. Again, Apolline nodded. She could indeed sympathize with his desire for freedom. She too felt the need to spread her wings on occasion.

"The problem for me is that I'm a citizen of England, which gives them power over me," he explained. "Now ... If I were also a citizen of France, then suddenly I would have more options. If they were to step out of line, I could simply leave, or at least threaten to."

"I understand what you're saying, but how can I help with that?" she asked, confused.

"I can get the citizenship without your help," he waved her question away. "The only problem is that I need to be tied to the country in question through marriage or blood. I'm too young for marriage, so that leaves Blood Adoption," Harry told her. Her eyes widened.

"Blood Adoption?" she asked. She didn't know anything about Blood Adoption, but just from the name, it sounded extreme.

Harry nodded. "Don't worry. I'm very good at rituals, and it's quite safe. My proposal is for you to do the ritual with me, and in return, I'll provide you with enough gold so you don't have to go out and find a job."

She raised her perfect eyebrow. That was pretty vague if she were being honest. She first made him give her the details of the ritual, and of course, she needed a solid number when it came to the gold that he would be providing. After some back and forth, she eventually agreed. She desperately needed money, and the thought of working a normal job made her stomach turn. Besides, this was Harry Potter. He was the true hero of the wizarding world.

"By the way..." she suddenly wondered. "Why did you choose me?" There were plenty of people that he could have asked. He was Harry Potter. Very few would have denied him.

"I heard a man talking to a young woman about how he was going to leave his Veela wife, Apolline, for her. It took a while to figure out who he was talking about. I figured that you would be in need of help and that we could help each other," Harry easily lied. Apolline slowly nodded as though she was buying all the shit that he was spewing out of his mouth.

After finally agreeing, he made them all sign a magical contract to make sure they didn't go around blabbing about him. It made sense to her when he explained that the Ministry and Dumbledore were out searching for him. Apolline and Gabrielle signed it, but Fleur hadn't yet. She hadn't been home in over a month. She was too busy having fun with her friends. On occasion, she would Floo call and ask for more money. Apolline hadn't told her about Harry just yet. She hadn't even told her about her father leaving the family. Apolline shook her head. She remembered being just like Fleur when she was her age. All she cared about was herself and having fun. Apolline wasn't all that different from her even all these years later. She knew Fleur loved her family, so that was all that mattered.

Suddenly, the sun was blocked, and Apolline turned her head. All she could see was a black silhouette in front of the blazing midday sun. She raised her hand to shade her eyes. "'Arry?" she asked, barely able to see.

"Yeah, it's me, Apolline," he answered.

She got up and stretched. Now that she wasn't staring directly at the sun, she could see him much better. She watched his eyes glance at her lovely body. Apolline smiled knowingly. With her body covered only in a bikini, and her skin glistening with tanning oil, she must be quite the sight.

"Is Gabrielle gone?" he asked her. Apolline nodded. He had asked to send her youngest away for a short while. He had scheduled the ritual for this week, and he warned that their bodies would be very sore for a day or two. He also said that they would be performing it in a remote location and that she might not be able to get herself back home until she recovered. Since she

had access to a decent amount of gold now, she was easily able to send Gabrielle to her grandmother's for a few weeks. Gabrielle had been wanting to visit, so right then was the perfect time.

"Good," Harry smiled in response. "Then tonight we'll begin," he told her. Harry followed her into her small house and made himself comfortable. He had explained that he wouldn't be moving in with her or anything like that. He hadn't even told her where he was actually staying. The workshop was a secret that he intended to keep for as long as possible. In fact, Harry was already planning to put it under powerful wards to keep it from eventually being discovered.

As Apolline walked in front of him, his eyes were glued to her perfect body. Her slim waist flared out into wide hips. The string of her bikini bottom was barely visible since most of it was hidden between her shapely cheeks. As she walked, one cheek would bounce before she took another step. Then the other would bounce. The sight of her ass was more than a little hypnotizing. Her legs were long and just as smooth as the rest of her body. She did little to hide from him. When she spun around, her firm, C-cup breasts bounced and jiggled. Again, his eyes feasted on her body. The valley between her breasts was deep, and her bikini top did little to cover the rest of her breasts. Harry could even see the bottoms of her breasts just peeking out from underneath the cups. Her belly was slim and toned, and she had a perfect, little belly button that Harry was dying to play with. From how tiny her bikini was, he could easily tell that she was hairless below the belt.

Apolline allowed him to look as much as he wanted. The truth was that she had started wearing clothes that were more revealing when she knew that he would be showing up. Harry hadn't been shy about discussing just how large of a fortune he had at his disposal. From what he told her, it was monstrously large. He could allow her to live like a queen and it wouldn't even dent his coffers. Of course, he had no reason to give her more than they already agreed to. Sadly for her, she didn't know how wealthy he truly was until after they had signed a contract. That left only one choice. She had to get him to agree to give her more. Had he been a hormonal teenager or even an adult male, her job would have been easier. Unfortunately, he was still a young boy, which made her job more difficult. Although, it was promising that he continued to check her body out. Hopefully, her job wouldn't be as tough as she feared.

Having a young man with a vast fortune in the palm of her hand was practically a dream to her. At her age, she knew how the world worked. Sure, she would have to give a little, but she was hopeful that she would get a lot in return. She could practically feel the Caribbean sun on her shoulders. She could taste the biscotti and espressos as she toured Italy. She could feel her cheeks puckering as she bit down on a piece of fresh pineapple while lazing on a beach in Hawaii. The young man in front of her was the key to all her dreams. All she had to do was get him to open up his wallet just a bit more.

Her bikini was at least two sizes too small ... a choice she intentionally made. Her tits were spilling out from all sides, and her ass bounced around while she walked. All of it was planned to draw his eyes to her, and it worked like a charm, she deviously thought to herself. She also

made sure to stand closer to him than she needed so that he could feel her warmth and smell the expensive perfume that she had purchased with his generous donations.

Harry, of course, knew exactly what she was doing and was completely fine with it. If she wanted more, she would get more ... but it would cost her. He didn't bring it up himself because he wanted to see just how far she was willing to go to tease him.

"Would you like something to drink, 'Arry?" she asked. He saw that she shook her chest just hard enough to make her breasts sway from side to side. Harry very much appreciated her effort.

"Some tea would be nice," he said, sitting down at the kitchen table. Apolline filled a kettle with water and tapped it with her wand. The water began to boil. Taking a teacup out of the cabinet, she placed some leaves in it before filling the cup with hot water. She placed the cup in front of him, and he let it steep for a while. When she placed it in front of him, she made sure to bend over which created a spectacular view of her cleavage. He was surprised that her top even stayed on. There must have been some magic holding it in place. He could see the slight bump on the front of the material of each cup telling him that her nipples were slightly hard. "Thank you," he said as the cup and saucer were placed in front of him.

"You're welcome," Apolline responded. "So ... We are doing it tonight, you say?" she asked as she sat in a chair next to him. She crossed her sexy legs, and her bare foot brushed against his leg. She was really laying it on thick, Harry thought to himself.

"Yeah. There's a full moon tonight which will help with the ritual. I hope you don't mind if I stay here until it's time to leave?" he asked her. Apolline smiled sweetly.

"You are always welcome here. You know that, 'Arry," she said in a sultry voice. He wasn't going to lie. He really loved the way she purred his name. Her velvety voice always sent shivers up his spine.

So that's what he did. Harry stayed there until it began to get late. Apolline eventually showered and put on something more substantial than a string bikini, much to Harry's dismay. Once it reached eleven, Harry took her by the hand and Side-Along Apparated her to the spot that he had set up. He obviously didn't want her to know where he was staying, so he set up a makeshift ritual site in the basement of an old, abandoned Chateau not far from where she was currently living. He spent the last few days getting everything perfect.

Harry was sure that Apolline knew nothing about rituals and even less about Blood Adoption. That suited him just fine. It was more than fine, in fact. It gave Harry the perfect opportunity to create his own "special" Blood Adoption ritual. The normal adoption was fairly simple and straightforward. You each drink a potion, slice your hand, and hold them together while your hands are bound by magic. It usually took a few hours before the simple ritual was complete. There would be no changes at a genetic level. All it did was magically alter your blood so that

magical tests would recognize you as a family member. As far as Harry was concerned, that was lame. If you were going to do a blood ritual, then you may as well do it right, Harry eagerly thought. That was why he created his own before he even went back in time. He had chosen Apolline to keep himself close to Fleur, and because she was a citizen of France. Another reason was that she was a Veela. She was a creature of fire and sexuality. That was something that he could use.

He decided to combine the adoption ritual with a ritual to jumpstart puberty. The puberty ritual was one that was used hundreds of years ago when the bride, groom, or both had not yet matured. Thankfully, the ritual had been banned over a hundred years ago by the ICW. The fact that it was illegal did not stop Harry from using it to his advantage. He made his ritual so that it would leech off of the Veela's sexual magic and use it to fuel his own puberty. He was certain that he wouldn't come out looking any different, but he was still excited to see what the changes would be. The ritual would likely sap them of their strength, especially Apolline since he would be taking so much magic from her.

As they appeared in the basement, Apolline wrinkled her nose at the musky, stale scent. Looking around, she could see why it smelled that way. The room she was in was clearly old and falling apart. "We're in the basement of an old house," Harry answered her unasked question. "It's better if we do the ritual far away from any known magical settlements."

Apolline saw the drawings on the ground along with the largest cauldron that she had ever seen. Off to the side of the room was a large and clean-looking bed. She raised her eyebrows at that. "Just in case we don't have the strength to Apparate away," he explained.

"We're getting close to the time so I'll explain how it works. We're both going to drink a potion, then I'll carve a rune into each of our palms," he told her. Apolline flinched. The word "carved" didn't sound too good to her. Harry rolled his eyes.

"Relax. It's a small rune, and I'm going to numb our hands. We won't even feel it. Besides, the ritual will heal it if done correctly," he said. "Then I'll fill the cauldron with a special mixture of ingredients that we will soak in. I'll activate the Runic Circle," he said, pointing at the drawings on the ground. "After that, we strip down and climb into the cauldron. Don't worry, it won't burn us," Harry added.

"Then we hold hands, keeping our runes together, and letting the ritual do its thing," Harry smiled. "It's a bit more complicated than that, but that's the basics."

"Will it hurt?" she asked, slightly worried.

"For you, it will be tiring. For me ... possibly," Harry answered the best that he could. He made some last-minute checks to be sure that everything was properly situated. At ten minutes till Harry told her to drink her potion. They each popped the cork and drank it down. It wasn't pleasant.

“Okay ... Now try not to move. Look away if you’re squeamish,” Harry told her. Apolline turned her head and closed her eyes. She felt a tingle run up her hand and lower arm, and she knew that he had numbed her limb. She felt pressure on her palm, but as he promised, she didn’t feel a thing. She continued to keep her eyes closed as he cut his own palm. When he was finished, she took a quick peek at her palm. It was a bit bloody, and the rune wasn’t all that big or deep. Even so, she didn’t look at it for too long. When she looked up, she saw Harry levitating several smaller cauldrons without a wand. It truly amazed her every time she witnessed his firm grasp of magic. The cauldrons moved over the bigger cauldron and tipped over. The liquid pouring out was mostly clear but was slightly tinted blue. The large cauldron was filled until there were only a few inches left that were unfilled. He then pulled out his wand and walked around the circle, tapping specific runes while speaking a string of incantations. She saw them light up until the last one was glowing. The liquid in the cauldron began bubbling, but she couldn’t feel any heat coming from it.

“It’s time,” Harry told her. He began stripping down without a care in the world. She shrugged. If he wasn’t shy about nudity, then she wouldn’t pretend to be either. She shrugged off her dress and let it pool at her feet. Stepping out of it, she presented her nude body to him. He took a moment to appreciate her beauty. “Ladies first,” he said, holding out his hand to help her into the cauldron. Nervously, she took his hand and climbed in. As soon as her foot broke the surface, she squealed.

“It’s cold!” she exclaimed. Harry didn’t bother explaining. He just continued to help her in. She shivered when she sat down and her bare breasts dipped below the liquid’s surface. Harry easily hopped in, not caring about how cold it was. He did, however, shiver when he was almost completely submerged.

“Rune hand, please,” he said. She offered her carved hand. Harry took it into his, their palms touching. When midnight struck, Harry pointed his wand at the last activation rune and activated it before tossing his wand away. Apolline shivered when the cold liquid suddenly became warm. It swirled and churned in the cauldron, and she watched Harry dunk his head to completely wet himself. Apolline did the same.

She could see what Harry meant by “tiring”. She could feel her strength slowly leave her. Harry’s face was twisted in discomfort as the ritual did its job. Apolline had to blink away the tiredness to try and stay awake. She barely had the strength to hold onto his hand. When she lost even that strength, she was forced to let go. To her amazement, she found that her palm was magically stuck to his. She tried to call out to him over the sounds of churning liquid, but she couldn’t even muster a whisper. Falling back against the cauldron’s wall, she closed her eyes for a moment, too tired to keep them open.

Harry groaned as the discomfort down below turned into pain. It felt as though he had accidentally sat down on his balls. The pain was deep in his gut and seemed to only be getting worse. His body shivered even though the liquid was still heating up. His blood felt as though it

was twice as hot as the solution that he was soaking in. His skin goosebumped, and his muscles began aching severely. He saw Apolline close her eyes and pass out. Thankfully, that marked the end of the worst part of the ritual. Now he just needed to wait until the adoption part was done. After another couple of hours sitting there soaking, the runes stopped glowing, and the liquid cooled to room temperature. Apolline was breathing deeply, though she was completely passed out. Harry's head was swimming, and he struggled to get out of the cauldron. Falling over the edge, he hit the ground hard and groaned. Pushing himself to his feet, he wandlessly cleaned himself and levitated the unconscious Apolline out of the cauldron. As she lifted up, he saw her body shudder as his magic began to waver. He quickly lowered her next to him and cleaned her off before he began breathing wildly. His magic had been spent. Barely able to stay awake, he wrapped his arms around her waist from behind and dragged her over to the bed. After a bit of a struggle, he got her into the bed where she lay there unmoving. With his vision turning black, Harry slowly crawled next to her and pulled the blanket over himself, not caring if she was covered. He was out the moment he closed his eyes.