

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 15

Harry sat up and stretched while yawning. He rubbed his eyes and got out of bed. Going straight for the bathroom, he pissed for what must have been five minutes straight before washing his hands and face. He brushed his pearly white teeth and went back into the bedroom. He climbed back in bed and pulled down the sheet covering his bed partner. Porcelain skin and light pink nipples met his view as he pulled the sheet down to Apolline's belly. Harry wasted no time in leaning over and capturing one of her nipples between his lips.

He felt Apolline stir before her fingers threaded through his hair, and she moaned. Harry kissed her breast before moving to her other nipple. When her nipples were sufficiently hard, he moved his lips down her belly until he was tickling her belly button with his tongue. Apolline giggled as Harry pulled the sheet all the way off of her body. He was immediately met with the heavy scent of a wet pussy. The smell of her arousal mixed with the natural, sweet scent of her body had his cock straining so much that it was beginning to hurt. His lips moved a little lower. Harry loved kissing her lower belly and hairless mound. Her skin was incredibly soft and smooth on this part of her body. The only softer areas of her body were the highest parts of the inside of her thighs. He enjoyed kissing those areas as well.

Apolline mewled sexily as Harry's tongue wiggled against her naturally bald mound. She could feel the arousal dripping from between her plump, hairless lips. Apolline had spent over two years with the boy, shaping him, molding him, and teaching him how to please the female body. She was very happy to have the opportunity to constantly test him on the subject. A sudden pang of sadness flooded her when she realized that Harry would be leaving for his first year of school the following morning. Of course, he already had a Vanishing Cabinet in her home, and he promised to visit several times a week. Somehow, over the last two years, Harry had become a staple to her home. She grew to love him deeply and was completely loyal to him. Apolline would do anything for him. She proved her devotion to him by spreading her shapely legs wide and rubbing her swollen clit against his mouth. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head when his tongue lashed out, licking her throbbing nub. Placing her bare feet on his back, Apolline grabbed a fist full of his messy, black hair and pulled his face against her throbbing, wet pussy.

An hour or so later, Harry slipped out of Apolline's room, and a small blonde missile slammed into his gut. " 'Arry!" little Gabrielle cried out, jabbering away in French. He was trying to follow along with her long-winded rant about a cartoon that she had watched on the television. Harry had introduced the Delacour household to the wonders of television, and the one that enjoyed it the most was, of course, Gabrielle. As she looked up at him with adoring eyes while talking a mile a minute, Fleur's door opened, and out came a teenage Veela. Fleur was wearing nothing but a long t-shirt that only came down to her upper thighs. The sexy blonde leaned against her door frame as she sent Harry a smoldering look. No words were needed. All she did was reach down and lift up the front of her shirt. Her naked pussy came into view, and Harry felt his libido go into overdrive.

Harry rubbed Gabby's head, messing up her already messy hair. Gabby was the only one in the house that he wasn't manipulating. Little Gabby loved him enough all on her own. "That's wonderful, Gabby," Harry said absentmindedly. "Go finish your cartoons," he said, patting her head. Gabby chirped something that he didn't exactly hear, and she ran off back to the living room to sit in front of the TV for a while longer. As she did, Fleur disappeared back into her room, leaving her door open. Harry followed her in, closing the door behind him.

When he turned to face her, Fleur was pulling her long shirt over her head. As she pulled her head through, her long, blonde hair cascaded down over her nude back. She walked to her bed, her gorgeous ass swaying. His eyes locked on her perfect cheeks as they moved up and down while she walked. Fleur placed her knee on her bed and climbed on. Harry was behind her in an instant. Her room already smelled of arousal, and he knew that she was ready for it. He reached between her legs and cupped her naked womanhood. Immediately his palm was wet from her juices. He slid one of his fingers up and down the length of her slit, massaging her inner lips. Fleur pressed her face into her bed to muffle her moans.

"My little slut loves to start her day with a good, hard fucking ... doesn't she?" Harry teased, pinching her clit softly.

"I'm not a slut," Fleur countered, looking over her shoulder with a glare. It was hard to argue his point considering she had her ass up in the air like a bitch in heat. Harry just laughed happily. He took his hand away from her pussy and slapped her hard on the ass. Fleur yelped, and her cheeks clenched. Harry removed his hand, exposing the red patch of skin that was smeared with her own pussy juice.

As much as Fleur would like to lie to herself and believe it, she knew that she couldn't live without the pleasures that only Harry could give her. Sometimes it seemed to her that Harry knew that as well. He would use her body in any way that he desired, not bothering to ask her opinion on the matter. Fleur, of course, let him. Sometimes she cursed at him and called him names even as she came around his cock. Sometimes she laid back and happily took it like a high-priced whore.

Since the moment that she discovered the physical pleasures that Harry could give her, she was practically hooked. Right after the discovery, she left for Beauxbatons and spent half the year thinking about it. When she came home during Christmas break, she practically glued herself to his side. It was then that she really began exploring her sexuality. There was no actual sex for quite a while, but the following year, she couldn't hold back her desires any longer. Harry introduced her to a world of pleasure. It was a world that she was more than happy to live within. At this point in her life, going to school and not having access to Harry was like a living hell for her.

"You're MY slut," Harry corrected her. Fleur wisely kept her mouth shut as Harry palmed her sore cheek. He ran his hand down her bottom, letting his fingers slide inside the crack of her

ass. Fleur whimpered as his fingers touched her puckered hole. They didn't stop until they reached her hard, swollen clit. Harry pinched the hard nub and rolled it between his fingers. Fleur's body was trembling violently at that point. She was so close. "You're going to set up the cabinet just as I asked, aren't you, little flower?" he teased, tugging on her clit. Fleur squealed and arched her back. She could feel the arousal dripping down the insides of her thighs.

"Yes!" she gasped. "I will!"

Fleur would keep her promise. She was already looking forward to his late-night visits. The students of Beauxbatons each had their own small rooms. They could either furnish the room themselves or opt to use the school's generic furniture. She, of course, would be providing her own furniture. With the allowance that she was getting from Harry, she had already purchased some expensive and elegant furniture for her room. She had a reputation to maintain after all. One extra cabinet in her room would not look out of place. Besides, students rarely ever visited each other's rooms for anything other than sex. The professors took a very hands-off approach at the famed school. They allowed the students to have a great amount of freedom in their day-to-day lives. Third-years and above were even allowed to have wine with their meals. Of course, if you got caught breaking the rules, those freedoms would quickly disappear.

"Good. Make sure that you do," he practically commanded her. That was another thing that Fleur had noticed. Harry had become very demanding of her. While it got on her nerves, there was little that she could do about it. He had what she needed, and there was no one else from who she could get it. She often found herself following his commands without a second thought, eager to please him and get rewarded with another mind-blowing orgasm. And just on cue ...

Fleur's eyes bulged as she felt something long, thick, and incredibly warm force her lips apart. It entered her and didn't stop until it hit the deepest parts of her body. She cried out in happiness as her insides hugged him tightly. As Harry pulled back, her walls clamped down on him, trying to keep him inside. She felt his hands grab hold of her slim waist, and just like that, he began pounding her senseless. Seconds later, she squealed as she came violently around this thrusting cock.

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Harry was in a good mood as he checked over the new ward set that he had installed around his workshop. No one would be finding it now. Hopefully, after this year, Harry would move into an actual home, and he would move all of this stuff into it. Until then, it needed to be protected.

His good mood continued as he went on with his day. He enjoyed starting the day off with a thorough exploration of both Fleur's and her mother's bodies. There was also the fact that he would be starting Hogwarts the following day. Finally, he could get on with his plans.

Parkinson was still only a target for him. Harry didn't want people making a connection with the sudden deaths of multiple suspected Death Eaters. Malfoy, Karkaroff, and Goyle ... Harry had

been really pushing his luck. Still, he wasn't sitting idle while twiddling his thumbs. He was ready to strike against Parkinson at any moment, and he had been watching many more Death Eaters. Their days would come, but he had to be smart about it.

Pretty much everything was set. He already went to Diagon Alley in disguise, only dropping it for his visit to Ollivander's. Harry was once again the proud owner of his former Phoenix feather wand. Seeing the alley bustling with excited children really brought back some good memories of when Hagrid had first taken him to get his supplies. It felt like a lifetime ago, Harry had thought at the time. That was a bit of a ridiculous thought because it WAS a lifetime ago. He pushed all of that aside when he remembered that he now had a new life ... a great life, and it was only going to get better.

To get his acceptance letter, Harry had to write Professor McGonagall and ask for it. He was still under the Anti-Owl protection after all. She immediately wrote back, demanding to know where he was so that she could personally deliver it herself. This was an obvious tactic by Dumbledore to get him under his control again. That wasn't going to work with him, since Harry was now an official citizen of France and was afforded all the protections of such. Upon hearing the news, Dumbledore tried his very best to get his citizenship revoked. Harry then leaked the info to all of the major news outlets. It hadn't been a very good look for the old man. Questions were immediately asked as to why an old man with no blood relation was taking such an interest in him. Dumbledore was forced to take a step back. He, of course, didn't stop with his meddling. He just became a little more sneaky about it.

In the end, McGonagall was forced to send the letter to the place of his choosing where Harry was able to get it without getting caught. During his trip to Diagon Alley, he saw some members of the Order of the Phoenix standing around, pretending to be part of the shopping crowd. Harry knew better though. They were looking for him. He wanted nothing better than to kill them right on the spot. That would have to wait for another time, unfortunately.

Harry went through the workshop to make sure that he had gotten everything. His trunk was loaded with everything that he would need for the upcoming year. When he walked in front of a mirror, Harry paused for a moment and studied himself. He was much taller than he had been in the first go-round. Taller by about two heads, he reckoned. That gave credence to the idea that perhaps Dumbledore was meddling even more than he had first suspected. There were also the rituals that he had performed on himself. Those couldn't be discounted. His hair was still as messy as ever. He doubted that anything other than an entire can of hairspray could tame his wild locks. Due to his early puberty, his face was already getting more angular. He smiled and a handsome face smiled back at him, his green eyes blazing like two backlit emeralds.

Wanting a nice body without having to work for it was the dream of practically everyone in the world. Harry, thankfully, had access to magic along with a mind that was very good at creating rituals. The previous year, he underwent one that helped him build muscle faster. Now he only needed to work out once a week to keep a ripped physique. If Harry had to guess, he would say that he was at least fourteen.

He was actually quite excited to get back to school. Sure, there were a lot of problems the first time, but that was in the past. He was going into it with his eyes wide open. He was no longer the ignorant pipsqueak that gullibly took the word of Dumbledore as gospel. He was the master of his own destiny. Besides, there were a lot of good things about Hogwarts as well.

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WOOOOOOOOOOOOT!

The Hogwarts Express let out a great, smokey bellow. It was the indication that there were only fifteen minutes left until the final whistle. After that, there would only be five minutes until the train left the station.

“Come on now, Ron, smarten up!” Molly chastised her boy. She was desperately trying to straighten out his wrinkled clothes while he used the back of his hand to wipe off a smear of chocolate that had been staining his chin since earlier that morning. The whole time, Molly kept her head on a swivel as she kept an eye out for the Boy Who Lived, Harry Potter. Beside her, young Ginny Weasley was also looking around wildly.

Molly noticed that it wasn't only her that was keeping an eye out for Harry. There were reporters and general gawkers looking around, trying to find him. Much to her annoyance, many of the gawkers were young ladies. Gaggles of girls of all ages were grouped together, tilting their bodies from side to side while attempting to see him coming through the entrance. All of them were pink-cheeked and giggly. Molly held back a sneer. Ginny would have her work cut out for her it seemed. She would have to up the girl's training this year. Perhaps Ginny's job wouldn't be so difficult if Ron would do his part. She looked at her son. He wiped the chocolate from his chin but smeared the mustard glob that was hiding on the cuff of his shirt sleeve all over his cheek. Molly sighed. Suddenly, a group of girls began screaming and squealing as though a rockstar had just appeared on stage. Molly was shoved to the side by a reporter holding a camera with a giant flashbulb attached to the top. He was pushing his way to the entrance.

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Harry smiled as the crowd went crazy. He tried his best to be nice and respectful even as people were being shoved into him from the mad dash. Hands were shaking his, and as soon as one left, another was shoved into his palm. Harry didn't mind though. This was what he had been working for. He wanted everyone on HIS side for once. It looked as though he had accomplished that particular goal.

“Mr. Potter! Mr. Potter!” they called out, desperate for a few words. Everyone wanted to know what he had been doing over the last few years. Everyone only got the highlights that he had sent himself. The media and general public were salivating for any scrap of information

regarding his personal life. The only thing Harry did was smile and wave. He would put out a press release once he was in the safety of the castle.

It was a bit tough going trying to get his trunk through the crowd of his adoring fans. Thankfully, someone grabbed the other end of his trunk and helped him push through the crowd. By the time he reached the train, the final whistle had just gone off. He turned and gave the crowd one last wave. That was when he noticed who had grabbed the other side of his trunk. A shock of red hair immediately betrayed the identity of this person. At this point in his life, Ron Weasley was more mustard than man, Harry thought amusedly as he looked at his yellow-stained, smiling face. Harry instantly knew that he was going to have fun making the poor kid's life miserable. The payback for his betrayal would be severe. Still, Harry would make sure that he had fun doing it. 'You should always strive to enjoy your work,' Harry used to hear his uncle, Vernon, say when talking about "office interlopers" at Grunnings. In this case, he was absolutely correct. Harry would enjoy it. He turned and gave a tug.

Ron stumbled up the train steps. "OW!" Harry heard the familiar voice cry out, and he hid a smile.

"Sorry, mate!"

"It's no problem, mate!" Ron happily chimed back. "Name's Ron ... Ron Weasley," he introduced himself.

"Harry Potter," Harry replied. Ron was smiling wide. Harry could see the greed in his beady eyes.

"I have a feeling that we're gonna be the best of mates, Harry!" Ron said proudly.

"I do too," Harry replied, hiding a smirk. He tugged on his trunk again, making Ron stumble and bang his shin. His pained curse was music to his ears.

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Unknown to Harry, Narcissa Malfoy was standing back, looking at the Boy Who Lived and studying him. He was larger than all the other boys by a decent amount, she thought. He was also very confident. She could tell by the way he moved. He took in the entire media circus as though it were nothing to him.

"I'll be off, Mother," her son, Draco, said from beside her. Narcissa nodded.

"Behave and write to me," she told him. Draco nodded and dragged his trunk by the handle toward the train. As the bottom of one side of the trunk scraped against the floor, Narcissa was forced to hold back a wince. That trunk wasn't cheap. Though she had been able to get her son all new things, money was very tight since the tragic passing of her former husband. Something

had to be done about that. A woman like her shouldn't have to live like some common Mudblood. She was Narcissa Black! She was practically royalty when she was a student at Hogwarts. Now here she was, counting coppers to make sure that she could pay her bills. It was unacceptable. If only she could find a wealthy, young man to twist in her deceitful web. Narcissa giggled slightly. The boy wouldn't know what hit him. After all, while she wasn't exactly young anymore, she was still devastatingly beautiful and sexy to boot. She would twist the boy around her finger until his account was completely drained. She just had to make sure that Draco didn't find out. She continued to watch Harry until some dopey redhead helped him on the train. Narcissa left the platform, making a plan of her own.