

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 13

Severus Snape was in a very bad mood. Laid crumpled on the floor of his classroom was the latest edition of the Daily Prophet. As one might guess, The Boy Who Lived was featured prominently on the front page. Snape had seen practically every article featuring the boy, and he hated every single one of them. This one was no exception.

'Harry Potter Saves 28 Lives!'

The title of the front page was big and bold. The moving picture underneath the headline showed Potter standing there as proud as can be. Snape didn't even bother reading the article. It would be the same as all the rest. The dunderheads at the Daily Prophet would no doubt sing his praises as though he was the second coming of Merlin himself. Snape snorted at the thought. The boy was an idiot. How did he know when he had never even met him, one might ask. Easy ... He was the spawn of James Potter. The only thing that turned his day around was remembering that the boy would soon be in his class where he could make his life a living hell for the next seven years. The sound of bubbling made Snape get up and move to the cauldron. The new year was fast approaching, and just like every other year, he was tasked with brewing the various potions for the Hospital Wing. He had already made a stock of Pain-Relieving Potions and Calming Draughts. Those two were the most widely used throughout the school year. He was just in the middle of brewing a new batch of Skele-Gro. He had just added one red spider and waited for it to start bubbling. That was the indicator telling him to add the next ingredient ... five powdered scarab beetles.

Unfortunately for Snape, he was so angry at Potter that he failed to pay attention while haphazardly grinding the beetles in the mortar. Because of this, he never noticed that something was off about them. So when he tipped the powdered beetles into the bubbling cauldron, he wasn't ready for the shock of his life.

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Dumbledore was taking his morning walk. Normally, he would have so much work to do that he could only manage half an hour or so before needing to return to his office. Thankfully, most of his work was done so he could take his time. He enjoyed his morning strolls around the castle. The exercise helped with his digestive problems. He had walked from his office on the seventh floor, all the way down until he entered the dungeons. He had barely taken more than a few steps before a concussive blast made him flinch and cover his ears. The ground beneath his feet shook violently. Once he steadied himself, he took stock of the situation. The blast came from the direction of the Potion's Lab. "Severus!" Dumbledore wheezed. He couldn't let anything happen to his sycophant. Snape was too valuable to let slip from his greedy palms.

Moving quickly toward the sound of the blast, Dumbledore turned the corner and walked face-first into a cold, bare ass.

“Hee hee hee! Peevesie knows how much Dumbydore likes a fat, hairy bottom!” the poltergeist chimed, rubbing his ass all over Dumbledore’s face. Dumbledore sputtered as he tried to push Peeves off of him.

“Fuck off, Peeves!” the old man cried out, grabbing his wand. He gave one last hard push just as Peeves zipped away. Dumbledore lost his balance and fell on his face. He heard a loud snapping sound and pain suddenly flared in his gut. He feared that he had just broken a rib or two. Sadly, it was much worse.

“Heavens no!” he choked out in panic, holding up the Elder Wand which was cleanly snapped in two. The top half was hanging limply, held together by only the thinnest piece of wood. He stuffed the wand in his pocket and got to his feet. Slowly but determinedly, he limped to the classroom. Pushing open the door, Dumbledore saw total destruction. A fire burned in the corner. The source was a twisted cauldron that was caked in some kind of pink goo. Desks, ingredients, bookcases, all of them were totally destroyed. Dumbledore choked on the acrid fumes and smoke as they wafted past him and tainted the clean air of the corridor. The room was dark with the only source of light being the fiery cauldron. Unable to cast a Lumos because of his broken wand, Dumbledore pushed in, covering his nose with a handkerchief. “Severus!” he called out. There was no response.

Dumbledore tried to find his potions professor, but there was so much rubble on the ground. Stacks of singed parchment littered the floor along with wooden planks from the broken bookcases. Dumbledore used his foot to kick some out of the way. He ventured further into the classroom and only stopped when he stepped on something squishy. Bending over, he saw that it was a soot-stained hand. “Relax, my boy ... I’m here to save you,” Dumbledore proudly stated. ‘Now Severus will be even deeper in debt to me,’ the old man savagely thought as he grunted while flipping the overturned bookcase that was on top of him. Once he was able to toss it aside with great effort, he saw the state that Snape was in.

Burnt and bloody, there wasn’t an inch of skin that wasn’t caked in ash or blood. Blood seemed to be liberally leaking from a deep gash on the corner of his forehead. His leg was twisted and bent in a way that looked incredibly painful. Mercifully, Snape was completely unconscious. His hand was the worst though. It was mangled and torn. So much so that Dumbledore had to look away as it made his stomach queasy. Suddenly, Dumbledore heard a cracking sound. Frowning his brow, he looked around, wondering where the sound was coming from. He left Snape’s side and moved along the wall, moving toward the sound. When he finally found it, he saw that the outside wall was spiderwebbed with deep cracks ... cracks that were growing by the second. A liquid was leaking through the cracks and pooling on the ground. Dumbledore wetted his hand by swiping his fingers across the largest of the cracks. He brought his fingers to his nose and sniffed. “Oh, dear ...” he said in a hushed, terrified voice. The dungeons were partially underneath the Black Lake.

Normally, the incredibly thick walls of the castle were more than enough to hold back the torrent of water waiting to come crashing in. And if that wasn't good enough, each room had its own ward matrix that added structural integrity. Dumbledore had immediately hazarded a guess as to what had happened. The blast had destroyed the ward matrix and severely damaged the wall. The twisted cauldron must have slammed into the wall, creating a crack. The sheer power of the water being held back began putting pressure on the crack, making it grow.

"Fuck me!" Dumbledore cried out. "Come along, Severus, you worthless twat!" he yelled, kicking his professor in the ribs. Snape only grunted and didn't move. Without any other choice, Dumbledore gathered his strength and heaved the injured man over his shoulder. Then, like a much younger man, he ran from the room. He made it halfway down the corridor when a violent booming sound echoed behind him, followed by the sound of rushing water. Dumbledore looked behind him as he ran with Snape bouncing on his shoulder. The entire corridor was nearly filled with water and it was rushing right at him. Knowing that he would never make it in time, he desperately called out.

"Fawkes!" he screamed. "Help me, you piece of shit!"

A sudden burst of flames ahead of him made his heart jump. Dumbledore reached out for his tail feather just as the wall of water slammed into his back. He heard a sizzle as Fawkes's fire was extinguished, followed by an angry squawk. That was the last thing he heard as his body was slammed into the stone wall, and they were all carried away by the fast-flowing water of the lake.

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In his workshop, Harry had his own fire going with a bubbling cauldron sitting above the flames. A few leaves of this, a sprinkle of that, and the bubbling liquid inside of the cauldron had turned a very light, baby-blue color. Harry sniffed the potion and shook his head. It wasn't minty enough. He grabbed two more peppermint leaves and tossed them in. The color of the potion darkened slightly. When he sniffed again, Harry smiled. "Perfect," he said as he lowered the flames.

The potion stopped bubbling and came to a simmer. "Now two grams of rose thorns ..." Harry measured them out and dumped them into the cauldron. Harry stirred them in and waited for eleven minutes. The potion he was making wasn't difficult, but it could be tricky. There was no set recipe to follow. Instead, you had to add the ingredients then follow the signs and make adjustments as you went. When the eleven minutes were up, Harry added some powdered moonstone. When he saw that he had added too much, he dropped in a few more rose petals to help counteract the powder. Harry sat there, tending to the potion and making the necessary stir patterns until the surface of the liquid was a pearlescent turquoise. Harry gave it a sniff. Its scent was similar to that of a pine tree. Seeing that he had properly brewed it, Harry added the final

ingredients. He first tossed in a porcupine quill with his blood on it. The quill immediately dissolved in the potion. Procuring the next ingredient hadn't been difficult at all.

It had been late at night before he even started brewing the potion, and when he had been sure that the girls were asleep, Harry went back to Apolline's house and visited Fleur in her room. Just as he suspected, she was fast asleep. Hitting her with a Stupefy to keep her from waking, Harry snuck into her room and grabbed her hand. Pulling out a sea urchin spine, he poked her hand hard enough to punch a hole in her skin. While the hole wasn't bleeding heavily, Harry only needed a trace amount of blood on the spine. With that done, he healed her hand and left the room, going back to his workshop.

Harry smirked as he pulled the urchin spine and tossed it in the potion. The potion hissed for a second while the color never changed. What did change, however, was the smell. It changed from the smell of pines to the natural scent of Harry himself. He gave it a sniff and shrugged. He wasn't really sure what he naturally smelled like, but he supposed that it had worked. Nevertheless, it didn't smell like pines anymore. Harry quickly scooped up every last drop into a small, glass flask and put the stopper in it. With that done, he went back to the Delacour house.

Pushing the door to Fleur's room open, Harry crept in. The soft rays of moonlight were coming through the window and lighting up her lovely face. 'How can such a beautiful person have such a rotten heart?' Harry wondered to himself as he studied her gorgeous face. The moonlight made her hair shine as she lay on her side, slowly breathing. By then, Harry was sure that the stunner had worn off. He pulled out his wand and waved it at her, putting a Sleeping Charm on her. Touching her shoulder, Harry shook her body. "Fleur?" he called out in a whisper. "Fleur?" he called again. She didn't wake up. Now that he was sure that she was out, Harry continued with the plan.

While he wanted Fleur under his control to keep her from turning on him, he couldn't go about it the easy way as he did with her mother. Fleur would be under scrutiny while at Beauxbatons, especially when Madame Maxime turned her attention to her. Harry needed to be subtle. That was what the potion was for. Harry placed his thumb on her chin and opened her mouth. With his other hand, he flicked off the stopper of the vial and tipped it down her throat. As it pooled in the back of her mouth, Harry quickly flicked his wand at her, making her swallow it. Her body shuddered only for a second as the potion began taking effect.

The potion he gave her wasn't illegal, strictly speaking, but that was only because it was likely completely unknown. Harry had discovered it while researching sexual magic in an ancient library in India back before his trip through time. The library wasn't well known and didn't have many visitors over the years. As such, the small section on sexual magic that was tucked away in a dark and dank corner went unknown to everyone but him.

The potion needed to be keyed to two different people, which was what Harry was doing with the bloody animal quills. Now that it was administered, Fleur wouldn't be able to feel physical pleasure from anyone but him. Even her own fingers wouldn't make her feel more than an uncomfortable twinge. On the upside, the pleasure that she would feel from him would be intensified drastically. The effect was permanent unless, of course, you drank the antidote which was equally unknown to anyone but Harry. Wanting to test it out, Harry slipped his hand behind her leg and let his fingers gently tickle the back of her knee. While still asleep, Fleur gasped loudly and arched her back. Harry smiled and removed his hand, pleased that everything had worked properly. His plan was to make her addicted to him. She would never betray her only source of pleasure. Of course, it wasn't that simple.

Fleur would obviously know that something was afoot. A sudden, drastic change like that would immediately throw up red flags. Thankfully, Harry had a solution. While Harry Potter wasn't very good at the Mind Arts, Voldemort was among the very best in the world, and since he had the knowledge, Harry figured that he might as well use it to his advantage. All he had to do was alter her mind a bit. He wouldn't change any of her normal personality. That would take far longer than he had time for and would draw too much attention to her. No, she needed to think that not feeling physical pleasure was normal for her. He needed her to be very embarrassed by it so that she wouldn't talk to others about it. For a Veela like her, a being of lust and sexuality, to not feel pleasure was a complete and utter humiliation. She would be a laughingstock in the Veela community. Harry would make these thoughts a reality to her. In her mind, they would be her greatest failure as a woman. He needed to not only do this but also implant memories of embarrassment from the past and alter or erase any memories of her feeling physical pleasure.

Doing this was tricky though, especially if he wanted it buried deep in her psyche where no one would discover his tampering. Fortunately for him, Harry had all night to work. He rolled up his sleeves and entered her sleeping mind.

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"Whaaa... Wha happened?" Dumbledore slurred as his eyes blinked open. He immediately hissed and closed them. The light shining in his eyes was very harsh.

"I don't think you have a concussion, Albus. That's good," the voice of Poppy Pomfrey told him as the light from the tip of her wand disappeared.

"What's going on?" he asked again as his head cleared. He suddenly remembered what had happened in the dungeons.

"Thankfully for you, Flitwick was here getting ready for the upcoming school year. When the school's alarm went off, he went down into the dungeons and found you and Severus. There was a breach in one of the retaining walls. Thank Merlin that he was able to temporarily patch it

before the entire school was flooded. Unfortunately, the dungeons are a total loss. It's going to take most of the year to properly fix it."

Dumbledore nodded and tried to move. He groaned in pain and laid back.

"You had a bad break in your hip. It's fixed, but it will be sore for a few days," the school's Healer told him.

"And Severus?" Dumbledore asked the matron. Madam Pomfrey winced.

"Slight brain damage, severely broken bones ... and his hand was beyond my capabilities. I had to send him to St. Mungos. Even so, they said his hand will likely have to be amputated. It's his brain that I'm worried about though ..." she told him.

"Is it bad?" Dumbledore asked. Snape was an important pawn on his chess board. As surly as he was, he had a brilliant mind and an incredible talent at potions and defense.

"I think that he'll mostly be there ... but perhaps a bit ... loopy," she said, taking her best guess.

"And Fawkes?" he asked. Madam Pomfrey jerked her thumb toward the other side of the room. He followed her directions and saw the phoenix in a bed with his wing in a sling. He squawked angrily at Dumbledore. There were patches of feathers missing, and the feathers that were there were messy and tattered. The bird did not look pleased with his master. Dumbledore closed his eyes, wishing his recent string of bad luck away.

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The following morning, Fleur opened her deep, blue eyes and yawned cutely. She arched her back and stretched her arms and legs while groaning. Waking up from a good night's sleep wasn't her favorite thing to do. Waking up from a bad night's sleep was even worse. She didn't know why, but she felt unrested with a slight headache. It was more than a headache, she thought as she rubbed her forehead. Her brain felt hot and raw. She really hoped that she wasn't coming down with a sickness. That would ruin her trip! Getting up quickly, she threw on her robe and walked to her mother's room. She pushed open the door.

On the bed, Harry Potter was laying completely nude on his back with his legs open in a downward V. Her mother was equally naked and laying on her stomach between his open legs. Her mother's feet were lightly swinging back and forth as she expertly worked his cock with her mouth. Fleur's stomach dropped, though she refused to show any outward appearance of it. Her mother seemed to be enjoying taking him in her mouth, and Harry was moaning in pleasure. She wished that she could know what it was like to feel such pleasure. Sadly, all she could ever feel was contempt for her own body. As beautiful and perfect as it was, her body was broken. No matter how hard she tried, she could never come close to achieving a climax. Suddenly, her

mother pulled her mouth from his cock. Fleur flushed. 'He has no right to be that big,' she thought, looking at Harry's wet cock. Her mother tried to cover his naked lower half.

"Fleur!" her mother chastised her. "Haven't you heard of knocking?" she asked in an annoyed voice. Fleur's hackles were raised. She wasn't in the mood for any of her mother's lip.

"I'm feeling sick. I need a Pepper-Up Potion," she answered, glaring at her mother. Fleur crossed her arms over her chest and waited, tapping her foot impatiently.

"There is one in the bathroom cabinet," her mother said, clearly wanting her to go away. Fleur sniffed and tossed her hair before turning around and leaving the room. Wanting to annoy her mother further, she didn't bother closing the door. As she left, she heard the sounds of sucking behind her.

"What a slut," Fleur mumbled under her breath. She went to the bathroom and drank the potion. She went back to her room with steam shooting out of her ears. Shrugging off her robe, she climbed back into bed, hoping that a few more hours of sleep would help cure her ailing body. She wasn't sure how long she had been out before suddenly being woken up by someone sitting on the bed. Her eyes flew open, and she quickly sat up. Rubbing the sleep from her eyes, she looked around and found Harry sitting right next to her. He gave her a small smile as his eyes lowered to her chest. Fleur blushed slightly when she noticed that her blanket had slipped down past her bare chest, exposing her body to him. Still, she refused to act like an immature little girl. She let him look at her body. " 'Arry?" she asked, confused as to why he was in her room. His eyes left her breasts and locked onto hers. He then held up a money bag.

"Didn't you say that you needed money for your trip?" he asked with a smile, jingling the full bag. Fleur squealed and snatched the bag from his hand, all tiredness forgotten.

"Merci, 'Arry!" she cried out, hugging him tightly. She then remembered how only a few hours ago, her mother had acted like a total bitch. Deciding to get some revenge, she tilted her head up and kissed Harry deeply. What she wasn't expecting was for the kiss to feel so damn good. As he massaged her tongue with his, Fleur felt a deep stirring between her legs. It was a sensation that she couldn't remember feeling before. She enjoyed it ... a lot. However, when Harry's hand slid up her belly, and his fingers accidentally brushed against her nipple, Fleur squealed loudly into his mouth as she experienced a small orgasm for what she thought was the first time in her life. She suddenly broke the kiss, breathing heavily with wide, amazed eyes.

"Are you okay, Fleur?" she heard him ask. Fleur silently nodded, too out of breath to answer. "Good. Well, you're welcome for the gold."

She felt the bed move as he got up and left the room, leaving her trapped in her own thoughts. With a shaky hand, Fleur reached underneath her blanket and ran her fingers between her lips. Holding her fingers up to her face, she was amazed to find them dripping with wetness. "Mon Dieu!"