

## Unknown Prophecy

### Chapter 11

Fleur Delacour yawned as she floo'ed into her house. It was early in the morning, and she was still tired from the long night of having fun with her friends. She was too young to get into any serious trouble, but she and her friends still found a way to have a great time. Locked liquor cabinets were no match for five eager girls. Fleur rubbed her eyes. She didn't even want to think about alcohol at the moment. Her head felt raw, and she was dehydrated. All she wanted to do was come home and recover for a few days. Going into the kitchen, she grabbed a glass of cold water and greedily drank it down. She then went into the potions cabinet and looked around. Her temper flared when she saw that there were no Pain Relieving Potions stocked in the cabinet.

Just the other day, her mother had confessed that her father had left the family. Fleur had a hard time believing it. He always seemed so happy. But then again, looks could be deceiving. She knew that better than anyone. Fleur looked and often acted like the perfect girl, but in reality, she would do anything to get what she wanted. Just the other day, she had flirted with her friend's father, a man who was decades older than her, to convince him to give them more money. She didn't feel strange or grossed out by her actions. In fact, she was quite proud of herself. She would never actually do anything with the man. He wasn't anywhere close to her level, she thought smugly, but flirting was harmless fun. She would happily use it in the future if she found it necessary.

She was about to go to her room for a long nap when she heard some noises coming from her mother's room. On tip-toes, she sneakily crept closer to the door. Focusing on the sounds coming from within, she thought that she heard the sounds of sucking. Fleur internally scoffed. When she was told by her mother that they would be fine financially, Fleur was never told how she was going to get her money. She knew better than most how much her mother detested working. From the muffled moan, Fleur guessed that her mother had become some old, rich wizard's Sugar Baby. As much as she loved her mother, Fleur felt that her own happiness was the most important. 'She is the adult, and it is her job to keep me happy and secure,' Fleur told herself.

Besides, Fleur guessed that most wizards would be willing to pay a small fortune just to get their dicks sucked by a Veela. It wasn't a big deal if her mother had to swallow a load or two. Fleur just hoped that she was doing a good job. Her friends were planning one last big trip to the beach before school started up, and Fleur was going to need a fat sack of coins if she wanted to go. She was snapped out of her thoughts when the door to her mother's room suddenly opened up, and out came a boy wearing an expensive-looking bathrobe. He was as tall as Fleur and handsome if she was being honest with herself. After a better look, her mouth suddenly fell open. Harry Potter was in her house!

She and her friends had been keeping up with the Boy Who Lived and his exploits and adventures. How could they not? His pictures had been plastered on the front page of the paper at least several times a week. Granted, she wasn't exactly entranced by his exploits, (she had better things to do than read a newspaper every morning) but people had been making a big enough fuss that she couldn't help but stay on top of things. Harry suddenly smiled at her.

"You must be Fleur," he said in French. She noticed that he didn't take her hand and kiss it like a true gentleman. Fleur sniffed.

"I am," she said with her nose practically in the air. "And you are?" she asked, pretending that he wasn't important enough for her recognition.

"Harry Potter," he told her, looking her up and down. This made Fleur flush in embarrassment. She had been partying late into the night, and she definitely wasn't looking her best at the moment. Fleur turned her nose up at him and pushed open her door. Without saying another word to him, she went into her room and closed the door.

She needed to talk to her mother to find out why Harry Potter was walking around inside her house while wearing a bathrobe. When she saw her bed, she suddenly yawned. That conversation could wait until after she had a long nap, Fleur told herself as she stripped down and crawled underneath the blanket.

Outside of her room, Harry's eyes were twinkling while he wore a smirk across his face. 'Snobby, little brat,' he accurately described her in his head. He would be feeling no guilt in the future as he had his fun with the little shit, Harry quickly decided. The door to Apolline's room opened and out came the blonde bombshell. " 'Arry?" She leaned against the doorway with her hair a poofy mess. Her lovely, nude body was on full display as she stood there without an ounce of self-consciousness. Harry's eyes moved down from her gorgeous face, to her hard, pink nipples, and finally down to her smooth mound. "Are you coming back to bed?" she asked him. Harry nodded.

According to her, if she was being paid, then she would treat it as a job and teach him all that he needed to know in order to bring every girl in Hogwarts to an orgasm. As he walked up to her, she opened up his robe and reached down, grasping his throbbing erection. She pulled him into her room by the cock, not bothering to close the door. She pushed him back on the bed and straddled him. Placing him at her entrance, she dropped down and took him all at once like a pro. Harry thrust his hips up, wanting as much of himself inside of her as possible. Being inside a Veela felt heavenly. He already decided that he would never be without at least one Veela bed partner at any given time. But right then, the best part of spending his time with Apolline was watching the ring work its magic on her. Slowly but surely, the compulsions were burying themselves deep within her psyche. At first, it was clear that she was all about the money, but after a few days, she began asking him if he wanted some food. When he said yes, she would go into the kitchen and cook him something up. She wasn't the best cook, but it was the thought that counted ... except it wasn't her thoughts. It was the power of the compulsions that were

swaying her thoughts and making her feel a certain way. Even in bed, she was getting more and more passionate. Harry was eager to see how far it would take her.

Apolline leaned forward and kissed him deeply. She moaned into his mouth as she intentionally tightened her walls around him. Harry's hands slid up and down her bare back, caressing her incredibly soft and smooth skin. She broke the kiss and gasped as Harry let his magic spark from his fingertips and ran them down the middle of her spine. Her back arched, and she clamped down on him, her body racked with dozens of mini-orgasms. He could feel her body trembling against him. Harry rolled over and settled between her parted legs. Thrusting slowly while Apolline bit her lower lip sexily, he leaned in and kissed her graceful neck.

"I was thinking ..." Harry began. "Fleur spends a lot of your gold, doesn't she?" Harry asked her. Apolline moaned and nodded.

"She has always been that way. We just gave in because we got tired of hearing her constant tantrums. Letting her stay with her friends at least gives me some peace and quiet," Apolline admitted, wrapping her legs tightly around his waist. She was squeezing him so tightly that Harry found it difficult to keep thrusting. Slapping her hip harshly, Apolline squealed and spread her legs wide, letting him get back to work.

"Perhaps it's time that she learned the value of a galleon ... don't you think?" Harry went on, sucking on her warm skin. Apolline closed her eyes and tilted her head back, giving his lips more room.

Apolline thought about what he was saying. She almost immediately concluded that he was right. Fleur was being a spoiled brat, and she definitely needed to learn what it was like to have responsibilities. For too long Fleur had gotten whatever she wanted simply because her mother and father were tired of hearing her crying and complaining. This would have to stop eventually. Why not stop it right then and there? "You are right, darling," she gasped as Harry began thrusting at a new angle. She had taught him well. By then, he knew all of her favorite spots and exactly how to stimulate them.

Harry smiled wickedly against her neck. Of course, she agreed with him. Was there any question that she wouldn't? He noticed that she called him "darling". That was another thing that she began doing the last day or so. She started using terms of endearment when talking to him, though she mostly kept their use while in bed. "I will talk to her about it," Apolline said, arching her back and presenting her naked tits to him. Harry eagerly leaned in and captured one of her perfect nipples between his teeth. He lightly bit down and gave the crinkled little nub a tug, making Apolline squeak as she came again.

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During his moments of free time, Harry enjoyed spying on those whom he had sworn revenge against. Knowing all you could about your enemies would only help you in the long run, Harry

figured. That's why that sunny summer day, Harry was just beyond the ward line of the Burrow, invisible and watching Ron and his brothers flying around on their old, hand-me-down brooms. They were laughing and cheering as though they didn't have a care in the world. Little did they know that their greatest enemy was watching them, salivating for the chance to ruin their lives. Suddenly, a thought entered Harry's head. 'Why wait?'

Harry thought about it. Why wait, indeed. A little fun wouldn't hurt anyone ... other than ...

Harry's eyes flared, and he instantly saw their brooms light up in an array of colors. They were old brooms, so Harry wasn't surprised to see that the colors were fading. The magic in his own broom was still bright and vibrant. Ron's broom, in particular, was nearing the point where it would no longer work. The glowing, blue runes that were supposed to absorb magic from the rider and funnel it throughout the rest of the broom to power the enchantments were dull and would occasionally flicker. The result from that was that Ron's broom would lurch on occasion. Holding out his hand, Harry wandlessly connected his magic to the broom. Remotely connecting his magic was something that Harry had been practicing. He felt that it would help him in the future.

When he felt the familiar tingle in his arm, Harry pushed as much magic as he could into the hidden Levitation Rune. Harry immediately heard the girlish scream of pre-teen Ronald Weasley as his broom climbed higher and higher, clearly out of his control. His brothers cried out and flew up after him, but it was of no use. Their brooms shuddered, not able to fly that high. Harry then forced the broom to tilt downward before pushing his magic into the Acceleration Enchantment. Ron screamed in fright as he shot downward, past his brothers who had been circling underneath him, ready to catch him if he fell. As he flew past them, the broom had had enough. A loud crack filled the orchard as the shaft of the broom splintered into two pieces. Ron waved his arms wildly as though he were trying to fly. The sickening crunch as he impacted the grass made Harry slightly sick to his stomach. Ron moaned, nearly unconscious as he lay there facedown on the soft ground. His brothers were immediately around him. The twins lifted him up off of the ground, and Harry could see that his snapped leg bone was sticking out of his flesh. It was quite the sight. His head was bleeding from a cut above his brow, and his arm was at a weird angle. They quickly carried him inside and out of sight. "That oughta hold me for a while," Harry sighed happily before disappearing. He had work that needed to be done back at his workshop.

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The following morning, Apolline was going through her normal routine. She was sitting out back, enjoying her morning coffee and pastries. Only this time, her coffee and pastries had been delivered by a House-Elf belonging to the local magical-owned bakery. Apolline had Floo-Called an order in, and in moments, the little elf popped in and handed her the order. It was much more convenient than making it herself. It also tasted a lot better as well. She would have been doing this all along, but her money situation had kept her from doing so. Now she didn't have to worry about such trivial things as having to watch every coin that she spent. Now she could enjoy the

finer things in life. She just took a sip of some exquisite dark roast from Eastern Africa when the door opened behind her. She didn't bother looking back as her daughter came out and sat down in a chair next to hers. The previous night, Apolline had explained the "relationship" between her and Harry. Fleur was forced to sign his contract, stating that she wouldn't blab about him and her family. Apolline didn't bother letting her daughter know exactly how much gold she was making. Fleur would immediately ask for an absurd amount. She only hinted that it was enough to keep their family going.

Fleur looked at the delicious coffee and flaky, golden pastries and scowled. The smell hit her nostrils, and her stomach growled. She was quite hungry.

"Where's mine?" she asked her mother. Apolline bit down on a Bavarian Cream-filled pastry and moaned in delight. She wiped the corner of her mouth with her napkin.

"There is a kitchen, Fleur. You are more than capable of cooking your own breakfast," Apolline said. Fleur sniffed.

"As if," she snorted. "I'll go eat at Marie's house," she told her mother, crossing her leg over her knee and bouncing her foot. Apolline paid little attention. She was too busy trying to decide if she wanted to go clothes shopping that day, or if she'd rather go to the salon. Fleur stood up.

"My friends and I are taking a trip to Nice and Monaco before school starts. We are planning on leaving in a few days and staying until the twenty-eighth," she told her mother, fluffing her hair. All of her friends were quite wealthy, and like most wealthy people, their parents didn't have much time for their children. To show that they cared, they let them go on expensive, unchaperoned trips around the country. Fleur considered herself lucky to be included in the clique of wealthy girls. "I'm going to need quite a bit of gold to cover my expenses, Maman."

This time it was Apolline who scoffed. She placed her cup down and looked at her daughter for the first time since coming out. "And why should I give it to you?" she asked, raising her perfect eyebrow.

Fleur's hackles raised. 'How dare she?' Fleur thought. "Because if you don't, you will never have a moment of peace. Remember, I can scream for hours ... nonstop," the young girl threatened, crossing her arms and tapping her foot on the ground. Apolline snorted.

"Go ahead ... scream," she told her. Fleur inhaled deeply and hesitated for a moment, seeing if her mother would give in. When she didn't, Fleur screamed so loud that Apolline's cup and saucer vibrated. Apolline often thought that Fleur had some type of magical voice. The loudness of her screaming wasn't natural. Instead of yelling, Apolline flicked her wand before going back to her coffee.

Fleur's eyes bulged out as she coughed and gagged. Pink, soapy suds foamed out of her mouth. When she coughed again, dozens of translucent bubbles floated out of her mouth and

rose high into the sky before popping. She bent over and tried to spit all of the soap out, but every time she did, more soap quickly replaced it. It wasn't until her mother waved her wand again that the soap disappeared from her mouth.

"MAMAN!" Fleur cried out, stomping her foot and placing her hands on her hips. She was glaring daggers at the older Veela.

"You'll get the same the next time you scream as well. You're too old to be acting that way with me," she said, finishing her coffee and wiping her mouth. She dropped her napkin on her plate and stood up. Like Fleur, she immediately fluffed her hair. "And as far as the gold is concerned, I suggest you figure out a way to earn it yourself. I am not made of money after all," Apolline sniffed and turned her back on her daughter. As she walked into the house, she left behind a young Veela who was watching on with her mouth wide open.

Fleur couldn't believe it. Her mother had never talked to her that way before. From the way that she acted, Fleur knew that continuing to carry on wouldn't help her cause and would likely get her into further trouble. But still, not going on that trip wasn't an option for her. Her friends would immediately ask why, and if she said it was because she didn't have the gold, she would end up being the laughingstock of the group. Fleur dropped down on the chair hard with her arms crossed over her chest and a huge pout on her beautiful face. This was all her father's fault. If he hadn't left, then he would still be around to provide enough gold to keep her living the life to which she was accustomed, and her mother wouldn't have had to spread her legs for the Potter boy. Fleur immediately froze, and a small smile played at her soft, pink lips.

Perhaps she will find a way to make a bit of gold. After all, what man could ever deny her? She was, after all, younger and more beautiful than her aging mother ... at least according to herself. Harry would no doubt empty his coffers and give her anything that she wanted from a few touches and some breathily whispered words. She was already thinking about what she would buy after stealing Harry's affection away. That would show her mother. Fleur giggled wildly to herself and skipped off to her room.

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"Well, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley ... We did all that we could to fix him up properly. Ronald will fully recover in a month or so, but I'm sorry to say that there will be some permanent damage," the Healer told them, looking at his chart. Molly gasped and clutched her chest, pretending to care. Arthur reached out and put his arm around his wife while their children huddled around.

"His leg was severely broken, and the splintered bone did massive internal damage to his veins and artery. Not only that, but two of his vertebrae were practically crushed into powder. As I said, he will recover, but I fear that he will have some trouble walking for the foreseeable future," the Healer explained.

"But he will be alright?" Arthur asked, actually caring about his son. The Healer nodded.

“Yes,” he told them again. Arthur breathed a sigh of relief.

“Can we go see him?” he asked. The Healer nodded and escorted them down the hall. Meanwhile, Molly was internally raging at the idiot boy. She was counting on him to befriend Harry Potter. They would be in the same year at Hogwarts after all. Would Potter want to run in the same circle as a hobbled cripple? Molly scoffed. Harry Potter was an adventurous young man that fought dragons and nundus. The boy may as well be useless to her now. Still, he may serve some purpose in the future. After all, Ron wasn’t integral to her plans. Everything revolved around her youngest, Ginny. She would just have to wait and see how permanently damaged her idiot son was.