

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 8

Ginny Weasley shuddered as she stared at the Daily Prophet for what must have been an hour. On the front page was the headline, "Harry Potter Kills Dragon: Saves Durmstrang!"

Below the headline was several pictures of Harry doing the most heroic things that a small girl like Ginny could ever imagine. She had read all of the Harry Potter books. She especially liked the ones where he would save the princess. However, she didn't like it when he ended up marrying her. The thought of him marrying anyone but her enraged her. Sometimes her magic would accidentally flare and shatter something nearby. Didn't the author of those books know that Harry belonged with her? Of course, they didn't. They were obviously idiots. Her mother, however, assured her that Harry would be hers one day. Ginny believed her. The way her mother spoke left no doubt of her words' authenticity.

"Ginny dear ..." Molly Weasley called out. Ginny turned to look at her, the paper still clutched in her small hands. "Why don't you go play? That paper won't be going anywhere. You can read it again before bed," the older woman smiled at her. Ginny shook her head.

"Just a while longer," Ginny begged. Molly agreed.

Molly Weasley studied her young daughter. It seemed that she took after her mother. When Molly Prewett was Ginny's age, she was already starting to feel amorous toward boys. She remembered looking at handsome, young men and feeling an unfamiliar stirring between her legs. She obviously didn't know what that feeling was, but she enjoyed it just the same. She could see that the Prewett blood ran strong in Ginny as well. She was squirming and pink-cheeked as she stared at Harry Potter. Her eyes were dilated, and her chest rose and fell rapidly from breathing heavily. Yes, Ginny was well on her way, just as she had been so long ago.

An unspoken part of magical society was the effect of magic on bloodlines. The older a bloodline got, the more magic would mold it. It was considered highly rude to ask a family about their bloodline, but sometimes it was obvious. Weasleys produced almost all male offspring. The Bones females grew large, perfect breasts, much to the annoyance of every other female around them. In other bloodlines, it was much less obvious.

The male Prewetts didn't really face any abnormalities. Just the opposite. They usually turned out quite happy, jovial, and quick to make friends. Her twin brothers had proved that. Everyone loved them before their untimely deaths. The females, however, were a different story. Psychosis had seeped into the female line somewhere throughout history. Molly's mother was the perfect example of this. On the outside, she appeared to be a loving wife and mother. On the inside, she was a raging bitch that only cared about herself. Thankfully, Molly was the apple of her eye, and she taught her everything she knew. When her father died suddenly and

mysteriously, everyone assumed that he had just gotten sick. They thought that old age had caught up with him. Only Molly knew that her mother had spiked his food with an untraceable poison, though she never confronted her about it. Prewett women, with few exceptions, craved money and power. Her father wasn't able to provide either in great enough quantities, and he paid for it with his life. In truth, Molly wasn't all that bothered by her father's murder. She could actually sympathize with her mother.

Molly had never been the best-looking girl in school, so she wasn't able to snag a man that was already rich and powerful. She chose Arthur for his potential. Her mother and her great-aunt Muriel tried to talk her out of it. Molly shivered when thinking about Muriel. She had always been a hateful bitch. Molly, of course, didn't listen to either of them. Arthur was very smart and good with enchantments. Seeing her opportunity, she brewed up a special, low-level love potion and slowly fed it to him over a several-month period so that no one would suspect that he was being dosed. It worked like a charm. Soon after, they graduated from school and immediately got married. Sadly, her plans never panned out. Arthur's love of muggle junk kept him from moving up in the Ministry. Molly wasn't pleased. Here she was, living like a pauper and was the butt of many purebloods' jokes. If Arthur wasn't going to do something about it, then she sure as hell was. And it all started with her daughter Ginny.

Right from the start, her daughter would have a leg up. Ginny was already a very pretty girl and would likely only become more attractive. Prewett women tended to be nice and curvy in their youth. Of course, the real advantage was that she had a scheming and conniving mother like her, Molly smirked to herself. She already made plans to get Harry Potter placed in her care. All Dumbledore had to do was find the boy, and he would be under her thumb. His money, his fame, it would all be hers. He would be easy to dose with her special love potion, and no one would question his loyalty to her and his undying love for her daughter, Ginny. Sadly, the love potion was just that, a love potion. It wouldn't enslave him or keep him loyal to her. That would be way too risky and could mean the end for her and her family. 'Fortunately, he will agree to practically anything once he experiences one of my blowjobs,' Molly inwardly smirked.

The other part of the Prewett bloodline was that the females were incredible in bed. It was something in their magic. Molly, along with many other Prewett women, had used the gift as a tool to get what they wanted. Hell, she had seven children already. Arthur could barely keep his hands off of her, and her tongue and lips had brought grown men to their knees. A boy like Harry wouldn't stand a chance, and he would be willing to give anything to keep getting them.

She only wished that Dumbledore would hurry the fuck up. Her rage was already bubbling over due to the old man's incompetence. Like most men, he couldn't do anything right. How hard was it to find one small boy?

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"Wooooohooooo!" Harry yelled in absolute joy. Sweat dripped down his face as his broom weaved through the massive tunnel that had been dug deep within the Earth's crust. A

monstrously low groan from behind told him that the Iratuworm was right on his heels. A large chunk of rock and dirt detached from the tunnel wall and dropped down right in front of him. He pulled hard to the right, barely avoiding the oily, gunk-covered clump of earth. The ball of light hovering over his head lit his pitch-black path back to the surface. A loud boom made the walls around him vibrate. Dirt and debris rained down on him. Looking over his shoulder, he spotted the gargantuan beast getting closer and closer. Leaning forward, he pumped his magic into the broom and flew as fast as it would allow. Finally, the air was starting to become cleaner, and a sliver of daylight could be seen in the distance. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a silver sphere about the size of a golf ball. He pressed his thumb against a rune carved into the sphere's metal surface. Instantly, the rune began glowing red and flashing about once a second. He could feel the little ball vibrating with power. Keeping his eyes on the tunnel's opening, he dodged another falling rock and flew toward the exit. He blinked hard as he shot out of the tunnel, his eyes not used to the bright sun.

A thunderous boom made him look back. The head of the giant worm broke free from the earth, its mouth wide open. It stretched higher and higher until its open maw was only feet away from swallowing him whole. Pressing the rune again, he dropped the silver sphere and pulled a downward dive on his broom. The beast's mouth slammed shut just as he turned away. As Harry shot downward, he looked up and saw a magnificent explosion of blood and guts. Unfortunately, the several hundred feet of dead worm was now falling from the sky, right toward him. Putting on the speed, he used his skills at flying to avoid the body as it tumbled back to Earth. As it hit the mountainous ground, the magical Peruvians cheered and waved their hands wildly as Harry flew off, waving back.

Not long after, Harry Portkeyed back into his hideaway in France holding his camera. He immediately began developing the film and choosing the best pictures to send to the various media outlets throughout the magical world. He was glad he remembered to place spells on the workshop and himself to keep owls away. By then he was becoming very popular, and many reporters wished to speak with him. There were also others who desperately hoped to find him. To help keep them off of his trail, Harry purposely let himself be spotted multiple times in Australia. He hoped that Dumbledore wasted a lot of time combing the Land Down Under for him. The more headaches Harry caused him the better.

Dumbledore wasn't his concern at the moment though. Getting his French citizenship was more important right then. After sending off the new set of photos, Harry sat down at his desk and pulled out his notes. He felt that the following day was as good of a time as any to start working on that part of the plan.

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Monsieur Delacour smiled at a cute girl passing by as he strolled down the street of the local magical district. Lunchtime was just ending, and everyone was hurriedly scrambling back to their places of business. He had a late lunch time, however. The small real estate company he worked for only had two workers, him and his female coworker. As she went for lunch at the

normal time, he was forced to wait an hour until she was done. This didn't bother him, however. By the time he went out for lunch, he had his pick of the places since they were all empty. His favorite was a small shop that sold chicken sandwiches. It was tucked into the far corner of an empty lane. He walked with purpose as he made his way over to the shop. When he passed by a seemingly empty alleyway, he saw a flash of red before everything went black.

He groaned when he came to. He was just about to open his mouth when a delightful feeling came over him, telling him to write a letter to his wife. The sensation was so strong and felt so right that he didn't even try to fight it. He picked up the quill provided and began writing everything he was told to. When he was done, he put down the quill and heard, "Obliviate," before everything went black again.

Harry levitated the unconscious man onto a conjured cot. He had erased the entirety of his past. When he woke up, he would think that his name was Albert Monart, a French national that moved to America to get away from some violent men to who he owed a lot of money. Hopefully, that would keep him from wanting to visit France any time soon. Harry already got him a nice, small house along with a bank account. His account would have enough to keep him going for a few years while he looked for work in the magical district he would now be living in. The money that Harry was handing over wasn't even enough to create a tiny dent in Harry's ill-gotten fortune. Considering what would have been Monsieur Delacour's normal fate, he was probably coming out ahead. Left by his wife, turned alcoholic, and rarely ever spoke to his children, that wasn't a fate that Harry would want. At least this way he would have a chance at a happy life.

Harry picked up the note and smiled. "This oughta ruffle Apolline's feathers."

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Like most mornings, Apolline was outside drinking a cup of coffee and reading the paper when an owl came flying in. It landed gracefully on the patio table and held out its leg, patiently waiting for her to remove the letter that was tied to it. She put down her cup of coffee and quickly removed the letter. Seeing that no treat would be given, the owl hooted in an annoyed fashion and flew away. Apolline opened the envelope and began reading. With every word read, her face twisted until she was almost apocalyptically angry. Her face was red, and her hands were trembling in rage. She clenched her hands into fists, causing the letter to crumple in her tight grip.

Dearest Apolline,

I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me for saying this, but I have found another. She is younger and more beautiful, and she has stolen my heart. I have tried to keep her from my thoughts, but it is useless. Therefore, I am left with no other choice but to give myself to her, utterly and completely. By the time you read this, I will have already left my old life behind. There is no point in trying to find me. Begging will not sway my decision. We have purchased a lovely home in Russia where we will be starting a family. Do not worry, I have left our savings

untouched. The savings, our house, and my former possessions are yours to do with as you like. Please tell the girls that I love them and will think of them fondly. Stay strong, Apolline. No matter how you might be feeling right now, your life is not worthless and pitiful ... I assure you. You are not too old to find happiness with another.

*Deepest regards,
Arnaud*

“HE left ME?” she whispered in a frighteningly hostile voice. “That short, dumpy fool of a man left ME?” she screeched. She uncrumpled the letter and read it again. This did nothing to calm her rage. “Worthless ... Pitiful,” she ground out with fire in her eyes.

“Beg him?” she hissed. “He assumes that I would ever beg HIM for anything?!”

Apolline was seeing red. That man had the nerve to leave a gorgeous Veela such as herself for a woman that was “younger and more beautiful”? As much as she didn’t want to admit it, that part hit her hard. It was as though he had taken a knife to her ego and mercilessly sliced it to bits. Apolline knew that she wasn’t the young girl that she once was, but she never assumed that she was old. Now her loser husband had treated her like an old racing broom and dumped her for a newer model. She could feel the knife in her heart, twisting, turning, and making it hard to breathe. She felt no sadness for losing Arnaud as a husband. She could do better. No, it was the loss of her sense of self-worth that was causing her to hyperventilate. She closed her eyes and slowed her breathing until she felt that she was going to be okay. When she opened them back up, it was as though they burned with a maelstrom of hellfire. She promised herself that if she ever saw him again, she would make him pay dearly.

Her coffee and breakfast were left forgotten and quickly grew cold. Though it angered her for thinking it, his leaving certainly tossed a wrench in her plans. They had very little savings. At least she had a roof over her head, Apolline thought to herself. At least until the end of the year when the property taxes were due, she corrected herself. The magical government was quick to auction off homes whose taxes went unpaid for too long. Fleur would be starting school soon, and Apolline could imagine the hissy fit that she would throw if she was told that she had to use hand-me-down clothes and supplies. Apolline shuddered at the thought. The idea of Apolline wearing hand-me-downs didn’t sit well with the older Veela either if she was being honest. Gabby needed to be taken care of, which would make it very difficult to find and hold a job. Apolline quickly felt a headache coming on. She would make that cochon pay one day, she thought angrily. She spent most of the day trying to come up with some resemblance of a plan with little success. The only thing that was definite was that she needed to get to the bank and check on the finances available to her in the short term. She would do that when they woke up the next morning.

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Harry watched as the lights in the Delacour house were turned off for the night. He had been watching closely since delivering the letter earlier in the morning. He had been waiting for Apolline to leave. Harry guessed that she would go to the bank at some point. At least that's what he was hoping for. He wanted her to get out of the house so he could follow her. Unfortunately, he spent the entire day spying on her, and she hadn't left the house even once. It looked like he would need to take the matter into his own hands. He waited for over an hour to give her time to fall asleep. During that time, Harry used his Mage Sight to study the wards around her house. They were laughably simple to deconstruct. Of course, Harry was used to professional grade ward schemes, so any small, single-family home would seem antiquated in comparison.

With a few waves of his wand, Harry disabled the alarm trigger. With that out of the way, he could just brute-force his way through without fear of alerting Apolline. In only a few minutes, Harry slipped right through the hole he created. After quick Disillusionment and Silencing Charms, Harry was easily able to sneak into their house. Stalking down the darkened hallway, he used his Mage Sight to see. He opened one door and found a small room that was empty. The room was decorated in a way that told him that a pre-teen girl probably lived there. Posters of handsome, young men were plastered all over the walls. Whether they were singers or Quidditch players, Harry didn't know. He guessed that this was Fleur's room. Closing the door, he continued. The next door he opened was to the bathroom. The third he opened was the correct one. On the bed, lightly snoring, was Apolline Delacour. Harry immediately hit her with a Stunner. Her body jumped slightly from the impact of the spell. Going over there, Harry shook her to make sure that she was completely out. Once satisfied, he got to work.

Harry checked her neck and found nothing around it. Lifting up her left hand, he found her wedding rings there. Not sure if she would take them off in the morning, he dropped her hand before picking up the right one. On her right hand, she wore two rings. Harry pulled one off with a little bit of trouble. The ring was quite tight around her finger, letting him know that she probably didn't take it off very often. With some quick wandwork, Harry enchanted the ring with a very advanced Tracking Charm which he tied into her primitive ward scheme. Now he would get a mental ping whenever she left the house. He could then track her using the ring, as long as she was wearing it. Hopefully, she would be leaving her house the next day so he could put it to good use. With that done, Harry slipped the ring back on her finger and left her room, closing the door behind her. His Stunner would wear off in about an hour. He exited the house and fixed the wards before he left. After that, Harry went home to hopefully get at least a few hours of sleep.

He didn't know how long he had been asleep, but the loud ping going off in his head told him that Apolline was on the move. Harry jumped out of bed and quickly got ready. Within ten minutes, he was tracking her location. As suspected, she was in the magical district, likely visiting the bank. Disguised, Harry hung out across the cobbled street, leaning against a brick wall and pretending that he was a normal kid waiting for his parents to finish their shopping. It was nearly half an hour later that Harry saw Apolline exit the bank. Her beautiful face looked stressed as she walked hand in hand with little Gabrielle down the street. In her other hand was

a pitifully small money sack that was only partially filled. This was exactly what Harry had been hoping for. While he might have been able to work things to his favor, like pretending to save her or her daughters' lives to get what he wanted, Harry figured that that was too difficult and time-consuming. His best bet was to first get her desperate, which she clearly was, and then just tell her the truth.

Not the complete truth, mind you. She didn't need to know about his past or his plans for the future. All she needed to know was that she could help him, and in return, she could receive some help as well. He watched her carefully as she twisted and turned down the winding streets until she turned off the main lane into some sketchy-looking side streets. Harry guessed that this magical district was similar to Diagon Alley. The further you got from the main street, the cheaper things got. Of course, the areas became more isolated and dangerous as well. This proved that Apolline was having money problems. There was no way a woman like her would drag her daughter there without being hopelessly desperate. It was also clear that she had never been to an area like this before. Walking around with your money sack in hand and your wand away was just asking for trouble. Staying well behind her, Harry spotted a homeless bum sitting against the wall in a side alley. He was dirty, disheveled, and was talking to himself. Harry hit the man with a powerful Compulsion. He watched as the man suddenly got up and began running full speed toward Apolline who was roughly thirty feet ahead of him. The man quickly caught up and snatched the money bag straight out of her hand. Apolline screamed and tried to pull out her wand, but it was too late. The dirty man slipped around the corner and out of sight. Apolline screamed in frustration and stomped her foot. Harry could hear that she was on the verge of tears. 'Perfect,' he thought to himself as he made his way to her.

"Excuse me," Harry said as he came up to her. "Are you alright?" he asked in French.

"That man stole my money!" she said, pointing in the direction that he had run. "I really needed that ..." she said, wiping the tear of frustration that rolled down her porcelain cheek.

"If you need money, I have a proposal for you," Harry told her. She verbally scoffed and looked down at him.

"I need more than whatever tiny allowance you receive from your parents, child. Now run along," she said with slumped shoulders. Just then, Harry let his Glamour fall away, revealing who he really was. He watched as Apolline's eyes widened to the size of teacup saucers. " 'Arry Potter!" she gasped. Harry tossed her a winning smile before placing the Glamour back on.

"Let's go somewhere and talk."