

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 31

It was almost a week after giving Hermione instructions on what to tell the Headmaster when Dumbledore came calling. It was just past curfew, and they were speaking in an empty room near the entrance to Gryffindor Tower.

"Interesting ... very interesting," Dumbledore quietly said, stroking his beard like the bad guy in a muggle film. 'This can be useful,' he told himself. He then remembered that he was supposed to be playing the part of the concerned Headmaster. "I mean ... Harry *is* a growing boy, so it is only natural to feel attraction towards the opposite sex. Professor Sinistra is quite the attractive, young woman after all," he told Hermione. Hermione nodded, playing her part just as well.

"And what about this business with Fenrir Greyback over the break? Has he spoken with you about it?" he asked the girl. Hermione nodded.

"Yes, but he's only talked about the stuff that was in the Daily Prophet. He said that his contact in the Ministry told him about the attack only moments before. He barely had time to save Susan Bones ... poor girl," Hermione shook her head sadly. "I was so nervous when reading the article. Harry could have been seriously hurt!"

Dumbledore's ears immediately perked up. "Contact in the Ministry? Are you sure that was what he said, my dear ... contact in the Ministry?"

"Yes. I suppose he was talking about the Ministry of Magic, but I can't be sure," she told him.

"Excellent," he smiled. "Most excellent. You've done a wonderful job so far, my dear," he said to her and reached into his robe pocket. Pulling out a small book, he handed it to her. "Just as I promised. Return it when you are done."

Hermione smiled wide when she took the book from him and hugged it to her chest. "Thank you, Professor!"

"You're very welcome," he said, smiling back. "Now run along and get some rest. It is getting late," he instructed. Hermione nodded and bolted from the room, leaving the scheming Headmaster behind.

Hermione felt very proud of herself. She told him everything that Harry had instructed her to. Why he wanted Dumbledore to know these things, she didn't know, and it wasn't her place to ask. She was the follower, and Harry was her Master. He would tell her when she needed to know. It wasn't long before she was in her room using the spells that Harry had taught her to make two magical copies of the book ... one for her and one for her beloved Master.

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The next morning, Daphne Greengrass was sitting in front of her mirror with a fluffy, white towel wrapped around her head. She dabbed a little bit of foundation on each cheek and rubbed it into her skin. Her mother always said that even though she was very beautiful, she should always use at least a tiny bit of makeup to enhance her lovely complexion and face. "Especially on the eyes. Smoky, soulful eyes can easily win a man's heart, and even if you don't love him back, his affection could still end up useful to you someday," her mother, Alannah, had told her many times. Her mother often taught her the knowledge that every Pureblood princess like her should know. This information was always passed down from mother to daughter. 'Someday I'll have to teach *my* daughter,' Daphne thought as she continued with her makeup. And who the father of her daughter would be ... well that was still up for debate. The thought instantly made her skin crawl.

Malfoy was still acting like a little shit, but thankfully, he had backed off a bit since Potter had knocked him unconscious. Of course, Malfoy didn't know that it was Potter. He just assumed that Daphne had done it, and she didn't bother correcting him. It was better if Draco thought of her as dangerous ... as someone not to be fucked with. Unfortunately, Daphne knew that it would keep him away for only so long. The bathroom door squeaked, and she turned her head and saw her friend Tracey coming out with only a towel covering her growing body. The big, white towel was wrapped around her midsection, barely covering her nipples and ending at her upper thighs. She had another towel in her hands as she vigorously rubbed it against her damp hair. Both of them could dry their hair with their wands, but every girl knew that you got better results if the hair was slightly damp instead of wet. Drying wet hair made it come out flat and bodiless. That was not something they wanted to deal with at the moment.

Tracey sat down on Daphne's bed and began putting lotion on her body. That was another tip from Daphne's mother that Tracey picked up on. "Have you given it any more thought?" Tracey asked as she ran her hands up and down her leg, rubbing the lotion into her skin.

"Hmm?" Daphne asked as she worked on her eyes.

"About asking Harry ... Have you given it any more thought?" she asked again. This time Daphne heard her.

"I really don't want to get anyone else involved if I can help it. The less that know the better," Daphne told her. Tracey just shook her head in disbelief.

"Daph, we've wracked our brains for months and still can't find a solution. Even your mum hasn't found one," said Tracey. Daphne didn't respond. She knew that her family was in a pinch with practically no way out. Once again, she cursed her father for getting mixed up with the wrong people. Now with him gone, they were the ones stuck with the consequences.

"Daphne?" Tracey asked again.

"I'm not sure what to do," Daphne stated. "I'd like to talk with my mum again. Maybe she'll know what we should do."

"I hope so," Tracey said, standing up and dropping her towel before going to her bed to get dressed. Breakfast would start soon.

Half an hour later, the two girls were leaving the Slytherin Common Room on their way to the Great Hall. The pair were talking and not paying attention when a sizzling, lime-green spell whizzed by Daphne's head. Both girls yelped and ducked down, quickly scurrying down the corridor.

"Who fired that?" Tracey asked breathlessly as they took off running. Daphne shot her an incredulous look.

"Who do you think?" she sarcastically asked.

"Did you see him?"

Daphne shook her head. She didn't need to see him. It was obvious. Especially since they saw Malfoy leave before them. "Let's get to breakfast," she said ... 'And among witnesses,' she silently added.

When they were sitting at their table, Malfoy passed by a few minutes later looking sour. The girls shot him a murderous look which he ignored. Almost as soon as the breakfast appeared on the long table, the morning owls began flying in to drop off the daily mail. Daphne spotted her family owl before it even landed. Moving her plate aside, she waited for the owl to land before removing the letter attached. When it was freed, she gave the owl a piece of bacon and opened the letter. She silently read it before turning slightly pale. "What is it?" Tracey whispered.

"Mum says that Malfoy is demanding the buyout. She got into contact with Draco's mum but there's nothing she can do. She hasn't even been in contact with him," Daphne explained. Tracey blinked her eyes a few times while digesting what she just heard.

"Looks like you're out of options," Tracey stated as the owl hooted and flew away. Instinctually, she looked over at Harry Potter who was eating. Practically every girl in Gryffindor surrounded him while he ate. Thinking of their last interaction, Tracey suddenly felt flush.

Daphne must have seen her looking at the boy, because she suddenly said, "I'll try and talk to him later today." Tracey silently nodded.

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Harry groaned as he stood up after the last class of the day. By then, his back and butt were hurting from the uncomfortable chairs. Hermione was placing her stuff into her bag much more carefully than he had. She then looked up at him and smiled. Harry smiled back as Seamus and Dean checked her out from behind. He could see their eyes lowering to check out her ass. Hermione had been doing a good job when it came to upping her social standing. She had also done a good job with Dumbledore. He told her to inform him that his contact was from the Ministry. Obviously, they weren't, but Harry wanted Dumbledore to waste his time and resources focusing on false clues and leads.

Hermione was suddenly by his side. "Here, let me take that," he said, taking her heavy bookbag from her grasp and heaving it over his shoulder. Hermione beamed at him and threaded her arm through his. A second later, he heard her giggling.

"What's so funny?" he asked as he led her out of the classroom and into the student-filled corridor.

"Seamus asked me on a date, and I declined. Then Dean asked me to go out with him right after. I said no, of course. I left when they began arguing with each other," she told him. Harry chuckled.

"You're too sexy for your own good," Harry complimented her. Hermione blushed slightly but kept her head held high. Harry liked seeing the new, confident Hermione Granger. As they walked down the corridor together, they suddenly heard people arguing behind them.

"You'll watch where you're walking if you know what's good for you, you Irish prick!" Malfoy spat at Seamus. Seamus flushed red with embarrassment, but he puffed his chest out confrontationally.

"You're the one who bumped into me, you worthless tosser!"

It wasn't long before Dean, Crabbe, and Goyle joined the mix, each pulling their wands threateningly. As everyone focused on them, Daphne slipped through the crowd and joined Harry's side. She looked at Hermione for a moment before standing on her tiptoes and whispering in his ear.

"Can I talk to you in private ... after dinner?" she asked him.

"Yeah, sure," he said quietly. "When you leave the Great Hall tonight, turn right and go to the end of the corridor. I'll meet you by the statue of the six-eyed witch and take you somewhere a little more private where we can talk," he told her. Daphne nodded and quickly disappeared. A few seconds later, spells began flashing in the corridor, and Harry heard the professor yelling out, "Detention for all of you!"

Harry and Hermione took the opportunity to leave before they could get dragged into the ongoing mess. "I'll invite Daphne to my private room tonight to talk," Harry told her as they escaped the chaos. "You try and hang out with Lavender and Parvati tonight and work on your social skills. It will be good to have those girls on our side in case we ever need them. We must collect as many pawns as we can," he said. Hermione nodded in understanding. In truth, she found the girls vapid and annoying, but it was a price that she was willing to pay for her Master.

Dinner was much the same as all of the other meals. Harry ate while surrounded by adoring fangirls. Angelina was getting very bold. While sitting there acting innocent and spooning food into her mouth with one hand, her other hand was shoved down the front of his unbuttoned trousers. Harry found it difficult to properly enjoy his meal while she was fondling his cock and balls. When the food and dishes finally disappeared, Harry zipped up and waited for most of the students to exit the Great Hall. When there was only a handful left, Harry got up and walked out of the Hall, taking a right and going to the end of the corridor. At the end of the corridor, there was an alcove containing the statue of the six-eyed witch that he had told Daphne about. Sure enough, when he arrived, Daphne and Tracey were there waiting for him. "Ladies," he said, greeting them. Both of them were looking slightly nervous.

"Hi, Harry," Tracey said with a small smile.

"Potter," Daphne said with a straight face.

"I have a place for us to talk. No one will overhear us. Follow me," he said, ushering them forward. They didn't talk much as Harry led them to his secret room. Once inside, the girls were impressed.

"This is a really nice room!" Tracey declared, walking around to take it all in. The view, the fireplace, the big bed ... Tracey had to admit that she was a little jealous. "How did you get this?" she asked. Harry smirked.

"It's good to have friends that can help you out when needed," he told her as she sat down on his bed and bounced up and down a few times. Daphne was also exploring the room.

"So you sleep in here?" Tracey asked him while testing the comfort level of the big bed. She thought that it was way more comfortable than her bed in the Slytherin dorm.

"On occasion," he answered simply. Daphne then bent over and reached under the bed. She stood up with a pair of g-string panties hanging from between her fingertips. She had her eyebrow cocked.

"I think he's been doing a little more than sleeping," she snorted, letting Hermione's panties drop to the floor. She kicked them back under the bed. Harry just smiled at her.

“What can I say? I’m a growing boy with needs.” Both girls snorted at him. “Putting my night-time habits aside ... What did you want to talk about?”

Daphne joined Tracey and sat next to her on the bed while Harry looked on. “What do you know about marriage contracts?” Daphne asked him.

“Very little, but I know enough not to get mixed up with one,” he told her.

“Smart. Unfortunately, some of us never had a choice,” she said with a bitter look on her pretty face. Tracey patted her thigh in a comforting manner.

Harry raised an eyebrow, not expecting to hear about marriage contracts. “You’re under contract?” he asked her. Daphne shook her head.

“Not me ... My sister,” she corrected him. Harry tried to remember her sister’s name but couldn’t.

“Her name’s Astoria. She’s a year younger than us,” Tracey explained further.

“And I take it that Astoria isn’t keen on being contracted to marry?”

“Would you be keen on marrying Draco Malfoy?” Daphne said with a biting voice. This time it was Harry with the sour look on his face.

“Malfoy? Why on Earth would she be contracted out to Malfoy?” he asked, not understanding why her family would do that.

“My father,” she said as though that was enough of an explanation.

“Her dad wasn’t the nicest man, and around five years back, their family got into some financial problems,” Tracey told him.

“My father had a gambling problem,” Daphne explained further. Harry nodded his head in understanding. “He ended up losing a lot of gold to some very shady people. To pay it off, he signed a marriage contract for my younger sister. As I’m sure you can guess, he signed it with Lucius Malfoy.”

“How else can Draco get a wife?” Harry snorted. “Anyway, since Lucius is dead and this is still a problem, I’m guessing that the contract is ironclad?”

Daphne nodded. “Yes. My mother had a solicitor go over it, and she was told that there was nothing anyone could do about it. Now we only have a few options.”

“And those options are?” Harry asked, crossing his arms.

“Astoria marries Draco,” Tracey said with a disgusted look on her face.

“Draco agrees to cancel the contract out of the kindness of his heart, which we all know he won’t,” Daphne said.

“Or they can pay the buyout before her first year of Hogwarts, which is next year. If they pay the buyout before she begins school, it will be twice the amount that her father received when the contract was first made,” Tracey told him.

“In this case, my father received fifty thousand Galleons,” Daphne downtroddenly said.

“So the buyout is a hundred grand?” Harry asked and whistled in appreciation when they nodded. “What happens if you don’t pay?”

“The buyout increases to five times the amount, which is way more than we can ever dream to pay. My father already pilfered most of our family fortune before he was killed. We can’t even come up with the one hundred thousand,” stated Daphne.

“If they don’t pay, Draco will marry Astoria, and he’s already promised to make her life a living hell,” Tracey nervously declared. “In marriage, men hold most of the power, so he actually *can* make her life miserable. He could beat her black and blue and not get in trouble from the Ministry.”

“Is that so?” Harry asked and once again, they affirmed. He had never learned the ins and outs of magical marriages.

“Of course, he wouldn’t dare try that if our family had some type of protection ... you know ... physical or political. Sadly, it seems that we don’t. My mother has been attempting to use some of her old contacts within the Ministry to do something, but they claim that their hands are tied,” Daphne told him.

“Their hands were tied because they’re getting nothing in return. No one would shell out that kind of gold for someone who isn’t a family member. One hundred thousand is equal to thirty to forty years of work for the average person. Beyond that, as you said, the contract is ironclad,” Harry told them.

“I’m aware that one hundred thousand is a lot of gold,” Daphne glared. Harry ignored her look.

Daphne was very high on his list of girls to collect as followers. Having her mother, sister, and Tracey on his side wouldn’t hurt either. If he had to, he would pay the hundred thousand. That amount of gold was nothing to him. However, before paying, he would see what his other options were. Now all he had to do was turn on the charm.

Harry took Daphne's hand and pulled her to her feet. Before she could protest, he slipped his arms around her slim waist and hugged her. His hand gently caressed her back, and he felt her body unstiffen and relax. Her head found his shoulder where she rested it, her cute, little nose gently brushing against his cheek.

"Don't worry, Daphne. I won't let anything happen to you or your sister," he told her with confidence. He felt her silently nod, and he tightened his hold on her body.

Daphne's heart nearly exploded when he pulled her to his body and began hugging her. Initially, her body stiffened, but it quickly relaxed before melting into him. Her lovely eyes closed, and she nearly fell asleep as she rested her head on his shoulder. Because of the mess going on, she hadn't been sleeping well. "If I have to, I'll pay the money to get your sister out of the contract," she heard him say. Just hearing that made her belly do a flip.

"I'll have to talk to your mum first though. She's the Head of your family, right?" he asked her. Daphne nodded without saying a word. For years she had had a crush on the boy, thinking that he was another Prince Charming. Now she knew that he was better than some fictitious character from a child's book. Harry Potter was a true prince who was here to rescue his damsel in distress. Daphne's face flushed and began to burn, and she pressed herself harder against him. She didn't even know why she did it. The only excuse was that her body was acting of its own accord when she tilted her head up and pecked him on the lips. Immediately, her face blushed a fiery red, and she pulled away from him, covering her face in embarrassment. Behind her, Tracey was giggling madly.

"My, my, Daphne ... So forward," she heard Harry tease.

"Shut up!" she called out from between her fingers. Harry chuckled as she continued to hide her face in shame. She heard movement and looked through the crack between her fingers. Tracey was now in his arms, hugging him tightly. All she could think about was that she wanted to be back in his arms.

"Why don't you girls hurry up and go send that message before curfew? Tell your mum to meet me at the Leaky Cauldron at nine in the morning this Saturday," he said as Tracey rubbed herself against him like a little slut.

"But how are you going to get there?" Tracey asked, looking up at him with stars in her eyes.

"Don't worry about that. I have my ways," he smiled and kissed the tip of her nose. Tracey squealed and hid her face against his chest. His hand slid down her back and "accidentally" brushed against her ass. Tracey gasped loudly and blushed.

"We will," Daphne said, pulling Tracey from his arms. "I really don't know how to thank you, Harry ... I ..." she said, but Harry waved it away.

“How about the three of us have dinner together here in my room? We can get nice and cozy by the fire,” he said, smiling at them.

Both girls blushed red again and nodded at the same time. Neither would ever pass up such an opportunity. Daphne suddenly remembered that they didn't have a whole lot of time left to get to the Owlry and then back down to the dungeons before curfew hit. She could easily stop off at the library and bum some parchment and ink, that way she wouldn't have to make a trip back to her room first. “I'll let my mother know when to meet you. I'm sorry but we have to hurry,” she said.

Harry nodded and stepped up to her. Again, she found herself in his arms, and she shuddered deeply when he placed a soft kiss right on the corner of her lips. She could now feel that her pussy was soaked, and she was in for an uncomfortable walk with wet panties. “Remember ... Saturday. Make sure to wear something comfortable,” he told them. They both nodded, looking at him a bit starstruck. “Go on then,” he said, leading them to the door. When they were halfway down the corridor, Harry closed the door and smirked.

“As easy as one, two, three!” he laughed to himself.