

## A Strange New World

### Chapter 3

Harry's conversation with Apolline had been eye-opening, to say the least. Later that night, after returning home, Harry realized that she was one hundred percent telling the truth. When he walked into the house, Hermione just happened to be coming out of the shower with only a small towel covering her otherwise nude body. Her tits were popping out of the top of the folded towel, and it was positioned high enough on her body to barely keep her nipples from showing. The bottom of the towel was just long enough to cover the upper portion of her smooth thighs. Her hair was still wet and releasing droplets of water that rolled down her chest and into the sexy crevice between her breasts. Harry had no idea Hermione was so good at teasing. She looked at him and smiled, not bothered in the slightest that he was seeing her in such a state.

"Hi, Harry!" she chirped. "How was your day with Fleur?" she asked him, walking into the living room instead of her bedroom. Harry couldn't help but check out her ass. It was barely covered by the fluffy towel.

"It was good," he answered as she sat down. Hermione crossed one leg over the other, causing the towel to ride up her thighs even higher. "We went swimming."

Hermione nodded while grabbing a bottle of lotion. She poured some on her palm and began rubbing it into the skin of her bare legs. "That sounds nice," she said. "Fleur, Ginny, and I all bought new bikinis. Maybe we can all go swimming together sometime soon," she added.

Harry's dick began to harden at the mere thought. Seeing Fleur in her bikini was almost too much to handle. Harry didn't know if he could hold out after seeing all three girls at the same time. "Yeah, that would be great," he said in an even voice. He didn't want them to discover that Apolline had already spilled the beans about their plan. Hermione shot him a happy smile.

"Great. I'll talk to Fleur and set up a date," she said as she raised one of her legs and held it out. Harry watched as she rubbed lotion up and down her calf until he noticed that he could see just a hint of her smooth pussy lips. 'She's good,' Harry thought to himself. If he didn't know what she was up to, he might have given in at the sight of her exposed womanhood. Thankfully, Harry prided himself on his self-control. He simply adjusted his raging erection to make it less noticeable when she wasn't looking.

"Just let me know when, and I'll be there," he told her. Hermione appeared pleased when she looked up. "So, got any plans tonight?" he asked her.

"Ginny's department at the Ministry is having an office party. I promised I'd go with her," Hermione explained.

Before the calamity, Ginny had been a professional Quidditch player. Unfortunately, professional Quidditch was canceled until further notice, so Hermione had gotten her a job at the Ministry of Magic. She now worked for the Department of Conception and Statistics, which tracked magical birthrates in the country. She wasn't exactly high on the totem pole, but at least she had a job.

"Sounds fun," Harry replied. "I'm pretty wiped, so I'll probably call it an early night," he told her.

"That's good. Growing boys need their rest," she giggled and stood up. The top of her towel slipped, and he caught the briefest glance at her light pink areola before she lifted the towel back up. "I need to get ready," she told him. "Ginny'll be here in a minute. Could you let her in?" Hermione asked. Harry nodded, and Hermione pecked his cheek and scampered off to her room. Harry watched her as she went, hoping her towel would completely fall off. Sadly, that never happened. He was about to sit down on the couch when there was a knock at the door.

When he answered it, Ginny was standing there in full force, wearing the sluttiest outfit she had ever worn, and he had to admit, she looked bloody sexy as hell. Covering her upper half was a tight, white blouse with quite a few buttons undone. Her deep cleavage was unapologetically on full display, and he could immediately tell that she wasn't wearing a bra. He could see the little bumps created by her hard nipples pressing against the thin silk material of her shirt. Below that was a black skirt so short that it would have been unthinkable to wear in the old world. Even the slightest gust of wind would surely expose everything underneath. Her long, smooth legs escaped the bottom of the skirt and ended with black, strappy heels on her feet. Ginny's long hair flowed over her shoulders and back in soft, loose curls, and she had just enough makeup on to accentuate her natural beauty. All in all, she made for a cock-hardening sight. Ginny smiled sexily at him and stepped into the house.

"What do you think?" she asked and did a little twirl. Her skirt flared, and he saw the bottoms of her bare cheeks. He suspected that she was wearing panties, but they were so small that he couldn't see them buried between her plush cheeks.

"That's quite an outfit," he truthfully stated. Ginny chuckled happily and pulled him to the couch. She dropped down on it and crossed one leg over the other while pulling him down next to her.

"Thanks," she happily replied. "I would have never worn this before everything happened. Now, however, no men are left to hoot and holler if I walk down the street in this," she explained. "Well ... No men except you, of course, but I don't mind if you see me like this," she added.

"That's good because I don't mind seeing you like this," he teased back, checking out her pale, creamy thighs. Ginny laughed softly and angled her thigh closer to him.

"I wasn't sure about wearing a skirt. I used to use a specific brand of hair removal cream, but it's no longer on the market because of everything that happened. I had to find a new one, and I'm not sure if it does as good a job as the other," she said, grabbing his hand and placing it on her

thigh. "Any opinions?" she asked, moving his hand up and down the length of her thigh. Harry's cock was threatening to burst out of the front of his trousers.

"Not bad at all," was as much as he was going to give her right then. Hermione chose that moment to return to the living room. Harry removed his hand from her leg and looked up.

Hermione wore a dress that wasn't quite as short as Ginny's skirt, but it was still the shortest dress he had ever seen her in. Not only that, but her breasts were also prominently displayed by the low-cut top. Her hair was pulled up into a messy bun. It was a look he very much appreciated. Her pale, slender neck was graceful and decorated with a thin gold chain. Fancy earrings dangled from her small earlobes. "Are you ready?" she asked Ginny. Ginny smiled and stood up.

"Sure. Let's get going, or Sinistra will have a fit. You know she's a stickler for punctuality," Ginny stated.

"The Astronomy professor?" Harry asked in confusion, also getting to his feet.

"She's been working at the Ministry while Hogwarts has been closed. She'll return to the school for the upcoming year," Hermione explained as she spritzed her cleavage with perfume. She made sure he was watching when she did.

"Can I try some of that?" Ginny asked, and Hermione nodded and handed her the bottle. Ginny angled her body so he could perfectly see and also sprayed it right between her pillowy tits. 'They're really pulling out the big guns,' Harry thought.

"I shouldn't be too late. Ministry parties aren't exactly ragers, after all," Hermione informed him. She grabbed her purse and slung it over her dainty shoulder. "Goodnight," she said, kissing him on the cheek again. Her lips lingered a second longer than normal. Ginny quickly took her place.

"Goodnight, Harry," she chirped and kissed him as well. Her lips landed much closer to his lips than Hermione's had. Ginny was obviously the bolder of the two. They left the house arm-in-arm, and he heard them giggle as they walked down the steps. Harry shook his head, went to the kitchen, and made himself a cup of tea.

When his tea was done, Harry sat on the couch and took a sip. He had been thinking about everything Apolline had said. He could do a hell of a lot worse than his three female friends. The only problem was the strangeness of it. Having three sexy girlfriends sounded like a dream come true, but reality tended to get in the way. Sure, Apolline and Molly were all for it, but would it be accepted by the rest of their magical community? Harry didn't want his friends getting shunned over it. If he had to guess, Harry would say that Apolline was probably correct. It might be weird at first, but it would quickly become accepted as normal. The real reason he was hesitant was simple biology. There was no way he could handle three women day in and day out. No man could. That wasn't even counting everything Amelia had in mind for him.

Harry sighed and took another sip of tea. He had already decided to accept the crazy plan his three friends had devised. If for nothing else, he would do it for them. However, if he was going to do it, he wanted to do it right. He remembered what McGonagall had said. "There are things we can do to help boost your performance and productivity ..." she told him. He wasn't sure exactly what she meant, but he wanted to find out. Harry wanted to know about all of his options. He quickly finished his tea and went to the fireplace.

He tossed in a pinch of Floo Powder and stuck his head into the emerald flames, shouting, "Bones Manor!" His head flicked past dozens of exits before coming to rest at the correct one. The room was bright but empty. "Hello?" he called out. "Is anyone there?" No one answered. "HELLO!" he shouted louder.

Finally, he heard a door open, and Susan Bones knelt before the fire. "Harry?" she asked in confusion.

"Hey, Susan," he smiled at her and coughed when a bit of ash entered his throat. Susan looked good. She was wearing a tight t-shirt that wonderfully emphasized her large breasts. It was short enough that he could see the lower portion of her slim belly. A pair of tight jeans hugged her wide hips and enveloped her shapely legs. She had only gotten prettier since Hogwarts. "Is your Aunt in?" he asked hopefully. Susan smiled prettily at him and nodded.

"Yep. I'll go get her," she said, standing up. Harry got a good look at her wide ass as she left the room. He only had to wait a minute before Amelia joined him.

"Mr. Potter ... What a pleasant surprise," Amelia Bone said with a smile. She was likely very happy that he was calling her instead of the other way around.

"Madam Bones," he greeted her and coughed again. He wasn't used to Floo calling. "I was hoping I could talk to you. Could you come through and join me?" he asked. He was sure she already knew Hermione's Floo address.

"Of course," she smiled wider. "But I told you to call me Amelia," she reminded him.

"Right ... Amelia," he said, fixing his mistake.

"Alright, Harry. Step back, and I'll come through," she told him. Harry did just that. He got up off his knees and gave her plenty of room to exit, which she quickly did.

Amelia Bones was an attractive woman. While Susan was a redhead, Amelia's hair was more auburn, and like Susan, she had an incredible bust that drew the eyes of every man around. Sadly, he was the only man around to visually enjoy those incredible sweater puppies. "What can I do for you, Harry?" she asked him as she waved her wand to clean the ash off her.

"I had an interesting conversation with McGonagall earlier, but I'm sure you know nothing about that," he said, raising an eyebrow. Amelia shrugged.

"I was hoping that hearing it from someone you trust might help with your decision," Amelia truthfully told him. While he didn't care for her pushiness, he appreciated her blunt honesty.

"Luckily for you, she did help with my decision," Harry told her. Amelia perked up.

"And?" she asked, waiting to hear what he had to say.

"I'll do it to help the magical community, but only for as long as necessary," he told her. Amelia smiled widely, clearly very happy with his decision. "And I'm going to do it my way. I won't do anything I don't want to do or don't agree with. Everything will have to work around MY schedule," he added.

Sensing that that was the best she was going to get, Amelia nodded. "I can live with that," she replied.

"However, there is a problem," Harry went further.

"What problem?" Amelia asked, confused.

"I told McGonagall that I'm only a flesh and blood man ... That there's no way I can handle such a task alone," he confessed. Amelia seemed to understand his dilemma.

"Ah ... That problem," she said, nodding. "Yes, that was a problem we foresaw. When we first realized that you would likely survive the virus, we immediately began planning. That problem was one of the first we thought of," she admitted.

"McGonagall said there were things that could be done," Harry pressed her further.

"The Unspeakables were tasked with finding a solution, and they came across an old Veela ritual that apparently hadn't been used in hundreds of years," Amelia told him.

"Veela ritual?" Harry asked for more information.

"Veela used to live in large, secret colonies to avoid the unscrupulous behavior of the wider magical world. They weren't treated as equals back then, you see," Amelia explained. "Because they had to live in hiding, very few men were allowed in their ranks. That, of course, was a problem regarding reproduction. To help with that problem, they invented a ritual that, well ... supercharged the men, for lack of a better term." she said.

"It made them super horny?" Harry didn't like the sound of that. "I don't want to become some sexual deviant who only cares about sex."

“Don’t worry. It doesn’t affect the mind ... only the body. You’ll still be the same man you are now,” she assured him. “You’ll just be better equipped to handle such a heavy workload,” she shot him a smirk.

“I don’t know about all this,” Harry said slowly.

“Let’s go visit the Unspeakables. They’ll be able to explain it in more detail and better than I ever could,” Amelia said. Harry nodded. The least he could do was listen. Harry followed Amelia back to her house and used her direct Floo connection to the Ministry.

## **A Strange New World**

Harry got up early the next morning and went into the kitchen. Hermione was already awake, though she appeared to be very tired. She sipped a cup of tea and let out a huge yawn. He couldn’t help but notice that her shorts were incredibly short. The bottom of her ass was sticking out of the leg holes, and it was plainly obvious that she wasn’t wearing a bra underneath her pink silk camisole top. “Morning,” he greeted her tiredly. Hermione took another sip of her tea and nodded. “Long night?” he amusedly asked.

“Too long,” she answered. Her voice was a little froggy from her lack of sleep. “And I have to go in early because Hannah is out with the flu,” she groaned unhappily.

She was referring to Hannah Abbott, who worked in the same department. “That sucks,” was all he could say about it. “Anyway, I won’t be home tonight when you get back from work. Amelia clued me in on a potential investment in France, so I’ll be in the magical part of Paris today. After I finish my meetings, I’m going to spend the rest of the day in Place Cachée. I’ve only been there once and didn’t get to see much. I’ll be home tomorrow afternoon,” he lied.

In reality, he was going through with the ritual that Amelia had explained. After meeting with the Unspeakables and being assured that the ritual was safe and wouldn’t alter his mind in any way, Harry agreed to allow it. They said that they would have it ready first thing in the morning. Harry guessed they didn’t want to give him time to overthink it and back out. Harry made everyone involved agree that they wouldn’t tell anyone. His three friends had their secrets, and now he had his, Harry thought with a mental smirk as Hermione turned to him.

“France ...” Hermione said longingly. “I have to haul my tired butt into work while you get to spend the day having wine and cheese,” she complained. Harry chuckled.

“Sucks to be you,” he joked. Hermione groaned and went back to drinking her tea.

“Just promise me you’ll be safe,” she said, putting down her cup and sliding her arms around his waist. Hermione leaned her head against his chest. Harry was suddenly overcome with affection for her. He hugged her back and kissed the top of her head. Harry knew that she, along with his

other two friends, truly did love and want the best for him. He felt the same way about them. That's why he was going through with the ritual. He wanted to ensure he could make them as happy as humanly possible.

"I promise I will," he assured her.

About half an hour later, Harry met Amelia and took a portkey directly to the Department of Mysteries. When he got there, he wasn't shocked to find several hooded Unspeakables waiting for him. However, he was very surprised to see Apolline Delacour among them. "Apolline? What are you doing here?" he asked.

Apolline came up and hugged him as she normally did. "I 'ave been consulting with the Ministry about this procedure for months. Some of the necessary ingredients can only be provided by a full-blooded Veela, so Amelia contacted me, and I contacted my mother," Apolline explained.

"But why are you here?" he asked.

"Some parts of the ritual and subsequent testing can be a little intimate. Apolline thought, and I agreed, that it would be best if she handled those parts," Amelia chimed in.

"Do not worry, 'Arry. The ritual is very safe, and I even contacted 'istorians in the Veela community. They say the same thing," Apolline said, tenderly rubbing his back. Harry placed his trust in her and nodded. Amelia smiled.

"Good. So ... shall we begin?"

They began by having him slather hair removal cream all over his body from the neck down. When asked why it was necessary, Amelia responded with, "We need as much bare skin as possible. Hair only gets in the way."

After finishing with that, he needed to bathe in a special concoction that removed any contaminants and killed any bacteria on his skin. Whatever it was didn't smell pleasant, Harry discovered.

"It stinks!" he choked out as several Unspeakable scrubbed him with brushes while he sat in the tub. Apolline couldn't help but laugh at his predicament.

"Stop fussing. It's not that bad," Amelia said as she looked on while covering her nose.

"Why don't you try sitting in this mess?" he shot back, and Amelia rolled her eyes.

Once Harry was nice and clean, they levitated him to a nearby stone slab lying on the floor. "It's onyx," Amelia explained. "Onyx is very resistant to magic and won't absorb any during the ritual. That's very important," she added.

They laid him down on it, and he was feeling very reticent because he was completely nude and had several women standing around and staring. Apolline quickly picked up on this fact.

“There is no need to be bashful, ‘Arry. You are a ‘andsome young man and a delight to look at,” she teased him. “This will be especially true after the ritual.”

Harry exhaled loudly. “Let’s get this show on the road, I guess,” he answered them.

Apolline was in charge of the next part of the ritual. She rubbed some type of oil over every inch of his body. Thankfully, everyone else had left the room to give him some privacy. “Why couldn’t I do this?” he asked, feeling incredibly embarrassed. His cock erected like a switchblade the moment she began touching his body. Apolline Delacour was an incredibly sexy woman, after all.

Apolline looked at him while trying and failing to hide the amused smile on her gorgeous face. It was obvious she was enjoying his glorious torment. “This oil is very magical and works best if applied by a woman. It is even more effective if applied by a Veela,” she told him.

“What’s in that stuff?” he asked as her hands glided up and down his sides and over his hips. The oil didn’t smell good or bad. It smelled strange, like how it smells right before a thunderstorm.

“Many things I would imagine. However, the main ingredients are seven strands of Veela ‘air that ‘ave been liquified in Re’em blood, and of course, strastna rosa,” she smirked. Harry knew Re’em blood was very rare and hard to get, but he had never heard of strastna rosa. When asked, Apolline chuckled merrily.

“As I’m sure you know, Veela are physically very attractive,” she started, and Harry nodded. Apolline poured more oil over his thighs and cock, making him squirm. “And when we make love, our Allure is ‘ard to control. These two factors make it very difficult for our partners to keep up with us,” she smiled prettily at him while her hands massaged his thighs. “One pump chump is what you would call it,” she joked.

“Apolline,” Harry groaned at her terrible joke. She laughed as her fingers brushed against the base of his erection.

“So when we make love, we ejaculate an oily liquid that acts as lubrication and a male stimulant. It allows our partners to continue long enough to ‘opefully satisfy us,” she told him.

“So you’re saying ...”

“Yes, ‘Arry. I am rubbing Veela sex juices all over your ‘ard penis,” she giggled and wrapped her hand around his cock. Harry groaned, and his hips bucked as she slid her palm up and down

his length. She rubbed the oil all over the head with her thumb while her other hand coated his balls in the stuff.

“Don’t get too excited, though,” she added. “It makes up only a small percentage of the ritual oil,” she told him and moved on to other parts of his body once his cock was fully oiled.

Apolline didn’t stop until he was completely covered in oil. Harry was then forced to lay there for over an hour until the oil had completely dried. She then did the same thing over again. Five times, this happened until he was ready for the next part. She handed him a potion to drink. Harry looked at it suspiciously. Apolline laughed.

“It does not ‘ave anything strange in it,” she told him. “It is a potion that will ‘elp you absorb the oil and integrate its magic into your body.”

Harry shot her a look and uncorked the vial. He took a cautionary sniff. It wasn’t pleasant. Harry then took a sip and nearly gagged. “It’s really bad!” he complained. Amelia snorted in response.

“All the more reason to drink it quickly,” she said. Harry steeled his nerves, pinched his nose, and drank down the small amount of potion. He pulled a disgusted face when he swallowed it down.

“That’s a good boy,” Amelia smiled and ruffled his hair. Harry gave her a dirty look that made her laugh. “Lay back and relax. The potion needs time to work,” she said. Harry sighed and laid back down. The hard slab of onyx wasn’t doing any favors for his back.

As he waited, the Unspeakables reviewed their notes and triple-checked that everything was going as planned. After waiting over two hours, they finally gave the green light to continue.

“Alright, Harry. We’re going to start the main part of the ritual. You probably can’t tell, but the onyx slab has ancient Veela runes carved into it. They will light up when we begin, so don’t get startled. You’ll probably pass out early on, so there’s no point in fighting it. Just let it happen. It’ll be sometime tomorrow when you finally wake up, though we’ll be closely monitoring you the entire time,” Amelia explained. “Are you ready?” she asked him.

Harry nodded, and Amelia smiled kindly at him. “Good,” she said and turned to the Unspeakables. “Do it,” she ordered.

One Unspeakable walked around the slab, tapping runes as she did. Each one lit up with white light. Harry closed his eyes when one was lit right beside his head. He didn’t see her finish, but when she did, the hundreds of runes glowed brightly at once. The white light flickered a few times before turning pale blue. This was about the time when Harry’s skin began tingling.

“It tickles,” he said but didn’t hear a response. The runes were humming and drowning out their explanations. The tingling only got worse, and his head was feeling light. His instinct was to fight

it, but then he remembered what Amelia had said. Harry decided to trust her and give in. Several minutes later, Harry was out cold while the others watched and waited.