

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 17

'Well, well, Harry Potter ... It seems we meet again,' the Sorting Hat said in his head. 'It appears that the first go-round didn't end up going too well for you,' he stated.

'You can say that again,' Harry internally snorted.

'I knew that the Headmaster could be deceiving, but I had no idea that he was willing to go that far,' the Hat said, obviously disgusted.

'He is a tricky, little beaver,' Harry told him. 'Hopefully, this time, he'll get his just desserts.'

'I very much hope so,' the Hat replied. 'I can see that you have a plan to deal with the others that betrayed you as well ... I can't believe McGonagall agreed to go along with his plan. She was such a nice girl when I first sorted her.'

'Dumbledore is a master manipulator. Still, it doesn't excuse her behavior,' Harry said as he sat on the uncomfortable stool in front of everyone. Students all around him watched on with bated breath, hoping that the Boy Who Lived would end up in their house. Dumbledore was at the edge of his seat, carefully examining the boy that had caused him so many headaches in recent years.

'It certainly doesn't,' the Hat said, indignant. 'Give her a kick in the ass for me.'

'I will,' Harry smiled.

'Good ... Then it better be' ... "GRYFFINDOR!" the hat verbally shouted.

Harry smiled and removed the hat from his head. He placed it back on the stool and walked confidently over to the Gryffindor table. All the Gryffindors that were already seated were cheering and giving each other high-fives. The other houses groaned. Only Slytherin didn't react. Harry plopped down next to Hermione who had shoved a second-year out of the seat next to her so that she could be by his side. Harry glanced at the staff table.

Dumbledore was watching him and Hermione carefully. Harry was absolutely sure that the Headmaster already knew that they were friendly. Harry looked at Hagrid who waved his massive arm. Harry smiled and waved back. His eyes then turned to Snape. He hadn't noticed when he first came in, but Snape didn't look the same. His expression was much more spacey and loopy. At one point, he began looking all around him as though something invisible was buzzing around his head. Then he began swatting away invisible bugs or something, only it wasn't with his hand. In fact, he didn't have a right hand at all. Instead, he had a curved hook

like the Captain in Peter Pan. Harry wondered what had happened to him, though he quickly put it from his mind as the sorting continued.

As far as he remembered, everyone was sorted just as they had been the first time. There was only one exception. Ron Weasley strutted up to the stool with a superior look on his face and plopped down. The hat was placed on his head, and his face screwed up in concentration. What should have been a private conversation was made public by Ron's big mouth.

"I don't want to go to Slytherin! They're evil!" he shouted. "Not Ravenclaw either! That house is dreadfully boring!"

Ron didn't notice half of the school glaring at him. Fred and George were snickering at him from the Gryffindor table. Harry and Hermione just sat there, amusedly watching it all unfold.

"HUFFLEPUFF!" the hat shouted. The Hufflepuff table groaned in disappointment as Ron shouted again. "NO! That's the house of duffers!"

"Ronald Weasley!" McGonagall chastised him as she walked up to him with a glare on her wrinkled face. She snatched the hat from his head. "Go to your new table without another word or you'll be spending your first week in detention," she threatened.

Ron glared at her and threw the Gryffindor table a look of longing. He gritted his teeth when he saw Hermione smirking at him before sticking her tongue out. She then scooted closer to Harry and rested her head on his shoulder. His plan had suddenly gone awry. He was supposed to be Harry's best friend! His plan was working perfectly before the stupid hat sent him to the house of losers. How was he supposed to be Harry's best mate if they weren't even in the same house?!

Harry found the whole thing amusing. He wondered why only Ron got the shitty end of the stick by the Sorting Hat. Then he remembered that others like Hermione and Malfoy had gotten sorted before him. The hat hadn't been properly informed about the events of Harry's past. Maybe it was just because Ron could be annoying. Harry didn't know, nor did he care. Either way, he found it funny. Besides, Hufflepuff wasn't a bad house. At least it wasn't worse than any other house. Harry watched Ron sit down at the end of the table with his arms crossed over his chest. He would be having a bad time if he didn't change his attitude fast, Harry thought.

The rest of the Sorting ended with Zabini going back into Slytherin. Once the Sorting was done, the feast began. As he bit down on a piece of roasted chicken, Harry quietly moaned in happiness. He had forgotten how good the Hogwarts meals were. He loaded up his plate with plenty of mashed potatoes, buttered corn, peas and carrots, and steaming hot dinner rolls. Harry was a growing boy after all.

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It was late at night, and everyone was asleep ... everyone except Harry that is. He was in the Common Room at the entrance to the girls' dorms. If he tried to get up there, the stairs would turn into a slide while setting off an alarm. Obviously, he didn't want that. His Mage Sight was on full blast as he examined the entrance. The protections were simple, yet difficult to unravel. The stairs were enchanted to Transfigure themselves whenever the alarm was activated. The alarm activated whenever an unauthorized individual passed a certain checkpoint. The checkpoint was located on the third step from the bottom. In this case, anyone who was male and wasn't keyed into the school's wards would trigger the alarm. Harry could theoretically key himself into the school's wards, but that was extremely unlikely. The wardstone was most definitely hidden and protected, and Harry doubted that he could convince Dumbledore to key him in.

Thankfully, he didn't need to be keyed in. He could clearly see a mistake in the scheme. There was nothing preventing him from adding to the scheme. Harry pulled out his Veela Hair wand and began adding his own checkpoint to the second step. He then pointed the wand at the inside of his wrist. A tattoo of a black lightning bolt flared on his skin before disappearing from view. Harry pressed his fingers against the spot and pushed his magic into it. The tattoo reappeared on his skin. Harry smiled wickedly. Now he had his own Dark Mark. He then connected his checkpoint with the already existing one on the third step. Now, when he crossed the second step, his Dark Mark would cause his checkpoint to override the other.

The brilliance of it all was that his checkpoint wouldn't trigger the alarm no matter who crossed it. A member of staff could walk right past it and not set it off. It was designed to only satisfy the requirements of the third step if someone with his mark crossed his checkpoint. Now, anyone with his mark could go up the stairs while the entrance acted completely normal to everyone else. The teachers had no reason to examine it. Satisfied, Harry put away his wand and tested his work. He climbed up the stairs, stopping at the third step just in case he did something wrong. He was prepared to run and hide if the alarm went off, but it never did. He took a few more steps ... Nothing. Smiling, Harry pulled out the Marauder's Map and followed it until he came upon the door to Hermione's dorm room. Making himself invisible, Harry quietly entered the room.

The girls' room wasn't any different than his own, except it smelled of perfume. Moving past one bed, he looked in and found Lavender Brown fast asleep. The next four-poster housed Parvati who was softly snoring. The only other occupied bed had to be Hermione's. Harry quietly pulled back the curtain and found his soon-to-be psychotic underling sleeping deeply without a care in the world. Harry waved his wand and made sure that she wouldn't wake up. Harry took her hand in his and slipped off the little, gold ring that was resting on her third finger. Hermione had taken it from a girl that had bad-mouthed her. Somehow the girl ended up unconscious in the park with a large gash on the top of her head. Hermione adored the trophy that she had taken from the unconscious girl's finger. She told her parents that she had found it on the side of the road. They had no reason not to believe her, and so she was allowed to keep it. Harry worked his magic and placed it back on her finger. Making sure it worked, Harry moved as far away from her bed as possible before pressing his thumb to his mark and concentrating. He instantly heard the sounds of Hermione's soft breaths in his ear. Nodding in satisfaction, Harry pressed

his mark again and deactivated the spying charms that had been placed upon the ring. With that done, he left the room and went back to bed.

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“Now tell us what happened in Venezuela,” Alicia eagerly demanded. The three Gryffindor Chasers surrounded Harry as he leaned against the corridor wall, waiting for class to begin. Hermione was off to the side looking on with a sour expression. It was clear that she wasn't happy with the girls. She had a goal, and these whores were taking precious time away from her accomplishing it. It was very important that Harry teach her how to break the Trace. She wanted it gone before the beginning of summer, but if everything worked according to plan, she would hopefully have it gone by Christmas break. At least she would if whores like Angelina Johnson would stay away from Harry instead of not-so-subtly brushing her breasts against his arm as she leaned into him. Harry, on the other hand, appeared to love the attention. Hermione held back a snort. Of course, he enjoyed it. What boy wouldn't? Angelina was a pretty girl with a budding body. That pissed Hermione right off.

Angelina had an advantage that she didn't have. Sure, Harry said that she was pretty and cute, but that didn't mean that Harry thought that she was sexy. Hermione freely admitted that Angelina was sexy. Hermione had already started puberty, being almost a year older than every other first-year. Her hips were widening, and her breasts were developing. She hadn't measured them, but if she had to guess, she would say that she was already rocking A-Cups. Hair had begun growing between her legs and under her arms, both of which she removed using a hair-removal cream that she found in Diagon Alley. Her mother tried the cream as well and absolutely raved about it. It left Hermione's body feeling incredibly soft and smooth.

While it was true that she was turning into a woman, it was also true that other girls were further along than she was. Harry didn't hide the fact that he enjoyed having sexy, young women fawning all over him. The previous night, practically every girl in Gryffindor circled him in the Common Room, asking him questions and attempting to get to know him. Harry didn't shy away from the attention. Hermione looked down at her small breasts and glared. She needed to step up her game if she wanted to keep his attention on her. Once she finally got what she wanted out of him, she would decide how to proceed. Until then, she needed to play his game. After another minute or so, the whores scampered off to their own classrooms further down the long corridor. The door to their classroom flew open, and the greasy Professor Snape stuck his head out.

“Inside!” he growled.

Harry and Hermione sat on the Gryffindor side of the class toward the back of the potions lab. The other side of the lab was filled with Slytherin first-years, including the blonde ponce himself. He saw Malfoy periodically peeking over his shoulder to look at him. The look on his face was one usually saved for someone who had just smelled something foul.

From closer inspection, Snape did indeed appear to have some type of brain damage. One eye was looking to the side while the other beady eye looked slightly downward toward the ground. "This is potions class! None of you dunderheads will ever amount to anything ... Especially you!" he snarled, looking directly at Malfoy.

"Harry Potter ... I should have known it was you," Snape jeered at Malfoy.

"I'm not Potter!" Malfoy declared, pulling an ugly face.

"Silence! Five points from Slytherin!" he said loudly. "Just like your father," Snape sneered at the blonde boy. "He was a dunderhead just like you."

"Now wait a minute!" Malfoy cried out, getting angry.

"What is the result of mixing flaxseed oil with a dash of peppermint and ground-up pixie wings?" he asked Malfoy. "WELL?!"

"How should I know?" Malfoy glared.

"Just as I suspected ... A complete idiot. Another five points from Slytherin!"

Snape turned away and told them to open their books. Harry was very confused. 'First of all, Snape's head injury must have been very severe if he no longer recognized me,' Harry thought. It was then that he remembered the trap that he had set. Not only that, but they weren't in Snape's normal classroom. Harry held back a snicker. 'It must have been one hell of an explosion,' Harry thought. He never expected the greasy git to sustain such permanent injuries, but he wasn't going to shed any tears over it either. Just the opposite, in fact. Harry found it very amusing. The other thing that confused Harry was that flaxseed oil, peppermint, and pixie wings created a numbing lubricant that gay wizards often used in anal sex. Why was Snape asking Malfoy about that? Harry only knew about it from researching different lubes and their recipes. Apolline wouldn't let him anywhere near her ass without proper lubrication.

The rest of the class began making an easy potion for beginners while Snape glared daggers at Malfoy. Malfoy, of course, was glaring right back. "TIME!" Snape bellowed, banging his hook against the top of his desk. "Bottle your attempts and bring them up to me," he ordered. Harry and Hermione walked up and gave him their corked bottles. Snape didn't even send Harry a hateful look. When Malfoy walked up, Snape "accidentally" dropped the bottle with a smirk.

"Whoops," he said in a sickly sweet voice as the bottle broke and covered the stone floor in potion. "Looks like you'll be getting a zero for the day."

Harry and Hermione left as Malfoy was cursing at the smirking wizard. "What was all that about?" Hermione asked Harry as they entered the corridor. Harry snorted.

“Who knows?” Harry shrugged. “I don’t think Snape is playing with a full deck.” Hermione nodded in agreement.

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Once Neville, Dean, and Seamus were in their beds snoring, Harry slipped out of his and climbed down into his trunk, pulling the top closed as he did. His Vanishing Cabinets were lined up, side by side. The ones in use were clearly labeled. Harry walked to the one labeled “Fleur” and walked in. Harry closed the door and was instantly blanketed by darkness. After a second of waiting, he pushed the door open and walked into a well-lit room that smelled of perfume. Fleur was laying on her bed and quickly sat up as he walked in. Just as he had ordered, she set up the cabinet in her private room. Harry didn’t know if it was a good idea to keep the cabinet out in the open. He was thinking about buying Fleur a three-compartment trunk to store it in. They were pricey, but nowhere near the cost of his seven-compartment trunk. As he stepped up to the bed, Fleur’s soft hands were already caressing his bare chest. Just as he had hoped, Fleur was becoming addicted to sexual pleasure, and only he was able to provide it for her.

Her hand dipped into his boxers, which were the only article of clothing that he was wearing. Her soft hand wrapped around him, and she began jerking his cock before pulling his boxers down. Harry found it amusing.

“Slow down, Fleur,” he teased her. “There’s no need to rush,” Harry reminded her. Fleur didn’t care one bit. Wearing a short, thin, pink nightie, she slid off of the bed and dropped to her knees at his feet. She tugged his boxers down and began kissing his rapidly inflating cock. Harry stepped out of his boxers as she began sucking on his sack. He ran his fingers through her long, silvery-blond hair. He loved the feeling of her and her mother’s hair brushing against his naked body. It was thick, luscious, and smelled incredible. As he looked down at her, the thin strap of her nightie slipped off of her shoulder. The top of her nightie pulled away from her breast, exposing it to his view. Harry sat on the bed, and Fleur scrambled to position herself between his parted legs. When her lips were once again wrapped around him, he reached down the front of her top and began fondling her soft breast.

Fleur shuddered as his fingers brushed against her rock-hard nipples. When he pinched and pulled it, Fleur nearly came on the spot. She wasn’t wearing panties, so all of her arousal was dripping down her thighs and soaking the floor. Her head began bobbing even faster as she took him all the way down her throat.

Harry heard her start to gag as she fucked his cock with her mouth. He was quite impressed with her budding abilities. She had only been giving oral for a short time and she was already close to being on par with her mother. Fleur then took him all the way down her throat until her face was touching his belly. She shook her head from side to side before pulling off of him. She loudly gasped for air, and a string of saliva connected her lips and the tip of his cock. Wanting to reward her for her efforts, Harry pulled her to her feet and grabbed the hem of her nightie. As he lifted it up her body, Fleur raised her arms dutifully and proudly displayed her gorgeous form as

he tossed the thin, silk material to the side. Harry placed his hand in the middle of her chest and softly pushed her onto the bed. Fleur was breathing heavily as Harry towered over her. She was squirming and wiggling around sexily and rubbing her wet thighs together. Harry pried her legs open, and he focused on her little, pink slit. He had never seen a pussy that was so incredibly soaked before. Fleur had only gone without his pleasure for a handful of days and she was already close to bursting. Harry slid his hands down the inside of her thighs as she trembled violently. Harry placed his fingertip at the bottom of her tight slit and dragged it all the way up until his finger bumped her clit. Fleur cried out and arched her back, thrusting her small breasts into the air. When he brought his finger up to eye level, he saw that it was coated in her wetness. Fleur watched him, her breasts rising and falling from her heavy breathing. She blushed slightly when he licked her arousal from his finger. The sight made her pussy throb with wanton need. "I need more than one little taste," she heard him say.

Without needing any further encouragement, Fleur spread her legs as wide as they could go. Her taut pussy lips spread open slightly, exposing the damp, light-pink flesh hiding within. Her clit was swollen and ready to be sucked. When Harry dove in facefirst, Fleur squealed in triumph. Her smooth, perfect legs wrapped around the back of his neck. She didn't plan on letting him go until his mouth was filled with her girl-cum.

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Hermione snuck out of her dorm and made her way down the stairs and into the Common Room. She pulled her thick housecoat even tighter and cinched the belt. A cold front had pushed down from the Arctic earlier that night, which made the castle a bit chilly. The fire in the Common Room was still burning, though the flames were beginning to dim.

She had received a secret missive from the Headmaster. It was in an envelope that was lying on her pillow, which she discovered when she was about to retire for the night. All it said was for her to meet him outside of Gryffindor Tower at midnight. With her wand in hand, just in case, she slipped out of the portrait hole and immediately saw the tall, bearded Headmaster waiting for her.

"Good evening, Miss Granger. I'm glad to see that you received my message," the Headmaster smiled warmly at her. Hermione wanted to sneer but refrained from doing so. It wouldn't be smart to antagonize the Headmaster while she still had seven years of school left.

"Headmaster," she nodded in greeting. "I don't understand what all this is about. Have I done something wrong?" she asked, pretending to be a frightened little first-year.

"Of course not, my dear. Nothing at all," he said kindly. "I wanted to talk to you about your new friend, Harry Potter."

Hermione raised an eyebrow. "Harry?" she asked, confused. "What about him?"

“Harry is a very special boy. Unfortunately, there are many people out there that wish ill upon him. I hope to keep him safe and happy while he resides at Hogwarts,” he said.

“That’s nice, but what does it have to do with me?” Hermione asked. “I can’t keep him safe ... I barely know any magic.”

Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled wildly. She had just given him the perfect idea.

“But you can, my dear,” he corrected her. “I want you to inform me about what Harry does and who he talks to. Anything that you think is important,” he added. Before she could open her mouth, he continued.

“It’s very important to keep him safe. As much as it pains me to say this, we can’t trust anyone in this castle beyond the few that I have personally vetted. Informing me about Harry’s activities will go a long way to keeping him safe. And in return ...” he added. “... I’ll lend you books from my personal collection. Books that contain spells of great power.”

Hermione’s eyes nearly bugged out, and she began to lick her lips greedily. Just the thought of such powerful spells made her hands shake. If she could get those books along with Harry breaking her Trace, she would be unstoppable, Hermione thought to herself.

“With such powerful spells, you will be more than capable of protecting your friend. I, of course, will be watching out for his best interests as well.”

Hermione nodded quickly. “Yes, Professor. I’ll do it ...” she said quickly before adding “... for Harry’s well-being, of course.”

“Splendid!” Dumbledore clapped his hands. “Remember, this must stay between us. It is important that Harry never finds out. It will ruin our cover. We must stay in the shadows until the time comes that we are needed.”

Hermione nodded in understanding.

“Good,” Dumbledore nodded as well. “The first book will be on your pillow tomorrow evening just as my letter had been.”

“Thank you, Professor!” Hermione kept from squealing in excitement.

“No ... Thank you, my dear,” Dumbledore responded with a wicked tone that Hermione didn’t notice.

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Fleur's squeals of pleasure filled the room along with the clapping of skin as her cheeks rippled from the contact of Harry's pelvis. Below him, Fleur was biting her pillow while her hands clawed at her blanket. Suddenly, Harry received a mental ping. Hermione had just verbally said his name.

As he continued to fuck Fleur into the bed, Harry listened carefully to Hermione and Dumbledore's conversation. Harry gave his own wicked smile. Now his plan could continue.