

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 12

Harry turned the knob on his Omnioculars and zoomed in on the Parkinson residence. While it was a nice-looking manor house, it wasn't anything compared to the former Malfoy Manor. It was maybe a quarter of the size, and it certainly wasn't as opulent. There were no hedges or fancy wrought iron gates. There were no white peacocks fluttering around the place. What it did have, however, was a lot of land. The house was situated in the middle of the woods with a huge plot of empty land surrounding it on every side.

The wards protecting the house were top quality, Harry thought to himself as he lowered the Omnioculars and activated his Mage Sight. Instantly, multiple colors came to life around the house and land. The largest of which was a light green dome that surrounded the entire piece of land, house, and all. Without studying it closer, Harry guessed that it acted like an illusion and blocked the house and land from muggle eyes. He stashed away his gear and moved closer to the ward line. Once he was only a few feet away, Harry pulled out his wand and got to work.

For several hours, Harry toiled away, picking apart each layer and writing down his findings in his notebook. He made sure to be careful. One wrong move could set off the alarm. As he finished scribbling down the last of his notes, Harry put his notebook back in his bag and apparated away.

Manius Parkinson was a true blue piece of shit in Harry's opinion. He was a piece of shit in most people's opinion if Harry was being honest. 'Just watching how Pansy acted should tell you everything you needed to know about his parenting,' Harry thought as he ducked into an alley close to the Leaky Cauldron. From what Harry learned after his betrayal, Manius had skipped town as soon as it became known that Voldemort had been defeated. Parkinson was a smart one. He immediately packed up what he could and got out of town. No one had heard from him since. What was known was how horrible he was while in Britain. He was suspected of killing hundreds of muggles just for the fun of it, and it wasn't even on the Dark Lord's orders. When his home was finally raided, a dungeon was discovered in the bowels of his manor that was fully stocked with an array of medieval torture devices. It was empty at the time, but the bones of dozens of men, women, and children were discovered scattered throughout the woods that surrounded his house. Needless to say, he was a very dangerous man. His wife and daughter claimed to know nothing about the dungeon, so they were never charged.

Parkinson was known to be a very smart man. Harry guessed that he had a safe house somewhere far from Britain, and he probably had most of his gold hidden away as well. When he went on the run, it was thought that maybe he was still supporting his wife and Pansy from afar. That was quickly found to be untrue. The Parkinson women had run out of gold and were forced to get jobs just like the rest of the riff-raff that they despised so much.

A few moments later, a much older man walked out and entered the wizarding pub. Disguised so that no one would discover him, Harry smiled as he walked through the early morning hustle and bustle of the pub. He remembered the summer before his third year fondly when he had lived in one of its rooms for a short time. He knew very well that early mornings could be quite hectic. That was when most of the country's elderly came in to do their shopping, and just as he remembered, nearly every table was filled with little, old women slowly eating their porridge or counting sickles and knuts from their opened coin purses. Harry ignored the nostalgia and went to the back and entered Diagon Alley. He trekked down the main road until he turned off into Knockturn Alley.

Harry had two reasons for visiting the less-than-reputable alley that day. He was coming upon the first of his reasons. Just as he walked up, the sign on the window of Borgin and Burkes flipped from closed to open on its own. Harry wasted no time in pushing the doors open and walking inside. His nose was immediately assaulted with the moldy smell of antique items. The shop was just as it was the last time he had seen it. The human bones were still scattered across the counter, the cursed necklace was still on prominent display, the bloody pack of cards was still there, and the creepy masks were still hanging on the walls. The only thing that wasn't there was the Hand of Glory. Harry supposed that Borgin and Burke hadn't yet conned someone out of that particular item yet.

"How can I help you?" came the voice of an older man. He came from the curtained doorway that was behind the counter. Harry wasn't sure if it was Borgin or Burke that he was speaking to. Harry pointed to a cabinet that was leaning against the far wall.

"How much for the cabinet, Mr ...?" Harry asked. His disguised voice was that of a forty-year-old man. Harry made sure that his disguise was grizzled. A gruff exterior fit much better in Knockturn Alley. Harry figured that fewer people would attempt to scam him.

"Borgin is fine," Borgin answered. "Five hundred galleons is the price." Harry made a show of wincing.

"Five hundred is very steep ... unless you have the pair?" Harry asked, letting him know that the Vanishing Cabinet was useless without its mate. Borgin grunted at losing some negotiating power.

"Sadly, I don't. Four-fifty will be fine," he said, lowering the price.

"I'm thinking two," Harry countered. Borgin's eyes bulged.

"Two?!" he exclaimed. "I wouldn't break even at that price!" Harry stopped himself from rolling his eyes. That was a lie, of course. If Harry had to guess, he would say that it was originally purchased for less than fifty galleons. Probably half that. "I'll take no less than four."

"I'll pay no less than three!" Harry countered, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Three-fifty?” Borgin asked, raising his gray, bushy eyebrow.

“Deal,” Harry said, pulling out his bag much to Borgin’s delight. Once it was paid for, Harry pulled out a special bag made specifically for moving large, heavy items. The mouth of the drawstring bag could stretch to an absurd amount. Harry stretched it wide, enveloping the entire top of the cabinet before he pulled the bag down over the entire thing. Once in, he pulled the strings tight and lifted the bag as though it weighed nothing. Harry gave Borgin a nod before leaving his fine establishment.

Once he went to Hogwarts, he planned to fix the other Vanishing Cabinet that Peeves had broken. With the pair, he would easily be able to get into Hogwarts or travel wherever else if he decided to move it. He might even move it into Apolline’s bedroom for easy access. With his purchase made, he moved on to the second reason why he decided to visit the sketchy alley. Harry walked down the winding, cobbled street until he was nearing the back corner of Knockturn. This was the sketchiest area in the alley. The DMLE rarely visited and only did a few customary patrols every month. It was this part of the alley that hosted the brothels, illegal dueling tournaments, illegal animal fighting, and so much more. It was also in this area where Parkinson kept his office. The Aurors had also raided his office when he disappeared after the Dark Lord’s fall, but unfortunately, all of his stuff was either taken or destroyed. Officially, Parkinson’s wealth came from the importing of magical goods from the Middle East, but most had suspected that he had been illegally importing women against their will. Either way, Harry was sure that no one would miss him when he was gone.

Hiding in the shadows of a side alley, Harry waited until it was ten minutes before the hour. Suddenly, Parkinson came strolling down the alley from around the corner. Harry pressed himself tighter against the hard, stone wall until his back was starting to hurt. He didn’t want to be seen, despite wearing a disguise. Parkinson was a middle-aged man with black hair that was peppered with gray. He was tall, over six feet with broad shoulders, and looked to be in good physical shape. He wasn’t the type of man that you would want to get into a physical altercation with. His dark navy robes fluttered behind him as he walked up to the door to his office. With his wand already in hand, he gave it a wave to deactivate the security wards. He then opened the door and entered, closing the door behind him. With Parkinson in his office, Harry pushed off of the wall and stretched his back.

From what information he had been able to gather, Parkinson was quite predictable. He came to work every day at exactly the same time. He would work for four hours, go visit his mistress for two hours, then return and work another four hours before leaving at the same time every day. The only exception was on the rare occasion that he had to visit the Middle East for whatever work he did. Predictability was something that Harry liked. It meant no surprises. Reaching into his bag, Harry pulled out a small, pre-carved wardstone. He silently crept to the alley that was beside his office and placed the stone on the ground close to the wall. Activating his Mage Sight, Harry quickly and expertly attached the wardstone to the remaining ward scheme. Harry then activated the stone. When Parkinson didn’t come bursting out of his office, Harry figured

that he had done it correctly. Now, every time he activated and deactivated the security wards on his office, Harry would get notified. A small, silver ring was on his finger, and it would vibrate when pinged. With that done, Harry got up and quickly left the area.

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Harry walked into the Delacour house as if he owned it. 'I might as well,' Harry smirked. He was paying the bills after all. There was no sound in the house. Seeing as it was still very early, he wasn't surprised. Apolline and Fleur were incredibly lazy, and they would be more than happy if they never had to do an honest day's work in their entire lives. Going straight to Apolline's room, Harry opened the door and saw that the bed was empty. He raised an eyebrow in surprise. It wasn't like her to get up so early. Harry kicked off his shoes and laid down on the bed with a contented sigh. Harry was always out making plans for his future, but it was tiring at times. One thing that he hadn't focused on was what he planned to do once his goal was complete. Revenge was great and all, but he would hopefully have a life beyond that. What did he want? Of that, Harry wasn't sure. What he did know, however, was that he wanted power. There was no way that he was going back to the way that things had been. He wasn't going to be a pathetic, little boy who was forced to follow the directions of people he wasn't even related to, and he definitely wasn't going to be a bitter, old man hiding away from the world. This time things were going to be better.

Harry did have one idea. What better way to gain power than by going after half the population? He was talking about women, of course. He was already on his way to becoming a sex symbol in the wizarding world. He wasn't quite there yet, but he would be in a few years. He was already considered a hero. He already had a Veela pet of his very own. Would it be so bad if he had a few more powerful women in his grasp? He already had a few in mind. Rita Skeeter would have to be one of them. Harry desperately needed to control the media narrative. All of these things were good ideas, but that's all they were right then ... ideas. He would handle all of that in due time. He was brought out of his thoughts when the door squealed as it slowly opened. Suspecting Apolline, Harry was surprised to see that it was her daughter, Fleur instead. He was even more surprised at her state of dress, or rather a lack thereof.

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Fleur smiled as she reached her mother's door. She had intentionally brushed her hair to make it seem like she had just woken up but still sexy. She wore only the slightest amount of makeup to make her eyes seem smokey and her lips seem a bit more pink and moist. Covering her chest was a silk camisole from a couple of years back. She had obviously grown since then. The bottom didn't even reach her belly button, and as such, most of her perfectly smooth belly was on display. Before stepping into the room, she had reached underneath her top and pinched and pulled on her soft nipples, making them hard enough to show through her thin, silk top.

The only other article of clothing that covered her body was a very small pair of light pink panties. Held together by a few strings, they tied together at her hips and hung low enough to see the beginnings of her smooth, hairless mound. She wanted Harry to see that her panties were only held together by a couple of loose knots. All it would take was a little tug and she would be exposed to him. Her entire look was expertly crafted as a way to part him from his money bag. Fleur even made sure to hit her body with a single spritz of her most expensive perfume ... a gift from a French shop owner that had been transfixed by her beauty. She remembered how jealous her friends were when she received that particular gift. The perfume was very, very pricey after all. The thought of them seething with jealousy made Fleur's stomach flutter with happiness and delight. She stopped for a moment and snapped out of her fixation on feeling good. This was not the time for that. She straightened her body and pushed the door open. Harry's eyes immediately ran down the length of her form. Fleur walked in with her cute smile plastered on her face. She cocked her hip out slightly, emphasizing the knot on her panties. The air in her mother's room was colder than the rest of the house, which only made her nipples that much harder.

'The air is colder because they spend all day having sex, and Maman does not like to be overheated,' Fleur thought to herself. She knew her hypothesis to be true. She could smell the faint scent of sex still hanging in the air.

"Hello, 'Arry," Fleur smiled at him, getting into her act. He smiled back at her as his eyes lifted from her pink, silk panties up to her eyes. Bouncing on her bare feet, she hopped onto his bed and settled right in front of him. She was certain that he could smell her intoxicating aroma.

"Hey, Fleur," he greeted her in French. "Can I help you with something?"

"Maman went out shopping. The store is having a shoe sale. She asked me to tell you," she said, squirming closer to him.

"The early bird catches the worm?" Harry asked. Fleur giggled and nodded her head, placing her hand on top of his.

"Oh, 'Arry ... You are so funny," she told him, her delicate fingertips brushing against his skin. Fleur had to admit, she was a great actress. Perhaps she should join the Drama Club in school, she thought to herself. She would definitely be the prettiest in class and obviously, the most talented. She flushed at thinking about herself on stage with all eyes focused on only her. It was a pleasant thought. 'Shit,' she cursed herself for daydreaming at a time like that. She cleared her thoughts and focused on Harry again. "I really wished I could have gone myself," she said, suddenly acting downtrodden. Harry raised an eyebrow.

"It would have been good mother-daughter bonding time," he agreed. "So why didn't you go?" she heard him ask her. Fleur shook her head sadly, making sure to keep tickling the top of his hand with her fingertips.

“I do not have the gold, and Maman said that she would not give me anymore.”

This, of course, wasn't a lie. Her mother had suddenly become very stingy with her money. It annoyed Fleur more than she would like to admit. But that was okay, she thought savagely. There was more than one way to skin a cat. “I'm sorry to hear that,” Harry told her with what she thought was sincerity. She held back a wicked smile.

“Thank you, 'Arry,” she said, taking his hand in hers and placing it on her thigh. She expected him to freeze from her bold action. All of the men and boys that she had come across in her travels would have cum in their trousers from being allowed to touch her in such a way. But instead of freezing, Harry smiled back and began stroking the inside of her thigh. Now it was her that was freezing up. His fingertips rose higher and higher as he caressed her smooth skin. When his fingertips were just about to touch the crotch of her panties, they moved back down again. She could see that Harry wasn't going to cross that line. She let out the breath that she had been holding in as her heart pounded wildly in her chest. She didn't want to have to go that far for gold. She didn't want to have to whore herself to the little, black-haired, brat like her mother was doing. Fleur still wanted to slap his face for taking such liberties with her body though. Unfortunately, she needed him at the moment, so she decided to keep her mouth shut for once and let him continue playing with her soft skin.

“If only I had a gallant man to take care of me,” she shook her head sadly.

Harry kept the smirk from appearing on his face. He was sure that Fleur thought that she was a great actress, but it was obvious what she wanted. While turning her into an obedient whore like her mother sounded great, he had to be more careful with her. From what he remembered, Fleur was Madame Maxime's prized student. The half-giantess would no doubt be keeping a close eye on the girl. ‘Still,’ Harry thought sneakily. ‘There is more than one way to skin a cat,’ he thought just as Fleur had done only a moment ago.

“It's too bad that your mother is gone ...” Harry told her, squeezing her upper thigh. “I would have happily given you the money to go with her.”

Fleur squealed and jumped on his lap, straddled him, and buried her face in his neck. “Oh, 'Arry! I knew that you would be man enough to support me.”

Harry couldn't see her face, but he knew that she was smirking or smiling evilly. His own wicked smile spread across his face as his hands moved from her back down to her bottom. His hands cupped her bare cheeks, and he held her against him. “Of course, I would,” Harry told her. “I'll make sure that you have new supplies for school.”

He felt Fleur stiffen in his grasp. “Well, 'Arry ... I was hoping to go on a trip with my friends. They are leaving the day after tomorrow,” she said, removing her face from his neck and looking him in the eyes. She gave him a puppy dog look that would have worked with any other man, but Harry knew better. He knew how evil the girl could be.

“Oh?” Harry said in surprise. “I wasn’t aware,” he lied. “I guess I can get some gold from my vault.” Fleur placed her hands on his shoulders and pushed down against his crotch. ‘She must really want that gold,’ Harry thought to himself.

“I’m going to need a lot,” she told him in a breathy voice.

“I suppose I wouldn’t be gallant if I let you go without any gold, right?”

Fleur smiled prettily and shook her head.

“Alright. I’ll have some gold for you tomorrow,” Harry agreed. Fleur wrapped her arms around him and kissed his cheek before hopping off of his lap. He watched her g-string-clad bottom as she bounded for the door.

“Merci, ‘Arry,” she said, blowing him a kiss before leaving. As the door closed, Harry snorted.

‘That girl doesn’t know who she’s playing with,’ Harry thought as he made plans for that night. He needed to make something for his visit to the Parkinsons which would take a few hours. He didn’t plan on going after Parkinson right away, but he decided to get ready all the same. With the rest of the day, Harry decided that he would make a nice, little potion for Fleur. The girl could use an attitude adjustment. Harry planned to give it to her.