

## Unknown Prophecy

### Chapter 41

It was the middle of the night, and Harry was slowly creeping through the woods. He kept his light off since he didn't want to be discovered. After another ten minutes of slowly and carefully making his way through the bramble, Harry broke through and stepped out onto a clear piece of land. In the distance, he could see Parkinson's house, and only a few rooms had lights on. Harry activated his Mage Sight and stepped up to the wards' boundary line, careful not to cross it. Harry hadn't been back to this house since his first visit, but he had meticulously gone over the notes he had taken. Rolling up his sleeves, he got to work.

It took him over an hour to unravel the different layers and stretch them far enough apart that dismantling one wouldn't automatically set off the alarm. The outer layer could be ignored since it was just an illusion-based ward to protect the house from muggle eyes. That layer wasn't tied into the main set. The anti-apparition, unplottability, and muggle-repelling wards were much harder since they were closely tied together. Sandwiched between the layers was the ward that would send an audible alarm to the house and ward owner if any were tripped. That one needed to go first. Because it was so close to another ward, Harry couldn't just pump magic into it and force an overload. That would trigger the nearby wards, which, in turn, would trigger the alarm ward. It was quite tricky. In the end, Harry thought the best way was to move it. He reached into his bag, pulled out a wardstone, and placed it on the ground beside the boundary. He chose a ward that he knew wouldn't be tripped any time soon. After five minutes of chanting, an age line was added that would trigger if anyone over the age of two hundred crossed it. Harry used as much finesse as possible as he moved the connection point of the alarm to the new age line. Once it was done, Harry breathed a sigh of relief. Now, he could get to work on the others.

By the time he had finished, it was only a couple of hours from dawn, so he needed to work fast. Harry slipped past the breached wards and ran to the house under a Disillusionment Charm. As he entered the home, he heard the familiar pop of a House Elf nearby. Harry was ready for it. As soon as the little elf appeared, he hit him in the chest with a stunner. The elf let out a small squeak as it collapsed to the floor. Harry levitated the unconscious elf and gently set it down on a padded chair. He then quietly made his way upstairs and began checking the rooms. Harry knew that only three people lived there ... Pansy and her mother and father. The first two rooms he checked were empty. When he opened the door to the third, he immediately knew it was Pansy's room. It smelled like the perfume she always wore at Hogwarts. What he wasn't expecting was her room to be so pink.

From the small amount of light that entered from the hallway, Harry saw that while the walls were white, the shaggy rug by the bed was light pink, as were the curtains, bed sheets, pillows, and blanket. Harry snuck in and stunned the sleeping girl. Harry held up his wand and lit it, filling the room with light. Pansy was lying on her side, wearing only a long t-shirt and a pair of white panties. The shirt rode up past her hips, exposing her panty-clad bottom to him. He had to admit she didn't look half-bad when she wasn't sneering. Harry grabbed the sheet that was down past

her knees and covered her lower half with it to help preserve her modesty. Harry then left the room and closed the door behind him.

The room next to Pansy's was then checked, and to his surprise, he found Pansy's mother sleeping there alone. Like before, he quickly stunned the woman and entered the room. Harry closed the door behind him and lit up the room. Pansy's mother was a very good-looking woman with hair as dark as her daughter's. Her nose looked similar to Pansy's, though the shape wasn't as pronounced. She was wearing a red silk nightie, though she had her blanket pulled up to just under her breasts. Looking around, Harry discovered that she was living alone in this room. Everything in the room was hers. This surprised him more than it should have. It wasn't out of the ordinary for older pureblood couples to basically live separate lives while remaining married and in the same house. 'Maybe these girls really didn't know about Mr. Parkinson's sick dungeon of horrors,' Harry thought as he left the room.

Just as he closed the door behind him, a door down the hall slowly creaked open. Harry pressed himself flat against the wall as Manius sleepily left his room. He yawned and rubbed his eyes as he walked away from Harry. Harry watched as he walked further down the hall and stopped in front of another door. As quietly as he could, Harry snuck up on him. Manius pulled his wand from his pocket and tapped it against the door. The door slowly opened, and Harry took his shot. A stunner rocketed from the tip of Harry's wand toward Manius. With a reaction time that caught Harry off-guard, Manius spun around, parried his stunner, and shot a curse down the hall. The curse whizzed past Harry, and before he could fire another, Harry wandlessly levitated his body. Manius let out a surprised yelp as his feet left the ground. His body shot straight up, and the top of his head slammed into the ceiling. There was a loud thump, and his body tumbled painfully to the floor as Harry let him go. His body bounced as it hit the hardwood floor, and he didn't move after it came to rest. Harry summoned his wand, caught it, and stuffed it into his pocket.

Nighttime was quickly fading, so Harry acted fast. He dropped a premade Portkey on the unconscious man and waited for his body to disappear. Once he was gone, Harry went into his office and looked around. He didn't see anything and didn't have time to look further. He would have to come back. Harry closed the door before going downstairs and into the hidden dungeon. Harry was very glad that the torture chamber wasn't currently occupied. However, there was a blood stain in one of the holding cells that looked somewhat fresh. After that, he went to the unconscious elf and wiped his memory before waking him up. He slipped out of the house before the elf could regain consciousness.

Harry had thought about it and decided to leave the wards as they were for the time being. Neither Pansy nor her mother would notice anything out of the ordinary, and it would save him a lot of time if he needed to return. If he didn't, Harry would come back and fix the wards before someone could discover they had been tampered with. Harry very much doubted that either girl would report him missing after one day. Manius seemed like the type to disappear for days without informing his supposed loved ones. With nothing left to do at the house, Harry crossed the wards and used his Portkey.

He appeared just outside of his mountain vault. He looked around and found Parkinson's body on the ground. Harry levitated the body and stepped forward. Once he got within range of the cave entrance, the Fidelius Charm gave way, and the stone door appeared to grow out of the mountain. Harry quickly went inside and out of the cold. As he entered, the dragon looked him over but didn't attack. Harry levitated Parkinson to a new room, which he added to the vault. Harry walked up to a certain stretch of wall and placed his hand on it. Harry felt a pinprick on his palm as it collected a sample of his blood. A portion of the wall then split open, allowing Harry inside. As soon as he entered, torches on the walls ignited, filling the room with flickering light. Harry dropped Parkinson on the floor near the far wall and went through his pockets. The only thing he found was a back-up wand inside of his boot. Harry confiscated it and shackled his wrists to the wall with thick chains. Harry then woke him with a wave of his wand. Parkinson groaned as he lifted his drooping head. He looked around confusedly until he spotted Harry. He then sat up quickly and lunged forward. The chains stopped him.

"What the hell did you do to me?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"You're a tricky man to get at, Parkinson. It took me hours to get through your wards," Harry said with a smile.

"Potter!" Parkinson spat. The look on his face told him that he would like nothing more than to get his hands around Harry's neck. "You're going to pay for this, you piece of muggle trash!" he snarled. Harry chuckled and kicked him square in the gut. The tip of Harry's boot sunk deep into his stomach. Parkinson grunted loudly and began to painfully wheeze while struggling to breathe.

"The only thing you're going to do is answer my questions," Harry responded. Parkinson spat at Harry's feet and turned an obstinate eye to him.

"I'm not telling you shit!" Parkinson stubbornly told him.

"Unfortunately, I don't have time to torture the information out of you. I admit that it would have been poetic, given your disgusting hobby. I've seen your dungeon," Harry told him, shaking his head. "Instead, I'll try something faster. Now ... Open up," Harry said, taking a small vial of clear liquid from his pocket.

Parkinson instantly knew what it was and clamped his jaw shut. "Now, that won't do," Harry chided him. With a wave of Harry's hand, Parkinson's head snapped back painfully, and his jaw slowly opened, no matter how hard he tried to keep it shut. Harry uncapped the vial and placed a few drops into his mouth. Harry then smiled and pulled out a pen and notepad. "Let's begin, shall we?" he asked pleasantly.

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Harry left the vault, and as he got further away from it, the Fidelius activated and hid the stone door. In his hand was the dead body of Manius Parkinson, which had been transfigured into a stone. Harry used his magic and launched the stone so far that he couldn't see where it had landed. It filled him with satisfaction knowing that Parkinson's reign of terror against innocent muggles was over. Harry spent half an hour asking him about his cohorts and contacts. He asked him about his safe houses and loot stashes. Harry even asked him about the wards on his home. He was already planning to go back and tweak them to his liking. Once he was done playing twenty questions, Harry ended him with a simple Killing Curse. He didn't like the fact that he was becoming so desensitized to killing, but there was nothing he could do about it. There were people who needed to die, and Harry was the only one who knew it. Tiredness caught up to him, so Harry took another Portkey back to England. He then apparated to the Burrow and snuck back in. As he opened the door to his room, Ginny opened the door to hers. She looked at him sleepily and rubbed her eyes. "Harry?" she asked in a confused voice. "Why are you dressed? Did you go somewhere?" she asked in a tired voice.

"Yeah," Harry began while coming up with a lie. "Last night, I received word about a rampaging Leucrotta in Turkey. I went down there to help capture it. It took most of the night, but I finally got it. They'll relocate it to someplace safe," Harry smiled. Ginny's eyes went wide. His lie played into her hero worship of him. "Keep this a secret between us, will you?" Harry added. Ginny quickly nodded.

"You haven't been to sleep yet?" she asked him as she nervously played with the bottom of her nightgown. It ended mid-thigh, but her playing with it made it ride up higher. A smile formed on his face.

"No, and I'm really tired," Harry said. That wasn't a lie. He really was quite tired. "You know, I was thinking ..." Harry began but stopped.

"Yeah?" Ginny asked, eager to hear what he had to say.

"Would it be alright if I slept in your room?" Harry asked her. Ginny gulped loudly.

"With m-me?" she asked him. Her rate of breathing suddenly picked up.

"Would that be okay?" Harry asked, stepping close enough to her to feel her body heat. "I'll fall asleep faster with a warm body next to me," he told her. "If not, that's alri..." he started, but Ginny quickly interrupted him.

"No!" she chirped in a panic. "I mean, no, you don't have to leave. Yes, you can sleep with me," she told him. He could hear the nervousness in her voice. Harry smiled and nodded. "You can go in, and I'll join you in a second," she said. Harry did just that. He went into her room while Ginny bolted for the bathroom.

Harry chuckled as he entered her room. Before long, he would have both Weasley women wrapped around his fingers. He stripped naked and waited for her return. When she entered her bedroom a few minutes later, Harry saw that she had brushed her hair and teeth and washed her face. She gasped when she saw the state of his nudity. "I prefer to sleep naked. That's okay, right?" he asked her. Ginny looked to be in a daze. She slowly nodded her head without saying a word. Her eyes were fixated on the appendage dangling between his legs.

"Good," Harry smiled kindly and climbed into her bed. He held the blanket up and patted the spot next to him. Ginny blushed madly while eagerly climbing in with him. Once she was next to him, Harry covered her up. Ginny was on her side, facing away from him. Harry smirked and pulled her closer. Ginny squeaked when his crotch pressed against her ass. "You're nice and warm," Harry complimented, brushing his lips against her shoulder. He felt her body shudder. Ginny's hair smelled really good, and Harry didn't even try to keep himself from getting hard. His cock inflated and poked her in the ass. He heard the soft gasp leave her lips. All Harry could see of her face was a small sliver of her cheek and her ear, both of which were bright red. It was obvious that she was embarrassed, but that didn't stop her from wiggling her bottom and rubbing against him. Harry teased her by placing his hand on the side of her thigh and sliding it up and under the bottom of her nightgown. He gently played with her soft skin with his fingertips, causing Ginny to squirm and whimper. Harry could feel that she was wearing panties underneath the nightgown.

"Are you comfortable?" Harry asked her as he nuzzled the back of her head with his lips. Ginny was quiet for a moment.

"Can I take my nightgown off?" she suddenly asked quietly.

"Of course," Harry said, gently toying with the side of her panties. Ginny then pushed herself into a sitting position and tugged her nightgown over her head. She dumped it over the side of her bed. She glanced at Harry as she lay back on her side. Harry then moved his hand to her belly, and Ginny squirmed when he played with her belly button. He pressed his lips against her bare shoulder and softly kissed it. Ginny's body broke into goosebumps.

"You don't mind that I'm touching you, do you?" Harry asked her, peppering her shoulder with kisses. Ginny was rubbing her panty-covered bottom against his erection. She shook her head.

"You can do whatever you want," she nervously stated, giving him full permission to have his way with her. Harry responded by sliding his hand up to her breast. Ginny exhaled loudly when his fingers brushed over her hard nipple. The tips of her little nipples were incredibly stiff and easy to roll between his fingers. Ginny's back arched, and a pleased cry left her lips. Harry's lips found the side of her neck, and he kneaded her breasts. Cute little squeals of pleasure filled the room while she continued to rub her ass against his cock. Harry took his hand from her breast and reached down under the blanket. He hooked his finger under the waistband of her panties and tugged them down her thighs. Ginny didn't stop him. Instead, she helped him take them off. Once they were off, Harry shoved his hard cock between her upper thighs and

positioned himself so that the top of his shaft was flush against her damp lips. Ginny glanced at him over her shoulder with a lustful look in her eyes. Her legs parted slightly, thinking he was about to fuck her. Instead, Harry pushed her thighs tightly together and began thrusting.

The feeling of her wet pussy painting his cock with her juices was incredible, Harry thought as his groin smacked against her widening ass. Ginny squeaked loudly when his cock began mashing into her swollen clit. "Oh!" Ginny cried out. "That feels good!" she excitedly exclaimed. Harry then felt her fingers playing with the portion of his cock that was sticking out from between the front of her legs.

"I'm glad you like it," Harry teased while he cupped one of her breasts. He squeezed it roughly to see how she handled the slight pain mixed with pleasure. Ginny gasped and squeezed her thighs tightly together. Unsurprisingly, it didn't take long for Ginny to cum. Her body began trembling before her lower half bucked. Ginny squealed in pleasure and opened her legs. Harry moved his hand down there and slowly rubbed her clit while she came. Her ragged breathing and gasps of delight were music to his ears. Finally, Ginny couldn't take it and pushed his hand away. While she tried to come down from her orgasm, she reached between her legs and began tugging on his cock. Harry rewarded her by kissing her neck and shoulders. Her technique wasn't great, but she got the job done. 'I'll have to teach her a few things,' Harry told himself as cum erupted from the tip of his cock. Ginny continued to tug on it until it fully deflated.

"Thanks, Ginny. That was brilliant," he told her while yawning. "Now, let's get some sleep," he said, wrapping his arm around her waist from behind and flipping her over. Ginny squeaked in shock as her body was flipped to face him. Harry put his hand on her ass and pulled her halfway on top of him. Ginny didn't complain about his manhandling of her body. She just rested her head on his chest while Harry closed his eyes and quickly fell asleep.

A few hours later, Ginny was suddenly awakened by the sound of her bedroom door opening. "C'mon, Ginny. It's time to get up," she heard her mother say. "Ginny, I ... What the ...?"

Ginny lifted her head and saw her mother staring at her on the bed. Ginny was confused at first until she realized that she was almost fully draped over Harry's nude body. Images of their sexual encounter immediately flooded her mind, and she couldn't stop the blush from forming. Her mother was dressed like a complete slut, Ginny discovered. Since Harry's arrival at the Burrow, her mother had been dressing more scandalously by the day. That morning, her mother was wearing a very short silk robe that was almost completely open in the front. Ginny could see the deep valley between her slutty tits. The robe was only closed at the bottom to hide her whore pussy from sight. Ginny was suddenly filled with vindictive satisfaction that Harry was in her bed that night. Ginny smirked at her mother and kissed Harry's naked chest. "Do you mind, mum? I don't want to wake, Harry. He had a long night," she told her mother, hinting that they had been having more fun than they actually did.

Ginny was extremely pleased to see a sour look cross her mother's face. All her mother could do was silently nod and leave the room, closing the door behind her. Ginny smiled wickedly to

herself and placed her head back on Harry's chest. Her hand slipped between his legs, and she gripped his soft penis possessively. Ginny wasn't all that tired anymore, so she spent her time playing with Harry's body while trying not to wake him.

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Emma Granger heard the doorbell ring, and she took a deep breath. "I'll get it!" she heard Hermione call out from the sitting room. Hermione opened the door and squealed, "Harry!" The sound of the water boiling drew her attention back to the task at hand.

While she finished cooking dinner, Emma's mind wandered back to a familiar place. It was something she had been thinking about since the first time Harry had joined them for dinner. The thought of Harry performing that beautification ritual on her was very tempting. He hadn't offered to, of course, but Emma guessed that she would be able to convince him if she had to. Hermione would undoubtedly be on her side if she chose that route. Emma had been fighting with her thoughts for days, trying to convince herself that she was being utterly silly. She was a mature, middle-aged woman, and she should act like it. Still, the idea was too tempting to ignore.

"Like I'm the only woman who would find it irresistible," Emma snorted to herself as she removed the potatoes from the boiling water. It was true ... Emma didn't know a single woman her age who would turn down a chance to look twenty years younger. She doubted any woman in the world would turn that opportunity down. The only difference was that, in Emma's case, the opportunity wasn't theoretical. It was real, and all she had to do was ask.

For days, she had stayed up late into the night thinking about it. The main reason for doing it was obvious. Now that she was single, she would have a much better chance at re-establishing a love life if she looked younger. She currently wasn't interested in romance. She was newly separated, and her divorce wasn't close to being finalized. However, at some point in the future, she was sure she would grow lonely and yearn for a partner. Looking young and beautiful again would certainly help her odds of accomplishing that task. The second main reason was a little less obvious. She wanted to stick it to her former husband.

Emma fantasized about her former husband seeing her for the first time after doing the ritual. She imagined his eyes bugging out and his heart burning with jealousy. Emma would, of course, turn her nose up at him with a knowing smirk. That fantasy alone was worth it. One more major reason for her desire to go through with it was her daughter. As much as she didn't like to admit it, Emma was extremely jealous of her daughter's new look. Her hair had gone from a bushy mop to a cascade of loose, luxurious curls. Her features were perfectly symmetrical, and her skin was like fine porcelain. The fact that she would supposedly only grow more beautiful while Emma would grow older and less attractive was like salt in an open wound. It wasn't something she was looking forward to. When she heard Hermione giggle happily at Harry's compliments about her looks, Emma sighed. She needed to stop pretending like she hadn't already decided. All that was left was to talk to Harry about it.