

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 53

Breakfast the next day was certainly an event, Harry discovered as he was surrounded by girls. Hermione, as always, was sitting on his left, and Angelina had taken the seat on his right. Ginny was sitting directly in front of him, dreamily staring at him with a slight blush on her cheeks. Under the table, she was lightly dragging her knee sock-covered foot up and down his shin. Sandwiching Ginny were Lavender and Parvati, who were also hungrily staring at Harry. It was obvious what was on their minds, and Harry was eating it up. He shot Parvati a handsome smile, and she sighed dreamily. Out of sight and under the table, Angelina had her hand on his crotch and was greedily massaging him over his trousers. It was a great way to start the day. Little did Harry know that it would get even better.

The morning owl post arrived with dozens of owls flying in through the windows. They flew around the Great Hall and delivered their mail to the respective owners. Harry, of course, received his fair share of fan mail, which he would open later. He was too busy enjoying his breakfast. The bacon was extra crispy that day, which Harry preferred. "I DID IT!" he heard Colin Creevey practically shout from further down the table.

"What was all that about?" Hermione asked as she subtly rubbed his thigh under the table.

"Who knows?" Harry shrugged, but he quickly found out when Colin hurried over to him, holding the morning edition of the Daily Prophet.

"The Daily Prophet bought one of my photos!" Colin proudly declared. "Can you please autograph it for me, Harry?" he pleaded while holding up the paper for him to see.

On the front page was a moving picture of Harry walking through a storm of Killing Curses and roundly defeating Marcus Flint. Harry had to admit, he looked quite dashing, and he was sure the picture would help bolster his already inflated reputation. Harry looked at Colin and smiled.

"Sure, Colin," he agreed and pulled a magical marker from his pocket. He sighed at the bottom of the photo in what appeared to be liquid gold ink. Colin's eyes were as wide as saucers, and he was practically vibrating from excitement. "How much did they pay you?" Harry wondered.

"Fifty galleons!" he said excitedly, and Harry chuckled.

"Next time, ask for a hundred. I'm worth every knut," Harry joked and handed the paper back to him while the girls around him giggled madly. Angelina possessively edged closer to him, and her hand on his groin tightened.

"I will, Harry! I promise!" Colin practically shouted with glee and took the paper back to his seat, where he spent the rest of breakfast fawning over it. Harry agreeing to give Colin his autograph

seemed to have broken the dam, and suddenly, Harry was flooded with other students asking to sign their copy of the Daily Prophet. Harry, always playing the part of the hero, readily agreed. The Slytherins were none too pleased about this and sent Harry plenty of scathing looks. Harry had defeated one of their own, and they weren't about to let this stand. For Harry's part, he could give two shits about this and actually wanted them to come after him. He sent a smug smirk their way, which made their scowls deepen. The only Slytherins who weren't trying to murder him with their eyes were, of course, Daphne, Tracey, Astoria, and Pansy. The looks they were sending him were quite the opposite. He had a feeling they would be paying him a visit sometime soon.

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"I'm so nervous but also excited," Hermione whispered beside Harry, who was slowly working his way through a complex ward scheme. Each layer was incredibly tight, and it took patience and precision not to trigger the alarm ward.

"I know what you mean. I felt the same way my first time," Harry told her while edging the Unplottability ward away from the Fire-Suppression. It took him over four hours of constant work just to take control of the Anti-Apparition and Portkey wards. By the time he was done, they barely had enough time for the next part of the plan. "Get over here," Harry told her, and Hermione quickly moved closer to him. "Follow me in. Stay really close to me," he said.

Harry stretched a hole through the wards and quickly moved through. Hermione was practically pressed against his back as she moved through them as well. Once in, Harry let the hole slowly close. When the alarm didn't go off, Harry breathed a sigh of relief and wiped the sweat from his forehead. He then turned to Hermione. "Remember your emergency portkey. Use it if you need to," he reminded her. Hermione nodded in agreement.

"I will," she assured him.

Both of them were dressed in all black. Hermione, unsurprisingly, looked very sexy in her skin-tight pants and long-sleeve shirt. The tight clothing molded to her lovely form, showing off her feminine shape. Her thighs were nice and toned, and her ass jutted out, stretching the tight fabric to its limits. Her flared hips looked particularly sexy, and her thick hair was pulled up into a bun, accentuating her pale, graceful neck and cute, feminine ears. Harry quickly put those thoughts aside. They had a mission to accomplish after all. "Masks on," he quietly instructed.

They pulled out black ski masks and put them over their heads to hide their identities. They probably wouldn't be needed, but Harry didn't want to take the chance with Hermione being so new to this. "Come on," Harry said, and slowly led her into the moderately sized manor house. From an inside source at the Ministry, Harry had received the full House Elf registry, so he knew there shouldn't be one in this house. Still, he remained cautious and vigilant. Beside him, Hermione remained as quiet as a mouse. Any normal person would be hyperventilating from the stress and nerves, but Hermione was very even-keeled. When he looked her over, he saw that

her hands were steady and not trembling even a bit. He couldn't help but smile at his beautiful and slightly psychotic cohort.

He led her into the house and found the Floo-connected fireplace in the sitting room. "Put it on the small table," Harry told her, pointing to the specific spot. Hermione pulled a hockey puck-shaped disc of compressed flash powder out of her pocket and set it on the table. "You're sure it works?" Harry asked, and Hermione rolled her eyes and sighed.

"Yes, Harry. I told you three times that I tested it extensively," she told him. Harry nodded.

"No names ... remember?" Harry gently chastised her, and Hermione blushed under her mask.

"Sorry," she sheepishly apologized. Harry checked his watch and found that they were quickly running out of time.

"Get ready," Harry told her, and Hermione excitedly moved to a corner of the room. She hid behind a large reading chair and peeked around the side. Harry moved to the other corner of the room and made himself invisible. Now, all they had to do was wait.

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Hermione's mouth was dry, and her heart was pounding in anticipation. In one hand was her trusty wand, and in the other was the flat, square tile with the activation rune. The minutes passed, and each second felt like an eternity. Finally, after what felt like forever, the fireplace burst into green flames, and Hermione had to stop herself from instantly activating the rune. Harry was showing great trust by allowing her to join him. She refused to do anything to betray that trust. Suddenly, a tall, well-built man with a thick, black beard stepped out of the emerald flames and brushed the ash from his Ministry of Magic robes. He looked up and took a step away from the fireplace. It was time for action.

She slid back behind the chair, completely blocking her from view. Her body burned with excitement as she pressed the tip of her wand against the rune. Hermione couldn't stop herself from shuddering.

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Harry turned his head at the last second before the puck of compressed powder suddenly burned bright. His target looked down at the light right before it exploded, which was obviously a very big mistake. The room shook from the concussive blast, and the table it was sitting on was blown into splinters. Everything in the room went white from the second of blinding light it produced. The man screamed and covered his eyes with both hands as he was blinded and disoriented. Harry acted quickly. He held out his hand and focused his magic. The man's screaming stopped as Harry slowly compressed his neck. Then, Harry lifted his arm, and the large man shot straight up, slamming the top of his head into the ceiling. His head cracked

against the hard plaster with a hollow thunk, and small chunks of the plaster rained down to the floor below. His neck bent painfully, and Harry once again used his magic to slam the man back to the ground, where he ceased to move. Using his magic, Harry snapped his arms and legs together, pinning him in place. Harry then opened his jaw. "Do it," Harry ordered.

Hermione ran over to him and knelt above his head. She uncapped a small bottle of potion and poured it down his throat. "Done," she told him, and Harry nodded.

"Alright ... You know what to do," he said. Harry rubbed his ear. They were still ringing from the deafening sound. Hermione might have overdone it with the amount of powder she used.

"See you soon," Hermione smiled prettily, though he couldn't see it under the mask. She grabbed hold of the black, metal necklace she wore and activated the portkey. She disappeared, leaving Harry alone with their target.

Harry went over to him and checked every pocket. He retrieved a money bag, his wand, a flask of firewhiskey, and what he suspected was an emergency portkey. Once everything had been safely stowed away, Harry vanished the man's clothing and dropped a portkey onto his chest. He instantly disappeared. Harry smiled at a job well done and used his portkey.

A few seconds later, Harry appeared in his secret lab, and a maskless Hermione was instantly by his side. "I got him all shackled up," she told him with pride. Her eyes were shining like he had never seen before. Her pupils were dilated, and her cheeks were a rosy pink.

"Good job," Harry said, pulling off his mask. Hermione then wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. When it seemed that she wouldn't be stopping any time soon, Harry broke the kiss and gently pushed her back by her hips. Hermione cutely pouted, which made him chuckle.

"Our job isn't over yet," Harry told her, and Hermione smiled. Harry walked over to the unconscious man who was lying on the cold, hard ground and chained to the wall.

"Who is he again?" Hermione asked, studying his face.

"Albert Runcorn ... A high-ranking member of the Ministry of Magic. He has a particularly dark hatred of Muggleborns," Harry added. Hermione's eyes narrowed, and Harry chuckled again. Hermione Granger was probably the last Muggleborn anyone wanted to anger. Harry almost felt sorry for Runcorn, but all it took was him remembering his role during the second war.

Runcorn was the one to investigate and round up Muggleborns in the Ministry after Voldemort took control of it. Harry was unsure exactly what had happened to those Muggleborns, but he was certain it was nothing good. Runcorn was just one more piece of shit that needed to be flushed to make the magical world a safe and wonderful place to live in again. "What are we going to do to him?" Hermione asked with great eagerness.

"First, I'm going to ask him a few questions," Harry answered, smiling at her. "Give him the antidote, my love," Harry told her. Hermione squirmed in place every time he called her "my love". He didn't use that term of affection often, but just enough to keep her eager to hear it again. Though he was quite fond of Hermione, he would never forget her role in his betrayal. It would take many more years of dedication and loyalty before he would truly forgive her. Until then, he was more than happy to keep her squirming.

Hermione leaned down and poured the antidote into his mouth. Harry then hit him with a Reviving Spell as she stepped back. Hermione watched as Runcorn's eyes fluttered open, and he groaned pitifully. "What the hell happened?" he groaned and tried to move. He suddenly became much more lively when he found his wrist and ankles chained.

"Hello," Harry smiled at the man. Runcorn swung his head quickly in Harry's direction.

"Harry Potter?" he asked in confusion. "What's the meaning of this? Let me out right now!" he demanded. There was a thin line of blood leaking from his hairline and running down his cheek.

"I've got a few questions for you, and I do hope you're honest when answering," Harry stated nicely. Runcorn shot him a look of pure hatred.

"You've made a grave mistake, Potter. I'll see you in Azkaban for the rest of your miserable life," he threatened. "I suggest you unchain me before things get worse."

Hermione didn't take the threat to Harry lightly. She stepped up and kicked him as hard as she could right in the gut. "OOOF!" he grunted and wheezed, trying to catch his breath. Harry chuckled at the amusing scene.

"I had hoped you would be civil about the whole thing, but truthfully, I didn't expect it," Harry said, grabbing a small vial of clear liquid from a nearby table. "You're going to tell me everything I want to know whether you want to or not," Harry smiled down at the struggling man. Runcorn's eyes widened when he recognized the potion in his hand.

Runcorn knew that allowing anyone to use Veritaserum on him was a really bad idea. He was involved in a lot of shady things and had committed some truly heinous crimes. As such, he thrashed around, trying to keep the vial from touching his lips. "Hold still!" Hermione snarled and kicked him again. Runcorn yelped loudly when Hermione's boot connected with the back of his thigh.

Harry used his magic to hold him still, and he poured the Veritaserum down his throat. Runcorn was forced to swallow, and he coughed and sputtered when Harry released him from his magical grip.

"Now ... Let's have a nice, civilized conversation," Harry said, smiling pleasantly at the man.

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Harry was going over the notes he had taken during the interrogation. Accomplices, safe houses, loot stashes, like-minded cohorts ... Everything was laid bare. Albert Runcorn was a sick, twisted individual, even more so than Harry first thought. The things he did to a number of Muggleborns were truly disturbing. Fortunately for the wizarding world, Runcorn would no longer be a problem.

He heard Hermione walking up to him, so he set his notes on the desk and looked at her. He was shocked to see her face and hands smeared with blood. Harry got up from his seat and looked her over. "Are you okay?" he asked, wondering if Runcorn had somehow gotten free and fought back. Hermione had a beautiful smile on her blood-smeared face.

"I'm perfect," she sighed happily.

"Then why are you so bloody?" Harry wondered. She was supposed to put Runcorn out of his misery quickly and cleanly.

"I got a little carried away," she sheepishly admitted. Harry raised an eyebrow and went into the other room. The scene he came across was hard to look at. Hermione had really gone to town on the bastard. Needless to say, Runcorn would no longer be a problem. Harry sighed and went back to Hermione.

"Was it really necessary to stuff them into his mouth? I mean ... I can kind of understand wanting to chop them off, but ..."

"You're not mad, are you?" Hermione asked nervously, hoping she hadn't offended him.

"No," Harry sighed. "I suppose not." Hermione smiled happily. "Change your clothes," he told her.

After changing and cleaning up, Hermione was ready to head back to Hogwarts. It was getting late, but thankfully, it was the weekend, so they wouldn't need to wake up early. "I'll see you in a bit," Harry told her and ushered her into the Vanishing Cabinet. With her gone, Harry got to work cleaning up the mess she had made. After transfiguring what was left of Runcorn into a rock, Harry apparated straight to his secret vault and chucked the rock off the side of the mountain. He then went back to Runcorn's place to ransack it. Gold, jewelry, rare books, and other valuables were stuffed into Harry's expanded bag. He didn't need to worry about his other stashes at the moment. No one but him knew of them, so Harry could retrieve them at any time. Once he had taken everything he wanted, Harry let loose a torrent of Fiendfyre and apparated away as quickly as possible.

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It was past midnight when Harry climbed out of his trunk, and he found Hermione waiting for him. She was in bed with the blanket pulled up to her waist and a book in her hands. Her breasts were bare, and she smiled happily and set the book down when he entered the room. Harry's eyes immediately went to her breasts. Her light pink nipples were incredibly stiff, and her flawless skin was lightly goosebumped from the coldness of the room. Harry walked over to the fireplace and waved his hand at it. A roaring fire erupted, tossing orange light and flickering shadows across the stone walls. She pulled the blanket aside, revealing the rest of her nude body. Climbing out of bed, she strolled up to him. She had a look on her pretty face like she was about to eat him alive. Her hips swayed tantalizingly with every determined step, and she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply. "Thanks for bringing me along today," she softly said, purring against his cheek while her hand crept between his legs. "It means a lot to me," she confessed.

Her other hand quickly joined in, and she began undoing his trousers. "You're welcome, Hermione," Harry smiled at the eager girl. It took only a few seconds for her to pull his cock from his undone trousers. One hand wrapped around it, and she slowly started tugging on it. His shaft rapidly inflated under her tender ministrations, and she pulled him to bed by the cock. Hermione let go of him and crawled onto the bed. She rolled onto her back and began squirming sensually. Her knees parted, and she slid her hand between her legs. Harry watched as she gently stroked her damp folds while biting her lower lip and arching her back. Harry quickly began removing his clothes, and soon after, he joined her in bed.

He lay between her parted legs and easily slid inside her slick lips. Hermione gasped and shuddered as he stretched her tight walls, and Harry moaned when he felt her squeezing him. Her taut body quivered in delight while he ran his hands up her sides. He loved the feeling of her silky smooth skin sliding against his palms. Harry leaned in and kissed each of her hard nipples, and Hermione responded by trying to stuff them into his mouth. Harry didn't disappoint. He latched onto her nipple and sucked hard on it, gently flicking his tongue over the stiff tip. He could feel her wet pussy pulsating around him as though it was trying to suck him off. It felt utterly fantastic. He then switched nipples and showed the other one some love. Hermione's fingers were threaded through the hair on the back of his head as she pulled his lips against her breast. Her hips wiggled around, trying to tempt him into action. Harry let go of her wet nipple and kissed his way up her chest.

Harry then started slowly thrusting his hips and moaned into Hermione's neck. "Mmm," she hummed in pleasure. "This is the perfect way to end the night," she said and then giggled when he nipped at her sensitive skin.

It amazed him how she could be so gentle and sensual while a raging lunatic was bubbling underneath the surface. He was just glad she was on his side.

The following morning, Harry read through the Daily Prophet and found a short article on the now-missing Albert Runcorn. The article didn't say much, only that he was last seen leaving the

Ministry of Magic at closing time. The article asked anyone who had recently seen him to contact the authorities. It said nothing about his home being torched with Fiendfyre. If Harry had to guess, he would say that the Ministry was trying to keep the attacks under the rug. Minister Fudge did the same thing when trying to hide the fact that Voldemort was back and operating again. This time, however, it worked to Harry's advantage. The more they tried to hide it, the better it was for him. It allowed him to keep going after the dregs of the magical world, and he wasn't going to stop until he had his revenge on everyone who had wronged him.