

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 30

The following morning, it didn't take long for Harry to figure out who exactly was pissed off at Malfoy. Daphne Greengrass and Tracey Davis were taking turns glaring at the little ferret. Malfoy silently spooned food into his mouth, not dignifying them with a glare of his own.

By his side, Hermione was politely eating while Ron Weasley was waving at him like a loon from the Hufflepuff table. Harry smiled and waved back. He still wanted Ron obsessing over him. 'The boy may be useful one day,' Harry thought. Not as a follower, obviously, but more as a pawn. Ron was someone who could be used and tossed away. He brought no value to Harry's life or plans. When he saw Harry waving back, a huge smile spread across his face, and his chest puffed up with pride. There were times when Harry asked himself if he was going too far. Seeing Ron as a kid again made him question his plans for violent retribution. Then, of course, he would remember pulling himself from his own grave, charred and crippled. Those old memories were a very big motivator that kept him on his path. Most of these people, both the old and young, were horrible, wretched humans that needed to be exterminated.

"For the greater good," Harry whispered to himself, and he smiled.

"What was that, Harry?" Hermione asked him. She was getting better at not calling him Master in public.

"Oh, nothing, Hermione. I was just taking a trip down memory lane," he truthfully told her. She turned and gave him her full attention.

"Nothing bad, I hope?" she asked, looking genuinely concerned for her Master. Yes, Hermione was coming along very nicely. Perhaps he would get the girl a nice, little treat for her good behavior.

"Nope," Harry smiled. "Don't worry about the past when the future looks so bright," he said, squeezing her thigh underneath the table. Hermione beamed at him and nodded before going back to talking with her new "friends".

Harry looked at Daphne again. He could see her eyes shifting in Malfoy's direction. It appeared that she would be more than happy to inflict Harry Potter levels of justice upon the annoying blonde. That was something that Harry would like to see. Harry then turned and looked at Susan. She was looking directly at him, and Harry smiled and waved to her. Susan blushed deeply, looking embarrassed as she waved back. Harry could see her friends teasing her in a way that only schoolgirls could. He would continue to work on her in secret. Sadly, it would have to wait. Directly after breakfast was done, Harry was called in to speak with the Headmaster.

"Have a seat, my boy," Dumbledore said in his grandfatherly voice. Harry sat down opposite his desk. "I trust you had a wonderful holiday break?" he said, offering him a lemon drop. Harry took one, knowing that his enhancements would protect him if the lemon drops were spiked with a mild truth serum. Harry popped it in his mouth, and he noticed Dumbledore's lip twitch. "Yes, they probably are spiked," Harry thought. No doubt he had another bowl of untainted drops that he would switch out when necessary.

"I did, Professor. I had plenty of fun and a little bit of adventure," Harry smiled. Dumbledore smiled back.

"So I heard. Now Harry ... Is there anything else that you can tell me about the night that Greyback attacked Madam Bones?" Harry pretended to be confused.

"The DMLE has my full report," he stated the facts. "I didn't leave anything out."

"Yes, but I was hoping that you might have remembered something new since then, or perhaps you have had a change of mind about sharing certain key facts. For example, these mystery informants of yours ..."

Inwardly, Harry smiled. If there was one thing that Dumbledore couldn't stand, it was being out of the loop when it came to important information. He had played the hero for so long that he was used to everyone giving him every last scrap of information for no other reason than he was Dumbledore. The old man was probably foaming at the mouth when he found out that Harry was withholding some vital information. This was something that Dumbledore just couldn't have. Harry knew that the old man was already planning his demise, but he wanted all the facts so that he could dot every i and cross every t. Not having key information made things dangerous for him, and it would cause him to second-guess and rethink the plans that he already made. Harry, of course, would use it to his advantage.

"Sorry, Professor, but I can't tell you. They highly value their privacy. I'm not even sure if they are who they say they are," Harry told him. Dumbledore perked up at this new piece of info.

"All the more reason for me to know, Harry. What if they are lying about who they are? I could do some research and vet them for you, that way we will ..." he continued but Harry cut him off.

"No can do, Professor. I made a promise, and my promises are as good as gold," Harry smiled as his eyes twinkled. Dumbledore hid the sour look on his face and cleared his throat.

"Hmm ... Yes ... Of course ... I was just thinking that ... but never mind! On to other topics!"

Harry spent a few more minutes in his office before he was given a slip to excuse his tardiness to his first class of the day. Harry was sure that the old man would try to get that information another way.

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The first class of the day just happened to be with the sexiest teacher in the school ... Professor Aurora Sinistra. Her big, beautiful eyes, her light brown skin, her soft, kissable lips ... Harry liked everything about her. Unfortunately, he had never seen her out of her robes, so he didn't know what her body looked like. From what he could tell though, he guessed that she was quite fit.

Astronomy wasn't a subject that interested him much. The only reason why he paid the subject any attention was the effects that planet and moon alignment had on potions and rituals. Other than that, he could do without the boring subject. Of course, he would never tell the sexy Aurora Sinistra that. Harry's eyes focused on her lips as she spoke, and an idea suddenly came to him. He hid a smile and continued to take notes.

When the day's classes were done, Harry and Hermione were heading back to Gryffindor Tower when he saw Malfoy walking alone. Turning to Hermione, he said, "Take my bag back to my secret room. I'll be staying there tonight." He handed her his bookbag, and she walked away without asking a question. Her loyalty made him crack a smile. Keeping an eye on Malfoy, Harry began following him, making sure not to get too close.

He made his way down the many staircases, and it became obvious to Harry that he was heading in the direction of the dungeons. Ducking around a corner, Harry made himself invisible before he was spotted. He wasn't exactly watching his back, but Harry wanted to be careful nonetheless. Malfoy had spent most of the year as a loner, but lately, he had been spending more time around his two idiot goons, Crabbe and Goyle. Harry figured that he was just coming out of the funk that he had been in since his father's murder. Even so, Malfoy wasn't someone to turn your back on. His father, Lucius, was a very hateful and dangerous man, and Draco's mother was even more cunning. There was no telling the things that Malfoy might do when he was backed into a corner, and that was basically what was happening. Malfoy was without the protection of his father and most of the family fortune. Harry had deprived him of both. Narcissa was already making her play to get back into the fold by conning Harry of his fortune. What was Malfoy doing? If he was smart, he was definitely doing something. Harry just needed to find out what.

Malfoy turned the corner, and just before Harry followed him around, he heard voices. "Coming to make threats again?" he heard an angry, female voice.

"Get over yourself, Greengrass," Harry heard Malfoy reply in his snootiest of voices. "I know that's difficult for you, but try anyway."

"Oh, please, Malfoy ..." Harry heard Tracey join in. "You're the one who spends hours grooming themselves in front of that fancy mirror of yours."

"Stay out of this, Davis! A filthy half-blood like you should keep their mouth shut when in the presence of their betters," Malfoy spat at her.

“By the way ... What happened to that fancy mirror? I haven’t seen it lately. Did you have to sell it when your family went broke? That’s such a shame ...” Tracey began needling him before Harry heard a loud slap, and Daphne’s voice rang out.

“Malfoy! What are you ...”

SLAP! Tracey cried out in pain.

Harry spun around the corner and saw Malfoy with a handful of Tracey Davis’s hair. He was holding the top of her scalp and painfully twisting her head so that her face was to him. His hand was up as he was clearly going for another slap. Tracey’s normally pale cheek was bright red. Harry focused and hit Malfoy with a powerful blast of his magic. Tracey cried out as Malfoy was knocked off his feet and was sent tumbling head over heels down the corridor. Malfoy was lying facedown on the cold, stone floor, and he tried to push himself up but quickly collapsed. He didn’t move again. Daphne was at Tracey’s side, examining her friend. “What happened?” she cried out. “Who knocked out Malfoy?”

Becoming visible, Harry showed himself. “I did,” he stated. The two girls jumped, and Tracey squeaked frightenedly.

“Potter?” Daphne asked. “You attacked Malfoy?”

“Is that such a shock? He is an annoying little twat,” Harry said, walking up to them. “Here, let me see,” Harry said, tilting Tracey’s head slightly so that he could see the top of her scalp. He touched a spot on her head, making the girl wince.

“Careful, Potter!” Daphne hissed. Harry conjured a clean handkerchief and dabbed her head.

“Malfoy pulled out a small chunk of her hair. She’s bleeding a bit,” Harry told them, still dabbing her wound.

“WHAT?! MY HAIR?!” Tracey yelled in panic as she reached up and began feeling around on her head.

“Relax,” Harry said, showing an amused smile. “It’s not that bad. You can hardly see it.”

“Daphne?” Tracey asked worriedly. She leaned over so that her friend could see. Daphne examined her head and took the handkerchief from Harry. She tenderly dapped her friend’s wound.

“Yeah. It’s not bad. If you brush your hair a bit differently, you won’t even be able to tell,” promised Daphne, taking a step back. Harry then gently touched Tracey’s chin and tilted her

head upward. Her eyes caught his, and Harry smiled handsomely, causing her to blush fiercely. He then gently brushed his fingers across her injured cheek, making the poor girl shudder.

"You'll probably bruise," Harry told them, pretending to examine her further. In reality, he was pumping a low dose of his magic into her body. Tracey was trembling as pleasure pooled in her nether region. She couldn't help but squeeze her legs together tightly and squirm. "You may want to go see Madam Pomfrey."

Daphne cleared her throat. Harry turned to look at her and saw that she was staring at him with her arms crossed over her chest. Her perfect eyebrow was hiked up. "Slytherins usually keep these kinds of things in-house," she told him. Harry smiled at the girl.

"Are you sure? Such a beautiful girl shouldn't walk around with a marred face," he teased, tickling Tracey's slender neck. Tracey let out a cute, little moan, and her eyelashes fluttered.

"We're sure!" Daphne stated, grabbing Tracey's arm and pulling her away from him. Harry's eyes twinkled in her direction. "Where did you come from anyway?" she asked, confused.

"I was following him," Harry truthfully stated, jerking his thumb in Draco's direction. The blonde boy was still on the ground. "I've been getting some bad vibes from him, and I wanted to see if he was up to anything."

"You're not the only one getting bad vibes from him," Tracey joined in after pulling herself together.

"Shhh!" Daphne shushed her friend.

"Anyway ... Is he dead?" Tracey asked, not sounding too broken up about it. Harry walked over to the ferret and not-too-gently kicked his ribs with the toe of his shoe. Malfoy let out an unconscious grunt.

"Nope. Still alive," Harry shook his head.

"That's unfortunate. Anyway ..." Tracey said, looking at him. Her cheeks were glowing red, and it wasn't because of the slaps. "Thanks for saving me," she softly said, looking shy and cute. Harry gave her another handsome smile.

"Anything for you two girls," he teased. Tracey blushed deeply, and Harry could even see Daphne's cheeks turning pink.

"Yes ... Well ... We need to be going," Daphne jumped in, taking Tracey by the arm and pulling her down the corridor. Harry suddenly whistled and grabbed their attention. Their shoes squeaked as they skidded to a stop. Harry reached into his magically expanded pocket and pulled out a little canister of his homemade bruise remover. He tossed it to them, and Tracey

squealed as she juggled it before finally getting a firm grip on it. They looked at the non-descript canister of mystery paste.

“Bruise remover,” he told them. “Made it myself. As I’m sure you’ve seen in the Daily Prophet, I tend to get into trouble on occasion,” he smirked. Tracey blushed again, but Daphne nodded and pulled her along. “Apply a healthy layer to your cheek ... Leave it on for an hour before washing it off!” he loudly called after them. Tracey waved haphazardly as she was led away from the crime scene. They didn’t give Malfoy a second glance, and before long, they had turned the corner and were out of sight.

‘Interesting ...’ Harry thought, tapping his chin. ‘There is definitely more going on that I don’t know about.’ Harry planned to find out. Harry became invisible again as footsteps were heard coming closer. Avoiding the incoming Slytherin students, he made his way back up to his room where Hermione was dutifully waiting for him. He smiled at the lovely girl, eyeing her body. Hermione noticed where his eyes were roaming, and she quickly kicked off her shoes and climbed onto the bed.

“Do you want me, Master?” she asked in a lustful tone. Harry beckoned her over with a curl of his finger. Hermione waddled on her knees to the edge of the bed.

“Always, my little slut,” he teased as he untucked the white blouse of her schoolgirl uniform. Hermione allowed him to do anything he wanted to. What she really wanted would have to wait until she finished the task that he had given to her. His hand slid underneath her top, and Hermione bit her lip and closed her eyes. Harry leaned in and kissed the side of her neck. Hermione gasped and tilted her head to the side, giving him better access. Her body trembled as his fingers brushed over her belly button and continued upward. As he cupped her bra-covered breast, he could feel how hot her body was. He could also tell how much she had grown since the ritual based on the weight of her breasts. Harry couldn’t wait to see how sexy she became as she grew older. His fingers found the lowest pearly-white button on her blouse, and he popped it open. Then he undid the next one ... then the next. When he opened her blouse and slid it off of her shoulders, Hermione opened her lovely, brown eyes and looked at him. Then she leaned in and kissed him as he dropped her shirt to the ground. Her soft, warm tongue massaged his while Harry’s hands unclasped the hooks on her bra. Harry broke the kiss and pulled the bra from her tits.

Hermione didn’t hide herself from his gaze. She didn’t even think about doing it. She stood there kneeling on her knees with her back slightly arched, proudly displaying her breasts to him. Her nipples were so hard and pink, he thought. Almost all he could think about was taking them into his mouth and sucking on them until he made her cum. Instead, he moved his hands up her sides. He felt her body jump, and he smiled. He knew that her sides were ticklish.

“Dumbledore will likely contact you again soon. Tell him that I have a major crush on Professor Sinistra. Tell him that I stare at her during class and that I talk about her sometimes when we

are alone,” Harry commanded. His hands caressed the sides of her breasts, and his thumbs brushed over the outer edges of her light pink areolas.

“I will, Master,” she gasped as he laid her down and began laying kisses all over her naked breasts.

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Tracey winced as Daphne spread the bruise removing paste across her aching cheek. “Sorry,” she muttered as she screwed the top back on. She placed the little canister on her side table and looked Tracey over. “It looks thick enough. Potter said to leave it on for an hour, so ...”

“I’m going to make Malfoy pay,” Tracey snarled at the thought of the little git.

“Just be careful,” Daphne warned. “Even though his father is dead, he’s still unhinged and dangerous. Do we need more proof than what happened today?”

“We were lucky Harry was there,” Tracey said, her eyes glazing over as she thought about the pleasure that she felt when he was touching her. She quickly imagined how good it would feel if he touched her on her ... Tracey blushed and tried to push away those naughty thoughts. This was neither the time nor the place.

“Yeah ... lucky,” Daphne said without thinking. It looked as though her head was in the clouds.

“Daph?” Tracey asked, snapping her fingers in front of the girl's face. Her spacey look was quickly replaced by her normal expression.

“Huh?” she asked. Tracey shook her head.

“You looked lost in your thoughts,” she told her. Daphne shrugged.

“I guess ...” she answered simply. A smile suddenly stretched across Tracey’s face.

“Harry was very heroic today. Just like in all those articles in the paper. Don’t you think he looked sexy as stood there protecting us?” she teased.

“I’ll admit, he was dashing ... though just a tad,” Daphne told her, causing her friend to giggle. Tracey’s eyes went wide after a moment.

“Do you think Harry can help with your problem? I mean ... he *is* Harry Potter,” Tracey said.

“Doubtful,” Daphne sighed.

“Why don’t we ask him? It can’t hurt anything, can it?” Tracey pleaded. Daphne sighed again.

"I don't know," Daphne said, not convinced.

"C'mon, Daph!" Tracey pleaded again.

"I'll think about it," Daphne relented and flopped back on her bed, thinking about the handsome, young man who had just saved her friend from what likely would have been a terrible beating. 'He *is* cute,' she thought to herself and covered her face when her cheeks grew warm.