

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 52

Harry lightly tickled Pansy's bare back as she cuddled up with him in bed. Her breasts were pressed against his chest, and one of her legs was resting between his. One of her hands was slowly caressing his stomach while she lay soft kisses on his chest.

"Any news from Slytherin House?" Harry asked as he played with the small of her back.

"Not a lot," she admitted between kisses. "It's all pretty boring, to be honest. The only thing even slightly exciting is a rumor I heard about Marcus Flint."

This immediately caught his attention. He slid his hand over her bottom and squeezed her cheek. "What about Flint?" he asked. His fingers drifted between her cheeks and over her puckered hole. Pansy shuddered hard, and his fingers drifted even lower. He brushed against her lips and felt how hot and damp she was.

"I heard he's claiming that he didn't fall down the stairs. He says he was pushed, and he's blaming Draco," Pansy told him, though it didn't seem like she cared all that much. She rolled over and lay on top of him, straddling his thigh. She slowly began grinding herself against his thigh, smearing her wetness all over his skin.

"Was he released from the Hospital Wing yet?" Harry wondered. Pansy shook her head and then began kissing his throat. Harry leaned his head back to give her more room.

"No. He's still there as far as I know," she told him. "Earlier today, Snape told Pucey that he would be back in a couple of days." Harry smiled wickedly and grabbed Pansy around the waist. He flipped her onto her back and captured her sweet lips in a passionate kiss. Pansy eagerly responded by wrapping her smooth legs around his waist.

Unknown Prophecy

Marcus Flint was steaming as he lay in bed. His fall had been brutally bad for his health. Both legs were severely broken, and one of his shoulders had been dislocated. Madam Pomfrey had fixed those issues easily enough, but unfortunately, his worst injury was a bit harder to deal with. His spine had taken some damage, and that was one thing magic couldn't easily fix. All he could do was lie in bed and choke down the dozen or so potions that he was forced to drink every stinking day. His mood was at an all-time low, and he knew exactly who to blame for it.

'Malfoy's a dead man,' he thought over and over at least a hundred times a day. 'When I get my hands on him ...'

Truthfully, he was more than a little shocked that Malfoy would go so far as to send him a message. Sure, he owed the blonde git a sizable sum of gold, but Malfoy had always been all bark and no bite. Flint expected no less of him this time. 'How wrong I was,' he admitted. Now, Malfoy would have to pay for the injustice.

He turned his head and looked out of the open window. The sky was black and moonless. He wasn't sure of the time, but he was certain it was very late. The bitch Healer had gone to her room hours ago, and he was the only one in here. Flint was tired, but all the potions had given him a slight case of insomnia, which also contributed to his poor frame of mind. He closed his eyes, hoping he would get more than a couple of hours of sleep this night. He never noticed an invisible presence slowly creeping up to him.

Unknown Prophecy

Harry swished his wand and put Flint into a deep slumber. He then stopped and stared at Madam Pomfrey's office door. At this hour, he was sure she was fast asleep, but her private room was just on the other side of her office. He was unsure if she had Wards around the Hospital Wing to inform her if magic was being used. He waited, invisible, but thankfully, she remained in her room. After giving it a few more minutes just to be sure, Harry became visible again and pulled out a small vial of potion. He had brewed it especially for Flint. Harry held up the vial and examined it with a smile. The red potion inside was about as thick as ink and was darker than blood.

The book he had found the recipe in claimed it was called The Devil's Serenity. Needless to say, the book was banned in this country, along with many others. When ingested, the drinker would feel an unnatural calm. Meanwhile, deep inside, a violent storm of rage brewed, sitting undetected and waiting to be unleashed. All it needed to explode was someone lighting the fuse, and it just so happened that the book provided a devious way to do it.

Harry uncapped the vial and yanked Flint's jaw open. He then poured it down his throat and jabbed his wand at Flint's neck. Using a medical spell that enables Healers to administer potions to unconscious patients, Harry watched as Flint's Adam's Apple bounced, indicating that the potion had been swallowed. Harry then grabbed Flint's floppy arm and lifted it. He turned it over, exposing the inside of his wrist. Harry spent a few minutes performing a spell that required great concentration and precision. Once the incantation had been properly chanted, Harry pressed the tip of his wand against the inside of Flint's wrist. A rune glowed white on his skin, and Harry hissed as he felt his own wrist burn in the exact same spot. He turned his hand over and found an exact copy of the rune glowing on his skin. After a few seconds, both runes faded until they were completely invisible. Thankfully, the burning sensation had stopped, but a slight itch remained around the affected area. His green eyes shone with glee as he flipped Flint's arm back over his stomach. Looking at Madam Pomfrey's door one last time, Harry made himself invisible again and quickly left the Hospital Wing.

Harry was quite pleased with himself as he quietly made his way back to his room. The best part was that once the drinker had blown his lid, the magic of the potion and runes would be entirely consumed and thus become untraceable. Harry was very glad that one, the book was incredibly old and rare, and two, the ingredients were even more rare. This wasn't a potion that should be in anyone's hands. Luckily for Harry, he had a secret potions lab full of exotic ingredients and rare books. Of course, that luck didn't extend to Marcus Flint.

Unknown Prophecy

Over the next few days, Harry watched Flint whenever he could. He also kept his eyes on Malfoy, who seemed to be quite paranoid. He was constantly looking over his shoulder and staying a respectable distance from Flint. Flint was still walking gingerly, so Malfoy probably thought that he was just biding his time until he was ready to attack.

During dinner, Harry couldn't decide what he wanted to look at more ... Snape eating his food while wearing an eighteenth-century powdered wig or Malfoy constantly looking over in Flint's direction. Harry knew he needed to act soon. The potion would wear off soon, and by the way Flint was looking over at Malfoy with disdain, he could tell it was likely well on its way.

Harry reached down and squeezed Hermione's thigh. She looked at him, and he leaned in and whispered into her ear. "Right after dinner ... Be prepared," he told her. Hermione smiled sexily at him and nodded. He had told her all about what he was doing to Flint, and she was all for it. In fact, she began squirming in her seat, eager to see some bloodshed.

Half an hour later, the food disappeared, and everyone began getting up from their seats. Harry looked over at the Slytherin table. Since most of the Slytherins were pieces of shit who eventually became Death Eaters, he didn't care if any of them got hurt. The only ones he cared about were Daphne, Tracey, Astoria, and Pansy, and all four of them were sitting closest to the door. When the girls had reached the door, Harry subtly rolled up his sleeve and touched the hidden rune with the tip of his wand. He whispered the trigger and watched the sparks fly.

Unknown Prophecy

Flint was suddenly and unexpectedly overcome with a bout of blinding rage, and the object of his hatred was standing at the opposite end of the table, waiting for him to leave like the sniveling coward that he was. His brow furrowed, and his hands balled into fists. His body trembled as the rage overtook him. His heart was telling him that this was a bad idea. The professors were right up there, making it dangerous for him to act, but his mind was clouded from reason. Unable to stop himself, he reached into his pocket and wrapped his fingers around the handle of his wand.

"MALFOY!" he furiously bellowed, making everyone around him turn and look. Eyes went wide when they spotted the look of hatred on his ugly face. Sweat dripped down his face, and a thick vein pulsated in the middle of his forehead. The smarter ones quickly left the area, but there

were a few idiots who watched and waited for the inevitable confrontation. “YOU THINK YOU CAN CRIPPLE ME AND GET AWAY WITH IT?!” Marcus Flint shouted while foamy spit flew from his mouth. “DIE, COCKSUCKER!” he raged and slashed his wand through the air.

Unknown Prophecy

Harry stood and watched while Hermione giddily bounced on her toes. Flint slashed his wand through the air, and a sickly, pus-like, yellowish-green curse ejected from the tip. It flew through the air straight for Malfoy. Slytherins around them screamed, and Malfoy was just able to duck in time for the curse to safely sail over his head. Theodore Nott wasn't so lucky. The curse clipped the side of his face before slamming into the wall behind him. His scream was horrific to hear, and though Harry couldn't see the damage, he knew he had been hit with an Acid Spitter. Nott cried out pitifully and placed his hand on the side of his face, which was an obvious mistake. He ripped his hand away and shook it hard as the acid began eating at his palm as well. Flint wasn't done yet.

The panicking Slytherins obscured Flint from his view, but Harry saw a flash of yellow. Malfoy then screamed as the professors began to realize what was happening.

“DROP YOUR WAND THIS INSTANT!” Dumbledore shouted as he lumbered from the raised platform and down the steps.

“Never fear, Headmaster! I'll handle this personally,” Lockhart proudly stated while his teeth glimmered and his golden locks fluttered in a non-existent breeze. He ran down the steps just as a fireball streaked toward him. His duck wasn't quite low enough, and his perfectly groomed hairdo went up like an inferno. “YAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!” he screamed and beat at his scalp, trying to snuff the flames.

“I SAID ENOUGH!” Dumbledore shouted with authority, brandishing his wand.

His demand was met with a curse of his own. Flint fired a black curse at Dumbledore and the other professors who were hot on his heels. It flew through the air and burst before it could be blocked by the more experienced Headmaster. It spewed black mist all around them, and the professors began to cough and choke. Harry knew it was time to act before things got out of hand.

“FLINT!” Harry shouted at the enraged idiot. Flint turned to Harry and snarled with rage. He clearly didn't like the Champion of the wizarding world. That suited Harry just fine.

“FUCK YOU, POTTER!” he screamed as the vein in his neck bulged. He shot a Killing Curse straight at Harry, and the remaining spectators shrieked in panic. With a casual flick of his wrist, the Gryffindor table jumped up and intercepted the curse. It exploded and split in half, showering the area in splinters. Harry confidently walked toward Flint even as chunks of wood were raining down on them, and he flicked his wand again. The Hufflepuff table transformed into a wooden

buck and jumped straight for the incoming Killing Curse. The buck burst into pieces of flaming wood, and Harry kept on advancing. Inwardly, he was gleeful that he was getting to show off his skills. His plan was working better than he imagined.

Seeing his strategy, Flint swiped his wand at the Ravenclaw table and sent it soaring at Harry. Harry never broke stride. He simply twirled his wand, and the table burst into a puff of feathers. “AAAAAARGGG!” Flint growled angrily and repeatedly slashed his wand at Harry. Curse after curse shot toward him, but Harry easily parried them all toward the ceiling and away from any onlookers.

“WHY ... WON’T ... YOU ... JUST ... DIE?!” Flint furiously asked between every cursed shot. “AVADA KEDAVRA!” he shouted again, and the twirling mass of green magic cracked through the air and beelined for Harry at breakneck speed. Harry jabbed his wand at the ground in front of him, and the stone liquified. It took less than a second for the liquid stone to rise up, solidify, and intercept the oncoming curse. It detonated with a bone-shaking boom that sent shards of stone everywhere. Harry was so quick with his wand that he was able to slash it at the cloud of dust and pebbles and banish them straight at Flint.

Flint cried out and turned his head when the skin of his face was cut and sliced by the jagged shards of stone. Blinded and choked by the dust, he never saw Harry flick his wand, but he instantly knew something was wrong when his feet were pulled from under him.

Harry smirked as Flint’s body was pulled into the air by his ankles. He dangled upside down with his robes falling down over his head, revealing his emerald green boxer shorts. Another jab of Harry’s wand sent Flint’s wand tumbling into the air. Harry held out his free hand, and the spinning wand shot toward him and slapped right into his open palm. Flint cried out and flailed his arms, but it was of no use. He wasn’t going anywhere. This was especially true when Harry moved his wand in a figure eight pattern, and ropes shot out of the end. They snaked through the air and encircled the struggling attacker, binding his arms to his sides. Another set securely wrapped themselves around his ankles, and Harry finished it off by dropping him to the ground with a loud thump.

“LET ME GO! I’M GOING TO KILL YOU, POTTER!” he shouted over and over while thrashing on the ground. As Harry made his way over to him, it seemed the potion had finally burned itself out. Flint groaned and went floppy. He was sweating profusely and was clearly exhausted. His eyes went wide when he realized what he had just done.

“Not likely,” Harry smirked down at him, and the last thing he saw was the flash of a stunner. With Flint dealt with, Harry looked over at the struggling professors. Dumbledore was hunched forward, loudly heaving while attempting to deal with the black mist. Snape had pulled the powdered wig from his head and was using it as a makeshift breathing filter. McGonagall had slumped over and vomited from the harsh coughing fit she was experiencing. The other professors weren’t doing much better.

As much as he wanted to watch Dumbledore, McGonagall, and Snape suffer, he was supposed to be the hero of the magical world. It wouldn't be very heroic of him if he let them die while surrounded by spectators. Harry held out his hand, and the black mist began to be siphoned from the air. The misty cloud flattened out and started stretching into a pointy spike in his direction. The tendril of mist stretched and stretched until it met his palm. Harry stood there, sucking up the entire cloud while he heard a camera flash pop behind him. Harry tried very hard to hide the smile threatening to spread across his handsome face. When the last of the mist had been pulled into his palm, Harry let his arm fall by his side, and he turned to the stunned crowd watching him.

He wasn't surprised to see Hermione squirming in place, the look of arousal clear on her gorgeous face. Her legs were tightly shut, and he could see her desperately rubbing her thighs together. Beside her, Colin Creevey held up his large magical camera and snapped another photo of the dashing hero. His eyes were wide and worshipful. "Wow!" he exclaimed in a hushed, disbelieving voice. He wasn't the only one to share this opinion. All around him, everyone was silent and shocked by what they had just witnessed.

The guys looked impressed, and some seemed very jealous. The ladies, however, were a different story. Each one looked as though they were trying to decide the best way to get him into bed. Susan Bones's cheeks were flushed pink as she rested her palm over her heaving chest. Angelina Johnson looked as though she might drop to her knees and blow him right there. Luna was tightly grasping Ginny's arm, likely keeping her from throwing him to the ground and riding his cock in front of everyone. Unfortunately, the git Lockhart decided to ruin the moment.

"As you can see, I distracted the foul fiend just long enough to allow my trusty assistant to neutralize him. Good work, Mr. Potter! It seems my superb training regimen is finally bearing fruit," Lockhart stated as he stumbled into view.

Quite a few snickered at what they saw, including Harry. Lockhart's golden, curled locks were completely burned away, leaving a charred and blistered scalp. The only hair left was a few scorched, darkened patches that likely wouldn't last through his next shower.

"Good heavens!" they heard McGonagall cry out in a shocked voice. Harry looked over at her and saw her looking down at Malfoy. Harry walked over and saw the blonde ponce lying flat on his back while struggling to breathe. He had taken some kind of spell to the chest, which had ripped his shirt open. His chest was mangled and bloody. McGonagall immediately levitated him off the ground and carried him as quickly as possible out of the Great Hall. Dumbledore stepped in, still coughing.

"Is everyone ... UHKUUH! ... okay?" he asked through the coughs.

After making sure no one else was hurt, Dumbledore took Flint into custody. Of course, Harry was ordered to follow in order to provide testimony. In Dumbledore's office, Amelia Bones quickly showed up and listened to the harrowing tale.

"It seems Mr. Potter is living up to his reputation," Amelia said, tossing him a knowing look, while rolling Flint's wand between her fingers. She had already tested it and discovered what spells he had used, confirming Harry's story. "He saved the lives of many innocent students, including the professors, and he detained Marcus Flint without inflicting serious injury. My, my ... You've been busy," Amelia said, seductively eyeing him up.

"It's all in a day's work," Harry smiled back. "I wouldn't be able to live with myself knowing I had the power to stop this horrible tragedy from going any further, and I did nothing about it." Harry was really playing it up.

"Indeed," Dumbledore agreed. His voice sounded rough and scratchy. "I believe an Award for Services to the School is in order." Harry knew he was just doing this to get Amelia out of Hogwarts as quickly as possible. He never liked anyone meddling with his business.

"What will happen to Marcus Flint?" Harry asked her, and Amelia winced.

"Nothing good, I assure you," she somberly stated. "Draco Malfoy is in bad shape, and he used an Unforgivable Curse multiple times. He'll likely be spending the rest of his days in a dreary cell in Azkaban."

Dumbledore cleared his throat. "Yes, well ..." He was obviously uncomfortable with this. Anything negative getting out would affect his reputation, and that was something he definitely didn't want. There was no doubt in Harry's mind that he would try to get the whole thing swept under the rug if possible. Harry sadly shook his head.

"It's too bad it had to come to this."

"Anyway, I need to report to the DMLE. Mr. Potter, might I have a word with you in private?" Amelia asked.

"I don't think there's any need for ..." Dumbledore began, but was quickly cut off.

"Of course, Madam Bones," Harry smiled at the sexy, older woman. She smirked at Dumbledore and led him from the office. She led him down the corridor and into an empty room. As soon as the door closed behind them, she pulled out her wand and added a few layers of protection. Amelia then turned to him, dropped to her knees, and began undoing his trousers.

"I think you deserve a reward, no?" she teased while tugging his trousers down to his knees.

"A reward is always appreciated," Harry smiled down at her. Her hand wrapped around his semi-erect cock, and she began tugging on it. It quickly grew hard under her tender ministrations.

"I want you to come visit me during the holiday break. We have much to catch up on," she heavily hinted at what she wanted.

"Will do," Harry moaned as her talented lips wrapped around his girth.

Unknown Prophecy

It seemed that Amelia wasn't the only female who wanted to reward him for his hard work. Angelina was lying flat on top of him with her tongue shoved into his mouth. She moaned deeply as Harry kneaded her thick cheeks and spread them apart. Angelina pulled her tongue from his mouth and broke the kiss. She then pushed herself up until she was straddling his waist. Harry's eyes drifted up and down her nude form. Her thighs were shapely and smooth. Her hips were wide, and her belly was toned. Her round breasts jiggled from side to side and were capped with dark nipples that were stiff and ready to be sucked. She rested her palms against his chest and wiggled around until she had his cock pinned between his belly and her pussy. He could feel her fat lips hotdogging his shaft. The heat was incredible. She then began rolling her wide hips.

Harry moaned as she slid her wet pussy along the underside of his shaft, painting him with her slick juices. "You were so brave," Angelina moaned, and her dark eyes fluttered. She dragged her hips back and forth, sliding her silky inner lips along the length of his shaft.

"What can I say? That's just who I am," Harry smirked as he caressed the top of her soft, smooth thighs. Angelina bowed her back and moaned when her clit rubbed against the head of his cock. Harry slid his hands up her sides and groped her perfect tits. Angelina bit her lower lip and hummed in delight as he played with the stiff tips of her nipples.

"Then I guess I should thank you properly," Angelina smirked right along with him. She raised up a bit and reached underneath her. She grabbed his arousal-slickened cock and dragged the head along her slit. When the tip reached her opening, she sank down on it. Both of them moaned together as her snug heat stretched around his impressive girth. For hours, she thanked him, and when their strength had been sapped, she cuddled up with him and held his face against her breasts. It was the perfect ending to his devious plan.