

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 5

“Brilliant!” Harry declared while smiling wide. “Absolutely brilliant!”

‘Harry Potter: The Hero of Egypt’ the magical newspaper read. The Egyptian paper had come out the following morning and was full of pictures of him doing heroic deeds. His smile only got wider the more that he read. After retreating back to his workshop in France, Harry quickly developed the film from his magical camera and picked out the best photos. He then made copies and sent them to the Daily Prophet, the Quibbler, and every other major magical news publication in their corner of the world. Hopefully, word would spread worldwide soon after. In the meantime, all he could do was continue with the plan.

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Corvinus Rowle didn’t bother hiding the sneer that was so plainly etched across his face. If there was one thing he hated, it was walking the streets of Koshchey Square while it was packed with halfblood filth and even worse, mudblood mongrels. To be fair, there were very few things that he actually liked in this world, and since his family had banished him from his home country of England, his mood soured even more.

“Causing too much trouble,” he whispered quietly to himself. “Endangering the family ...” he went on. “Pathetic cowards,” he growled as he pushed past the crowds of people. Koshchey Square was the main magical district of Saint Petersburg, Russia, the place where Rowle had found himself when his family had told him to leave the country and lay low for a while. He had not taken the news well.

Since the Dark Lord’s fall, his family had begun toeing the line more and more. It was something that he didn’t particularly enjoy doing. He loved putting mudbloods in their place. He loved getting violent and wasn’t afraid to get his hands dirty. It was one of the things that drew him to the Dark Lord’s service. The Dark Lord didn’t care how much damage and destruction he caused. More often than not, he even encouraged it, but now that he was gone, his family had suddenly become all bark and no bite.

“Kill one little mudblood and they banish you to this cold, dreary place with barely enough gold to keep you going!” he harshly said to himself as he stomped down the streets. Reaching into his robe, he pulled out a bottle of whiskey and pressed it to his lips. Tilting it back, he greedily drank, not caring that people were looking at him with apparent disgust. When the bottle was empty, he flung it aside and didn’t bother apologizing when it hit someone a few feet away. He let out a loud belch of fire and sighed happily. “Just like the good ole days,” he smiled drunkenly, pulling his ash wand from his pocket. With his other hand, he pulled out a silver mask designed in the shape of a skull. Pulling it over his face, he lifted his wand and slashed it downward. The screams of terror actually made his cock hard for the first time in a very long time.

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Wanting to get the charm just right, Harry used his Veela Hair wand and casually waved it in an intricate pattern. Hiding in a narrow alley, Harry watched as a turquoise mist ejected from his wand and dispersed into the air. He was lacing the entire area with Compulsion Charms. He wanted witnesses. There was no point in doing heroic deeds if no one was going to be there to watch and spread his tales. He would have his hovering camera, but that just wasn't enough. He, of course, didn't want the innocent getting hurt or getting in the way. That was why he was only using weak compulsions. If they were directly threatened, the compulsions would break, and they would be free to run away. Once that was done, Harry slipped out of the alley.

Checking his watch, Harry saw that he still had ten minutes to go. The good news was that the Russians had kept very good records of this attack. The exact time and place were documented, which made it easier for Harry. Leaning against a shop wall and waiting, he spent his time checking out the people scurrying around and shopping. That day was particularly busy, which made the attack all the more terrible. Over a hundred were supposed to die this day, but Harry had other plans. That momentarily escaped his mind as a blonde walked by. 'These Russian witches are something else,' he told himself. Too bad he didn't come here looking for a date. He checked his watch again. Two minutes. Harry straightened up and took several deep breaths to calm his rapidly beating heart. Keeping his eyes trained in the direction of the magical square's entrance, he finally perked up when he saw the sour face of Corvinus Rowle. From the way he was walking, Harry determined that he had been drinking. Being drunk didn't make him any less dangerous though ... just the opposite. There was no telling what the drunk madman might do. Harry already knew full well what he was capable of.

Corvinus Rowle was an uncle of Thorfinn Rowle, and the apple didn't fall far from the tree. Both idiots had been members of the Dark Lord's psychotic posse, though Corvinus had been higher ranked due to his skill and violent nature. The fact that he had been forcibly distanced from the rest of his family told Harry everything that he needed to know about the man. The tales of his acts of violence during the first war were practically legendary. Harry guessed that his old habits died hard. As he removed a bottle of whiskey from his pocket and quickly downed it, Harry prepared himself and moved into position. Rowle tossed the bottle aside and held his wand high. Slashing his wand in the shape of a Z, a fiery-orange light burst from the tip and flew straight for a group of women looking through the window of a clothing shop. People all around began screaming in panic as the women turned in the direction of the commotion. Without enough time to escape, they opened their mouths to scream as their eyes widened in terror. Suddenly, a semi-transparent, silvery shield erupted in front of them.

The Blasting Curse slammed into the shield with the sound of a metal pan being dropped on a stone floor. Everyone close by jerked and covered their ears from the loud sound. The ladies wasted no time in sticking around. They booked it just as fast as their legs could carry them. Rowle, on the other hand, was none too pleased. "Looks like we got a hero in our midst!" he cried out, looking around. "Come on now ... Don't be shy. Show yourself!"

Harry stepped up to face him. It wouldn't have looked out of place in a muggle western movie when two men met at high noon for a gunfight. Rowle immediately scoffed. "Fuck off, kid, before your parents have to pay for a funeral," he threatened as he continued to look for the person who blocked his curse. Harry, on the other hand, cleared his throat. When Rowle looked at him again, Harry lifted up his messy, black hair and proudly showed the lightning-bolt scar on his forehead. Rowle's eyes grew to the size of saucers. "YOU!" he spat.

"Me," Harry smiled wickedly.

"Harry Fucking Potter," he hissed as his hand tightened around his wand handle.

"Correct," Harry nodded, waiting for the attack that was sure to come. He watched Rowle's face turn red as he drunkenly shook with anger.

"You're the reason for all my problems!" he growled as his hands trembled.

"How do you figure?" Harry asked.

"I was having such fun with the Dark Lord! Killing muggles and mudbloods ... It was beautiful ... It was enthralling ..." he gasped in remembrance. "... It was practically erotic," he confessed, looking off into the distance.

"So you can't get it up unless you're killing the innocent?" Harry raised an eyebrow. He definitely didn't know that about the man. People were strange. "That's why you're always so angry?" Harry chuckled. "Because you're a limp dick loser?" Harry chortled happily. He laughed even harder when it looked as though Rowle's head might pop. His face was blood red, and his body was shaking in rage.

"AHHHHHHH!" he screamed in anger and pointed his wand right at Harry. "AVADA KEDAVRA!" he yelled as loudly as he could. The sickly green spell burst from the tip of his wand and tore through the air right at Harry. Panicked screams of fright became even louder as Harry waved his hand. Cobbled stones were ripped from the street and intercepted the green curse. As one rock was hit, it exploded into shards. Even as the hundreds of tiny pieces were falling around them, Harry waved his hand again and the remaining stones turned into a pack of hungry wolves. Instantly, they snarled and charged at Rowle. His wand was practically a blur as he cut each one down. Even so, he barely had enough time to block the Sectumsempra that Harry had tossed his way.

Rowle was forced back by the impact of the spell that the little shit had sent his way. 'How the hell did Harry Potter get a wand, and where did he learn to use it?' Rowle thought as three more spells rocketed his way. He blocked two and was forced to jump over one that had been aimed low. Midair, he was hit with a shockwave from Potter's bare hand. He was sent tumbling backward across the hard, stone ground. When he came to a stop, he winced and slowly

pushed himself to his knees. "Not bad, boy!" he called out, shaking his scraped-up hand. "You've been trained well," he added as he got to his feet. "Now let's see how you handle real power!" he spat as he suddenly pointed his wand.

Harry's eyes widened as a swirling wall of Fiendfyre raced toward him. It was then that everyone began to scatter. Just as he was about to be consumed, Harry summoned a memory of Voldemort's and threw out his hand. The living flames crashed into a barrier made of golden light. As the fire hit the light, the flames were extinguished. Rowle was cackling like a madman as he poured more power into the dark spell, shooting the jet of fire right into Harry's barrier. With a quick flick of his wand, a wisp of fire broke free of the flames and morphed into the shape of a scorpion. Menacingly, the fiery scorpion scuttled rapidly in Harry's direction. Its barbed tail was hovering high in the air, ready to strike as the flaming beast jumped. By then, the crowd had backed off but many were still watching. They watched as the beast jumped toward the small boy only for him to swipe at it with his hand. A deep BOOM made them all stumble as the monster was blown to bits by the boy's magic. Hot embers exploded outward and danced around in the slight breeze as the maniac continued to shoot fire at the boy.

Rowle had the biggest smile on his face as sweat dripped down his forehead. He was pouring every last ounce of magic into his spell. It felt just like the old times when he used to torch muggle houses with the families still inside. His body shuddered in pleasure at the thought of killing the Boy-Who-Lived. His erection was becoming uncomfortable in his trousers as he lost himself to the dark magic flowing from the tip of his wand. He could see the golden shield flickering from the intensely evil flames. Suddenly, he cheered as the shield apparently collapsed in a flash of bright, golden light. "OOOH!" he grunted, cumming in his trouser. Before he could enjoy his post-coital euphoria, his eyes went wide with shock as the stream of Fiendfyre coalesced into the palm of Harry Potter's hand. It compressed down until it was about the size of a Quaffle. Harry Potter looked at him and smirked.

"Catch!" the boy yelled and tossed the ball of fire to him. Rowle didn't have time to scream as it hit the ground right at his feet. A flash of light was all he remembered as the orb detonated and his entire body was racked with intense pain. Looking down, he barely recognized that his entire body was on fire before he started screaming in agony.

Harry heard the telltale pops of Apparation and knew that the cavalry had arrived. Before the Russian law enforcement could get their hands on him, Harry made himself invisible and snuck off into the crowds before making his way out of the square.

After making a few unnecessary jumps to make sure that he couldn't be tracked, Harry finally made his way back to his hideout in France. He wiped the sweat from his forehead. Trying to control enemy Fiendfyre had been a true test of his power. Thankfully, he passed the test with flying colors. However, that didn't mean that it was a walk in the park. He was still young, and his body wasn't even close to reaching maturity. He could feel the aches and pains from using too much magic. His new magical pathways hadn't yet been truly exercised until that day. That was something that he needed to rectify. Harry needed to practice bouts of very powerful magic

so that his body would be used to it by the time he reached Hogwarts. He'd remember to add it to the list. First, he grabbed his camera. There were photos that needed to be developed.

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Dumbledore nearly spat out his tea when he opened the Daily Prophet early the following morning. On the front page was a very large picture of a young boy fighting a Nundu. The boy in question was easily identifiable to him. He was the spitting image of James Potter when he was young. Even if he didn't know who it was at first glance, the headline boldly declared that Harry Potter was to be the next Merlin. "What the hell?" he asked, confused.

He quickly read the article. Apparently, Harry had been spotted in Cairo and had somehow killed a Nundu if the article was to be believed. But how could that be? Harry was safely secured with the Dursleys. He made the decision to place him with those nasty muggles for a very good reason. After learning of the second Prophecy, Dumbledore was forced to walk a tightrope with the boy. He needed him powerful enough to defeat Voldemort, but not so powerful that he couldn't be immediately taken out. As unpleasant as that was, it was absolutely necessary to finally have peace in magical Europe. Keeping him ignorant of the magical world while at the Dursleys was just the first step to his multi-year plan. If this truly was Harry Potter in the picture, then his plan was already off to a very bad start. Still confused, he got up and walked over to the little instruments on his shelf. Checking them over, he found that the Blood Ward was still active on Privet Drive. Dumbledore couldn't take the chance. He needed to check them himself. Abandoning his breakfast, he left Hogwarts and appeared inside the Dursleys' home. There was no time for politeness.

"What do you think you're doing?!" an annoying screech came from the kitchen. Without even looking, Dumbledore flicked his wand and hit Petunia with a Body-Bind. Waving his wand again, he closely checked the wards. They were still in place. Grunting in annoyance, he turned to the only person in the house and released her from the magical spell.

"Where's Harry, Petunia?" Dumbledore asked, not in the mood for any of her attitude.

"Get out of my house!" she cried out as she stumbled.

"Answer me and I will. Where is he?" he asked again, holding his wand.

"I don't know where the little freak is! He left over a week ago, and we haven't seen him since. Good riddance I say," she hissed. "Happy now?" Dumbledore went over and checked the cupboard under the stairs. There was no Harry to be found. He sighed.

"Very well," Dumbledore relented.

"Good! Now get out and don't come back!" she snarled, pointing to the door. Dumbledore sent her a look of annoyance before disappearing from her house.

He made his way back to his office and sat down. There was only one option left. He needed to investigate the only lead that he had. He needed to visit Cairo ... preferably before the Ministry got on his case about losing the Boy-Who-Lived. He quickly threw some things together and left just before the Floo Calls began pouring in.

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Apolline Delacour carried a silver tray laden with food to the patio out back of their small but cozy home. Her husband had already left for work, Fleur was staying at a friend's house, and her youngest was still asleep in her room, which left Apolline with some free time. With Fleur starting her first year at Beauxbatons after summer ended, hopefully, she would find herself with a bit more free time every day. She was glad that Gabrielle was such an easygoing child.

Sitting down under the shade of their patio, she poured herself some coffee then took a piece of brioche and slathered it with jam. A little-known fact about Veela was their love of sweet foods. She even added a bit too much sugar to her coffee, at least according to her husband who preferred his to be more on the bitter side. Apolline sipped her coffee slowly to see how hot it was. Finding it the perfect temperature, she drank it a bit faster. She bit down on her brioche and momentarily the insides of her cheeks puckered from the sudden tart and sweetness of the jam. In one of the neighbor's trees, she could hear a songbird chirping away. Most people would enjoy the pleasant quietness that she was experiencing. However, most people weren't Apolline Delacour.

Since childhood, all she wanted to do was live a life of adventure and excitement. She wanted to travel the world and experience everything that life had to offer. Early on, her mother convinced her that she was being ridiculous. Beautiful women married young and became housewives. That's all there was to it. Needless to say, while her mother was a good woman, she wasn't exactly the adventurous type. Over time, Apolline had bent to her mother's will and married her boyfriend right out of Beauxbatons. It was both the best and worst decision of her life. She got two daughters out of the marriage, who she loved with all her heart. On the other hand, she was forced to live a boring, monotonous life with not even an ounce of excitement. Every day was exactly the same. Wake up, make breakfast, take Gabrielle for a walk, get hit on by the creep down the street, go home, and wait for her husband to return. Even sex wasn't worth it anymore. They only had it once a week on Sunday night.

She opened up the magical French paper and gasped at the picture on the front page. The Boy-Who-Lived had defeated a full-grown Nundu in Egypt! Below the picture was a very long and detailed account of exactly what had happened. She eagerly read every word over and over. With every word read, her heart constricted even more. Oh, how she wished to be in his place. Sadly, all she could do was dream as she went back to her day-to-day activities.