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Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 3

Harry woke up with a groan. Getting out of bed was sheer torture. It felt as though he had spent most of yesterday in the gym. Every muscle in his body ached from the slightest of movements. He had hoped that the side effects wouldn't be so bad. Sadly, his hopes had been dashed. The first sign that it was at least partially successful was that when he opened his eyes and looked around, everything wasn't a blurry mess. Excitedly, he reached for his glasses which were placed on the ground by the bed, and put them on. As he did, everything became blurry. Taking them off cleared his vision right up. "Thank God!" Harry cried out, tossing his old, hand-me-down glasses away.

Harry suspected that his overall health would vastly improve once the ritual was completed. If his fixed eyesight was the extent of his physical improvements, then Harry would consider it a success. However, he had a feeling that that wasn't the case.

"Ow, ow, ow," Harry winced as he walked as slowly as possible. Reaching down for his clothes and putting them on was a chore. When he pulled his jeans on, the cuffs ended mid-shin. "Bloody brilliant!" Harry declared with his squeaky voice. He had grown by nearly a foot! Suddenly, his stomach began to growl fiercely, which didn't feel pleasant. His body would likely need a lot of food over the next week or two. As much as he would like to just summon the food over to him, he was forced to walk instead. Unfortunately, Harry wouldn't be able to do any magic that day. He had to wait at least twenty-four hours before casting his first spell. He needed to give his magical pathways time to heal. He couldn't even use any balms or healing potions on his body. He had to completely stay away from magic, so all he did that day was eat and sleep until the following morning.

When he woke up the next day, his body was still sore, but not nearly as bad as the previous day. Before he even ate breakfast, he fired up the brewing station and made some pain relievers and healing balms for his muscles. As they cooked, Harry ate what was left of his food stocks. He would need to go out and get some stuff later in the day. That brought him to the next phase of his grand plan ... money, or more specifically, gold. Harry had done his research on different magical discoveries which contained gold. There were quite a few hordes that were discovered between now and when older Harry had gone back. The problem was that none were super large, and most were on different continents. Harry had originally planned to go after each one until he had a large enough fortune to continue with his goals. However, with his melding of Voldemort's soul shard, he suddenly had access to the Dark Lord's various stashes.

When Voldemort killed, whether it be one of his enemies or a follower that had failed him, he always looked to take whatever they had that was of any value. On top of that, he regularly demanded “donations” from his Death Eaters which he stashed in several different safe houses. Harry knew for a fact that over fifty percent of the Malfoy wealth was sitting in a small cave in Northern Scotland that was under some of the nastiest wards Harry had ever heard about. The cave was so out of the way and hard to spot that there was little doubt that anyone would ever come across it. A large portion of the LeStrange and Yaxley fortunes were mixed in as well, along with some from various other Death Eater families. This didn’t even count everything he stole from his victims. There was another safehouse in Albania that Harry would need to hit. There was even a stash deep in the Forbidden Forest. Nothing he owned was in a bank, of course. From his memories, Harry knew that just hitting up the cave would make him one of the wealthiest men in all of magical Europe.

After he ate, Harry finished up with his medications. Once cooled, Harry greedily drank down a pain-relieving potion before rubbing the medicated balm all over his body to help soothe the remaining aches and pains. With that done, it was time to test his pathways. Taking his wand in hand, Harry pointed it at his jeans and gave it a wave. “SHIT!” he squeaked when the jean legs began to grow and grow without stopping. Once they reached roughly six feet long, Harry waved his wand and stopped the growth.

“Way more magic is flowing through the pathways,” Harry deduced happily as he examined his jeans which were laying on his bed. Giving his wand another wave, he watched as the jean legs shrank down to the desired length. He would have to wait and find a suitable place to test his pathways fully. It wouldn’t be a good idea to do so there in the ritual room. Deciding to get on with his day, Harry concentrated on his stolen memory and Apparated away. In less than a second, he appeared in a picturesque valley in the Scottish Highlands. Harry quickly caught his footing as he appeared on the side of a mountain. Below him was a field of green that ended at the foot of a second mountain. Harry let out a deep breath which created a large cloud of mist. With careful footing, Harry slowly crept a short way away to a cluster of semi-flat boulders. Walking up to the smallest one, which was still the size of a small car, Harry waved his wand and checked for the wards. Sure enough, they were still active and as strong as ever.

“I am Lord Voldemort,” Harry hissed in Parseltongue. Almost instantly, Harry felt a buzz on his skin which told him that the wards had come down. He then levitated the smallest boulder and moved it out of the way. In the rock below, there was a small crevice that was barely big enough to fit a grown man. Again, Harry waved his wand and created a set of stairs that led down into the cave. It was clear that Voldemort had used the Chamber of Secrets as inspiration. As he went down into the darkness, the temperature dropped quickly. Using a silent Lumos, Harry lit up his path as he descended a hundred or so feet into the Earth. When his feet touched the floor of the cave, Harry looked around. Seeing the wall from his memory, he went over there and examined it. High up on the wall where it was nearly impossible to see was a rune. Harry quickly cut his finger and rubbed some blood on it. The rune lit up as a loud rumble filled the cavern. A section of the wall he was standing in front of began to open up. Dust fell from the ceiling as the

entire room trembled. When the door opened fully and the dust settled, Harry stepped into the hidden vault. Waving his wand, the ball of light flew from the tip and hit the ceiling where it stuck, lighting up the vault room. The memories didn't do it justice.

He remembered the first time he was a child and he walked into his family vault for the first time. The gold coins stacked high were quite the sight, especially for a boy that never had anything of value. The sight before him, however, put that day to shame. The very large room that he had walked into was nearly floor-to-ceiling stacked with galleons. A giant mound of gold stood before him, turning the white light he produced into a golden hue. Mixed in with it were silver Sickles and copper Knuts. Off to the side were dozens of chests. Harry went over there and kicked one open. It was loaded with jewelry. Leaning over and grabbing a heavy, ornate necklace, Harry examined it. "Goblin-made," he said, tossing it back in. He opened every chest and found that most were filled with jewelry, though a couple was filled with unmounted gems of varying sizes. Artwork, sculptures, ancient suits of armor, everything imaginable filled the secret room. There was no doubt that his money problems were a thing of the past. There was one problem though.

"Where the fuck am I going to transfer this to?" Harry asked no one in particular. His original plan was to build up his wealth a little at a time and eventually transfer it to a bank. Now he had a room larger than the Great Hall filled with galleons that he needed to store. At least he had a couple of years to get it done. In the meantime, he needed supplies. He went over to a pile of filled money sacks and emptied one onto the mound of coins. He then grabbed galleons by the handful and stuffed them into the expanded bag. Once he was sure that several thousand had been packed away, he stuffed the bag into his pocket and left the vault for the time being. Harry left the cave, placed the boulder back on top of the entrance, and re-activated the wards. He then disappeared with a soft pop.

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Holding up a small bottle of green potion, Harry took a deep breath and drank it down. He found it difficult not to gag at the unpleasant flavor. After a few seconds, he winced as he felt his body begin to grow. Harry had never used an Aging Potion before, so he was unaware of how it would feel. It felt strange, as though his body was momentarily turned into putty and was being stretched out of shape. After a few seconds, he stood in front of a mirror. "Brilliant!" he cried out as a thirty-year-old stared back at him. He looked similar to what he looked like back when he really was thirty, only much better. He was taller and more well-built. The biggest difference obviously was that half of his body hadn't been damaged by magical fire. Remembering that he only had a few hours until the potion wore off, he quickly threw on some conjured clothes and used magic to resize them. Grabbing his stuff, he popped away.

In the Montmartre district of Paris, Harry appeared in a side alley and quickly joined the gaggle of locals and tourists walking the streets. It was less than a minute later when Harry turned a corner and saw the large, bronze statue that hid the entrance to Place Cachee, the French equivalent of Diagon Alley. None of the muggles noticed that when he came close enough, the statue started moving. The leg and dress moved aside, revealing the entrance to the magical

section of the city. Harry smiled as he walked as fast as he could without bringing attention to himself.

Just like outside of the magical alley, the inside was bustling with people as well. Witches and wizards, children, and even Goblins were scurrying about, doing their day's shopping. His first stop was the local bank where he converted his gold Galleons into gold Bezants, which was the magical currency used in France. Harry then made a beeline for a very specific shop. Baguettes Magiques was a wand shop whose front display held wand boxes that were triangular and prism-shaped ... all in colors of orange, blue, and purple. Harry pushed open the door and was met with the ringing of a bell. The shop brought back so many memories of when he got his first wand. He was so wrapped up in his memories that he almost missed the very old man slowly walking out from the back of the shop.

"Good day, young man," the man who Harry knew to be Cosme Acajor said in French as he joined him.

"Good day, Mr. Acajor," Harry responded in French and nodded in respect for the old wandmaker. He was wrinkled with snow-white hair that was more than a little thinning on top. He had big bags under his eyes, but all in all, he had a pleasant face and a warm smile.

"I assume you are here for a wand?" he asked, not even bothering to wait for an answer before turning around and moving toward the large shelves that were filled to the brim with wand boxes.

"You assume correctly," Harry said. "My original wand is lost to me, and I've been using an old hand-me-down."

"That's a shame," Cosme said as he searched through the hundreds of boxes with shaky hands. "May I ask what your old wand was made of?"

"Holly and phoenix feather," Harry told him truthfully.

"An uncommon combination. I'm surprised that the wood and core didn't fight each other, but alas, wandmaking has always been about instinct rather than logic ..." he explained, grabbing a box and opening it up. "Elm and unicorn hair ... ten and a half inches."

Harry grabbed the wand and it instantly let out a deflating sound and became limp in his palm. Harry still gave it a wave and was amused to watch it flopping around. It was snatched from his hand. "Definitely not ... I had a hunch that you are not a unicorn hair type of man. I'm glad to see that my instincts were correct," Cosme said, putting the wand up and grabbing another box.

"Vinewood and dragon heartstring ... Nine and three-quarter inches ... very springy."

Harry gave it a wave and an out-of-tune trumpet sound filled the shop. It too was quickly snatched from his grasp. This went on for nearly an hour before Harry found his match. Sparks burst from the tip and he felt the familiar tingle run up his arm.

“Excellent!” Cosme cried out. “Elderberry and Veela hair ... Exactly twelve inches ... Rigid and unforgiving,” he said.

“Elder?” Harry asked, raising an eyebrow. He didn’t know the old man worked with Elder. Most wandmakers didn’t bother since there was such a superstition about the wood bringing bad luck. It wasn’t out of the ordinary for customers to outright refuse to purchase a wand of Elder even if it was a perfect match for them. Because of this, wandmakers rarely used the wood. Harry, of course, knew that the superstition was hogwash. Elder wands could be incredibly temperamental though and demanded their owners to do great things, lest they lose their loyalty.

“I have very few wands made of the wood. This one I made myself in 1928 and found it particularly difficult to marry the wood and core. Veela hair and Elderberry are very similar. Both parts are very conceited, if one could believe that, and don’t play well with others.” He then looked at Harry closer.

“It is very unusual for someone to match with a wand of Elder. They say, and I believe it to be true, that only those marked with a special destiny can be chosen by such a wand. I must wonder what your destiny will be ...” he said, rubbing his stubbly chin. Harry quickly played it off and nonchalantly shrugged his shoulders.

“From whom did the hair come?” Harry wondered, hoping to change the subject.

“It was given to me by a Bulgarian Coven leader right before she passed away from old age. It was payment for a favor I did for her,” was all he explained. Harry was glad to hear that it didn’t belong to any Delacours. As far as he knew, none of them were from Bulgaria. He wasn’t sure how well it would go over if he ended up using a wand with a core that came from a family member against the said family. It probably wouldn’t work out well for him. Even so, Harry still planned on getting a wand from Ollivander when the time came.

“Perfect ...” Harry said, examining the dark color of the wood. “How much do I owe you?”

“Fifteen Bezants,” the old man said, handing him a dark blue wand box. Harry nodded and counted out the coins.

“I’ll take a wrist holster and a polishing kit as well,” Harry added.

“Wonderful! That will be an extra six Bezants.” Harry handed over the extra coins as his items were placed in a bag. “Thank you and have a wonderful day!” Cosme said as Harry made his way to the exit.

“Thank you as well,” Harry called out as he left the shop, wand in hand. ‘That was easier than expected,’ Harry thought as he walked through the magical alley. He thought that maybe the Acajor fellow might be weird like Ollivander and somehow see through his disguise. Thankfully, it seemed that not all wandmakers were strange like Ollivander. Next, Harry went to Maison Capenoir, which was the biggest clothing shop in the alley. Harry was looking through the children’s clothing when a middle-aged witch approached him.

“Shopping for someone?” she asked. Harry smiled and nodded.

“Yes, my son. He’s fourteen and about this tall,” he told her, holding up his hand to show approximately how tall he was. She smiled back and asked if he would like some help choosing. She, after all, knew of the latest fashions and such. Twenty minutes later, he walked out with several shrunken bags in his pocket. That was when he noticed that the shop next door was a Quidditch supply shop called Gaston McAaron. It had been so long since he even had the luxury of thinking about Quidditch that he almost forgot that the sport even existed. Unable to help himself, Harry went inside for a quick peek.

After spending a little too long inside there, Harry eventually came out holding a long package containing a Comet 260 which had been released only a couple of years ago. It wasn’t as good as the Nimbus 2000, but that broom wouldn’t be coming out for a few more years. With time running short, Harry went shopping for some much-needed food. Harry then went into a bookstore named Magillard and bought a new notebook, some parchment, and plenty of ink and quills. Once done, he made his way out of the alley and went back home, promising that he would come back to explore more of what the alley had to offer.

Later that day, after testing his new wand and finding it more than adequate for his needs, Harry sat down at his desk and pulled out his new notebook. Grabbing a quill and some ink, he opened it up and began to write.

Dumbledore
The Weasleys
Hermione
Lupin
Tonks
Fleur
McGonagall
Shacklebolt
Moody

Harry continued with his list, writing the names of everyone that he could remember. Hagrid was a member, but Harry knew that he wasn’t present at his betrayal. Harry found it very difficult to believe that Hagrid would have agreed to go along with Dumbledore’s plan. It was quite possible that he was left in the dark. Harry would have to investigate and see who was guilty and who

was innocent. After creating his hit list, Harry then began to write down the dates of various events that he had put to memory. Some of them he left off since it was too late to act upon, but there were still quite a few that would take place between then and the start of Hogwarts. One was happening in less than a week. Harry decided that that would be his grand introduction to the wizarding world. Now all he needed to do was finish getting ready. Perhaps a few more rituals wouldn't hurt, he smirked as he started to pull things from the ingredients cabinet.