

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 6

“What the hell is going on with that boy?” Dumbledore asked himself as he sat in the Headmaster’s Office at Hogwarts. He tossed the newspaper on top of the rest of the pile. Egypt, Russia, India, Cambodia ... Harry had been spotted in all of those places doing one heroic thing after another.

Of course, the media was eating it up. They had their eyes and ears on the lookout for any scrap of information regarding their beloved Boy Who Lived. Dumbledore had tried several times to get them to stop writing about it, but they simply wouldn’t listen. And why should they? They were making a fortune on sales. Already they had doubled their daily subscriptions, and there was no sign that things were going to slow down.

The Wizengamot was less than pleased that he had “misplaced” little Harry. Most of their annoyance came from the fact that the witches and wizards that governed England now looked incompetent. They couldn’t even keep track of one little boy that they were supposed to be protecting. There were some in the Wizengamot that were angry with how powerful the boy had grown. Some even accused Dumbledore of secretly training the boy. Dumbledore knew them to be the former followers or sympathizers of Voldemort, so he cared little for their opinions. Others were absolutely delighted and wanted Harry back in their control as fast as possible. Dumbledore assured them that he was working on getting Harry back under his thumb, though his reputation had taken a major hit. There were grumblings and threats to take away some of his powerful positions in the magical world. He couldn’t let that happen. He needed to find the boy as fast as possible.

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“Daphne!” little Astoria Greengrass called out as she ran to her big sister. “Look!”

Daphne was sitting underneath a shady tree in her backyard reading a book when her younger sister came barreling up to her. Daphne perked up when she saw a newspaper in her grasp. “Harry Potter again!” she squeaked.

Blushing slightly, Daphne took the paper from her grip as Astoria sat down next to her on the soft grass. “The Boy Who Lived Saves Mervillage in the Great Lakes!” Daphne read the headline.

“He saved the Merpeople from an invasion of those gross Demon Squid things,” Astoria told her as Daphne read the report. “They say he might have gotten engaged to a Mermaid Princess!” Astoria squealed. Like most little girls, Astoria was obsessed with princes and princesses.

Daphne scrunched her face in annoyance. Why would he want to marry a smelly fish girl, she thought to herself. Regardless, she would save this story and put it in her scrapbook with all of the others.

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Number 12 Grimmauld Place was just as shitty and broken down as Harry had remembered. The houses that bordered it were in no better condition. The steps were grimy and coated in algae, windows were broken, paint was chipped and peeling, and there were even bricks and boards that had fallen off. Harry didn't go there to buy a fixer-upper though. He came to get a certain locket that resided inside. Though it wasn't as easy as it sounded. The house was protected by very powerful wards and enchantments. Only Sirius would be able to easily enter.

What to do with Sirius had played on his mind. He couldn't have the man hanging around and gumming up his plans, and Harry certainly didn't want anyone trying to be a father figure to him. Harry was way too old for that. Even so, he was still his godfather, and Harry cared for his well-being. Maybe he should just tell him the truth and let him help. Maybe he should just ship him off to a Veela Colony until his goals had been accomplished. Harry wasn't sure yet. Thankfully, he still had time to decide. He had other things to worry about at the moment.

Concentrating, the world exploded into a wash of different colors. Looking up and down the road, Harry could see that Number 12 was the only magical house on the street. Not only that, but he couldn't see a single muggle around, not even a criminal. It seems that even they didn't want to hang around such a dilapidated area. That was good news for Harry. Studying the house, he could see several colors tightly bound to one another. Just from looking at them, he could tell that Dumbledore hadn't placed any wards on the house recently. All of the colors looked muted, telling Harry that they hadn't been recharged in quite a while. The fact that they were still as strong as they were told him that they were incredibly powerful. Standing out in the open for half an hour, Harry studied them until he found the perfect place to start.

Though the wards and enchantments were tied together well, Harry could still see some areas that he could exploit. The first was the area where the pale green Anti-Apparation Ward crossed the earthy-brown Unplottability Charm. Harry could see that they weren't tied together properly. If he overloaded the Unplottability Charm, the other would collapse. Taking out his wand, Harry waved it in a figure eight before doing three counterclockwise circles, then a jab. "Penetrare magicale," Harry incanted.

Instantly, he saw the brown ropes of magic begin to swell. Wiggling and pulsating, they reminded him of shit-filled intestines. Why most didn't dare try overloading wards and enchantments was the serious risk of a magical blowback. If too much power was added, the entire spell structure could explode. It had happened before. Rarely were there any survivors. Harry, however, could see how much power was being added. He continued to pump magic into it until he saw it begin to unravel. Cutting off his power, he stepped back and watched as both colors fell apart and turned to vapor. Right on cue, a pop echoed through the empty street.

Faster than a blink of an eye, Harry slashed his wand in the direction of the noise. Almost the instant Kreacher appeared, a Killing Curse slammed right into his face and sent him tumbling five feet down the cracked and buckled sidewalk. The ragged and hateful elf lay there, unmoving. With a twist of his wand, Harry transfigured the body into a fake coin and summoned it to him. Placing it in his pocket, Harry went back to work.

Even with the Anti-Apparation Wards down, he still couldn't just pop in. There were other defenses that he had to overcome. Now he could see that there was an Anti-Intruder Jinx tied in with the Blood Wards of the house. It was the Blood Wards that caused most of the problems, but he couldn't just tear them down. Blood Wards were very dangerous to mess with. Therefore, Harry had to pick apart each layer that was keeping him out of the house. Rolling up his sleeves, he got to work.

He spent another hour taking apart and unraveling the protections covering the house. Once done, he apparated inside. The inside was just as filthy as the outside. Peeking around the corner, he sent a silent spell at the closed curtains that were covering the portrait of Walburga Black. Sadly, he couldn't just take down or burn the stupid portrait. The hateful bitch had connected the portrait's protections to the Blood Wards of the house. Stopping the curtains from flying open was the best he could do for now. As he stepped into the room, he could see the curtains struggling to open while muffled insults were heard from behind them. Silently, Harry crept around the house, touching nothing until he found the locket that he was looking for. Checking it carefully, Harry nodded and stowed it away.

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From the memories of Voldemort, Harry knew exactly where to appear in the small village of Little Hangleton. When he materialized in front of the small, rotting shack that was surrounded by ugly and gnarled trees, Harry got a flood of memories that weren't exactly his. Wanting to get in and out quickly, Harry walked up to the abandoned shack and hissed, "I am Lord Voldemort," in Parseltongue. He found it amazing that Voldemort always chose the same password. Being the easiest of the Horcruxes to retrieve, all he had to do was wait for the Wards to come down. When they did, Harry went inside and put his dragonhide gloves on. The ring carried a very powerful Compulsion to put it on. If he did, he would quickly find himself rotting from the inside out. One of the best gifts he received from absorbing Riddle's soul and memories was his incredible talent at the Mind Arts. Making sure his Occlumency shield was fully up, Harry brought his foot down hard and snapped an old, rotting floorboard. Kneeling down, Harry removed the broken pieces of board and then reached into the hole and pulled out a gold ring inset with a black stone. On the surface of that black stone, the symbol of the Deathly Hallows was etched. Harry placed the ring in a container to keep from accidentally touching it.

"Perfect!" Harry smiled and got the hell out of there. On the way back to France, he first stopped in Little Whinging and went to a park near the Dursley's home that he used to visit regularly. He climbed into a bush and hid the two Horcruxes in a spot where he used to hide the stuff that he didn't want the Dursleys to find. Covering them with dirt, he then disappeared back to France.

He wasn't worried about anyone finding them. The bush was hidden and out of the way, and no one had ever found his stash the first time he was a kid. Besides, he was only going to keep them there for a week or so. He just didn't think it was a good idea to keep them where he was currently living. He knew that they would try and affect his mind if they were too close for too long. Once back in his hideout, Harry sat down and looked at his list.

Harry
Diary
Ring
Locket
Cup
Diadem
Nagini

So far he had his name scratched out. Picking up a quill, he dipped it in ink and scratched off the ring and the locket. Nagini didn't even exist yet and may never if Harry was able to act fast enough. The diadem would be easy to get, and he already planned to make a trip to Hogwarts soon. The cup was the one that would be very difficult to obtain. It would take a lot of planning to get his hands on it. He would worry about that later though.

His next target was the diary. From what he remembered during his time at Hogwarts, Draco Malfoy often bragged about the places that he and his mother would go during summers. In fact, he bragged about it every year when they went back to school. Harry wasn't sure if he was being truthful, or if he was just bragging to stick it to Ron for being poor. Harry shrugged and went to get a snack. He still had several hours before he went after the next one.

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Malfoy Manor was located in Wiltshire, England. It was a large and stately manor set on immaculately kept grounds, all of which were surrounded by woods to keep away the prying eyes. Of course, Harry had no trouble finding it. Voldemort had been there many times after all.

Harry apparated further down the lane so as to not set off any alarm spells. It was late at night, but that didn't hinder his vision. Mage Sight made the world light up in thousands of bright colors. As such, he had no problems strolling down the tree-lined lane while avoiding any alarm triggers. The opposite side of the driveway had a tall, yew hedge running alongside it. It wasn't long before he came upon a set of large, exquisitely-designed wrought iron gates. In the distance, Harry heard the disturbing train rattle and call of a male peacock. Voldemort always disliked the albino peacocks that Lucius kept. To him, they were a status symbol. Voldemort would have preferred them to be plucked, cooked, and fed to the wolves.

Walking up to the gate, he stopped and set his bag down. With a wave of his wand, he was suddenly nude. Pulling out an Aging Potion, he pulled the stopper and drank it down. Within moments, he grew to the size of an adult. Reaching into the bag, he pulled out some clothes

that would fit his larger size. Once clothed, he pulled out a black robe and threw it on. Next, he pulled out a silver mask and used it to cover his face. Grabbing his bag, he continued on.

Harry waved his wand in a specific pattern and hissed Voldemort's beloved phrase. He instantly turned into smoke and was able to walk right through the gate's bars as though they weren't even there. Voldemort had placed many protections on Malfoy's home. Lucius, of course, never had the guts to tell him no, and why would he? Voldemort was more than capable of making the wards nearly impenetrable. The Dark Lord did indeed strengthen the wards, but he also added ways for himself to enter completely undetected. Lucius probably suspected that he would do something like that. With the supposed death of his master, Lucius probably just forgot all about them, not bothering to examine the wards. Harry was thankful for the oversight. It saved him probably a dozen hours of painstaking work in order to get in.

He walked along the path, and the large, magnificent house grew bigger with every step. Most of the windows were dark, except one on the top floor of the manor. Voldemort knew that room to be Lucius' study. It seemed that he was up, possibly doing some late-night work. Harry silently crept through the front door. Thanks to his Mage Sight, he could easily make his way through the house. He knew there to be a magical elevator that would take him all the way up, but Harry preferred the stairs. The stairs were much less noisy. As he crept up the stairs, he saw rows of paintings whose subjects were snoozing away. If any of them happened to be the nosy type, all they would see was a Death Eater creeping through the house. It was certainly a sight that they were used to.

Up and up he went until he finally reached the fifth floor. Seeing the only room which had light shining through the bottom crack, Harry walked over and stood in front of it. Using his Mage Sight, he could see that the door was locked with something a bit more powerful than a simple Alohomora could unlock. It was also laced with a Silencing Charm, so Harry had no idea what he was actually doing in there. He also happened to see that the hinges weren't protected magically. It was amazing what one could see if they were able to look hard enough. Vanishing the hinges, Harry pried the door open from behind and stepped in, wand at the ready. His eyes widened at what he saw.

Lucius was completely naked with a ball gag in his mouth and bent over his desk. His hands were bound behind his back, and on his face was the look of pure rapture as he was brutally fucked from behind. Standing behind him and grunting with every thrust was a man that was covered head to toe in a skin-tight, shiny, black suit. His mask only had eye and mouth holes cut out. He looked up and saw an equally masked Harry staring at him. He gasped and stepped back. Lucius grunted as a massive, black dildo was pulled from his ass. The dildo was attached to the gimp with a harness that was secured around his hips and groin. "My, my, Lucius. I had my suspicions, but this is beyond them," Harry gleefully said.

The gimp's arm flinched as though he were going for a wand. Instead, his head was taken off. It toppled off of his body and hit the floor with a thump. The headless body then fell forward and

landed on top of Lucius. Blood began to pour from the stump, covering Lucius' naked back. "GOYLE!" he cried out in shock. "YOU SON OF A ..."

"Imperio," Harry sang, pointing his wand at him. Instantly, his eyes glazed over. Harry waved his wand again and vanished the rope that tied his hands together. "Walk into the hallway and call for your house-elf. Free him with this," Harry commanded, handing him a sock from his bag. As Lucius walked into the hall with a blank face, Harry collected his and Goyle's wands. 'Goyle, huh? That's a shock,' Harry thought. One less Death Eater to worry about. Harry stayed in the office out of sight while Lucius called out, "Dobby!"

"Y-Yes, Master?" Harry heard Dobby reply. He could clearly hear how frightened he was.

"Take this and leave. You're free!" Lucius said.

"F-Free?" Dobby asked in disbelief.

"Yes. Now leave!" he said. Harry heard a soft pop letting him know that Dobby had left.

"Come in here, Malfoy!" Harry called out. Malfoy joined him.

"Do you have any prisoners in the dungeon?"

"Not at the moment," he replied blankly.

"Are you storing any gold or valuables here in your manor?" Harry asked.

"Yes," he simply answered.

"Where is it being stored?"

"There is a Blood Safe in the floor of my bedroom."

Blood Safes were almost impossible to get into for the average person. It would take a master thief hours ... possibly days to break into one. Thankfully, Harry had the owner under his command. "Is the Dark Lord's diary in there as well?" Harry asked him.

"Yes."

"Good. Open the safe," Harry ordered. Lucius walked out of his office not caring that he was still naked. He led Harry to his private bedroom that was on the third floor. Just from looking at it, he could instantly tell that Narcissa didn't stay in the room with him. She likely had her own private room somewhere on this floor. He pulled up the rug in the middle of the room and took his wand back from Harry. Under the rug was a metal hatch that had no handle or any other way to open it. As the name suggested, only the correct blood could make it open. Malfoy used his wand to

cut his finger and let a few drops of blood fall on the metal safe. He then pointed his wand at it and said the password. Harry then heard a metallic click as the door unlatched. Malfoy bent down and pulled the door open completely. Harry looked in and saw a large pile of gold and other valuables.

Harry opened his bag and began summoning everything inside. After about five minutes of gold coins and jewelry filling his bag, he saw the diary shoot out of the safe. With Seeker-like reflexes, he snatched the diary out of the air. From only a quick glance, Harry could immediately tell that this was the correct diary. Stuffing it in a side pocket in the magically expanded bag, Harry continued to fill it until there wasn't a single knut left in the safe. Harry took the wand from Malfoy's grasp and pointed it at his back. With a sound like a gunshot, Malfoy's chest exploded outward, painting the wall with his guts. His body dropped straight down. Harry used his booted foot to roll the body into the safe. Once it fell in, Harry kicked the door closed.

Harry took a few minutes to explore the rest of the floor. He spotted Draco's room but found nothing of consequence in there. He found Narcissa's room and went in. The luxuriously decorated room smelled of her expensive perfume. It was a pleasant scent that Harry could get used to. Narcissa's room was a treasure trove of expensive perfumes and jewelry. He even checked her closet. He removed a leopard print nightie that was hanging on the rack. It was quite thin and short. Harry wondered who she was wearing it for. "Well ... Hello, Narcissa!" Harry whistled in appreciation, imagining the sexy, older woman wearing it. Tossing it aside, Harry next went into the underground level and visited the wine racks. Voldemort was very fond of the Malfoys' expensive collection of rare wines and liquors. Harry quickly pocketed the entire collection.

Gathering his things, he exited the underground, walked to the front door, and opened it. Harry pulled out his broom from his bag before turning around. He used Malfoy's wand and pointed it back into the house. "Pestis Incendium!"

A torrent of Fiendfyre raged from the tip of his wand. Within seconds the entire entrance hall was encased in flames. Harry quickly jumped on the broom and flew to the gate. Fiendfyre feasted on magic, so once the house was gone, the flames would die out as well. Of course, that was assuming the DMLE didn't show up first. They had ways of detecting Fiendfyre, which was why Harry was eager to leave as fast as possible. He put the broom away and moved through the gate. Once on the outside, he took one last look behind him. In the distance, the entire manor was one big fireball. He even thought he could see a flaming dragon jumping up before diving back down. Having seen enough, he disappeared just before several pops of apparition echoed across the woods.

AN- What do you think I should do with Sirius?