

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 14

After buying the Vanishing Cabinet from Borgin and Burkes, Harry decided that they were far too useful for him not to have more than one set. He knew that they were expensive and fairly rare, though not nearly as much as a Pensieve. During Voldemort's first reign of terror, many families that could afford them had them set up as a way to quickly escape if someone attacked their homes. Because of this, many were still off the market, but Harry knew exactly who to ask.

Disguised as an older man, Harry came out of Gringotts a happy camper. Of course, the Goblins had some for sale. It wasn't out of the ordinary for someone to default on their loan, and when that happened, the Goblins were all too happy to strip your house bare of anything of value. So it didn't shock him when they claimed to have six working sets up for sale. Harry made sure that they were in perfect working order before purchasing all six. He had to pay a small fortune for them, but the gold spent was only a drop in an ocean of wealth that he had access to. His next stop was the shop that sold school trunks. As he pushed the door open, a bell chimed. A toothless, old man came from the back of the shop.

"Can I help ya, Laddy?" he asked in a heavy Scottish accent.

Harry looked around. It had been so long since he visited this particular shop. He only came in the one time to buy his original school trunk. He never had a reason to return. It was a shame he never came back to look around. There were so many different trunks available that he was sure that he could spend several hours going through them all. Practically every spare inch of floor space was filled with trunks piled high into rickety stacks. Harry even saw one stack swaying precariously from side to side.

"I'm looking for one of your seven-compartment trunks," Harry said. "Full complement of security features," he added. "I want it blood-locked."

The old man whistled appreciatively at his request. "You're talkin' bout the Royal Traveler. Mighty popular with the Pureblood crowd. Very expensive," the old man warned.

"I can pay," Harry assured him. The man nodded and flicked his wand. Harry heard the rustling of trunks before one flew over to them and landed at the man's booted feet. Harry had to admit, it was beautiful.

"English oak covered in oiled Hungarian Horntail dragonhide," he said. Harry could see the dragon scales glinting in the light coming through the shop windows. "The locks, hinges, and accents are all made of platinum."

The silver-colored platinum made a stark contrast with the deep black of the dragonhide. The trunk looked expensive and luxurious. Of course, not everything was about looks.

“And the features?” Harry asked.

“It’s blood-locked with reinforced walls and magically lightened so as to not strain the back when lifting. Anyone not authorized to open it will receive quite the shock upon trying,” the old man chuckled. “It has seven compartments. The first is a normal-sized compartment that can pass muggle inspection. The second, third, and fourth are all twice as large as the first and are used for normal storage. The fifth and sixth are twice as big as the second, third, and fourth and are used for storage, a library, a closet ...” the old man said, continued listing all the things that the compartments could be used for.

“The seventh is the true beauty of the trunk,” he said. “The compartments are activated by key,” he said, pulling out a platinum key from his pocket. “The first compartment is normal, of course,” he told him, opening it up. Harry could see that there was indeed a normal-sized space inside.

“There’s a little number above the lock, you see ...” He pointed out the number. “Put the lock in and give it a turn.”

Harry watched as he turned the key once and the number flipped from one to two. He turned the key again and the number flipped to three. When the number was on five, he opened the trunk again, and Harry looked in. There was a very large, empty space inside. He closed it again and turned it to compartment seven. This time when he opened it up, there was a ladder leading down. “Follow me,” he ordered.

Harry followed him down until he was standing in a room as large as the workshop that he was currently living in. There was more than enough room for what he wanted. “So what do ya think?” the old man asked after climbing out of the trunk.

“It’s brilliant!” Harry declared. “I’ll take it.”

It took over twenty minutes for Harry to count out the correct amount of galleons and receive the instructions on how to bind the blood-lock to himself. But when he was done, he went back to the bank and picked up all six sets of Vanishing Cabinets and stored them in the seventh compartment of his trunk.

Harry was carrying the trunk by the side handles and was quite glad that it was magically lightened since it was large and kind of awkward to carry. As he was leaving Diagon Alley, he noticed a girl that he hadn’t thought about in a very long time. Daphne Greengrass was just entering the alley with her mother in tow.

Daphne had been a very beautiful girl at Hogwarts, and many of the boys had tried to date her back then. Since he didn’t pay attention to that kind of stuff back then, he wasn’t sure how many were successful. It truly amazed him just how out of touch with reality he was during his first go-round. He never realized just how sexual the magical world was. He wasn’t aware of just

how early that magical children began going through puberty. He was too busy having his death-defying adventures to notice that practically all of the boys and girls were fucking in every empty classroom and broom cupboard. If Harry had to guess, he would say that Dumbledore might have had a hand in that as well. Why would Harry focus on Voldemort when he could be having a threesome with Susan Bones and Hannah Abbott? No, it was better if Dumbledore had his pawn focused solely on ending the Dark Lord. If that wasn't bad enough, Harry now hypothesized that Dumbledore might have been giving him some type of puberty-blocking potion for several years. He always wondered why he was so much smaller than everyone else until around his sixth year. Needless to say, Dumbledore had a lot to answer for, and Harry promised to get even.

Had he not had his life completely fucked by Dumbledore, Harry would have definitely gone after Daphne. He had to admit though, her mother was incredible. She looked like Daphne from their sixth year, only a bit older and curvier. Harry watched the gorgeous woman walk behind her daughter as they slipped further into the throngs of shoppers. It was a damn shame that she was wearing a wizarding robe. Those things did nothing for the female figure. When they were out of sight, Harry sighed and left. He had so much lost time to make up for, Harry thought as he apparated away.

Harry arrived back at his workshop where he immediately got to work keying himself into the blood-lock. When that was done, Harry brought the single cabinet that he had gotten from Borgin and Burkes into the seventh compartment and examined all of the cabinets. 'Where should I put them?' Harry thought. There was already one inside Hogwarts that just needed to be fixed. One he would definitely leave with Apolline. There was no way he was going to miss out on steady sex with the Veela milf during the school year. Besides, she needed to earn her keep.

Two places that he definitely wouldn't be placing one in were his mountain vault and his workshop. He couldn't risk someone getting access to those places. Once he had Fleur under his control, he would have her place one in Beauxbatons. Other than that, he wasn't exactly sure just yet. Perhaps he'd place one in some tropical paradise. He was already imagining Susan's oily breasts bouncing around as she ran along the shore. Harry shook his head to get that rather pleasant daydream out of his head. He had work to do.

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Fleur was shopping for her upcoming trip, an action that she would normally love. Shopping was her greatest passion after all. On this day, however, shopping was the furthest thing from her mind. The thing that demanded all of her attention was the mindblowing sensation that her body experienced only a few hours ago. It was absolutely incredible how her back arched and her toes curled. Finally, she understood what her friends were always talking about. When they talked about things like masturbation and orgasms, Fleur had always pretended and agreed. She was way too embarrassed to admit that she was unable to feel such things. Now she understood, and it was magnitudes better than anyone had ever described.

When Harry had left her room, she immediately shoved her hand between her legs. As she slid her fingers between her damp lips and even stroked her hard clit, she had been hoping that whatever was wrong with her was finally fixed. Her hopes were instantly dashed. She felt nothing. Why then, had it felt so good when Harry touched her nipple? She didn't know, and it was a topic that she absolutely refused to ask anyone about. She needed to figure this out on her own. The only thing that she could think of was to get Harry to touch her again. 'That will be simple,' Fleur thought smugly. She was a bombshell after all. Fleur Delacour was the sexiest girl that he had ever and will ever see, Fleur narcissistically thought about herself. 'He should be honored that I am even considering letting him touch me in such a way,' she thought as she picked up an expensive blouse and held it to her chest before tossing it on top of the rack, not bothering to put it back where it belonged.

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Harry followed Hermione Granger from a distance. Like most days when he was out on a mission, he was in disguise. This time he didn't bother aging himself. He just changed his appearance with a simple Glamour. Hermione walked with a purpose, never suspecting that the boy following far behind was stalking her. He watched her continue onward until she turned off on a street where most of the neighborhood shops were located. Harry ducked behind a bush and made himself invisible and silent. He quickly ran after her until he was practically breathing down her neck. Hermione pushed open the door of the local bookstore. Harry slipped in as the door was closing behind her.

He quietly watched as she pawed through the books, finally choosing three. She carried them into the back of the shop where Harry watched her pretend to keep looking. When the shop owner wasn't looking, Hermione stuffed two paperback books underneath her plaid skirt. Since they weren't falling out, Harry guessed that they were trapped between her stomach and the waistband of her panties. She then carried the other book to the front and placed it on the counter.

"Good afternoon, Miss Granger," the middle-aged man smiled at her. "Find everything alright?" he asked. Hermione smiled cutely at him. Her peaches and cream complexion along with the rosiness of her cheeks made her look quite adorable, Harry had to admit.

"Yes, of course, Mr. Belvaca. I had no troubles at all," she said sweetly. There was no waver in her voice, and she didn't act the least bit nervous. He rang up her purchase and placed the book in a bag. Hermione waved at him while the man watched her go. Harry followed her out.

"Cocksucker," she mumbled as she moved down the street and ducked into an alley. She went behind some rubbish bins and lifted up her skirt. As Harry suspected, the two books were jammed down the front of her white, cotton panties, creating a rectangular shape in the fabric. She pulled them out and smoothed her blue, plaid skirt before placing the stolen books in her bag with the other one. Harry waited for her to leave before becoming visible again. He pulled

out his small notebook and wrote down some notes. Every time he visited the girl, the more psychotic she seemed. She was really beginning to grow on him.

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“ ‘Arry?” he heard Fleur call out from her room as he passed by. He was heading to Apolline’s room to wait for her. The woman had been gone most of the day, moving from one store to the next. He was thankful that she didn’t have access to his entire wealth. He would be destitute in a matter of days. Harry stopped in the hallway and smiled. He had been waiting for Fleur to call on him. He moved back to her room and partially opened the door. He stuck his head in.

“Yes, Fleur?” Harry asked. He saw Fleur turn to him and smile.

“Come in, ‘Arry. I would like to show you the clothes that I bought for my trip,” she told him. She was wearing a fluffy, pink bathrobe that was cinched tightly around the waist. Harry came in and closed the door. She grabbed him by the hand and led him to her bed before pushing his chest and forcing him to sit down. “I will be leaving in the morning, so I might not get to see you again for a while,” said Fleur.

“That’s a shame,” Harry smiled. “I was hoping to get to see more of you,” he told her. Fleur smiled at him and shrugged off her bathrobe. Underneath, she was wearing a two-piece bikini.

“What do you think, ‘Arry?” she asked, posing for him. She turned so that he could get a look at her bottom which was only covered by a thin string that was buried deep in the crack of her ass.

“It looks good on you,” he told her honestly.

“Merci,” she giggled before winching and rubbing her shoulder. She wasn’t the best actress, Harry thought.

“What’s wrong?”

“I strained my shoulder. The bags that I was hauling around were quite heavy,” she falsely confessed. That actually did sound like the truth, Harry thought. “Can you please rub them?” she asked. Not waiting for an answer, she sat down on the bed right between his legs. Harry was forced to open them up so that she could plant her bottom right in front of his crotch. From so close, he could smell the lovely scent of her hair. Harry knew that she was testing him to see if he could make her feel pleasure again. Harry wasn’t going to disappoint. She wasn’t able to see his smirk as he placed his hands on her shoulders.

Fleur jumped slightly as his hands touched her shoulders. When his fingers dug into her muscles, Fleur shuddered. The feeling wasn’t exactly pleasure. She had gotten massages many times and they always felt good, but the longer that Harry continued to work her muscles, the better it felt. The feeling became something more. It wasn’t nearly as good as it felt that very

morning, but it was slowly growing. Fleur, however, wasn't content with going slow. She was there to find out if she could replicate the same level of pleasure that she had felt earlier. Reaching behind herself, she pulled the little string holding her top together. As it became slack, she pulled it off from the front. Now bare-breasted, she leaned back against his chest. Grabbing his hands, she moved them down until they rested on her belly. She expected him to immediately move them up to her breasts. However, much to her annoyance, they remained on her belly. Still, the feeling was very pleasant as his fingers tickled her delicate skin. She even bit her lower lip when he used one of his fingers to play with the rim of her belly button. When his finger accidentally dipped into her belly button, she suddenly felt that wonderful twinge between her legs. She tried to hold back the gasp, but it escaped from her open lips in a hushed whisper. Just the slightest taste of pleasure made her want so much more. By then, she was squirming against his crotch, practically begging him to take things further. Harry didn't budge though.

Unable to take it anymore, she moved his hands to her breasts. Her body bucked when his finger touched her hardening nubs. Fleur instantly felt the same incredible sensation that she had earlier in the day. Her nipples instantly became as hard as rocks, and when Harry pinched and pulled on them, she cried out and arched her back. She could feel her pussy contracting wildly, desperately attempting to milk a cock that wasn't there. Suddenly, one of his hands slid from her breast and moved down her belly. Fleur knew what he was going for, and she didn't plan on stopping him. The tips of his fingers had just dipped underneath the white fabric of her bikini bottoms when she heard the clear sound of shopping bags and boxes being dropped onto the hardwood floor in the living room of her house. Fleur squeaked in surprise, getting up from the bed in a flash. She definitely didn't want to get caught in such a compromising position.

"Out, 'Arry!" she whispered, pushing him toward the door. Harry chuckled merrily as he slipped through her door, leaving the topless, young woman standing there with wetness streaking down her inner thighs.