

Speak of the Devil

Chapter 7

A pair of dark eyes fluttered open and confusion immediately settled in. 'What happened?' Marcus Flint asked himself as he tried to sit up. He groaned from the pain in his head. Pushing himself into a sitting position, he then noticed that his wrists and ankles were bound with metal shackles. Panic washed over him, and his grogginess disappeared.

He looked all around, but every wall looked the same. He was in a standard, dark, filthy dungeon room that he and his colleagues loved to use so much. His first instinct was to apparate away, which of course, he tried. His attempt failed. His panic went into overdrive, and his heart began pounding in his chest. He was just about to try the door when it opened. Two men in Death Eater regalia walked in, their wands in their hands.

"What the hell's going on?" he cried out as one of them flicked his wand. Marcus's body began floating above the ground. "Release me!" he demanded, thrashing around mid-air. By then, his memory was just starting to come back. The last thing he remembered was slaughtering an old muggle couple so he could use their house as a temporary hideout. He spent a while gorging himself on the couple's stock of food before taking a much-needed shower. Exhausted, he went to sleep with the plan to sneak out in the morning and find another place to lay low. He had to keep moving. That was the last thing he remembered.

"Shut it, Flint," one of them responded.

"Carrow?" Flint asked, recognizing the voice. "What are you going to do with me?" he asked, the nervousness clear in his voice.

"We're taking to you to see the Master," he was told. This only made him fight harder, but it was no use.

The slow trek through the sprawling manor felt like an eternity to the young man. Finally, they came to an ornately carved, wooden door. They knocked and waited. Suddenly, the door opened on its own. Flint was floated in ahead of the two Death Eaters. Flint's eyes went wide. The Dark Lord was sitting on the opposite side of a large desk. He had, of course, seen the Dark Lord's face many times, but Flint had never seen him look so bedraggled. His robes were a bit wrinkled, and his face looked to have aged ten years over the last month or so. He had dark rings around his eyes, and there were thick bags underneath them. He also appeared to have lost some weight. His already skinny frame was even bonier. His cheeks looked even more hollow and sunken than normal.

"Leave the traitor and go," he wheezed in his frighteningly high-toned voice. The magical bonds holding him up disappeared, and Marcus crumpled to the floor. He heard a few steps before the sound of the door closing. The finality of the door closing was terrifying to him. There was

almost no chance he would safely walk out that door. The Dark Lord then stood up and walked around the desk. He looked down at Marcus with contempt.

“M-M-Master! Please!” Marcus begged as he rolled himself onto his knees. He lowered his head in subservience.

“Your Master, am I?” the Dark Lord hissed. “And yet, you led me into a trap, hoping to prosper from my demise. CRUCIO!”

Every nerve in his body exploded with pain. Marcus screamed in agony as he fell over. His body convulsed, and he thrashed wildly until the pain mercifully stopped. His muscles still burning, he was just able to push himself back to his knees.

“I was t-tricked, My Lord,” he choked out. “I would never betray you,” he pleaded, hoping for mercy. Again, his body dropped to the floor, and he squealed in pain. He felt the warm rush of piss down his thighs and ass as he lost control of his bladder.

“Do not lie to me, Flint. Be truthful and I’ll give you a quick death,” the Dark Lord hissed in anger.

“P-Please,” Marcus broke down crying.

“Why did Potter take my finger?” he asked, holding up his hand. Marcus angled his head and saw that the stump of his pinky finger was bandaged over. “What is his plan?”

“I swear I don’t know, Master! I didn’t know that Potter was still awa... OOF!” Marcus cried out as the Dark Lord kicked him in the ribs.

“He is attacking me without fear and killing my followers, and yet, he praises your cowardly tricks? CRUCIO!”

Flint’s body was bouncing off the ground as his muscles spasmed so much that many of them tore. His vocal cords ruptured, adding to the pain he felt.

“And he paid you in gold for your services,” the Dark Lord added as he fired again.

Voldemort watched as foam began frothing from the traitor’s mouth. Blood dripped from his eyes and ears, and his teeth broke from biting down so hard. He then cut the curse. Flint was barely wheezing, and his eyes didn’t even blink. He wouldn’t be getting any answers from the boy. It would be a miracle if he ever learned to feed himself again. With no more use for him, he fired a Cutting Curse and severed Flint’s head. It detached from the clean cut and rolled a few feet away. A deep red pool of blood began forming near the neck of the body and slowly expanded. Voldemort walked back around the desk and sat down, no longer interested in the body.

He was no closer to finding answers than he was before. At least the traitor had been dealt with, and in doing so, he was sending a message to his other followers. If they dared to defy him, he would make them pay. Voldemort pulled the gauze from his finger stump. The jagged, uneven cut hadn't healed at all. It still looked as fresh as the day it had happened. Just thinking about that day made him tremble with rage. The disrespect ... The humiliation he felt, and the worst part was that there was nothing he could do about it. Not for now, at least. He had his men out there searching, but it seemed that Harry Potter would only be found when he wanted to be. This was quite aggravating, and it put him in a near-constant foul mood.

Harry Potter was dangerous ... too dangerous if he was being honest. The fact that he was part of the prophecy made Voldemort worry even more. Then there was the fact that Potter knew his real name. Had Potter been going through his past, or had he been speaking with Dumbledore? The latter wouldn't have shocked him at all. The old goat was too nosy for his own good. The most troubling part was that he somehow knew about his Horcruxes. That truly frightened him, and now he had taken his finger. Voldemort looked at the torn flesh where his pinky had once sat.

There were so many foul things that you could do with another person's body parts. He knew this from experience. An important question was why wasn't the wound healing. Was the cutting instrument cursed? He had tried a plethora of dark rituals to not only heal the wound but to also grow the finger back. Nothing had worked. For the time being, he was left with this torn, meaty reminder of that day.

Voldemort needed to do something. He could feel himself losing respect. Not only among his followers but also the magical population in general. They were beginning to feel safe enough to venture out more now that a savior had arrived. It was a direct slap in the face to him, and he couldn't let it go unpunished. The only thing was ... What if Harry Potter decided to pay him a visit while teaching the sheep some respect? He could lie to others, but he couldn't lie to himself. He was afraid of Harry Potter. Potter was more powerful, had a better grasp of magic, and was even more brutal when it came to dealing out death. This kept Voldemort from doing anything rash. The irony didn't escape him. He was now holed up, too afraid to go out just like those he had been terrorizing. Something needed to be done about it.

Speak of the Devil

"What's going on with you, Hermione?" Ginny asked her friend.

"Huh? Did you say something?" Hermione asked, looking up from her book. She had spent the last few minutes staring at the page but not reading it. Ginny rolled her eyes.

"You've been so distracted the last couple of days. What's wrong?" she asked, sitting on the bed next to Hermione. Ginny's question made her think about what was distracting her even more. Hermione felt her cheeks suddenly become warm.

“Why are you blushing?” Ginny asked, confused about her behavior. Hermione wasn’t sure if she should tell Ginny about her little meeting. After a few silent seconds of thought, she decided to just tell her. She told her about meeting Harry, though she didn’t mention the fact that he had accidentally seen her naked. That was too embarrassing. However, she did tell her about the supposed fate of the other Hermione Granger. That’s what was really bothering her.

“Maybe he was lying,” said Ginny, patting her friend on the shoulder. “He seems like the type who wouldn’t be too bothered about bending the truth.”

“I can’t be sure, of course, but I don’t think he was. The real problem is that I do worry a lot. Probably way too much. I know the boys tease me about it, but I’ve never thought it was a problem. My mum always said that I’ll eventually grow out of it, but I haven’t. Even if he is lying, I can still see it becoming a problem for me in the future. I mean, look at me!” she said, suddenly standing up and starting to pace. “Just talking about my worrying problem is making me worry!” she stated in slight hysterics. Ginny had to giggle at that. Hermione looked at her and glared.

“Sorry, Hermione. I’m not laughing at you. I just think that you’re being a bit silly. Everyone worries, especially these days. I worry a lot too, you know,” Ginny admitted. “I worry about the safety of my family ... I worry about You-Know-Who finally getting his hands on Neville ... It’s a lot to deal with.”

“How do you deal with it? The stress I mean,” Hermione asked. Ginny suddenly became very shy. Her face turned bright red, and she turned her head to hide her embarrassment.

“Ginny?” Hermione asked, glad that the shoe was now on the other foot. “What’s got you so embarrassed?” she asked in a teasing voice. Ginny huffed and faced her, her cheeks still bright pink.

“Well ... If you must know ... Whenever I start feeling really stressed ...” she started and then stopped talking.

“Go on,” Hermione ordered with a small smile gracing her pretty face. Ginny huffed again.

“I touch myself. Okay?” Ginny confessed, blushing madly. Hermione burst into giggles, and this time it was Ginny who crossed her arms over her chest and glared.

“S-Sorry,” Hermione closed her eyes to try and stifle the giggles. After a few moments, she took a deep breath and looked at Ginny.

“Does it work?” she asked. Ginny nodded.

“Pretty well actually. As crass as it sounds, I would recommend that you at least try it when you get too worked up,” Ginny told her.

Hermione then remembered the orgasm that Harry had caused. It was the greatest thing that she had ever experienced. It was way better than the feeling she got from acing a hard test. For at least a while after that, she was more relaxed than she had ever been. Of course, she had touched herself before. That was completely normal for a girl her age, but the sensation she got from that paled in comparison to what Harry had achieved with the smallest of touches. She must have been thinking about it for a little too long because she was snapped out of it by Ginny snapping her fingers in front of her face.

“You still there?” Ginny joked.

“Yeah, I was just thinking. Maybe I will give it a try,” Hermione concluded.

Speak of the Devil

With a bit of free time on his hands, Harry decided to annoy a Death Eater or two. His favorite target was, of course, his old friend, Lucius Malfoy. Harry crunched on the ripe apple in his hand. While he didn't technically need to eat, he still enjoyed the sweet flavor.

Try as he might, Lucius's safehouses weren't safe from those with his level of power. Harry could find him anytime ... anywhere. As such, it was easy to track him to a cottage along the coast which was covered by a Fidelius Charm. He walked through an open field, breathing in the salty, ocean breeze. He came upon a thick hedge at the edge of the cottage's property line. Not being covered by the Charm, it could be seen by anyone who happened to be passing by. Harry reached through the leaves of the hedgerow and gripped the main trunk. With barely any effort, he ripped it from the ground, roots and all. He tossed it away as though it were nothing. Taking another bite of his apple, he continued forward. It was another minute before he came to the edge of the Fidelius's coverage. Harry stepped through as though it wasn't even there. Instantly, the cottage came into view.

It was a pleasant enough cottage, Harry thought. It had a certain charm about it. It was smallish in size, and the walls were made from stacked stones that were quarried from the nearby cliffs. It was late at night, but Lucius was obviously still awake. All the lights were on, and Harry could feel him moving around inside. He walked up to a window and looked in. He wasn't worried about being seen since he was invisible to human eyes. Lucius was in the Sitting Room going through a stack of papers. Harry guessed that it was concerning his finances since he no longer had access to the bulk of his family fortune. Lucius looked quite stressed. His hair was messy, and he had dark bags under his eyes. He was sitting on a comfortable-looking couch with his paperwork scattered across the top of a coffee table. Beside the smattering of papers sat a glass that was half-filled with liquor. Lucius picked it up and took a drink. As he set it down, Harry flicked his finger causing the glass to tip over.

“Shit!” Harry heard Lucius cry out as the whiskey pooled across the surface of the coffee table, drenching some of his papers. Lucius looked around for his wand but couldn't find it. With a wicked smirk, Harry held Lucius's wand between his fingers and spun it lackadaisically. With no

other choice, he stood up to go get a towel. At that moment, Harry once again flicked his finger and a burning log in the fireplace popped, sending embers flying out. One of those embers just happened to land right on the pool of flammable whiskey.

“AAAACK!” Lucius cried out as flames engulfed the whiskey-soaked paperwork. In less than a second, the flames spread to the non-soaked pile of papers. A second later, the entire surface of the coffee table was one big inferno. Harry chuckled as Lucius danced around in a panic. He grabbed a pitcher of water and splashed it onto the fire. Unfortunately, Harry switched the contents of the pitcher with that of the whiskey bottle nearby, and the flames roared even higher. Lucius squealed in fright as he was forced to take a step back. Grabbing a cushion from the couch, he began beating the flames in the hope of quickly snuffing them out. Harry laughed as the cushion caught on fire. Surprised by how quickly the cushion caught on fire, Lucius screamed and tossed the cushion away in panic. The cushion sailed across the room and landed right under a thick curtain.

“NO!” Lucius cried out as the bottom of the curtains caught fire. He ran over and began stomping out the flames. It was then that the cuff of his pants began to smolder. All it took was a quick flick of Harry’s finger and Lucius’s entire pant leg was swallowed by the rising blaze. His high-pitched scream of pain made Harry laugh even louder. Lucius frantically beat his pant leg with his hands trying to put the fire out. Suddenly, Lucius noticed that the coffee table fire had spread to the couch. With nothing left to do, he apparated away. Harry stood there a while, eating his apple while the cottage burnt to cinders.

Speak of the Devil

Still feeling a bit whimsical, Harry decided to move on to his next victim. He would allow Lucius to regroup before torturing the man some more. Harry silently appeared in Parkinson’s manor where Voldemort was staying. It was not surprising to see that Voldemort had waltzed in and took the place over. The pale, hairless man was in Parkinson’s office sitting behind the desk. Harry noticed that the floorboards in front of the desk were stained from massive amounts of blood that had already been cleaned up. Voldemort was reading a book. Harry checked the title and found it to be a book on necromantic healing. He was still trying to find a way to heal his severed finger, but Harry knew that it was impossible. Harry had infused the wound with his own dark magic, making it impossible to heal by any human means. It appeared that Voldemort didn’t want to be interrupted from his research. Harry snapped his fingers, and the sound of knocking came from the office door. Voldemort growled and looked murderously at the door.

“This better be good,” he mumbled to himself, setting the book down. “Enter,” he called out. The door didn’t open. Instead, more knocking met his misshapen ears. “I said ENTER!” he exploded in anger. He was met with more knocking. He pushed himself to his feet and angrily stomped to the door, wand in hand and ready to dish out some punishment. “WHO IN THE HELL IS...”

BANG

“AAAAHHH!” he yelled in pain.

The door had flown open and the sharp corner slammed right into his forehead. Voldemort heard a loud crack and feared it was his skull cracking. It sure as hell felt like it, he thought through the pain. He smacked his palm to the offending area, hissing in pain. He took his hand away and saw it covered in blood. Snarling, he looked through the door and found no one. He was about to wave his wand to shut the door when he saw that it was broken in half. The other half of his now useless wand was on the floor. Slamming the lower half of the wand onto the floor in anger, he walked over to the mirror on the wall and inspected the damage. There was a large gash in the middle of his forehead in the shape of a lightning bolt.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” he quietly hissed to himself. A line of blood was streaking down the mound where his nose should have been. He poked at the wound and hissed in pain. Turning away from the insulting shape of the wound, he stalked back to the desk to grab the healing salved that was stored in the drawer. He blindly let his bottom drop but wasn’t expecting the chair to suddenly roll away.

THUMP

“Uggg,” he moaned pathetically as he fell flat on his back. The back of his head collided harshly against the hardwood floor, and he was seeing stars. With his head swimming, he felt a pair of strong hands grip him under the arms and lift him to his feet.

“You should learn to be careful. The world is a dangerous place,” a smooth, caring voice reached his ears. Still groggy and confused, Voldemort nodded and agreed.

“Uh huh,” he slurred woozily. He then realized that someone was in the office with him. Voldemort spun around and found the smiling face of his nemesis, Harry Potter. “YOU!” he hissed in rage.

Harry smiled and lifted a camera. “Smile,” he chirped. CLICK

The bright flash blinded Voldemort, and he stumbled around with his hands covering his eyes. He didn’t know where he was going, but he then felt a hard kick on his ass followed by intense pain as he crashed through a window. “AAAAAAHHH!” he screamed as he fell thirty feet down and landed hard in a thick bush. He rolled out of the bush and rested flat on his back, breathing heavily. He blinked a few times until his vision cleared. Looking up at the broken window, he saw that bastard, Potter, smiling down at him and waving happily before finally passing out.

Back in the office, Harry undid his trousers and whipped out his cock. “Ahhhh,” he groaned merrily as an arch of hot piss landed on Voldemort’s book. Turning his body, Harry let the piss fall all over his chair, the top of the desk, and all over the bookcase that was filled with hundreds of valuable tomes. Once his bladder was empty, Harry disappeared to go and find more fun to be had.