

Speak of the Devil

Chapter 6

“Ooof!” Draco Malfoy groaned as he tried to apparate into his family manor. Unfortunately, he hit some type of magical barrier that sent him flying back. His back hit the ground hard, and his body continued to roll at least ten feet before stopping. He spat out a mouthful of dirt and grass and pushed himself to his feet. He brushed the dirt from his expensive clothing as he walked up to the gate. He gripped the wrought-iron gate and gave it a pull. It didn’t budge. He pulled even harder ... Still nothing. He tried to apparate just beyond the gate and was once again thrown back.

“What the hell?” he cried out in pain as he got up again. He winced as he tried to take a step. He had twisted his knee when he hit the ground the second time. He had been out of touch with everyone over the last few days. He had been spending time with a particularly randy witch who barely let him leave the bed. Sadly, he couldn’t stay there for as long as he would have liked. The Dark Lord was surely missing his skill set right about then. “Maybe the wards are acting up again,” he verbally told himself. It wouldn’t have been the first time that had happened. The wards around the property were quite extensive and needed costly, professional-grade care and maintenance. If he followed the stone wall around the side, he could get in through a smaller side gate that was independent of the main ward scheme of the property. With nothing left to do, he began walking around the wall, hugging the side.

It was late ... well past midnight, in fact, and it was difficult to see. The night was overcast, and the thick, gray clouds were blocking the moonlight from reaching him. There wasn’t a sound to be heard as he walked. No insects were making various noises, no frogs were croaking, and he couldn’t even hear any rustling of branches or leaves. The only sounds were from his shoes crunching over dried leaves and dead branches on the ground. When it became too dark, he held up his wand and lit it. The illuminated wandtip blinded him for a moment. His eyes snapped shut, and he winced in pain. He blinked them a few times to try and regain his vision. As he did this, he stumbled back and gasped. While blinking, he could have sworn that he saw the image of some horrible creature slowly lumbering toward him, but as his vision cleared, there was nothing to be seen. Draco held his lit wand higher to spread the light even further. Again, there was nothing there. By then, his heart was pounding, and he didn’t want to be out there any longer than necessary. In the woods to the left, the loud snapping of a branch on the ground made him jump and spin in that direction. The light from his wand only went so far, so all he could see was some trees and the darkness beyond. His feet started moving before his brain even told them to.

Even though he was scared, he stopped himself from running. If any of the Death Eaters discovered that he was acting like a coward, they would never let him hear the end of it. If the Dark Lord heard of this ... Draco shook his head. That wasn’t good to think about. Instead of running, he moved along with a quick, striding walk. “Huuuuuh Haaaah Huuuuh Haaaah,” he suddenly heard heavy breathing somewhere behind him. Draco spun around with his wand at

the ready. An empty path met his gaze. The brush at the edge of the woods shook as though something was trying to untangle itself.

“Avada Kedavra!” Draco cried out, sending the whirling, green curse directly at the bush. It simply passed through a small gap in the leaves and hit the ground behind it, exploding and sending dirt and debris in all directions.

“Draaaaaco,” he heard his name being called from somewhere in the darkness behind him. He spun to face it. “Draaaaaco,” the wheezing voice called out again from deep within the dark woods. “Draaaaaco,” his name was called from the other side of the wall. His chest was beginning to hurt from his heart thundering a thousand beats a minute.

“Who is that?!” Draco practically screamed. “Come out and face me!” he challenged the unseen threat even as he spun in circles with his wand held aloft.

“Is that what you want?” the voice wheezed from every direction. “Do you wish to see me?” it asked. Draco was trembling, too scared to answer.

Hands suddenly gripped his ankles, and Draco screamed, his terror echoing through the empty woods. Instinctively, he tried to run, but the grip was too tight. He waved his arms, trying to keep his balance and stop himself from falling over. His wand went flying out of his open hand. Looking down, he saw two Inferi breaking through the topsoil. The tops of their rotting heads were the first things he saw. Their skin was peeling away, leaving only wispy patches of gray, dirty hair. When their faces broke through, Draco screamed in horror. Their eyeballs were missing. Only sunken hollows stared back at him. One had a snake slithering through the eyeholes while the other’s was filled with fat, juicy maggots that were wiggling around and falling onto the ground. Draco tugged with his legs but couldn’t break free. He screamed again, calling for his father, but his pleas went unheard. As their mouths broke free of the dirt, he saw that they didn’t have ordinary, human teeth. Instead, they were filled with teeth filed down to sharp, wicked points. As soon as they were able, they pulled him in and sank their needle-sharp fangs into his shins.

The pain was tremendous. Draco fell flat on his back. He tilted his head to look at his legs as he tried his hardest to squirm away. One of them was chewing on a piece of his flesh. He could see his leg meat stuck between the dark creature’s sharp teeth. The other went for a second bite. A loud cracking sound almost went unnoticed due to the blinding pain. Draco was wailing as tears rolled down his pale cheeks. He braved another look and found his leg to be completely ruined. A chunk of flesh and bone was missing from his shin. He could see the jagged end of his bone poking through the torn flesh. The creature squeezed its jaws shut, crunching on the missing chunk of bone from his leg. The other creature then bit down on his calf, tearing out a bite-sized mouthful of skin and muscle.

“HEEEEEEEEEELP!” he screamed and cried. “FAAAAAAAAATHER ... PLEASE!” he begged.

“That’s enough,” Draco heard a smooth, silky voice say from above. He angled his head up and saw the upside-down image of a tall, handsome man who wasn’t his father. He then heard the sound of the dirt being disturbed again. Afraid that even more creatures had joined the feast, he looked at his legs again. He was relieved to see the Inferi tunneling back into the earth. Draco’s head collapsed onto the ground, pained whimpers leaving his lips.

“Your father must have killed many muggles,” the voice stated. “These woods are filled with buried bodies.”

Draco didn’t know who he was, nor did he care. He just needed help.

“Help me,” he begged in a ragged breath.

“Now why would I want to do that?” the man asked in an amused voice. “Our fun has just begun,” he stated factually. Draco blinked a few times and angled his body to get a better look at him.

“I’ve missed you, old friend,” the handsome man said with a shit-eating grin.

Speak of the Devil

Narcissa was sitting in front of her vanity, going over her plump lips with pink lipstick. She wanted to be as beautiful as possible for her Master. Narcissa prided herself on her beauty, and her only thought was to make her Master happy. She was just checking her hair when the door to the bedroom opened. Her master poked his head in.

“It’s time, Narcissa,” he told her. Narcissa nodded and stood up. She tightened the silk belt on her small, sheer robe and followed him. Her high heels clacked against the marble floors as she respectfully walked behind him. He led her down into the bowels of the manor. They passed the door to the dungeons and stopped in front of the door to the Ritual Room. Her master then turned to her.

“We’ve completed the first part of the ritual. Now it’s time to finish it,” he told her. “Did you drink the potion that I gave you?” he asked. Narcissa nodded. The potion was foul and difficult to keep down, but there was no way that she would fail her master. Her master smiled and brushed his fingers across her smooth jaw.

“Excellent,” he said with his sensual voice. Narcissa couldn’t help but blush at the sound. He then turned the knob and pushed the door open. She stepped in and immediately noticed the young man laid out spread eagle on the stone floor. Candles were all around him, and their flickering flames were the only source of light in the otherwise darkened room. She then heard the sound of his muffled panic. As she stepped up, her son’s face became evident to her. Her son, Draco, was the one lashed to the floor. His eyes widened at the sight of her. The rag stuffed into his mouth kept her from hearing his pleas.

Harry placed a small pedestal near his body. On top of the pedestal laid the finger that once belonged to Voldemort. It had been stripped of its flesh, and the bones were bleached white.

“To create your Horcrux, you must commit an act of murder. Who better than your own son?” he told her. Harry looked at Narcissa and saw no defiance in her beautiful eyes. This pleased him. He then turned to Draco, a copy of the boy who did his best to torment him in their youth.

“How should I kill him, Master?” Narcissa asked. “What is your desire?” Harry smiled and walked behind her.

He placed his hands on her shoulders and began massaging her. She let out a shuddered moan. “A simple Killing Curse will do,” he stated. “I don’t want his worthless blood staining your porcelain skin,” Harry smiled as he untied the belt keeping her thin robe closed. He opened the robe and pulled it from her body. Narcissa stood there wearing only a pair of high heels. Draco was thrashing to the best of his abilities, but it was useless. He wasn’t going anywhere. Harry gripped her hips tightly, squeezing them as if promising a night of wild passion once her task was complete. He then slid his hands up her sides and cupped her large breasts. He pinched her nipples between his fingers and rolled the hard, little nubs. Narcissa let out a moan. “We can play later. First ...”

Harry held up Draco’s wand. Narcissa was trembling as she took her son’s wand from him. As soon as her hand gripped the handle, she called out, “Avada Kedavra!” and pointed the tip at her son.

The sickly, green curse ripped away from the tip and hurdled toward the boy. A quick look of abject fear crossed the blonde boy’s face, but it was quickly wiped away. The curse struck the boy dead center of his chest. His body bucked from the impact. He gave one last gasping breath before his eyes glazed over, and his body became slack. Both Narcissa’s body and the bone finger glowed simultaneously. Narcissa screeched in pain, dropping to the ground and convulsing. Harry looked down at her but did not help. There was nothing he could do to lessen the pain that she was experiencing. Her soul fractured, and before the broken piece could fade from existence, it became trapped in its new, bony prison. They stopped glowing, and Narcissa’s screams ended. Her arms shook as she pushed herself to her knees. The first thing she did was look up at him with a worshipful gaze.

“M-Master,” she called to him in a shaky voice.

“Rise, Narcissa, and take your place at my side,” he commanded. With what little strength she had left, she climbed to her feet and stumbled to him. Harry smiled at the woman and scooped her into his arms. They disappeared back to his bedroom where he would spend the night rewarding his follower for her unwavering loyalty.

Speak of the Devil

Hermione closed her eyes and tilted her head back, luxuriating in the sensation of hot water heating her scalp before cascading down her naked body. As relaxing as a hot shower could be, she couldn't stop herself from thinking about the latest issue of the Quibbler.

'DEATH EATER DRACO MALFOY FOUND DEAD!'

Draco Malfoy, a known follower of the Dark Lord Voldemort and son of the Inner Circle member, Lucius Malfoy, was found dead early this morning. His body was discovered at the entrance to Knockturn Alley by a passerby. The body was on the ground, flat on his back with each arm fully stretched out to the side. His legs were straight and together, indicating that the body was placed there to send a message. The question of who that message was meant for only has one real answer. Over the past few weeks, more and more Death Eaters have been killed in an increasingly brutal fashion. Only a few days ago, Rowald McFlattery was found in his place of business with his lower jaw completely ripped from his skull. It was later discovered that Mr. McFlattery had been providing the Death Eaters with information regarding the whereabouts of Muggleborns in hiding. One by one, the Death Eater ranks are beginning to thin. This is, of course, good news for us, despite the gruesome nature of the killings. Draco Malfoy appears to have suffered the same fate.

I was told by a trusted source from the Ministry that Draco Malfoy's legs had been partially eaten by some kind of beast, though they couldn't specify the exact species. I for one think that the culprit could be the famed Three-Toed Orangapuss, which I speculate can be found in the forests of Indonesia. No sightings have ever been reported, but I personally think that ...

Hermione stopped reading around that point in the article. Luna liked to ramble. She sighed and blew the water from her soft, pink lips. She really didn't know how to feel. Malfoy was a piece of shit to be sure, and he no doubt did a lot of really bad things. She wasn't just talking about his childish antics during school. He had been branded by Voldemort, and the little ferret seemed quite eager to do his master's bidding. In her mind, Hermione knew that the boy needed to die, but it all didn't sit right with her. These killings were beyond mere executions. Harry Potter was having fun. Hermione turned off the shower and stepped out, grabbing a towel. She ran the soft towel down her wet body, and she shivered as the cool air of the house goosebumped her skin. Tossing the wet towel aside, she grabbed her wand from the counter and waved it at her damp hair. Her long, brown hair puffed up in every direction from the sudden gust of hot wind. After a second or two, her hair was dry and bushy, just as it always was. Grabbing a fresh towel, she wrapped it around her nude body and left the bathroom that was attached to the room that she had been living in since coming to Grimmauld Place. As she closed the door behind her, Hermione began thinking about this Harry Potter character while messing with the towel that was sinched above her breasts. The fold in the towel kept slipping. What was he really, she asked herself. Where was he from? Why was he doing the things that he did? There were so many questions that she would have loved to ask if he was there right then.

“Speak of the devil and he shall appear,” came an amused-sounding voice from her room. Hermione’s head snapped up, and she saw a strange man sitting on the edge of her bed.

“EEEEK!” Hermione cried out in a high-pitched squeal of fright. She stumbled backward, and the fold in her towel came undone. The towel slipped from her midsection, exposing her nude body to the visitor. Hermione, however, didn’t notice this. She was too busy trying to keep herself from falling over. Once she was steady on her feet, she finally noticed that it was Harry Potter sitting on her bed with a pleased smile on his handsome face. Hermione placed her hand over her heart as she struggled to breathe.

“What are you doing here?!” she angrily asked. “Get out!” Hermione squealed, pointing at the bedroom door.

“Why leave when I’m so clearly on your mind?” he teased as he looked her over. “You wish to ask me questions ... so I’m here to answer them,” he told her.

“You’ll answer my questions?” she asked. This immediately perked her up, and she suddenly lost the urge to send a curse his way.

“Yes ... I suppose I will. But first, you can come over here and get warm if you prefer. You appear to be ... quite cold,” he stated with a boyish grin as he stared directly at her chest. Confused, Hermione looked down and noticed her fully nude body on display. Her little, pink nipples were stiff from the cold air.

“AAAAHHH!” he cried out with a girlish scream, doing her best to cover her breasts and pussy with both hands and arms. She squirmed in place while looking around at the floor. Finally spotting the dropped towel, she bent her knees and plucked it from the ground. She turned her back on him and wrapped it back around her midsection, but not before Harry got a good look at her bare ass. She turned back around and sent him a murderous look. For his part, Harry was very pleased with how things had turned out. He couldn’t help but chuckle.

“There’s no need to be angry. You have a body that I would gladly kill just to touch,” he teased.

“I’ll bet,” she glared at him, holding her towel closed tightly. “You seem quite happy to commit such gruesome acts of murder,” Hermione accused him.

“If there’s a job to be done, why not enjoy it?” he asked with a boyish grin that Hermione hated to admit that she found attractive.

“You know ...” she began as she went to her dresser and pulled out her pajamas. “... you could just kill them quick and easy. You don’t have to cause so much unneeded pain and suffering to your victims,” she told him.

“They are your victims,” he corrected her. “You made the deal for their lives.”

This immediately quieted her down. She had conveniently forgotten that she had agreed with the plan. This fact didn't make her feel any better.

"Pay them no mind," Harry told her, waving his hand airily. "They're not worth your guilt. Each one of the men that I killed would have done unspeakable things to you before slitting your throat. Never forget that."

"Doesn't it make you sick though," she wondered. "The brutality of the things you do?"

"No," he simply stated. "I'm the personification of nature's primal rage. I wouldn't exist without it. Inside every man and woman, a fiery hatred burns. Sometimes it's buried deep. Sometimes it isn't. Even you carry it, Hermione Granger. You may deny it, you may lie to yourself, but it's there ... waiting to come out."

Hermione snorted and faced him. "I've never done anything hateful," she told him with certainty. A smirk formed on his face.

"Except enter into a blood contract with me for the lives of hundreds of men and women," he reminded her. Hermione's open mouth closed with a click of her teeth. With nothing better to say, she told him, "Go into the bathroom so I can put my clothes on."

Harry covered his eyes with his palm. "Go ahead. I won't peek. Cross my heart and hope to die," he chuckled merrily. Hermione glared at him again. Steeling her courage, she let the towel drop and quickly pulled on her pajama pants and shirt. She was still buttoning the shirt up when he uncovered his eyes.

"I can still remember the Hermione Granger of my world. She worried just as much as you do. It's a habit you would be wise to break," he told her. Hermione's eyes went wide.

"You knew me? Another me I mean?" she stumbled over her words.

"Yes. Hermione Granger was one of my best friends when I was still human. She had a kind soul, but she let things get to her a bit too much. She ended up developing a drinking problem which sadly, cut her life short."

Hermione didn't like hearing that at all. She wanted to call him a liar, but for some strange reason, she believed him. "How did she die?" she asked quietly. Morbid curiosity was getting to her.

"She took her own life at the age of fifty-seven. I was the one to discover her body," Harry told her with a straight face. "It's one of a few human memories that still makes me feel something."

There was nothing she could say about that. Her face began to grow hot, and her hands felt clammy. Her heart was thumping loudly in her chest. Hermione couldn't deny that she worried a lot. In fact, she had always been a worrywart, as her father jokingly called her. Would the same thing happen to her? The thought only made her worry more! Harry cleared his throat.

"As I said, you should learn to relax," he said, but the voice wasn't coming from the bed as it previously was. Instead, it was coming from behind her. She then felt strong hands touch her shoulders. Hermione squeaked and jumped in fright. Her body suddenly froze as he began massaging her tense shoulders. "Instead of focusing on the negatives of life, try spending your time enjoying the positives," he gently told her.

Hermione's mouth opened, but no words came out. His thumbs pressed against her muscles and worked them in a circular pattern. She had never had a massage before. Hell, she had only ever kissed one boy, and that was only a one-time thing. Had she known how good it felt, maybe she would have spent less time studying and more time focusing on the opposite sex. 'Maybe Lavender and Parvati had the right idea,' was a thought that went through her head as Harry's fingers tickled the side of her neck. Hermione shuddered at the intimate touch. Her body relaxed, and she actually leaned back, pressing her back against Harry's front. His fingers dipped lower and were brushing against the skin of her upper chest. His hand then moved up and cupped her neck. Hermione gasped, but he didn't squeeze. He brushed his thumb tenderly against her cheek. She was glad that he couldn't see her face. She was sure that it was burning red.

"Take my advice, Hermione. Forget about the Death Eaters. Forget about this silly war which will be over soon. Put your efforts toward the things that will bring you pleasure. I, better than anyone, know how short and fickle a human life is. Why spend your days in misery when you could spend your nights screaming my name?" she heard his teasing tone return.

Before she could even think about answering, his grip on her neck tightened just a bit. As her breathing was momentarily cut off, a bolt of pure pleasure raced down her spine and collected in the area between her legs. His grip on her was gone, and Hermione cried out in pleasure. She stumbled around the room, squeezing her covered pussy with her hands. Gasping, high-pitched squeals echoed against the walls as her body betrayed her with the most exquisite orgasm of her young life. Harry was no longer in the room, and Hermione could do nothing but stumble to the bed and ride out the best orgasm she had ever had.